

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

# B1



MicMac

# Chronicles of Avonlea

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

## CRÔNICAS DE AVONLEA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **Chronicles of Avonlea**

## **Crônicas de Avonlea**

**L. M. Montgomery**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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# Introdução

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

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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.

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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**

Crônicas de Avonlea é uma coletânea de doze contos ambientados na fictícia vila de Avonlea, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, cenário familiar aos leitores da série Anne de Green Gables, de L. M. Montgomery. As histórias focam na vida, amores e peculiaridades dos moradores de Avonlea, com Anne Shirley aparecendo apenas como personagem secundária—ela é protagonista em um conto, "A Pressa de Ludovic", e tem um papel coadjuvante em outro, "A Corte de Prissy Strong". Outros rostos conhecidos da série Anne, como Marilla Cuthbert, Sra. Rachel Lynde e Diana Barry, fazem breves aparições. A coletânea apresenta vinhetas que exploram temas de romance, comunidade e crescimento pessoal. Em "A Pressa de Ludovic", Anne ajuda um homem tímido a pedir sua amada em casamento. "A Velha Senhora Lloyd" conta a história de uma mulher reclusa cuja bondade secreta transforma a vida de uma jovem. "Cada Um em Sua Própria Língua" acompanha a luta de um pastor para se conectar com sua congregação. O tom é caloroso, nostálgico e levemente humorístico, capturando o encanto da vida rural

na virada do século. As histórias progridem de cortejos leves a contos mais pungentes de sacrifício e compreensão, mas cada uma se resolve com um senso de esperança e comunidade. O cenário—prados, pomares e lares acolhedores de Avonlea—serve como pano de fundo para dramas humanos específicos e universais. A prosa de Montgomery evoca um profundo afeto por seus personagens e seu mundo, tornando esta coletânea um encantador complemento à série Anne.

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# The Hurrying of Ludovic

**Pt/En** Anne Shirley was sitting by the window in Theodora Dix's room. It was Saturday evening. She was looking far away at the stars. Anne was visiting for two weeks during her holiday at Echo Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irving were there for the summer. Anne often visited Theodora at her old house to talk. They had finished talking for the evening. Anne was happily thinking about her dreams. She rested her head, which had dark red hair in a braid, on the window frame. Her gray eyes looked like moonlight on dark water.

**Pt/En** Then Anne saw Ludovic Speed walking down the long lane towards the house. Even from far away, people could recognize him. No one else in Middle Grafton had such a tall, slightly bent, and calm way of moving. His appearance was very unique.

**Pt/En** Anne stopped dreaming and thought it was polite to leave. Ludovic was Theodora's boyfriend. Everyone in Grafton knew this. Ludovic had been coming down the lane to see Theodora in the same slow way for fifteen years.

**Pt/En** Anne, who was young and liked romantic things, stood up to leave. Theodora, who was older, plump, and practical, looked at Anne with a smile and said:

**Pt/En** Theodora told Anne there was no need to hurry and that she should stay longer. She said Anne had seen Ludovic coming and might think she would be in the way. But Theodora explained that Ludovic liked having a third person there, and so did she. She felt it helped the conversation. Theodora added that after someone has visited her twice a week for fifteen years, it can be hard to think of new things to say.

**Pt/En** Theodora was not shy when she talked about Ludovic and his slow courtship. She seemed to find it amusing.

**Pt/En** Anne sat down, and she and Theodora watched Ludovic walk down the road. He looked calmly at the green fields and the river in the valley.

**Pt/En** Anne looked at Theodora's calm face and tried to imagine how she would feel waiting for an older man who was taking a long time to decide about their relationship. But Anne could not imagine it.

**Pt/En** Anne thought that if she wanted Ludovic, she would find a way to make him hurry. She thought his name, Ludovic, was very funny for a man like him.

**Pt/En** Ludovic arrived at the house but stood for a long time outside, thinking. Theodora eventually opened the door for him. As she brought him inside, she made a funny face at Anne over Ludovic's shoulder.

**Pt/En** Ludovic smiled at Anne. He liked her. He usually felt uncomfortable around young girls, but Anne made him feel different. Anne was good at talking to everyone. Even though they had known her for a short time, Ludovic and Theodora felt she was like an old friend.

**Pt/En** Ludovic was tall and a bit awkward. But he seemed calm and dignified. He had a soft, brown moustache and a small, curly beard. This style was unusual in Grafton, where men usually had clean faces or full beards. His blue eyes looked pleasant and thoughtful, with a little *sadness*.

**Pt/En** He sat in a large, old armchair that belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there, and Anne said the chair looked like him.

**Pt/En** They talked a lot. Ludovic was a good speaker when someone asked him questions. He was well-read and often surprised Anne with his *smart* comments about the world. He also liked to discuss religious ideas with Theodora. She was interested in *beliefs* and read a lot about them, but not so much about politics. When Ludovic and Theodora started to argue in a friendly way about Christian Science, Anne knew it was time for her to leave.

**Pt/En** She said it was time for stars and *goodnight*, and then she left quietly.

**Pt/En** Anne stopped laughing in a green field full of flowers. A nice wind blew. She leaned on a white tree and laughed a lot because she thought Ludovic and Theodora's dating was funny. She liked Ludovic but sometimes found him annoying.

**Pt/En** Anne said that Ludovic was a dear, big, annoying goose. She also called him a lovable idiot. She said he was like an alligator that moved around a lot.

**Pt/En** Two evenings later, Anne visited Theodora. They talked about Ludovic. Theodora was busy making lace. Anne watched her and thought Theodora was very beautiful and looked very serious. Anne thought Ludovic might feel a little afraid of her.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Theodora if she and Ludovic had talked about Christian Science all Saturday evening.

**Pt/En** Theodora smiled.

**Pt/En** Theodora said that she and Ludovic had argued about something. She explained that Ludovic never argued with anyone. She felt it was difficult to argue with someone who did not fight back.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Theodora in a friendly way why she and Ludovic were not married. Anne said she was going to be curious and a little rude, and Theodora could ignore her if she wanted.

**Pt/En** Theodora laughed in a relaxed way.

**Pt/En** Theodora told Anne that people in Grafton had been asking that question for a while. She said she would not mind marrying Ludovic, but a man must ask a woman to marry him, and Ludovic had never asked her.

**Pt/En** Anne asked if Ludovic was too shy. Anne wanted to understand the whole situation because Theodora seemed ready to talk about it.

**Pt/En** Theodora stopped working and looked thoughtfully at the green hills in the summer.

**Pt/En** She explained that Ludovic was not shy. It was his nature, the way of the Speed family. All the Speeds were very slow to decide things. They thought about something for years before deciding to do it. Sometimes, they thought so much that they never did it. She gave an example of old Alder Speed, who always said he would visit his brother in England but never went, even though there was no reason why he couldn't. She said they were not lazy, but they liked to take their time.

**Pt/En** Anne suggested that Ludovic was an extreme example of this Speed family trait.

**Pt/En** Theodora agreed, saying Ludovic had never hurried. She mentioned that he had been thinking for six years about painting his house. He often talked about it with her and chose the color, but nothing

happened. She added that he liked her and intended to ask her to marry him someday, but she wondered if that day would ever come.

**Pt/En** Anne asked impatiently why she didn't encourage him to decide faster.

**Pt/En** Theodora laughed again and returned to her sewing.

**Pt/En** Theodora told Anne that she was too shy to hurry Ludovic into marriage. She felt it was strange for someone her age to say this, but it was true. She knew that this was often how Speed men got married. She mentioned a cousin who married Ludovic's brother and admitted that her cousin had almost proposed. Theodora said she could not do that, even though she had tried once to hint to Ludovic that she was getting older and wanted to marry. She felt she could not say it directly. She believed that if she did not take the first step to change her situation with Ludovic, she would be alone forever. She felt Ludovic did not understand that they were getting old and thought they were still young.

**Pt/En** Anne asked Theodora if she liked Ludovic, noticing a sad feeling behind her words.

**Pt/En** Theodora honestly said she liked Ludovic very much. She thought he needed someone to care for him because he looked neglected and tired. She explained that his old aunt managed his house but not him. She felt he was at an age where a man needs care. Theodora felt lonely, and she thought Ludovic was lonely too, which seemed silly. She knew people in Grafton joked about them. She sometimes thought that if Ludovic could become jealous, it might encourage him. However, she was not good at flirting, and there was no one to flirt with anyway. Everyone in the area thought she belonged with Ludovic and would not try to interfere with him.

**Pt/En** Anne excitedly told Theodora that she had a plan.

**Pt/En** Theodora asked Anne what she was going to do.

**Pt/En** Anne told Theodora her plan. At first, Theodora laughed and disagreed. But Anne's strong enthusiasm convinced her, though she still had some doubts.

**Pt/En** Theodora finally agreed to try Anne's plan, saying that if Ludovic left her, she would be in a worse situation. She thought it was worth trying

because there was a chance of success, and she was tired of Ludovic's slow actions.

**Pt/En** Anne was very happy with her plan and went to find Arnold Sherman. She explained what she needed him to do. Arnold Sherman, a friend of Stephen Irving, listened and laughed. He was an older, handsome man with a playful nature. He liked Anne's idea to hurry Ludovic Speed and knew Theodora would help. He thought the plan would be funny, no matter what happened.

**Pt/En** The plan began the next Thursday night after a church meeting. It was a bright, moonlit night. Arnold Sherman stood near the church door, and Ludovic Speed was leaning against the graveyard fence, as he often did. Ludovic saw Theodora would come out and he would meet her by the fence.

**Pt/En** Theodora came down the steps. Arnold Sherman asked if he could walk her home. She calmly took his arm, and they left together. Ludovic watched them go, looking very surprised and unable to believe what he saw.

**Pt/En** Ludovic stood still for a moment, then he followed Theodora and Arnold. Some young men followed too, hoping for some action, but they were disappointed. Ludovic eventually caught up and walked quietly behind Theodora and Arnold.

**Pt/En** Theodora did not really enjoy her walk, even though Arnold tried to be very interesting. She felt sad because she could hear Ludovic walking behind them. She worried she had been too unkind, but she told herself it was for his own good. She talked to Arnold as if he was the only person. Ludovic, following behind, heard her, and if he had known how much she was hurting him, she would not have been so determined.

**Pt/En** When Theodora and Arnold reached her house, Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked back and saw him standing on the road. She thought about his sad figure all night. If Anne had not visited the next day and encouraged her, she might have changed her mind too soon and ruined her plan.

**Pt/En** Meanwhile, Ludovic stood still on the road. He did not notice the other boys laughing. He only turned back home after Theodora and

Arnold disappeared down her lane. He walked home quickly, not his usual slow pace, showing that he was upset.

**Pt/En** Ludovic was very surprised and confused. For fifteen years, he had walked home with Theodora after their meetings. Now, a stranger from America had taken her away, and Theodora had gone with him willingly. Ludovic felt angry about this.

**Pt/En** Ludovic stopped at his gate and looked at his old house. He thought about the rich home that Arnold Sherman was said to have in Boston. He nervously touched his chin and then hit the gate-post with his fist.

**Pt/En** Ludovic said that Theodora could not end their fifteen-year relationship like this. He decided he would speak to her and Arnold Sherman, calling the stranger rude.

**Pt/En** The next morning, Ludovic went to Carmody. He asked Joshua Pye to paint his house. That evening, he visited Theodora, even though he was not expected until Saturday.

**Pt/En** Arnold Sherman was already at Theodora's house and was sitting in Ludovic's usual chair. Ludovic had to sit in a new wicker chair, where he felt uncomfortable and out of place.

**Pt/En** Theodora handled a difficult situation very well. She looked very beautiful. Ludovic noticed she was wearing her second-best silk dress. He wondered sadly if she had put it on because his rival, Arnold Sherman, was expected. Ludovic, who was usually very quiet, felt very angry as he sat and listened to Arnold's smart conversation.

**Pt/En** The next day, Theodora told Anne that Ludovic had looked very angry. She said she was happy he came, even though he seemed upset. She explained that she worried he might not come at all. She felt a little sorry for him because he was clearly unhappy. She added that Ludovic had tried to stay longer than Mr. Sherman but failed. He looked very sad as he quickly walked away.

**Pt/En** The next Sunday evening, Arnold Sherman walked to church with Theodora and sat with her. Suddenly, Ludovic Speed stood up in his church seat. He sat down immediately, but everyone saw him. That night, people in the town talked a lot about the surprising event with great interest.

**Pt/En** Lorella Speed told her sister that Ludovic had suddenly stood up while the minister was reading. She said his face was very pale and his eyes looked angry. Lorella felt very excited and thought he might attack them. But he just made a sound and sat down. She mentioned that Theodora Dix looked calm and not worried.

**Pt/En** Theodora had not seen Ludovic, but she was actually very nervous, even though she looked calm. She could not stop Arnold Sherman from coming to church with her, but she felt it was too much. In Grafton, people usually only sat together in church if they were going to get engaged. She worried that this might make Ludovic feel hopeless instead of *motivated*. She felt miserable during the service and did not hear the sermon.

**Pt/En** Ludovic continued his *impressive* actions. Although the Speeds were slow to begin, they became very strong once they started. When Theodora and Mr. Sherman appeared, Ludovic was waiting for them. He stood tall and *serious*, with his head back and shoulders straight. He looked at his rival with clear defiance, and his touch on Theodora's arm showed his *confident control*.

**Pt/En** Ludovic asked Theodora if he could walk her home. His tone, however, suggested that he intended to do so no matter what she said.

**Pt/En** Theodora looked at Arnold Sherman, then took Ludovic's arm. Ludovic led her across the green. The walk was very quiet, as if even the horses were listening. For Ludovic, this was a very important and happy moment.

**Pt/En** The next day, Anne walked from Avonlea to hear the news. Theodora seemed pleased and a little shy.

**Pt/En** Theodora told Anne that everything was finally decided. She explained that when Ludovic brought her home the previous night, he directly asked her to marry him, even though it was Sunday. She added that the wedding would be soon because Ludovic did not want to wait any longer than necessary.

**Pt/En** Mr. Sherman spoke to Anne when she visited him at Echo Lodge with her news. He said that Ludovic Speed had finally been made to hurry. He also said that Anne must be very happy and that his own

pride would be hurt. He joked that he would be known in Grafton as the man who wanted Theodora Dix but did not succeed in getting her.

**Pt/En** Anne told him comfortingly that what he said would not be true.

**Pt/En** Arnold Sherman thought about Theodora's mature beauty and how pleasant she had been during their short time together.

**Pt/En** He replied with a small sigh that he was not completely sure about that.

# Old Lady Lloyd

## **Pt/En** Chapter II: The May Chapter

**Pt/En** People in Spencervale often talked about "Old Lady Lloyd". They thought she was rich, mean, and proud. However, the gossip was mostly wrong. She was not rich or mean; in fact, she was very poor. She was so poor that a man who did her garden work had more money than she did. But she was very proud. She would have preferred to die than let people know how poor she was. She wanted them to think she was just a strange, old woman who did not like to spend money and never went anywhere, not even to church.

**Pt/En** The villagers were surprised that Old Lady Lloyd seemed to have so much money. They remembered her parents, who were very kind and generous. They decided that if she wanted to keep her money and stay alone, that was her choice. They thought she was probably not very happy, even with her money and pride.

**Pt/En** The truth was that Old Lady Lloyd was not happy. It is difficult to be happy when you are very lonely and feel empty inside. It is also hard to be happy when you have very little money and only earn a small amount from the eggs your hens lay, and this is all that stops you from starving.

**Pt/En** Old Lady Lloyd lived in an old house called the "old Lloyd place". It was a small house with large chimneys and windows, surrounded by many spruce trees. She lived there by herself and often did not see anyone for weeks, except for the man who helped her with her garden. The people in Spencervale wondered what she did all day. Some children imagined she counted gold coins. The children were very afraid of her. Some thought she was a witch. They would run away if they saw her in the woods, collecting wood for her fire. Only one child, Mary Moore, was sure she was not a witch.

**Pt/En** Mary explained that witches are always ugly, but Old Lady Lloyd was pretty. She had soft white hair, big black eyes, and a small white face. Mary thought the other children did not know what they were talking about and that their families were not very well-informed.

**Pt/En** Jimmy Kimball said that the Old Lady never went to church and often talked to herself when she was collecting sticks.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady talked to herself because she wanted company and conversation. After talking only to herself for almost twenty years, it became boring. Sometimes, she wished for human contact, but she was too proud. She felt angry at Fate for taking everything away. She had no one to love, which was a very bad situation for anyone.

**Pt/En** Spring was always the hardest time. When she was younger and named Margaret Lloyd, she loved springs. Now, she hated them because they caused her pain. This spring was worse than before. The Old Lady felt she could not bear the sadness. Everything hurt her, like the new green leaves on the trees, the mist in the valley, and the smell of the earth in her garden. She lay awake one night, crying from sadness. She felt a deep sadness in her soul, more than hunger for food. She was eating only biscuits and water to save money to pay Crooked Jack for digging her garden. When the sky turned light in the morning, she hid her face in her pillow and did not want to see it.

**Pt/En** She said she hated the new day because it would be like all the other difficult days. She did not want to wake up and live it. She remembered when she used to welcome each new day happily, like a friend bringing good news. She loved the mornings then, but now she hated them.

**Pt/En** However, the Old Lady got up because she knew Crooked Jack would come early to finish the garden. She carefully arranged her white hair and put on her purple silk dress with gold spots. She wore silk dresses because she thought it was cheaper than buying new cloth from the store. She had many silk dresses from her mother. People in Spencervale thought she wore them because she was proud. They believed she did not change them because she was too cheap. They did not know that she felt very unhappy about the old-fashioned style of the dresses, and even Crooked Jack looking at her old skirts made her feel embarrassed.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady went for a walk. Even though she was not happy that day, the beautiful morning made her feel a little better. The woods were full of life and spring colours. As she walked near a small bridge and

a special beech tree, she felt softer and kinder. She remembered this beech tree from long ago, when her life was very different and happy.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady heard children laughing nearby. They were walking on a path that led to William Spencer's house. This path was a shortcut for his children to go to school.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady quickly hid behind some young trees. She did not like William Spencer's children because they seemed scared of her. She watched them walk down the path happily. The two older children were first, and the twins followed, holding hands with a tall, young girl. The Old Lady thought she might be the new music teacher. She had heard that the teacher would stay at William Spencer's house, but she did not know her name.

**Pt/En** As the group came closer, the Old Lady looked at the young woman with interest. Suddenly, the Old Lady's heart beat very fast, and she started breathing quickly. She felt very surprised and wondered who this girl could be.

**Pt/En** The new music teacher had beautiful chestnut hair, just like someone the Old Lady remembered from many years ago. She also had large, blue eyes with dark lashes and eyebrows. The Old Lady knew these eyes very well. The girl's face was pretty and young, and it looked exactly like a face from the Old Lady's past. The only difference was that the girl's face looked strong and kind, while the Old Lady remembered the other face as being weaker. As the girl walked past, she laughed at something a child said. The Old Lady knew that laugh very well; she had heard it before under the same beech tree.

**Pt/En** She watched them until they went over the hill. Then she returned home, feeling like she was dreaming. Crooked Jack was working hard in the garden. The Old Lady usually did not speak much with him because he liked to gossip. But today, she went into the garden. She looked very elegant in her purple silk dress with gold spots, and the sun shone on her white hair.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack had seen her leave and thought she looked unwell, pale and thin. Now he saw she was mistaken. The Old Lady's cheeks were pink and her eyes were bright. It seemed she looked ten years younger. Crooked Jack stopped working and thought she was a

very beautiful woman. He felt it was a shame she was so careful with her money.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady spoke kindly to Mr. Spencer. She always spoke politely to people she thought were below her. She asked him if he could tell her the name of the new music teacher who was staying at his house.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack told her the name was Sylvia Gray.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady's heart beat faster. She had already guessed it. She knew the girl, who had hair, eyes, and a laugh like Leslie Gray, must be Leslie Gray's daughter.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack started working again, but he talked more than he dug. The Old Lady listened carefully. She was happy to hear Crooked Jack talk so much. His words were very interesting to her.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack had been working at William Spencer's when the new music teacher arrived. Crooked Jack was very good at finding out information about people. He loved telling stories as much as he loved finding them out. Both Crooked Jack and the Old Lady enjoyed the next half-hour very much.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack explained that Miss Gray's parents died when she was a baby. An aunt raised her. She was very poor but had strong ambitions.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack said that Miss Gray wanted a music education. He thought she deserved it because her singing voice was amazing, like an angel. He said it was like a light shining through him. The Spencer children liked her a lot. She already had twenty students in the local area and in Grafton and Avonlea.

**Pt/En** After the Old Lady learned all the information Crooked Jack could give her, she went inside. She sat by the window in her small room to think about everything. She felt very excited.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady remembered her own past love. Forty years ago, she was going to marry Leslie Gray. He was a young student who taught in Spencervale for one summer. Leslie was shy and handsome, and he dreamed of becoming famous for his writing. He and Margaret Lloyd, the woman who would become the Old Lady, both believed he would be successful.

**Pt/En** At the end of that summer, they had a bad argument. Leslie left angrily. He wrote letters later, but Margaret, who was still proud and upset, sent a harsh reply. After that, no more letters came. Leslie Gray never returned. Margaret realized she had lost love from her life forever. She knew she would never find it again. From that time, her life changed from youth to a lonely, difficult old age.

**Pt/En** Many years later, she heard that Leslie had married. Then she heard he had died. His life had not been as successful as he had dreamed. She knew nothing else about him. Today, she saw his daughter walk past her without noticing her in the beech hollow.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady thought about Leslie's daughter. She wished she could know her and be loved by her. But she felt she could not. She did not want Leslie Gray's daughter to know how poor she was now. She could not bear that. She knew the daughter lived very close by, just up the lane and over the hill. She could see her pass each day, which was a small pleasure. She wished she could do something nice for her, or give her some small joy.

**Pt/En** That evening, the Old Lady saw a light from her spare room. It shone from the Spencers' spare room on the hill, which she knew was Sylvia's room. She watched the light until it went out. She felt a deep, sweet feeling in her heart, like old rose petals. She imagined Sylvia getting ready for bed. When the light disappeared, the Old Lady pictured Sylvia kneeling by the window. The Old Lady then knelt and prayed. She used her usual simple words, but she felt a new wish. She asked God to help her think of something kind she could do for Sylvia.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady moved to a different room. She wanted to be able to see Sylvia's light from her bed. She felt very happy, happier than she had felt for many years. A new, pleasant feeling had entered her life. She also thought of a small, nice thing she could do for Sylvia.

**Pt/En** People in Spencerville said there were no Mayflowers there. Young people had to travel far to find them. But Old Lady Lloyd knew a secret place. She had found a small area in the woods where pink and white Mayflowers grew in the spring.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady went to this special place that afternoon. She walked happily through the woods. Spring felt beautiful to her again because love had returned to her heart.

**Pt/En** Old Lady Lloyd found many Mayflowers on the sandy hill. She filled her basket, happy to bring beauty to Sylvia. When she returned home, she wrote a note saying "For Sylvia." To make sure no one would know her writing, she wrote in large, round letters like a child's. She placed the flowers and the note in a hollow near an old beech tree.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady then hid behind some trees. Soon, Sylvia Gray and Mattie Spencer arrived. Sylvia saw the Mayflowers by the bridge and was very pleased. When she saw the note with her name, she looked surprised. The Old Lady watched from her hiding spot and was very happy that her plan had worked so well.

**Pt/En** Sylvia took the flowers and asked Mattie if they were really for her. She wondered who had left them.

**Pt/En** Mattie giggled.

**Pt/En** Mattie thought Chris Stewart had left the flowers. She explained that he was in Avonlea the night before and that her mother had seen him looking at Sylvia. Mattie said Chris was shy with girls and might do something like this.

**Pt/En** Sylvia did not like Mattie's words, but she liked the Mayflowers. She also thought Chris Stewart was a nice, quiet boy. She smelled the flowers.

**Pt/En** Sylvia said she was thankful to the person who gave her the flowers, whoever it was. She *happily* said she loved Mayflowers and thought they were very sweet.

**Pt/En** After people passed, the Old Lady came out from where she was hiding. She was very happy. She was pleased that Sylvia thought Chris Stewart gave her the flowers. This was good because Sylvia would not guess who the real person was. The Old Lady only wanted Sylvia to be happy with the flowers. This made the Old Lady feel very good, and she went home feeling warm and happy.

**Pt/En** Soon, people in Spencervale were talking. They said Chris Stewart was leaving Mayflowers for the music teacher every two days. Chris said it wasn't true, but people didn't believe him. First, there were no Mayflowers in Spencervale. Second, Chris had to go to Carmody every two days for milk, and Mayflowers grew there. Third, the Stewart

family was known for being romantic. People thought this was enough proof.

**Pt/En** Sylvia didn't mind if Chris liked her in a simple, boyish way and showed it with flowers. She thought it was nice of him, especially because he didn't try to do anything else. She was happy just to receive his Mayflowers.

**Pt/En** Old Lady Lloyd heard the town gossip about the flowers from the egg seller. She listened and smiled, with a happy look in her eyes. The egg seller noticed that the Old Lady seemed more lively than usual that spring. She appeared very interested in what the young people were doing.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady kept her secret, and it made her feel younger. She walked to the Mayflower hill every day while the flowers lasted. She always hid in the trees to watch Sylvia Gray pass by. Each day, she loved Sylvia more and wanted to be close to her. All her hidden feelings of love came out for this girl, who didn't know about them. She was proud of Sylvia's beauty, her sweet voice, and her laugh. She started to like Sylvia's friends because they admired Sylvia. She even felt a little jealous of Mrs. Spencer because she could help Sylvia. The egg seller also seemed nice because he brought news about Sylvia – how popular she was, how well she was doing, and how much love she had already received.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady wanted to meet Sylvia and have her visit her old house. She wished they could talk and share their lives. However, she was too poor to reveal herself. Her pride was more important than her love for Sylvia, and she felt she could never give up her pride.

## **Pt/En** Chapter II: The June Chapter

**Pt/En** Although it was June, the Old Lady's garden was full of flowers. Every morning, Sylvia found a bouquet of beautiful flowers, like narcissus, tulips, and roses, left for her. The Old Lady was not afraid that Sylvia would discover her, because these flowers grew in many gardens in Spencervale. Chris Stewart knew that the Old Lady was leaving the flowers for Sylvia. He had found out when people started talking about the Mayflower gifts. But Chris kept it a secret because he knew the Old Lady did not want anyone to know. He liked the Old Lady because she had helped him when he was a child and had hurt his foot. She had taken

him home, cleaned his wound, and given him money. She had even gone without supper that night, but Chris never knew this.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady felt that June was a wonderful month. She no longer disliked the new days; instead, she looked forward to them.

**Pt/En** She told herself that every day was special because she could almost always see Sylvia. Even when it rained, the Old Lady would bravely go out to watch Sylvia pass by. The only days she could not see Sylvia were Sundays, and these Sundays felt very long to her.

**Pt/En** The egg seller brought her some news one day.

**Pt/En** The egg seller told her that the music teacher would sing a solo the next day for a special collection.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady's dark eyes showed she was interested.

**Pt/En** She asked if Miss Gray was part of the choir.

**Pt/En** He replied that Miss Gray had joined two weeks before. He added that their music was now very good and expected the church to be full the next day because of her singing, which was known across the country. He suggested Miss Lloyd should come to hear it.

**Pt/En** The pedlar said those words to seem brave, not afraid of the Old Lady. The Old Lady did not reply. The pedlar felt sorry for what he said. The Old Lady had already forgotten him and his small problem. She was thinking only about hearing Sylvia sing a song. She went inside and tried hard to stop wanting this very much. She could not stop it, even with her pride. Her pride told her something.

**Pt/En** Her pride told her that she must go to church to hear Sylvia. It also said she did not have nice enough clothes for church and would look silly in front of everyone.

**Pt/En** But for the first time, another voice, stronger than pride, spoke to her. The Old Lady listened to it. It was true that she had not been to church since she started wearing her mother's old silk dresses. She thought this was wrong and tried to make up for it by being very strict on Sundays. She had her own small church service at home, singing hymns and reading a sermon. But she could not go to church in her old-fashioned clothes. She had once been a fashion leader, and the longer she stayed away, the harder it seemed to go back. Now, going to

church became very important, even if she looked strange and people talked about her.

**Pt/En** The next afternoon, something unusual happened in Spencervale. Just before the church service began, Old Lady Lloyd walked down the aisle and sat in the Lloyd family's pew, which had been empty for a long time. It was in front of the pulpit.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady felt very uncomfortable. She remembered how she looked in the mirror before leaving home: wearing a black silk dress from thirty years ago and a strange little bonnet made of black satin. She thought she must look very silly to everyone.

**Pt/En** She did not look silly at all. Her elegant way of standing and her figure were so *impressive* that her clothes did not seem to matter.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady did not know this. But she saw Mrs. Kimball, the storekeeper's wife, *arrive* in the latest fashion. Mrs. Kimball and the Old Lady were the same age, and Mrs. Kimball used to copy the Old Lady's clothes. However, Mrs. Kimball had married the storekeeper, and things had changed. The Old Lady felt sad about this and wished she had not come to church.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, the Old Lady's unhappy thoughts disappeared. Sylvia Gray entered the choir, sitting where the sun shone on her beautiful hair. The Old Lady watched her with great happiness. After this, the church service felt good to her because it was connected to unselfish love, whether from people or from God.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady had never seen Sylvia so clearly before. She looked at Sylvia with great pleasure, enjoying every *detail*. She noticed Sylvia's *shiny* hair, the way she quickly lowered her long *eyelashes* when someone looked at her too directly, and her beautiful hands holding her hymn book. Sylvia wore a simple black skirt and white shirt. Even though other girls wore *fancier* clothes, Sylvia was more beautiful than them.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady enjoyed the first hymns, especially Sylvia's voice, which was the best. When it was time to *collect* money, Sylvia went to the organ. Her voice then filled the building with beautiful music. No one in Spencervale had heard such a voice, except the Old Lady when she was young. She knew that Sylvia had a great talent that could bring her fame and fortune if it was trained well.

**Pt/En** Old Lady Lloyd thought she was very happy that she had come to church.

**Pt/En** After the music, Old Lady Lloyd looked at the minister. The minister, who was new to the area, thought she had come to hear him preach. He believed his reputation as a preacher had brought her to church.

**Pt/En** When the service finished, Old Lady Lloyd's neighbours spoke to her kindly. They wanted to support her for coming to church. She liked their friendly welcome and noticed they showed her the same respect she used to get. She was surprised she could still command this respect, even though her hat and clothes were old-fashioned.

**Pt/En** Janet Moore and Sylvia Gray walked home from church. Janet asked Sylvia if she had seen Old Lady Lloyd. Janet said she was surprised because Old Lady Lloyd had never been to church before, as far as she knew. Janet described her as an unusual old woman who was rich but wore old clothes. Some people thought she was not generous, but Janet believed she was just eccentric.

**Pt/En** Sylvia said she knew it was Miss Lloyd as soon as she saw her, even though she had never met her. Sylvia explained she had wanted to see her for a specific reason. She thought Old Lady Lloyd had a very interesting face and wanted to meet and get to know her.

**Pt/En** Janet said that she did not think the person would ever do that. She explained that the person did not like young people and never went out. Janet also said she would not like to know her because she was afraid of her, mentioning her formal manner and sharp eyes.

**Pt/En** Sylvia thought to herself that she would not be afraid of the person. However, she did not expect to meet her. Sylvia supposed that the person would dislike her if she knew who she was, and she guessed that the person did not know she was Leslie Gray's daughter.

**Pt/En** The minister decided to visit Old Lady Lloyd the next afternoon. He was nervous because he had heard stories about her. But she was very pleasant in her polite way, and he was happy. When he returned home, he told his wife that the people of Spencervale did not understand Miss Lloyd. This was true, but the minister might not have understood her completely either.

**Pt/En** The minister made one small mistake in what he said, but Old Lady Lloyd did not criticize him, so he did not realize it. As he was leaving, he expressed his hope that she would come to church the following Sunday.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady strongly replied that she certainly would attend church.

### **Pt/En** Chapter 3: The July Chapter

**Pt/En** On the first day of July, Sylvia discovered a small boat made of birch bark filled with strawberries. These were the first strawberries of the season, found by the Old Lady in a hidden spot. The Old Lady could have eaten them herself, as her food was simple, but she preferred to give them to Sylvia for her tea. After the strawberries, there were flowers, then blueberries and raspberries. The Old Lady often walked a long way to find blueberries. Sometimes her body hurt at night from the walking, but she did not mind. She felt happier than she had in years because she was enjoying Sylvia's happiness.

**Pt/En** One evening, a man named Crooked Jack came to fix the Old Lady's well. The Old Lady went outside to talk with him. She knew he had been working for the Spencer family all day, and she hoped he might have some news about Sylvia.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack spoke to the Old Lady. He said that the music teacher seemed sad that evening. He had been talking for a long time about the Spencers' new pump, washing machine, and Mrs. Spencer's young man, which had tested the Old Lady's patience.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady asked Crooked Jack why the music teacher was sad. She became very worried, thinking something might have happened to Sylvia.

**Pt/En** Crooked Jack said that Miss Gray was invited to a big party. She did not have a dress to wear. Mrs. Spencer told him that Miss Gray could not buy a new dress because she was helping to pay her aunt's medical bills. Mrs. Spencer thought Miss Gray was very sad about this, even though she did not show it. Mrs. Spencer believed Miss Gray was crying the night before.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady heard this and went inside quickly. She thought it was very important for Sylvia to go to the party. She wondered how this

could happen. She thought about old silk dresses her mother had, but they were not suitable. The Old Lady felt very sad that she did not have money anymore.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady said she only had two dollars left. She needed to use this money until the egg seller came again. She asked if she could sell anything. Then she thought of the grape jug.

**Pt/En** Until now, the Old Lady would never have thought of selling the grape jug. It was very old, from the Lloyd family for two hundred years. It was a large jug decorated with grapes and a poem. It was a wedding gift for her great-grandmother. It always sat on a shelf in the sitting-room cupboard and was too special to use.

**Pt/En** Two years earlier, a woman who collected old china had visited the area. She heard about the grape jug and wanted to buy it. The Old Lady did not want to sell it. The collector left her card, saying she would still buy the jug if the Old Lady ever changed her mind. The collector really wanted the grape jug.

**Pt/En** The old woman tore the card into small pieces, but she remembered the name and address. She went to a cupboard and took out a special jug that she loved.

**Pt/En** She said sadly that she never thought she would sell the jug, but Sylvia needed a dress and there was no other choice. She thought that if she died, strangers would get the jug, so it was better to sell it now. She decided she had to go to town the next morning because the party was on Friday night and there was not much time. She had not been to town for ten years and was more worried about going than selling the jug, but she would do it for Sylvia.

**Pt/En** By the next morning, everyone in Spencervale knew that Old Lady Lloyd had gone to town with a box she kept very safe. Most people thought she was scared because of two burglaries in Carmody. They guessed she had taken her money from her black box under her bed to the bank.

**Pt/En** The old woman looked for the address of the person who collected china. She was afraid the collector might be dead or have moved away. But the collector was alive and wanted the jug very much.

The old woman, feeling sad and hurt because her pride was hurt, sold the jug. She felt like she was betraying her family's history.

**Pt/En** However, she bravely went to a large store. A helpful shop assistant, who understood what she needed, found a pretty muslin dress for her. The old woman also chose gloves and slippers to match. She asked for the dress to be sent immediately, with all shipping costs paid, to Miss Sylvia Gray, who was staying with William Spencer in Spencervale.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady paid for the jug, taking off money for her train ticket. She left the store confidently. On her way out, she saw a rich man. He seemed surprised to see her and blushed, but she did not look at him or acknowledge him. He watched her leave, looking a little annoyed.

**Pt/En** Although she seemed calm, the Old Lady felt very angry and full of hate. She had not wanted to meet Andrew Cameron. Seeing him made her feel very bitter, but thinking about Sylvia helped her. She felt she had handled the meeting well because she had not shown any fear or surprise.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady thought it was understandable that Andrew Cameron had been surprised. She was pleased that he had shown he was not as strong as he seemed. Andrew Cameron was her cousin, and she hated him more than anyone else. She believed he had done great harm to her and her family, and she would never acknowledge him.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady decided to stop thinking about Andrew Cameron. She felt it was wrong to think of him and Sylvia together. That night, she was very happy when she went to bed. She only felt a little sad for a moment when she remembered the empty shelf where the grape jug used to be.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady thought that it felt good to make sacrifices for someone she loved, and that it was good to have someone to make sacrifices for.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady wanted very much to see Sylvia in her party dress. She was so eager that she had to see it, not just imagine it.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady decided she would see Sylvia. She looked at Sylvia's light and then put on a shawl. She quietly went outside and

walked down the path towards Sylvia's house. The night was misty and the moon was out, and a wind smelled like clover.

**Pt/En** The Old Lady spoke to the wind, wishing she could give Sylvia the good feelings that the wind's smell represented.

**Pt/En** Sylvia Gray was ready for her party. Mrs. Spencer and her daughters were watching her. The Old Lady was also watching from outside, under a bush. She could see Sylvia clearly in her pretty dress with pink roses in her hair. Sylvia's cheeks were as pink as the roses, and her eyes shone. The Old Lady felt jealous when Amelia Spencer adjusted a rose in Sylvia's hair.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer told Sylvia that the dress fit perfectly and asked Amelia who could have sent such a lovely gift.

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## The Hurrying of Ludovic

**PT** Anne Shirley was curled up on the window-seat of Theodora Dix's sitting-room one Saturday evening, looking dreamily afar at some fair starland beyond the hills of sunset. Anne was visiting for a fortnight of her vacation at Echo Lodge, where Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irving were spending the summer, and she often ran over to the old Dix homestead to chat for awhile with Theodora. They had had their chat out, on this particular evening, and Anne was giving herself over to the delight of building an air-castle. She leaned her shapely head, with its braided coronet of dark red hair, against the window-casing, and her gray eyes were like the moonlight gleam of shadowy pools.

**PT** Then she saw Ludovic Speed coming down the lane. He was yet far from the house, for the Dix lane was a long one, but Ludovic could be recognized as far as he could be seen. No one else in Middle Grafton had such a tall, gently-stooping, placidly-moving figure. In every kink and turn of it there was an individuality all Ludovic's own.

**PT** Anne roused herself from her dreams, thinking it would only be tactful to take her departure. Ludovic was courting Theodora. Everyone in Grafton knew that, or, if anyone were in ignorance of the fact, it was not because he had not had time to find out. Ludovic had been coming down that lane to see Theodora, in the same ruminating, unhastening fashion, for fifteen years!

**PT** When Anne, who was slim and girlish and romantic, rose to go, Theodora, who was plump and middle-aged and practical, said, with a twinkle in her eye:

**PT** "There isn't any hurry, child. Sit down and have your call out. You've seen Ludovic coming down the lane, and, I suppose, you think you'll be a crowd. But you won't. Ludovic rather likes a third person around, and so do I. It spurs up the conversation as it were. When a man has been coming to see you straight along, twice a week for fifteen years, you get rather talked out by spells."

**PT** Theodora never pretended to bashfulness where Ludovic was concerned. She was not at all shy of referring to him and his dilatory courtship. Indeed, it seemed to amuse her.

**PT** Anne sat down again and together they watched Ludovic coming down the lane, gazing calmly about him at the lush clover fields and the blue loops of the river winding in and out of the misty valley below.

**PT** Anne looked at Theodora's placid, finely-moulded face and tried to imagine what she herself would feel like if she were sitting there, waiting for an elderly lover who had, seemingly, taken so long to make up his mind. But even Anne's imagination failed her for this.

**PT** "Anyway," she thought, impatiently, "if I wanted him I think I'd find some way of hurrying him up. Ludovic SPEED! Was there ever such a misfit of a name? Such a name for such a man is a delusion and a snare."

**PT** Presently Ludovic got to the house, but stood so long on the doorstep in a brown study, gazing into the tangled green boskage of the cherry orchard, that Theodora finally went and opened the door before he knocked. As she brought him into the sitting-room she made a comical grimace at Anne over his shoulder.

**PT** Ludovic smiled pleasantly at Anne. He liked her; she was the only young girl he knew, for he generally avoided young girls—they made him feel awkward and out of place. But Anne did not affect him in this fashion. She had a way of getting on with all sorts of people, and, although they had not known her very long, both Ludovic and Theodora looked upon her as an old friend.

**PT** Ludovic was tall and somewhat ungainly, but his unhesitating placidity gave him the appearance of a dignity that did not otherwise pertain to him. He had a drooping, silky, brown moustache, and a little curly tuft of imperial,—a fashion which was regarded as eccentric in Grafton, where men had clean-shaven chins or went full-bearded. His eyes were dreamy and pleasant, with a touch of melancholy in their blue depths.

**PT** He sat down in the big bulgy old armchair that had belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there, and Anne declared that the chair had come to look like him.

**PT** The conversation soon grew animated enough. Ludovic was a good talker when he had somebody to draw him out. He was well read, and frequently surprised Anne by his shrewd comments on men and

matters out in the world, of which only the faint echoes reached Deland River. He had also a liking for religious arguments with Theodora, who did not care much for politics or the making of history, but was avid of doctrines, and read everything pertaining thereto. When the conversation drifted into an eddy of friendly wrangling between Ludovic and Theodora over Christian Science, Anne understood that her usefulness was ended for the time being, and that she would not be missed.

**PT** "It's star time and good-night time," she said, and went away quietly.

**PT** But she had to stop to laugh when she was well out of sight of the house, in a green meadow bestarred with the white and gold of daisies. A wind, odour-freighted, blew daintily across it. Anne leaned against a white birch tree in the corner and laughed heartily, as she was apt to do whenever she thought of Ludovic and Theodora. To her eager youth, this courtship of theirs seemed a very amusing thing. She liked Ludovic, but allowed herself to be provoked with him.

**PT** "The dear, big, irritating goose!" she said aloud. "There never was such a lovable idiot before. He's just like the alligator in the old rhyme, who wouldn't go along, and wouldn't keep still, but just kept bobbing up and down."

**PT** Two evenings later, when Anne went over to the Dix place, she and Theodora drifted into a conversation about Ludovic. Theodora, who was the most industrious soul alive, and had a mania for fancy work into the bargain, was busying her smooth, plump fingers with a very elaborate Battenburg lace centre-piece. Anne was lying back in a little rocker, with her slim hands folded in her lap, watching Theodora. She realized that Theodora was very handsome, in a stately, Juno-like fashion of firm, white flesh, large, clearly-chiselled outlines, and great, cowey, brown eyes. When Theodora was not smiling, she looked very imposing. Anne thought it likely that Ludovic held her in awe.

**PT** "Did you and Ludovic talk about Christian Science ALL Saturday evening?" she asked.

**PT** Theodora overflowed into a smile.

**PT** "Yes, and we even quarrelled over it. At least I did. Ludovic wouldn't quarrel with anyone. You have to fight air when you spar with him. I hate to square up to a person who won't hit back."

**PT** "Theodora," said Anne coaxingly, "I am going to be curious and impertinent. You can snub me if you like. Why don't you and Ludovic get married?"

**PT** Theodora laughed comfortably.

**PT** "That's the question Grafton folks have been asking for quite a while, I reckon, Anne. Well, I'd have no objection to marrying Ludovic. That's frank enough for you, isn't it? But it's not easy to marry a man unless he asks you. And Ludovic has never asked me."

**PT** "Is he too shy?" persisted Anne. Since Theodora was in the mood, she meant to sift this puzzling affair to the bottom.

**PT** Theodora dropped her work and looked meditatively out over the green slopes of the summer world.

**PT** "No, I don't think it is that. Ludovic isn't shy. It's just his way—the Speed way. The Speeds are all dreadfully deliberate. They spend years thinking over a thing before they make up their minds to do it. Sometimes they get so much in the habit of thinking about it that they never get over it—like old Alder Speed, who was always talking of going to England to see his brother, but never went, though there was no earthly reason why he shouldn't. They're not lazy, you know, but they love to take their time."

**PT** "And Ludovic is just an aggravated case of Speedism," suggested Anne.

**PT** "Exactly. He never hurried in his life. Why, he has been thinking for the last six years of getting his house painted. He talks it over with me every little while, and picks out the colour, and there the matter stays. He's fond of me, and he means to ask me to have him sometime. The only question is—will the time ever come?"

**PT** "Why don't you hurry him up?" asked Anne impatiently.

**PT** Theodora went back to her stitches with another laugh.

**PT** "If Ludovic could be hurried up, I'm not the one to do it. I'm too shy. It sounds ridiculous to hear a woman of my age and inches say that, but it

is true. Of course, I know it's the only way any Speed ever did make out to get married. For instance, there's a cousin of mine married to Ludovic's brother. I don't say she proposed to him out and out, but, mind you, Anne, it wasn't far from it. I couldn't do anything like that. I DID try once. When I realized that I was getting sere and mellow, and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative, it will be Dix to the end of life. Ludovic doesn't realize that we are growing old, you know. He thinks we are giddy young folks yet, with plenty of time before us. That's the Speed failing. They never find out they're alive until they're dead."

**PT** "You're fond of Ludovic, aren't you?" asked Anne, detecting a note of real bitterness among Theodora's paradoxes.

**PT** "Laws, yes," said Theodora candidly. She did not think it worth while to blush over so settled a fact. "I think the world and all of Ludovic. And he certainly does need somebody to look after HIM. He's neglected—he looks frayed. You can see that for yourself. That old aunt of his looks after his house in some fashion, but she doesn't look after him. And he's coming now to the age when a man needs to be looked after and coddled a bit. I'm lonesome here, and Ludovic is lonesome up there, and it does seem ridiculous, doesn't it? I don't wonder that we're the standing joke of Grafton. Goodness knows, I laugh at it enough myself. I've sometimes thought that if Ludovic could be made jealous it might spur him along. But I never could flirt and there's nobody to flirt with if I could. Everybody hereabouts looks upon me as Ludovic's property and nobody would dream of interfering with him."

**PT** "Theodora," cried Anne, "I have a plan!"

**PT** "Now, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Theodora.

**PT** Anne told her. At first Theodora laughed and protested. In the end, she yielded somewhat doubtfully, overborne by Anne's enthusiasm.

**PT** "Well, try it, then," she said, resignedly. "If Ludovic gets mad and leaves me, I'll be worse off than ever. But nothing venture, nothing win. And there is a fighting chance, I suppose. Besides, I must admit I'm tired of his dilly-dallying."

**PT** Anne went back to Echo Lodge tingling with delight in her plot. She hunted up Arnold Sherman, and told him what was required of him. Arnold Sherman listened and laughed. He was an elderly widower, an intimate friend of Stephen Irving, and had come down to spend part of the summer with him and his wife in Prince Edward Island. He was handsome in a mature style, and he had a dash of mischief in him still, so that he entered readily enough into Anne's plan. It amused him to think of hurrying Ludovic Speed, and he knew that Theodora Dix could be depended on to do her part. The comedy would not be dull, whatever its outcome.

**PT** The curtain rose on the first act after prayer meeting on the next Thursday night. It was bright moonlight when the people came out of church, and everybody saw it plainly. Arnold Sherman stood upon the steps close to the door, and Ludovic Speed leaned up against a corner of the graveyard fence, as he had done for years. The boys said he had worn the paint off that particular place. Ludovic knew of no reason why he should paste himself up against the church door. Theodora would come out as usual, and he would join her as she went past the corner.

**PT** This was what happened, Theodora came down the steps, her stately figure outlined in its darkness against the gush of lamplight from the porch. Arnold Sherman asked her if he might see her home. Theodora took his arm calmly, and together they swept past the stupefied Ludovic, who stood helplessly gazing after them as if unable to believe his eyes.

**PT** For a few moments he stood there limply; then he started down the road after his fickle lady and her new admirer. The boys and irresponsible young men crowded after, expecting some excitement, but they were disappointed. Ludovic strode on until he overtook Theodora and Arnold Sherman, and then fell meekly in behind them.

**PT** Theodora hardly enjoyed her walk home, although Arnold Sherman laid himself out to be especially entertaining. Her heart yearned after Ludovic, whose shuffling footsteps she heard behind her. She feared that she had been very cruel, but she was in for it now. She steeled herself by the reflection that it was all for his own good, and she talked to Arnold Sherman as if he were the one man in the world. Poor, deserted Ludovic, following humbly behind, heard her, and if Theodora had known how bitter the cup she was holding to his lips really was, she would never

have been resolute enough to present it, no matter for what ultimate good.

**PT** When she and Arnold turned in at her gate, Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked over her shoulder and saw him standing still on the road. His forlorn figure haunted her thoughts all night. If Anne had not run over the next day and bolstered up her convictions, she might have spoiled everything by prematurely relenting.

**PT** Ludovic, meanwhile, stood still on the road, quite oblivious to the hoots and comments of the vastly amused small boy contingent, until Theodora and his rival disappeared from his view under the firs in the hollow of her lane. Then he turned about and went home, not with his usual leisurely amble, but with a perturbed stride which proclaimed his inward disquiet.

**PT** He felt bewildered. If the world had come suddenly to an end or if the lazy, meandering Grafton River had turned about and flowed up hill, Ludovic could not have been more astonished. For fifteen years he had walked home from meetings with Theodora; and now this elderly stranger, with all the glamour of "the States" hanging about him, had coolly walked off with her under Ludovic's very nose. Worse—most unkindest cut of all—Theodora had gone with him willingly; nay, she had evidently enjoyed his company. Ludovic felt the stirring of a righteous anger in his easy-going soul.

**PT** When he reached the end of his lane, he paused at his gate, and looked at his house, set back from the lane in a crescent of birches. Even in the moonlight, its weather-worn aspect was plainly visible. He thought of the "palatial residence" rumour ascribed to Arnold Sherman in Boston, and stroked his chin nervously with his sunburnt fingers. Then he doubled up his fist and struck it smartly on the gate-post.

**PT** "Theodora needn't think she is going to jilt me in this fashion, after keeping company with me for fifteen years," he said. "I'LL have something to say to it, Arnold Sherman or no Arnold Sherman. The impudence of the puppy!"

**PT** The next morning Ludovic drove to Carmody and engaged Joshua Pye to come and paint his house, and that evening, although he was not due till Saturday night, he went down to see Theodora.

**PT** Arnold Sherman was there before him, and was actually sitting in Ludovic's own prescriptive chair. Ludovic had to deposit himself in Theodora's new wicker rocker, where he looked and felt lamentably out of place.

**PT** If Theodora felt the situation to be awkward, she carried it off superbly. She had never looked handsomer, and Ludovic perceived that she wore her second best silk dress. He wondered miserably if she had donned it in expectation of his rival's call. She had never put on silk dresses for him. Ludovic had always been the meekest and mildest of mortals, but he felt quite murderous as he sat mutely there and listened to Arnold Sherman's polished conversation.

**PT** "You should just have been here to see him glowering," Theodora told the delighted Anne the next day. "It may be wicked of me, but I felt real glad. I was afraid he might stay away and sulk. So long as he comes here and sulks I don't worry. But he is feeling badly enough, poor soul, and I'm really eaten up by remorse. He tried to outstay Mr. Sherman last night, but he didn't manage it. You never saw a more depressed-looking creature than he was as he hurried down the lane. Yes, he actually hurried."

**PT** The following Sunday evening Arnold Sherman walked to church with Theodora, and sat with her. When they came in Ludovic Speed suddenly stood up in his pew under the gallery. He sat down again at once, but everybody in view had seen him, and that night folks in all the length and breadth of Grafton River discussed the dramatic occurrence with keen enjoyment.

**PT** "Yes, he jumped right up as if he was pulled on his feet, while the minister was reading the chapter," said his cousin, Lorella Speed, who had been in church, to her sister, who had not. "His face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes were just glaring out of his head. I never felt so thrilled, I declare! I almost expected him to fly at them then and there. But he just gave a sort of gasp and set down again. I don't know whether Theodora Dix saw him or not. She looked as cool and unconcerned as you please."

**PT** Theodora had not seen Ludovic, but if she looked cool and unconcerned, her appearance belied her, for she felt miserably flustered. She could not prevent Arnold Sherman coming to church with her, but it

seemed to her like going too far. People did not go to church and sit together in Grafton unless they were the next thing to being engaged. What if this filled Ludovic with the narcotic of despair instead of wakening him up! She sat through the service in misery and heard not one word of the sermon.

**PT** But Ludovic's spectacular performances were not yet over. The Speeds might be hard to get started, but once they were started their momentum was irresistible. When Theodora and Mr. Sherman came out, Ludovic was waiting on the steps. He stood up straight and stern, with his head thrown back and his shoulders squared. There was open defiance in the look he cast on his rival, and masterfulness in the mere touch of the hand he laid on Theodora's arm.

**PT** "May I see you home, Miss Dix?" his words said. His tone said, "I am going to see you home whether or no."

**PT** Theodora, with a deprecating look at Arnold Sherman, took his arm, and Ludovic marched her across the green amid a silence which the very horses tied to the storm fence seemed to share. For Ludovic 'twas a crowded hour of glorious life.

**PT** Anne walked all the way over from Avonlea the next day to hear the news. Theodora smiled consciously.

**PT** "Yes, it is really settled at last, Anne. Coming home last night Ludovic asked me plump and plain to marry him,—Sunday and all as it was. It's to be right away—for Ludovic won't be put off a week longer than necessary."

**PT** "So Ludovic Speed has been hurried up to some purpose at last," said Mr. Sherman, when Anne called in at Echo Lodge, brimful with her news. "And you are delighted, of course, and my poor pride must be the scapegoat. I shall always be remembered in Grafton as the man from Boston who wanted Theodora Dix and couldn't get her."

**PT** "But that won't be true, you know," said Anne comfortingly.

**PT** Arnold Sherman thought of Theodora's ripe beauty, and the mellow companionableness she had revealed in their brief intercourse.

**PT** "I'm not perfectly sure of that," he said, with a half sigh.

# Old Lady Lloyd

## PT I. The May Chapter

PT Spencervale gossip always said that "Old Lady Lloyd" was rich and mean and proud. Gossip, as usual, was one-third right and two-thirds wrong. Old Lady Lloyd was neither rich nor mean; in reality she was pitifully poor—so poor that "Crooked Jack" Spencer, who dug her garden and chopped her wood for her, was opulent by contrast, for he, at least, never lacked three meals a day, and the Old Lady could sometimes achieve no more than one. But she WAS very proud—so proud that she would have died rather than let the Spencervale people, among whom she had queened it in her youth, suspect how poor she was and to what straits was sometimes reduced. She much preferred to have them think her miserly and odd—a queer old recluse who never went anywhere, even to church, and who paid the smallest subscription to the minister's salary of anyone in the congregation.

PT "And her just rolling in wealth!" they said indignantly. "Well, she didn't get her miserly ways from her parents. THEY were real generous and neighbourly. There never was a finer gentleman than old Doctor Lloyd. He was always doing kindnesses to everybody; and he had a way of doing them that made you feel as if you was doing the favour, not him. Well, well, let Old Lady Lloyd keep herself and her money to herself if she wants to. If she doesn't want our company, she doesn't have to suffer it, that's all. Reckon she isn't none too happy for all her money and pride."

PT No, the Old Lady was none too happy, that was unfortunately true. It is not easy to be happy when your life is eaten up with loneliness and emptiness on the spiritual side, and when, on the material side, all you have between you and starvation is the little money your hens bring you in.

PT The Old Lady lived "away back at the old Lloyd place," as it was always called. It was a quaint, low-eaved house, with big chimneys and square windows and with spruces growing thickly all around it. The Old Lady lived there all alone and there were weeks at a time when she never saw a human being except Crooked Jack. What the Old Lady did with herself and how she put in her time was a puzzle the Spencervale people could not solve. The children believed she amused herself counting the

gold in the big black box under her bed. Spencervale children held the Old Lady in mortal terror; some of them—the "Spencer Road" fry—believed she was a witch; all of them would run if, when wandering about the woods in search of berries or spruce gum, they saw at a distance the spare, upright form of the Old Lady, gathering sticks for her fire. Mary Moore was the only one who was quite sure she was not a witch.

**PT** "Witches are always ugly," she said decisively, "and Old Lady Lloyd isn't ugly. She's real pretty—she's got such a soft white hair and big black eyes and a little white face. Those Road children don't know what they're talking of. Mother says they're a very ignorant crowd."

**PT** "Well, she doesn't ever go to church, and she mutters and talks to herself all the time she's picking up sticks," maintained Jimmy Kimball stoutly.

**PT** The Old Lady talked to herself because she was really very fond of company and conversation. To be sure, when you have talked to nobody but yourself for nearly twenty years, it is apt to grow somewhat monotonous; and there were times when the Old Lady would have sacrificed everything but her pride for a little human companionship. At such times she felt very bitter and resentful toward Fate for having taken everything from her. She had nothing to love, and that is about as unwholesome a condition as is possible to anyone.

**PT** It was always hardest in the spring. Once upon a time the Old Lady—when she had not been the Old Lady, but pretty, wilful, high-spirited Margaret Lloyd—had loved springs; now she hated them because they hurt her; and this particular spring of this particular May chapter hurt her more than any that had gone before. The Old Lady felt as if she could NOT endure the ache of it. Everything hurt her—the new green tips on the firs, the fairy mists down in the little beech hollow below the house, the fresh smell of the red earth Crooked Jack spaded up in her garden. The Old Lady lay awake all one moonlit night and cried for very heartache. She even forgot her body hunger in her soul hunger; and the Old Lady had been hungry, more or less, all that week. She was living on store biscuits and water, so that she might be able to pay Crooked Jack for digging her garden. When the pale, lovely dawn-colour came stealing up the sky behind the spruces, the Old Lady buried her face in her pillow and refused to look at it.

**PT** "I hate the new day," she said rebelliously. "It will be just like all the other hard, common days. I don't want to get up and live it. And, oh, to think that long ago I reached out my hands joyfully to every new day, as to a friend who was bringing me good tidings! I loved the mornings then—sunny or gray, they were as delightful as an unread book—and now I hate them—hate them—hate them!"

**PT** But the Old Lady got up nevertheless, for she knew Crooked Jack would be coming early to finish the garden. She arranged her beautiful, thick, white hair very carefully, and put on her purple silk dress with the little gold spots in it. The Old Lady always wore silk from motives of economy. It was much cheaper to wear a silk dress that had belonged to her mother than to buy new print at the store. The Old Lady had plenty of silk dresses which had belonged to her mother. She wore them morning, noon, and night, and Spencervale people considered it an additional evidence of her pride. As for the fashion of them, it was, of course, just because she was too mean to have them made over. They did not dream that the Old Lady never put on one of the silk dresses without agonizing over its unfashionableness, and that even the eyes of Crooked Jack cast on her antique flounces and overskirts was almost more than her feminine vanity could endure.

**PT** In spite of the fact that the Old Lady had not welcomed the new day, its beauty charmed her when she went out for a walk after her dinner—or, rather, after her mid-day biscuit. It was so fresh, so sweet, so virgin; and the spruce woods around the old Lloyd place were athrill with busy spring doings and all sprinkled through with young lights and shadows. Some of their delight found its way into the Old Lady's bitter heart as she wandered through them, and when she came out at the little plank bridge over the brook down under the beeches, she felt almost gentle and tender once more. There was one big beech there, in particular, which the Old Lady loved for reasons best known to herself—a great, tall beech with a trunk like the shaft of a gray marble column and a leafy spread of branches over the still, golden-brown pool made beneath it by the brook. It had been a young sapling in the days that were haloed by the vanished glory of the Old Lady's life.

**PT** The Old Lady heard childish voices and laughter afar up the lane which led to William Spencer's place just above the woods. William Spencer's front lane ran out to the main road in a different direction, but

this "back lane" furnished a short cut and his children always went to school that way.

**PT** The Old Lady shrank hastily back behind a clump of young spruces. She did not like the Spencer children because they always seemed so afraid of her. Through the spruce screen she could see them coming gaily down the lane—the two older ones in front, the twins behind, clinging to the hands of a tall, slim, young girl—the new music teacher, probably. The Old Lady had heard from the egg pedlar that she was going to board at William Spencer's, but she had not heard her name.

**PT** She looked at her with some curiosity as they drew near—and then, all at once, the Old Lady's heart gave a great bound and began to beat as it had not beaten for years, while her breath came quickly and she trembled violently. Who—WHO could this girl be?

**PT** Under the new music teacher's straw hat were masses of fine chestnut hair of the very shade and wave that the Old Lady remembered on another head in vanished years; from under those waves looked large, violet-blue eyes with very black lashes and brows—and the Old Lady knew those eyes as well as she knew her own; and the new music teacher's face, with all its beauty of delicate outline and dainty colouring and glad, buoyant youth, was a face from the Old Lady's past—a perfect resemblance in every respect save one; the face which the Old Lady remembered had been weak, with all its charm; but this girl's face possessed a fine, dominant strength compact of sweetness and womanliness. As she passed by the Old Lady's hiding place she laughed at something one of the children said; and oh, but the Old Lady knew that laughter well. She had heard it before under that very beech tree.

**PT** She watched them until they disappeared over the wooded hill beyond the bridge; and then she went back home as if she walked in a dream. Crooked Jack was delving vigorously in the garden; ordinarily the Old Lady did not talk much with Crooked Jack, for she disliked his weakness for gossip; but now she went into the garden, a stately old figure in her purple, gold-spotted silk, with the sunshine gleaming on her white hair.

**PT** Crooked Jack had seen her go out and had remarked to himself that the Old Lady was losing ground; she was pale and peaked-looking.

He now concluded that he had been mistaken. The Old Lady's cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. Somewhere in her walk she had shed ten years at least. Crooked Jack leaned on his spade and decided that there weren't many finer looking women anywhere than Old Lady Lloyd. Pity she was such an old miser!

**PT** "Mr. Spencer," said the Old Lady graciously—she always spoke very graciously to her inferiors when she talked to them at all—"can you tell me the name of the new music teacher who is boarding at Mr. William Spencer's?"

**PT** "Sylvia Gray," said Crooked Jack.

**PT** The Old Lady's heart gave another great bound. But she had known it—she had known that girl with Leslie Gray's hair and eyes and laugh must be Leslie Gray's daughter.

**PT** Crooked Jack spat on his hand and resumed his work, but his tongue went faster than his spade, and the Old Lady listened greedily. For the first time she enjoyed and blessed Crooked Jack's garrulity and gossip. Every word he uttered was as an apple of gold in a picture of silver to her.

**PT** He had been working at William Spencer's the day the new music teacher had come, and what Crooked Jack couldn't find out about any person in one whole day—at least as far as outward life went—was hardly worth finding out. Next to discovering things did he love telling them, and it would be hard to say which enjoyed that ensuing half-hour more—Crooked Jack or the Old Lady.

**PT** Crooked Jack's account, boiled down, amounted to this; both Miss Gray's parents had died when she was a baby, she had been brought up by an aunt, she was very poor and very ambitious.

**PT** "Wants a moosical eddication," finished up Crooked Jack, "and, by jingo, she orter have it, for anything like the voice of her I never heerd. She sung for us that evening after supper and I thought 'twas an angel singing. It just went through me like a shaft o' light. The Spencer young ones are crazy over her already. She's got twenty pupils around here and in Grafton and Avonlea."

**PT** When the Old Lady had found out everything Crooked Jack could tell her, she went into the house and sat down by the window of her little

sitting-room to think it all over. She was tingling from head to foot with excitement.

**PT** Leslie's daughter! This Old Lady had had her romance once. Long ago—forty years ago—she had been engaged to Leslie Gray, a young college student who taught in Spencervale for the summer term one year—the golden summer of Margaret Lloyd's life. Leslie had been a shy, dreamy, handsome fellow with literary ambitions, which, as he and Margaret both firmly believed, would one day bring him fame and fortune.

**PT** Then there had been a foolish, bitter quarrel at the end of that golden summer. Leslie had gone away in anger, afterwards he had written, but Margaret Lloyd, still in the grasp of her pride and resentment, had sent a harsh answer. No more letters came; Leslie Gray never returned; and one day Margaret awakened to the realization that she had put love out of her life for ever. She knew it would never be hers again; and from that moment her feet were turned from youth to walk down the valley of shadow to a lonely, eccentric age.

**PT** Many years later she heard of Leslie's marriage; then came news of his death, after a life that had not fulfilled his dreams for him. Nothing more she had heard or known—nothing to this day, when she had seen his daughter pass her by unseeing in the beech hollow.

**PT** "His daughter! And she might have been MY daughter," murmured the Old Lady. "Oh, if I could only know her and love her—and perhaps win her love in return! But I cannot. I could not have Leslie Gray's daughter know how poor I am—how low I have been brought. I could not bear that. And to think she is living so near me, the darling—just up the lane and over the hill. I can see her go by every day—I can have that dear pleasure, at least. But oh, if I could only do something for her—give her some little pleasure! It would be such a delight."

**PT** When the Old Lady happened to go into her spare room that evening, she saw from it a light shining through a gap in the trees on the hill. She knew that it shone from the Spencers' spare room. So it was Sylvia's light. The Old Lady stood in the darkness and watched it until it went out—watched it with a great sweetness breathing in her heart, such as risen from old rose-leaves when they are stirred. She fancied Sylvia moving about her room, brushing and braiding her long, glistening hair—laying aside her little trinkets and girlish adornments—making her

simple preparations for sleep. When the light went out the Old Lady pictured a slight white figure kneeling by the window in the soft starshine, and the Old Lady knelt down then and there and said her own prayers in fellowship. She said the simple form of words she had always used; but a new spirit seemed to inspire them; and she finished with a new petition—"Let me think of something I can do for her, dear Father—some little, little thing that I can do for her."

**PT** The Old Lady had slept in the same room all her life—the one looking north into the spruces—and loved it; but the next day she moved into the spare room without a regret. It was to be her room after this; she must be where she could see Sylvia's light, she put the bed where she could lie in it and look at that earth star which had suddenly shone across the twilight shadows of her heart. She felt very happy, she had not felt happy for many years; but now a strange, new, dream-like interest, remote from the harsh realities of her existence, but none the less comforting and alluring, had entered into her life. Besides, she had thought of something she could do for Sylvia—"a little, little thing" that might give her pleasure.

**PT** Spencervale people were wont to say regretfully that there were no Mayflowers in Spencervale; the Spencervale young fry, when they wanted Mayflowers, thought they had to go over to the barrens at Avonlea, six miles away, for them. Old Lady Lloyd knew better. In her many long, solitary rambles, she had discovered a little clearing far back in the woods—a southward-sloping, sandy hill on a tract of woodland belonging to a man who lived in town—which in spring was starred over with the pink and white of arbutus.

**PT** To this clearing the Old Lady betook herself that afternoon, walking through wood lanes and under dim spruce arches like a woman with a glad purpose. All at once the spring was dear and beautiful to her once more; for love had entered again into her heart, and her starved soul was feasting on its divine nourishment.

**PT** Old Lady Lloyd found a wealth of Mayflowers on the sandy hill. She filled her basket with them, gloating over the loveliness which was to give pleasure to Sylvia. When she got home she wrote on a slip of paper, "For Sylvia." It was not likely anyone in Spencervale would know her handwriting, but, to make sure, she disguised it, writing in round, big letters like a child's. She carried her Mayflowers down to the hollow and

heaped them in a recess between the big roots of the old beech, with the little note thrust through a stem on top.

**PT** Then the Old Lady deliberately hid behind the spruce clump. She had put on her dark green silk on purpose for hiding. She had not long to wait. Soon Sylvia Gray came down the hill with Mattie Spencer. When she reached the bridge she saw the Mayflowers and gave an exclamation of delight. Then she saw her name and her expression changed to wonder. The Old Lady, peering through the boughs, could have laughed for very pleasure over the success of her little plot.

**PT** "For me!" said Sylvia, lifting the flowers. "CAN they really be for me, Mattie? Who could have left them here?"

**PT** Mattie giggled.

**PT** "I believe it was Chris Stewart," she said. "I know he was over at Avonlea last night. And ma says he's taken a notion to you—she knows by the way he looked at you when you were singing night before last. It would be just like him to do something queer like this—he's such a shy fellow with the girls."

**PT** Sylvia frowned a little. She did not like Mattie's expressions, but she did like Mayflowers, and she did not dislike Chris Stewart, who had seemed to her merely a nice, modest, country boy. She lifted the flowers and buried her face in them.

**PT** "Anyway, I'm much obliged to the giver, whoever he or she is," she said merrily. "There's nothing I love like Mayflowers. Oh, how sweet they are!"

**PT** When they had passed the Old Lady emerged from her lurking place, flushed with triumph. It did not vex her that Sylvia should think Chris Stewart had given her the flowers; nay, it was all the better, since she would be the less likely to suspect the real donor. The main thing was that Sylvia should have the delight of them. That quite satisfied the Old Lady, who went back to her lonely house with the cockles of her heart all in a glow.

**PT** It soon was a matter of gossip in Spencervale that Chris Stewart was leaving Mayflowers at the beech hollow for the music teacher every other day. Chris himself denied it, but he was not believed. Firstly, there were no Mayflowers in Spencervale; secondly, Chris had to go to

Carmody every other day to haul milk to the butter factory, and Mayflowers grew in Carmody, and, thirdly, the Stewarts always had a romantic streak in them. Was not that enough circumstantial evidence for anybody?

**PT** As for Sylvia, she did not mind if Chris had a boyish admiration for her and expressed it thus delicately. She thought it very nice of him, indeed, when he did not vex her with any other advances, and she was quite content to enjoy his Mayflowers.

**PT** Old Lady Lloyd heard all the gossip about it from the egg pedlar, and listened to him with laughter glimmering far down in her eyes. The egg pedlar went away and vowed he'd never seen the Old Lady so spry as she was this spring; she seemed real interested in the young folk's doings.

**PT** The Old Lady kept her secret and grew young in it. She walked back to the Mayflower hill as long as the Mayflowers lasted; and she always hid in the spruces to see Sylvia Gray go by. Every day she loved her more, and yearned after her more deeply. All the long repressed tenderness of her nature overflowed to this girl who was unconscious of it. She was proud of Sylvia's grace and beauty, and sweetness of voice and laughter. She began to like the Spencer children because they worshipped Sylvia; she envied Mrs. Spencer because the latter could minister to Sylvia's needs. Even the egg pedlar seemed a delightful person because he brought news of Sylvia—her social popularity, her professional success, the love and admiration she had won already.

**PT** The Old Lady never dreamed of revealing herself to Sylvia. That, in her poverty, was not to be thought of for a moment. It would have been very sweet to know her—sweet to have her come to the old house—sweet to talk to her—to enter into her life. But it might not be. The Old Lady's pride was still far stronger than her love. It was the one thing she had never sacrificed and never—so she believed—could sacrifice.

## **PT** II. The June Chapter

**PT** There were no Mayflowers in June; but now the Old Lady's garden was full of blossoms and every morning Sylvia found a bouquet of them by the beech—the perfumed ivory of white narcissus, the flame of tulips, the fairy branches of bleeding-heart, the pink-and-snow of little, thorny, single, sweetbreathed early roses. The Old Lady had no fear of

discovery, for the flowers that grew in her garden grew in every other Spencervale garden as well, including the Stewart garden. Chris Stewart, when he was teased about the music teacher, merely smiled and held his peace. Chris knew perfectly well who was the real giver of those flowers. He had made it his business to find out when the Mayflower gossip started. But since it was evident Old Lady Lloyd did not wish it to be known, Chris told no one. Chris had always liked Old Lady Lloyd ever since the day, ten years before, when she had found him crying in the woods with a cut foot and had taken him into her house, and bathed and bound the wound, and given him ten cents to buy candy at the store. The Old Lady went without supper that night because of it, but Chris never knew that.

**PT** The Old Lady thought it a most beautiful June. She no longer hated the new days; on the contrary, she welcomed them.

**PT** "Every day is an uncommon day now," she said jubilantly to herself—for did not almost every day bring her a glimpse of Sylvia? Even on rainy days the Old Lady gallantly braved rheumatism to hide behind her clump of dripping spruces and watch Sylvia pass. The only days she could not see her were Sundays; and no Sundays had ever seemed so long to Old Lady Lloyd as those June Sundays did.

**PT** One day the egg pedlar had news for her.

**PT** "The music teacher is going to sing a solo for a collection piece to-morrow," he told her.

**PT** The Old Lady's black eyes flashed with interest.

**PT** "I didn't know Miss Gray was a member of the choir," she said.

**PT** "Jined two Sundays ago. I tell you, our music is something worth listening to now. The church'll be packed to-morrow, I reckon—her name's gone all over the country for singing. You ought to come and hear it, Miss Lloyd."

**PT** The pedlar said this out of bravado, merely to show he wasn't scared of the Old Lady, for all her grand airs. The Old Lady made no answer, and he thought he had offended her. He went away, wishing he hadn't said it. Had he but known it, the Old Lady had forgotten the existence of all and any egg pedlars. He had blotted himself and his insignificance out of her consciousness by his last sentence. All her

thoughts, feelings, and wishes were submerged in a very whirlpool of desire to hear Sylvia sing that solo. She went into the house in a tumult and tried to conquer that desire. She could not do it, even though she summoned all her pride to her aid. Pride said:

**PT** "You will have to go to church to hear her. You haven't fit clothes to go to church in. Think what a figure you will make before them all."

**PT** But, for the first time, a more insistent voice than pride spoke to her soul—and, for the first time, the Old Lady listened to it. It was too true that she had never gone to church since the day on which she had to begin wearing her mother's silk dresses. The Old Lady herself thought that this was very wicked; and she tried to atone by keeping Sunday very strictly, and always having a little service of her own, morning and evening. She sang three hymns in her cracked voice, prayed aloud, and read a sermon. But she could not bring herself to go to church in her out-of-date clothes—she, who had once set the fashions in Spencervale, and the longer she stayed away, the more impossible it seemed that she should ever again go. Now the impossible had become, not only possible, but insistent. She must go to church and hear Sylvia sing, no matter how ridiculous she appeared, no matter how people talked and laughed at her.

**PT** Spencervale congregation had a mild sensation the next afternoon. Just before the opening of service Old Lady Lloyd walked up the aisle and sat down in the long-unoccupied Lloyd pew, in front of the pulpit.

**PT** The Old Lady's very soul was writhing within her. She recalled the reflection she had seen in her mirror before she left—the old black silk in the mode of thirty years ago and the queer little bonnet of shirred black satin. She thought how absurd she must look in the eyes of her world.

**PT** As a matter of fact, she did not look in the least absurd. Some women might have; but the Old Lady's stately distinction of carriage and figure was so subtly commanding that it did away with the consideration of garmenting altogether.

**PT** The Old Lady did not know this. But she did know that Mrs. Kimball, the storekeeper's wife, presently rustled into the next pew in the very latest fashion of fabric and mode; she and Mrs. Kimball were the same age, and there had been a time when the latter had been content to imitate Margaret Lloyd's costumes at a humble distance. But the

storekeeper had proposed, and things were changed now; and there sat poor Old Lady Lloyd, feeling the change bitterly, and half wishing she had not come to church at all.

**PT** Then all at once the Angel of Love touched these foolish thoughts, born of vanity and morbid pride, and they melted away as if they had never been. Sylvia Gray had come into the choir, and was sitting just where the afternoon sunshine fell over her beautiful hair like a halo. The Old Lady looked at her in a rapture of satisfied longing and thenceforth the service was blessed to her, as anything is blessed which comes through the medium of unselfish love, whether human or divine. Nay, are they not one and the same, differing in degree only, not in kind?

**PT** The Old Lady had never had such a good, satisfying look at Sylvia before. All her former glimpses had been stolen and fleeting. Now she sat and gazed upon her to her hungry heart's content, lingering delightedly over every little charm and loveliness—the way Sylvia's shining hair rippled back from her forehead, the sweet little trick she had of dropping quickly her long-lashed eyelids when she encountered too bold or curious a glance, and the slender, beautifully modelled hands—so like Leslie Gray's hands—that held her hymn book. She was dressed very plainly in a black skirt and a white shirtwaist; but none of the other girls in the choir, with all their fine feathers, could hold a candle to her—as the egg pedlar said to his wife, going home from church.

**PT** The Old Lady listened to the opening hymns with keen pleasure. Sylvia's voice thrilled through and dominated them all. But when the ushers got up to take the collection, an undercurrent of subdued excitement flowed over the congregation. Sylvia rose and came forward to Janet Moore's side at the organ. The next moment her beautiful voice soared through the building like the very soul of melody—true, clear, powerful, sweet. Nobody in Spencervale had ever listened to such a voice, except Old Lady Lloyd herself, who, in her youth, had heard enough good singing to enable her to be a tolerable judge of it. She realized instantly that this girl of her heart had a great gift—a gift that would some day bring her fame and fortune, if it could be duly trained and developed.

**PT** "Oh, I'm so glad I came to church," thought Old Lady Lloyd.

**PT** When the solo was ended, the Old Lady's conscience compelled her to drag her eyes and thoughts from Sylvia, and fasten them on the minister, who had been flattering himself all through the opening portion of the service that Old Lady Lloyd had come to church on his account. He was newly settled, having been in charge of the Spencervale congregation only a few months; he was a clever little fellow and he honestly thought it was the fame of his preaching that had brought Old Lady Lloyd out to church.

**PT** When the service was over all the Old Lady's neighbours came to speak to her, with kindly smile and handshake. They thought they ought to encourage her, now that she had made a start in the right direction; the Old Lady liked their cordiality, and liked it none the less because she detected in it the same unconscious respect and deference she had been wont to receive in the old days—a respect and deference which her personality compelled from all who approached her. The Old Lady was surprised to find that she could command it still, in defiance of unfashionable bonnet and ancient attire.

**PT** Janet Moore and Sylvia Gray walked home from church together. "Did you see Old Lady Lloyd out to-day?" asked Janet. "I was amazed when she walked in. She has never been to church in my recollection. What a quaint old figure she is! She's very rich, you know, but she wears her mother's old clothes and never gets a new thing. Some people think she is mean; but," concluded Janet charitably, "I believe it is simply eccentricity."

**PT** "I felt that was Miss Lloyd as soon as I saw her, although I had never seen her before," said Sylvia dreamily. "I have been wishing to see her—for a certain reason. She has a very striking face. I should like to meet her—to know her."

**PT** "I don't think it's likely you ever will," said Janet carelessly. "She doesn't like young people and she never goes anywhere. I don't think I'd like to know her. I'd be afraid of her—she has such stately ways and such strange, piercing eyes."

**PT** "I shouldn't be afraid of her," said Sylvia to herself, as she turned into the Spencer lane. "But I don't expect I'll ever become acquainted with her. If she knew who I am I suppose she would dislike me. I suppose she never suspects that I am Leslie Gray's daughter."

**PT** The minister, thinking it well to strike while the iron was hot, went up to call on Old Lady Lloyd the very next afternoon. He went in fear and trembling, for he had heard things about Old Lady Lloyd; but she made herself so agreeable in her high-bred fashion that he was delighted, and told his wife when he went home that Spencervale people didn't understand Miss Lloyd. This was perfectly true; but it is by no means certain that the minister understood her either.

**PT** He made only one mistake in tact, but, as the Old Lady did not snub him for it, he never knew he made it. When he was leaving he said, "I hope we shall see you at church next Sunday, Miss Lloyd."

**PT** "Indeed, you will," said the Old Lady emphatically.

### **PT** III. The July Chapter

**PT** The first day of July Sylvia found a little birch bark boat full of strawberries at the beech in the hollow. They were the earliest of the season; the Old Lady had found them in one of her secret haunts. They would have been a toothsome addition to the Old Lady's own slender bill of fare; but she never thought of eating them. She got far more pleasure out of the thought of Sylvia's enjoying them for her tea. Thereafter the strawberries alternated with the flowers as long as they lasted, and then came blueberries and raspberries. The blueberries grew far away and the Old Lady had many a tramp after them. Sometimes her bones ached at night because of it; but what cared the Old Lady for that? Bone ache is easier to endure than soul ache; and the Old Lady's soul had stopped aching for the first time in many year. It was being nourished with heavenly manna.

**PT** One evening Crooked Jack came up to fix something that had gone wrong with the Old Lady's well. The Old Lady wandered affably out to him; for she knew he had been working at the Spencers' all day, and there might be crumbs of information about Sylvia to be picked up.

**PT** "I reckon the music teacher's feeling pretty blue this evening," Crooked Jack remarked, after straining the Old Lady's patience to the last verge of human endurance by expatiating on William Spencer's new pump, and Mrs. Spencer's new washing-machine, and Amelia Spencer's new young man.

**PT** "Why?" asked the Old Lady, turning very pale. Had anything happened to Sylvia?

**PT** "Well, she's been invited to a big party at Mrs. Moore's brother's in town, and she hasn't got a dress to go in," said Crooked Jack. "They're great swells and everybody will be got up regardless. Mrs. Spencer was telling me about it. She says Miss Gray can't afford a new dress because she's helping to pay her aunt's doctor's bills. She says she's sure Miss Gray feels awful disappointed over it, though she doesn't let on. But Mrs. Spencer says she knows she was crying after she went to bed last night."

**PT** The Old Lady turned and went into the house abruptly. This was dreadful. Sylvia must go to that party—she **MUST**. But how was it to be managed? Through the Old Lady's brain passed wild thoughts of her mother's silk dresses. But none of them would be suitable, even if there were time to make one over. Never had the Old Lady so bitterly regretted her vanished wealth.

**PT** "I've only two dollars in the house," she said, "and I've got to live on that till the next day the egg pedlar comes round. Is there anything I can sell—**ANYTHING**? Yes, yes, the grape jug!"

**PT** Up to this time, the Old Lady would as soon have thought of trying to sell her head as the grape jug. The grape jug was two hundred years old and had been in the Lloyd family ever since it was a jug at all. It was a big, pot-bellied affair, festooned with pink-gilt grapes, and with a verse of poetry printed on one side, and it had been given as a wedding present to the Old Lady's great-grandmother. As long as the Old Lady could remember it had sat on the top shelf in the cupboard in the sitting-room wall, far too precious ever to be used.

**PT** Two years before, a woman who collected old china had explored Spencervale, and, getting word of the grape jug, had boldly invaded the old Lloyd place and offered to buy it. She never, to her dying day, forgot the reception the Old Lady gave her; but, being wise in her day and generation, she left her card, saying that if Miss Lloyd ever changed her mind about selling the jug, she would find that she, the aforesaid collector, had not changed hers about buying it. People who make a hobby of heirloom china must meekly overlook snubs, and this particular person had never seen anything she coveted so much as that grape jug.

**PT** The Old Lady had torn the card to pieces; but she remembered the name and address. She went to the cupboard and took down the beloved jug.

**PT** "I never thought to part with it," she said wistfully, "but Sylvia must have a dress, and there is no other way. And, after all, when I'm gone, who would there be to have it? Strangers would get it then—it might as well go to them now. I'll have to go to town to-morrow morning, for there's no time to lose if the party is Friday night. I haven't been to town for ten years. I dread the thought of going, more than parting with the jug. But for Sylvia's sake!"

**PT** It was all over Spencervale by the next morning that Old Lady Lloyd had gone to town, carrying a carefully guarded box. Everybody wondered why she went; most people supposed she had become too frightened to keep her money in a black box below her bed, when there had been two burglaries over at Carmody, and had taken it to the bank.

**PT** The Old Lady sought out the address of the china collector, trembling with fear that she might be dead or gone. But the collector was there, very much alive, and as keenly anxious to possess the grape jug as ever. The Old Lady, pallid with the pain of her trampled pride, sold the grape jug and went away, believing that her great-grandmother must have turned over in her grave at the moment of the transaction. Old Lady Lloyd felt like a traitor to her traditions.

**PT** But she went unflinchingly to a big store and, guided by that special Providence which looks after simple-minded old souls in their dangerous excursions into the world, found a sympathetic clerk who knew just what she wanted and got it for her. The Old Lady selected a very dainty muslin gown, with gloves and slippers in keeping; and she ordered it sent at once, expressage prepaid, to Miss Sylvia Gray, in care of William Spencer, Spencervale.

**PT** Then she paid down the money—the whole price of the jug, minus a dollar and a half for railroad fare—with a grand, careless air and departed. As she marched erectly down the aisle of the store, she encountered a sleek, portly, prosperous man coming in. As their eyes met, the man started and his bland face flushed crimson; he lifted his hat and bowed confusedly. But the Old Lady looked through him as if he wasn't there, and passed on with not a sign of recognition about her. He

took one step after her, then stopped and turned away, with a rather disagreeable smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

**PT** Nobody would have guessed, as the Old Lady swept out, how her heart was seething with abhorrence and scorn. She would not have had the courage to come to town, even for Sylvia's sake, if she had thought she would meet Andrew Cameron. The mere sight of him opened up anew a sealed fountain of bitterness in her soul; but the thought of Sylvia somehow stemmed the torrent, and presently the Old Lady was smiling rather triumphantly, thinking rightly that she had come off best in that unwelcome encounter. SHE, at any rate, had not faltered and coloured, and lost her presence of mind.

**PT** "It is little wonder HE did," thought the Old Lady vindictively. It pleased her that Andrew Cameron should lose, before her, the front of adamant he presented to the world. He was her cousin and the only living creature Old Lady Lloyd hated, and she hated and despised him with all the intensity of her intense nature. She and hers had sustained grievous wrong at his hands, and the Old Lady was convinced that she would rather die than take any notice of his existence.

**PT** Presently, she resolutely put Andrew Cameron out of her mind. It was desecration to think of him and Sylvia together. When she laid her weary head on her pillow that night she was so happy that even the thought of the vacant shelf in the room below, where the grape jug had always been, gave her only a momentary pang.

**PT** "It's sweet to sacrifice for one we love—it's sweet to have someone to sacrifice for," thought the Old Lady.

**PT** Desire grows by what it feeds on. The Old Lady thought she was content; but Friday evening came and found her in a perfect fever to see Sylvia in her party dress. It was not enough to fancy her in it; nothing would do the Old Lady but seeing her.

**PT** "And I SHALL see her," said the Old Lady resolutely, looking out from her window at Sylvia's light gleaming through the firs. She wrapped herself in a dark shawl and crept out, slipping down to the hollow and up the wood lane. It was a misty, moonlight night, and a wind, fragrant with the aroma of clover fields, blew down the lane to meet her.

**PT** "I wish I could take your perfume—the soul of you—and pour it into her life," said the Old Lady aloud to that wind.

**PT** Sylvia Gray was standing in her room, ready for the party. Before her stood Mrs. Spencer and Amelia Spencer and all the little Spencer girls, in an admiring semi-circle. There was another spectator. Outside, under the lilac bush, Old Lady Lloyd was standing. She could see Sylvia plainly, in her dainty dress, with the pale pink roses Old Lady Lloyd had left at the beech that day for her in her hair. Pink as they were, they were not so pink as her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars. Amelia Spencer put up her hand to push back a rose that had fallen a little out of place, and the Old Lady envied her fiercely.

**PT** "That dress couldn't have fitted better if it had been made for you," said Mrs. Spencer admiringly. "Ain't she lovely, Amelia? Who **COULD** have sent it?"

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## A Pressa de Ludovic

**En** Em uma tarde de sábado, Anne Shirley estava sentada, encolhida no assento da janela da sala de estar de Theodora Dix. Ela olhava sonhadora em direção às colinas distantes onde o sol havia se posto, como se procurasse uma bela terra de estrelas. Anne estava passando uma quinzena de suas férias em Echo Lodge, onde o Sr. e a Sra. Stephen Irving estavam hospedados para o verão. Ela frequentemente visitava a antiga casa dos Dix para conversar com Theodora. Naquela noite, depois de terminarem a conversa, Anne se perdeu em construir castelos no ar. Ela encostou sua cabeça bem-feita, coroada com uma trança de cabelo ruivo escuro, na moldura da janela. Seus olhos cinzentos brilhavam como o luar em poços sombrios.

**En** Então ela notou Ludovic Speed descendo o caminho. Ele ainda estava longe da casa, porque o caminho de Dix era longo, mas Ludovic era reconhecível de qualquer distância. Ninguém mais em Middle Grafton tinha uma figura tão alta, ligeiramente curvada e que se movia placidamente. Cada linha e curva de seu corpo carregava uma individualidade única que pertencia apenas a Ludovic.

**En** Anne despertou de seus devaneios, pensando que seria educado partir. Ludovic estava cortejando Theodora; todos em Grafton sabiam disso. Se alguém não sabia, não era por falta de tempo para descobrir, pois Ludovic vinha descendo aquela estrada para ver Theodora da mesma maneira lenta e contemplativa há quinze anos.

**En** Quando Anne, magra, juvenil e romântica, levantou-se para ir embora, Teodora, rechonchuda, de meia-idade e prática, disse com um brilho nos olhos que Anne não deveria se apressar; ela tinha visto Ludovic chegando e poderia pensar que estaria atrapalhando, mas não era o caso. Teodora explicou que tanto ela quanto Ludovic gostavam bastante de ter uma terceira pessoa presente, pois isso ajudava a estimular a conversa. Ela acrescentou que, quando um homem está fazendo visitas duas vezes por semana durante quinze anos, a gente acaba ficando sem assunto de vez em quando.

**En** Theodora disse a Anne que não havia necessidade de pressa e que ela deveria ficar mais tempo. Anne tinha visto Ludovic chegando e poderia pensar que estaria atrapalhando, mas Theodora garantiu que

tanto ela quanto Ludovic gostavam de ter uma terceira pessoa por perto. Theodora disse que isso ajudava a conversa e que, depois que alguém visita duas vezes por semana durante quinze anos, pode ficar sem assunto.

**En** Theodora não fingia ser tímida em relação a Ludovic. Falava abertamente sobre ele e seu lento namoro, o que parecia diverti-la.

**En** Anne sentou-se novamente, e as duas observaram Ludovic se aproximando pelo caminho. Ele olhava calmamente para os ricos campos de trevo e as curvas azuis do rio enquanto serpenteava pelo vale enevoadado.

**En** Anne estudou o rosto calmo e bem formado de Theodora e tentou imaginar como se sentiria em seu lugar — esperando por um pretendente mais velho que parecia ter demorado extremamente para decidir. No entanto, nem mesmo a vívida imaginação de Anne conseguia visualizar isso.

**En** Anne pensou impacientemente que, se quisesse ele, encontraria uma maneira de apressá-lo. Refletiu que o nome Ludovic Speed era uma total incompatibilidade com o homem, descrevendo-o como uma ilusão e uma armadilha.

**En** Quando Ludovic chegou à casa, ficou parado na soleira por um longo tempo, imerso em pensamentos, olhando para a vegetação emaranhada do pomar de cerejeiras. Eventualmente, Theodora foi e abriu a porta antes que ele pudesse bater. Ao conduzi-lo para a sala de estar, fez uma careta para Anne por cima do ombro dele.

**En** Ludovic sorriu agradavelmente para Anne. Ele gostava dela; ela era a única garota jovem que ele conhecia, pois geralmente as evitava porque elas o faziam sentir-se estranho. No entanto, Anne não tinha esse efeito sobre ele. Ela tinha talento para se relacionar com todos os tipos de pessoas e, embora não a conhecessem há muito tempo, tanto Ludovic quanto Theodora a consideravam uma velha amiga.

**En** Ludovic era alto e um tanto desajeitado, mas sua calma inabalável lhe dava uma aura de dignidade que de outra forma lhe faltava. Ele usava um bigode castanho caído e um pequeno tufo de barba encaracolada no queixo — um estilo considerado estranho em Grafton, onde os homens eram barbeados ou tinham barbas cheias. Seus olhos

azuis eram sonhadores e bondosos, com um toque de tristeza em suas profundezas.

**En** Ele se sentou na grande poltrona velha e bojuda que outrora pertencera ao pai de Theodora. Ludovic sempre se sentava naquela cadeira, e Anne comentou que a cadeira tinha passado a se parecer com ele.

**En** A conversa logo se tornou bastante animada. Ludovic era um excelente conversador quando alguém o incentivava. Ele era bem lido e frequentemente surpreendia Anne com suas observações perspicazes sobre pessoas e eventos no mundo exterior, dos quais apenas notícias fracas chegavam a Deland River. Ele também gostava de debater religião com Theodora, que tinha menos interesse em política e história, mas acompanhava avidamente as doutrinas religiosas e lia tudo sobre o assunto. Quando a discussão se transformou em uma briga amigável sobre a Ciência Cristã entre Ludovic e Theodora, Anne entendeu que sua presença não era mais necessária e que não seria sentida falta.

**En** Ela anunciou que era hora das estrelas e de dizer boa noite, e então saiu calmamente.

**En** Anne parou para rir em um prado cheio de margaridas. Um vento perfumado soprava suavemente. Apoiada em uma bétula, ela riu gostosamente, como costumava fazer quando pensava em Ludovic e Theodora. Para seu entusiasmo juvenil, o namoro deles parecia muito divertido. Ela gostava de Ludovic, mas às vezes se sentia irritada com ele.

**En** Anne chamou Ludovic de ganso querido e irritante e de idiota adorável. Ela o comparou a um jacaré que não ia nem ficava parado, mas continuava se movendo para cima e para baixo.

**En** Duas noites depois, Anne visitou Theodora. Elas conversaram sobre Ludovic. Theodora, que era muito trabalhadora e adorava trabalhos manuais, estava fazendo um centro de renda. Anne a observou e percebeu que Theodora era muito bonita, com uma beleza majestosa, como Juno. Quando não sorria, Theodora parecia imponente, e Anne achou que Ludovic provavelmente se sentia impressionado por ela.

**En** Anne perguntou a Theodora se ela e Ludovic haviam discutido Ciência Cristã durante toda a noite de sábado.

**En** Theodora sorriu amplamente.

**En** Theodora admitiu que eles realmente haviam discutido, ou pelo menos ela havia. Ludovic, ela explicou, nunca discutia com ninguém; argumentar com ele era como lutar contra o ar. Ela não gostava de confrontar alguém que se recusava a revidar.

**En** Anne declarou de forma persuasiva que pretendia ser curiosa e impertinente; Theodora poderia cortá-la se quisesse. Então ela perguntou por que Theodora e Ludovic não se casavam.

**En** Theodora riu de maneira confortável.

**En** Theodora observou que as pessoas em Grafton vinham fazendo essa pergunta há algum tempo. Ela afirmou que não teria objeção em se casar com Ludovic, mas era difícil casar com um homem a menos que ele pedisse, e Ludovic nunca o fizera.

**En** Anne insistiu, perguntando se Ludovic era muito tímido. Já que Theodora parecia disposta a conversar, Anne pretendia chegar ao fundo dessa questão enigmática.

**En** Theodora fez uma pausa em seu trabalho e olhou pensativamente pelas colinas verdes e exuberantes da paisagem de verão.

**En** Ela explicou que não era timidez que afligia Ludovic; era simplesmente sua natureza — o jeito Speed de fazer as coisas. Os Speeds, disse ela, eram todos notavelmente ponderados, passando anos considerando um assunto antes de tomar uma decisão. Às vezes, eles se acostumavam tanto a pensar em algo que nunca agiam de fato, como no caso do velho Alder Speed, que falava perpetuamente em visitar seu irmão na Inglaterra, mas nunca ia, apesar de não ter obstáculo real. Eles não eram preguiçosos, ela esclareceu, mas prezavam por tomar seu tempo.

**En** Anne observou que Ludovic era simplesmente um exemplo extremo da característica da família Speed.

**En** Ela concordou, acrescentando que Ludovic nunca havia se apressado na vida. Por exemplo, nos últimos seis anos ele vinha pensando em pintar sua casa; ele discutia isso com ela frequentemente e até escolhia uma cor, mas nada progredia. Ela observou que ele

gostava dela e pretendia pedi-la em casamento em algum momento, mas ela se perguntava se esse momento chegaria um dia.

**En** Anne perguntou com certa impaciência por que ela não tentava apressá-lo.

**En** Theodora riu novamente e retomou a costura.

**En** Theodora disse a Anne que era muito tímida para apressar Ludovic a se casar, o que achava ridículo para uma mulher de sua idade, mas verdadeiro. Ela observou que a única maneira de os homens Speed se casarem era por iniciativa da mulher, como sua prima que se casou com o irmão de Ludovic e quase pediu ele em casamento. Theodora admitiu que uma vez tentou dar uma dica a Ludovic, mas falhou. Agora ela aceitava que, se não tomasse a iniciativa, permaneceria solteira. Ela sentia que Ludovic não percebia que estavam envelhecendo e ainda os via como jovens com muito tempo; essa era uma fraqueza da família Speed.

**En** Anne perguntou se Theodora realmente se importava com Ludovic, percebendo uma amargura genuína por trás de suas observações contraditórias.

**En** Theodora admitiu francamente que pensava muito bem de Ludovic. Ela acreditava que ele claramente precisava de alguém para cuidar dele, pois parecia negligenciado e desgastado. Sua tia idosa administrava sua casa até certo ponto, mas não lhe dava a atenção pessoal que ele precisava. Theodora achava que, na idade dele, um homem se beneficia de ser cuidado e mimado um pouco. Ela estava solitária e suspeitava que Ludovic também estava, o que tornava a situação deles bastante absurda, especialmente porque eram motivo de diversão em Grafton. Ela mesma ria frequentemente disso. Ela às vezes especulava que, se Ludovic ficasse com ciúmes, isso poderia encorajá-lo a agir. No entanto, ela não tinha inclinação nem habilidade para flertar, e não havia ninguém disponível para flertar de qualquer forma. Todos na região a consideravam como parceira de Ludovic, e ninguém pensaria em interferir nesse arranjo.

**En** Anne exclamou para Theodora que tinha um plano.

**En** Theodora exclamou, perguntando a Anne o que ela pretendia fazer agora.

**En** Anne explicou sua ideia para Theodora. No início, Theodora riu e objetou. No final, ela cedeu um tanto duvidosamente, vencida pelo entusiasmo de Anne.

**En** Ela concordou em tentar, mas não estava esperançosa. Disse que se Ludovic ficasse bravo e a deixasse, ela estaria ainda pior. No entanto, achou que arriscar era necessário porque havia uma chance de sucesso. Também admitiu que estava cansada dos constantes atrasos dele.

**En** Anne voltou para Echo Lodge, animada com seu plano. Ela encontrou Arnold Sherman e explicou o que ele precisava fazer. Arnold, um viúvo idoso e amigo próximo de Stephen Irving, estava visitando para o verão. Ele era bonito de uma forma madura e ainda tinha um lado brincalhão, então concordou em ajudar Anne. Ele achou a ideia de apressar Ludovic Speed divertida e confiava que Theodora Dix faria sua parte. Ele pensou que a situação seria divertida, independentemente do resultado.

**En** O primeiro ato começou na quinta-feira à noite após a reunião de oração. Quando as pessoas saíram da igreja, o luar estava brilhante e todos podiam ver claramente. Arnold Sherman estava nos degraus perto da porta. Ludovic Speed encostou-se num canto da cerca do cemitério, como fazia há muitos anos. Os garotos locais brincavam que ele havia desgastado a tinta naquele lugar. Ludovic não via motivo para ficar bem ao lado da porta da igreja. Ele esperava que Theodora saísse como de costume e a encontraria quando ela passasse pelo canto.

**En** Theodora desceu os degraus, sua figura escura delineada contra a luz do alpendre. Arnold Sherman perguntou se poderia acompanhá-la até em casa. Ela calmamente pegou seu braço, e eles passaram por Ludovic, que ficou olhando para eles, estupefato e incapaz de acreditar no que via.

**En** Ludovic ficou ali fraco por um momento, depois seguiu pela estrada atrás de sua dama infiel e seu novo admirador. Um grupo de meninos e rapazes o seguiu, esperando por algum drama, mas ficaram decepcionados. Ludovic logo alcançou Theodora e Arnold Sherman, e então calmamente se colocou atrás deles.

**En** Theodora não aproveitou a caminhada para casa, mesmo que Arnold Sherman se esforçasse para ser divertido. Seu coração doía por Ludovic, cujos passos arrastados ela ouvia atrás de si. Ela temia ter sido

cruel, mas agora não havia volta. Ela se convenceu de que era para o bem dele e falou com Arnold como se ele fosse o único homem no mundo. O pobre Ludovic, seguindo humildemente, a ouviu, e se Theodora soubesse quão amargo era o cálice que ela estava lhe oferecendo, ela não teria tido forças para continuar, não importa o bem que pudesse vir disso.

**En** Quando Theodora e Arnold entraram em seu portão, Ludovic foi forçado a parar. Theodora olhou para trás e o viu ainda parado na estrada. Sua figura solitária ocupou sua mente a noite toda. Se Anne não tivesse vindo no dia seguinte e fortalecido sua determinação, ela poderia ter estragado tudo ao ceder cedo demais.

**En** Enquanto isso, Ludovic permaneceu imóvel na estrada, completamente alheio às vaias e comentários do grupo de garotos pequenos muito divertidos, até que Theodora e seu rival desapareceram de sua vista sob os abetos na curva do seu caminho. Então ele se virou e foi para casa, não com seu ritmo lento e relaxado habitual, mas com uma passada agitada que revelava sua agitação interior.

**En** Ludovic estava atônito. Ele não poderia ter ficado mais surpreso se o mundo tivesse acabado ou se o rio tivesse fluído ladeira acima. Por quinze anos, ele havia caminhado para casa com Theodora após as reuniões. Agora, um idoso estranho da América havia calmamente a levado embora, bem na sua frente. Pior, Theodora havia ido com ele de bom grado, até mesmo parecendo aproveitar sua companhia. Ludovic sentiu uma justa raiva se agitando em sua alma pacífica.

**En** Ele parou no portão e examinou sua casa, recuada da estrada em uma curva de bétulas. Mesmo sob o luar, seu aspecto desgastado pelo tempo era visível. Ele se lembrou do boato de que Arnold Sherman morava em uma residência suntuosa em Boston, e nervosamente acariciou o queixo com os dedos queimados de sol. Então ele cerrou o punho e bateu com força no poste do portão.

**En** Ludovic estava irritado que Theodora terminaria seu relacionamento de quinze anos. Ele jurou que teria sua palavra, não importasse quem Arnold Sherman fosse, e denunciou o homem como um cachorro impudente.

**En** Na manhã seguinte, Ludovic foi de carro até Carmody e contratou Joshua Pye para pintar sua casa. Na mesma noite, apesar de não ser esperado até sábado à noite, ele visitou Theodora.

**En** Arnold Sherman havia chegado mais cedo e estava sentado na cadeira habitual de Ludovic. Então Ludovic teve que se sentar na nova cadeira de balanço de vime de Theodora, onde ele parecia e se sentia muito fora do lugar.

**En** Theodora lidou com a situação constrangedora com muita elegância. Ela parecia mais bonita do que nunca, e Ludovic notou que ela estava usando seu segundo melhor vestido de seda. Ele se perguntou tristemente se ela o havia vestido na expectativa da visita de seu rival; ela nunca havia usado vestidos de seda para ele. Ludovic, geralmente o mais gentil e tímido dos homens, sentiu uma onda de raiva assassina enquanto se sentava em silêncio e ouvia a conversa elegante de Arnold Sherman.

**En** No dia seguinte, Theodora relatou a uma Anne divertida que ela havia testemunhado Ludovic olhando intensamente. Ela admitiu que, embora fosse pecaminoso, na verdade sentiu alegria ao ver sua raiva. Ela temia que ele pudesse ficar longe e remoer, mas desde que ele viesse e ficasse emburrado, ela não se preocupava. No entanto, ela confessou sentir-se consumida pelo remorso por ele, pois ele estava claramente sofrendo. Ele havia tentado ficar mais tempo que o Sr. Sherman na noite anterior, mas falhou. Ela o descreveu como a criatura mais abatida que se podia imaginar enquanto ele se apressava pelo caminho, e observou que ele realmente acelerou o passo.

**En** No domingo seguinte à noite, Arnold Sherman foi à igreja com Theodora e sentou-se ao lado dela. Quando entraram, Ludovic Speed ergueu-se abruptamente de seu banco sob a galeria. Imediatamente sentou-se novamente, mas todos que o viram o observaram, e naquela noite as pessoas em toda a extensão de Grafton River discutiram o ocorrido dramático com grande prazer.

**En** Lorella Speed disse à irmã que Ludovic havia saltado de repente enquanto o ministro lia. Ele parecia muito pálido e seus olhos estavam arregalados de raiva. Ela se sentiu extremamente emocionada e pensou que ele poderia atacá-los. No entanto, ele apenas suspirou e sentou-se

novamente. Ela não tinha certeza se Theodora Dix o notou, pois ela parecia calma e despreocupada.

**En** Theodora não tinha visto Ludovic, embora parecesse calma e despreocupada; na realidade, sentia-se extremamente perturbada. Ela não pôde impedir Arnold Sherman de acompanhá-la à igreja, mas aquilo parecia um passo longe demais. Em Grafton, as pessoas não iam à igreja e sentavam juntas a menos que estivessem praticamente noivas. Ela temia que isso enchesse Ludovic de um desespero entorpecente em vez de despertá-lo. Ela suportou o culto com miséria e não ouviu uma única palavra do sermão.

**En** As demonstrações impressionantes de Ludovic não haviam terminado. A família Speed podia ser lenta para agir, mas uma vez que começavam, seu ímpeto se tornava imparável. Quando Theodora e o Sr. Sherman apareceram, Ludovic estava esperando nos degraus. Ele ficou em pé, alto e severo, com a cabeça jogada para trás e os ombros eretos. O olhar que lançou ao rival foi abertamente desafiador, e a maneira como colocou a mão no braço de Theodora mostrava seu firme controle.

**En** Ele perguntou se poderia acompanhá-la até em casa, mas seu tom deixou claro que pretendia fazê-lo independentemente da resposta dela.

**En** Theodora deu um olhar de desaprovação para Arnold Sherman, depois pegou o braço de Ludovic. Ludovic a conduziu através do gramado em um profundo silêncio que até os cavalos amarrados na cerca da tempestade pareciam compartilhar. Para Ludovic, foi um momento magnífico e inesquecível.

**En** No dia seguinte, Anne caminhou de Avonlea para ouvir as notícias. Theodora sorriu com um olhar sabedor.

**En** Theodora disse a Anne que tudo estava finalmente resolvido. Ela disse que, quando Ludovic a trouxera para casa na noite anterior, ele lhe pedira diretamente em casamento, mesmo sendo domingo. O casamento aconteceria em breve porque Ludovic não queria atrasar mais do que o absolutamente necessário.

**En** O Sr. Sherman comentou com Anne, quando ela visitou Echo Lodge com notícias empolgantes, que Ludovic Speed finalmente havia sido levado a agir. Ele acrescentou que Anne devia estar satisfeita e que seu próprio orgulho teria que sofrer. Ele observou que seria lembrado

para sempre em Grafton como o homem de Boston que desejava Theodora Dix, mas não conseguiu conquistá-la.

**En** Anne o confortou expressando que sua afirmação não se provaria verdadeira.

**En** Arnold Sherman lembrou-se da beleza plena de Theodora e da agradável companhia que ela havia proporcionado durante o breve encontro.

**En** Ele confessou com um leve suspiro que não tinha absoluta certeza disso.

## A Velha Senhora Lloyd

**En** O capítulo um é intitulado O Capítulo de Maio.

**En** De acordo com a fofoca local em Spencervale, a Velha Senhora Lloyd era considerada rica, mesquinha e arrogante. No entanto, como muita fofoca, apenas um terço disso era preciso. Na verdade, ela não era nem rica nem mesquinha; ela era desesperadamente pobre. Até mesmo Crooked Jack Spencer, que fazia trabalho manual para ela, estava em melhor situação, pois nunca perdia uma refeição enquanto ela às vezes conseguia apenas uma. No entanto, ela era extremamente orgulhosa — tão orgulhosa que preferiria morrer a deixar que os moradores da cidade, que uma vez a viram como uma rainha em sua juventude, descobrissem sua pobreza e as dificuldades que ela enfrentava. Ela preferia que eles acreditassem que ela era uma reclusa mesquinha e excêntrica que nunca saía, nem mesmo para a igreja, e que contribuía com o mínimo para o salário do pastor.

**En** Os aldeões comentaram como a Velha Senhora Lloyd nadava em riqueza, mas era tão avarenta. Observaram que ela não herdou sua natureza mesquinha de seus pais, que eram verdadeiramente generosos e amigáveis. O Doutor Lloyd era lembrado como um cavalheiro distinto que sempre fazia gentilezas de uma forma que fazia os outros sentirem que estavam fazendo o favor. Concluíram que, se a Velha Senhora Lloyd quisesse ficar sozinha e com seu dinheiro, ela era bem-vinda a fazê-lo, e imaginaram que ela não era muito feliz apesar de sua riqueza e orgulho.

**En** A Velha Senhora não estava nada feliz, e infelizmente isso era verdade. É difícil ser feliz quando sua vida está repleta de solidão e vazio espiritual, e quando, em termos materiais, tudo que você tem para não passar fome é o pouco dinheiro que suas galinhas trazem.

**En** A Velha Senhora morava no que sempre foi chamado de antigo lugar dos Lloyd, uma casa pitoresca com beirais baixos, chaminés grandes e janelas quadradas, cercada por densos abetos. Ela morava lá completamente sozinha, e havia semanas em que não via ninguém, exceto Crooked Jack. As pessoas de Spencervale não conseguiam entender como ela passava o tempo. Algumas crianças acreditavam que ela se divertia contando ouro em uma grande caixa preta debaixo da cama. As crianças de Spencervale a temiam muito; algumas,

especialmente as da estrada de Spencer, pensavam que ela era uma bruxa. Todas fugiriam se, ao vagar pela floresta em busca de frutas ou goma de abeto, vissem ao longe a figura alta e magra da Velha Senhora juntando gravetos para sua fogueira. Mary Moore era a única que tinha certeza de que ela não era uma bruxa.

**En** Mary argumentou que bruxas eram sempre feias, mas a Velha Senhora Lloyd não se encaixava nessa descrição. Na verdade, ela era bastante bonita, com cabelos brancos e macios, olhos grandes e pretos, e um rosto pálido e delicado. Mary descartou as opiniões das crianças da Estrada, dizendo que elas não sabiam do que estavam falando, e acrescentou que sua mãe as considerava um grupo muito ignorante.

**En** Jimmy Kimball insistiu que a velha senhora nunca frequentava a igreja e murmurava e falava sozinha enquanto juntava gravetos.

**En** A Senhora Idosa frequentemente falava sozinha porque gostava muito de companhia e conversa. Depois de quase vinte anos falando apenas consigo mesma, isso se tornara bastante monótono. Às vezes, ela teria dado tudo exceto seu orgulho por um pouco de companhia humana. Durante esses momentos, ela se sentia amarga e ressentida em relação ao Destino por ter tirado tudo dela. Ela não tinha ninguém para amar, o que era uma condição insalubre para qualquer pessoa.

**En** A primavera sempre foi a estação mais dolorosa para ela. Há muito tempo, quando ela ainda era conhecida como Margaret Lloyd e não como a Velha Senhora, ela havia sido bonita, voluntariosa e de espírito elevado, e amava a primavera. Agora ela a odiava porque lhe causava sofrimento. Esta primavera em particular, neste capítulo de maio, doeu mais do que qualquer outra. Ela sentia que não suportava a dor. Tudo lhe causava sofrimento: as novas pontas verdes dos abetos, as névoas feéricas na depressão de faias abaixo da casa e o cheiro fresco da terra vermelha que Crooked Jack revirava em seu jardim. Em uma noite de luar, a Velha Senhora ficou acordada e chorou de profunda angústia. Ela até esqueceu sua fome física porque sua fome espiritual era tão intensa. Ela estava com fome, mais ou menos, toda aquela semana, vivendo de biscoitos de armazém e água para poder pagar Crooked Jack por cavar seu jardim. Quando a pálida e adorável cor da aurora se arrastou pelo céu atrás dos abetos, ela enterrou o rosto no travesseiro e se recusou a olhar.

**En** Ela disse que odiava o novo dia, que esperava ser tão difícil e comum quanto todos os outros. Ela não queria se levantar e enfrentá-lo. Ela lembrava como costumava receber cada novo dia com alegria, como se fosse um amigo trazendo boas notícias. Ela amava as manhãs naquela época, fossem ensolaradas ou cinzentas, como um livro não lido. Agora ela os odiava completamente.

**En** No entanto, a Velha Senhora se levantou, pois sabia que o Jack Torto chegaria cedo para terminar o jardim. Ela arrumou cuidadosamente seu cabelo branco, espesso e bonito, e vestiu seu vestido de seda roxa adornado com pequenos pontos dourados. Ela sempre usava seda por razões de economia, acreditando que era mais barato usar os vestidos de seda antigos de sua mãe do que comprar tecido estampado novo. Ela tinha muitos desses vestidos e os usava constantemente. As pessoas de Spencervale viam isso como mais uma prova de seu orgulho, e supunham que ela mantinha os estilos antiquados porque era muito pão-dura para mandar ajustá-los. Elas não faziam ideia de que toda vez que ela vestia um vestido de seda, sofria com sua aparência fora de moda, e que até mesmo o olhar do Jack Torto sobre seus folgados e sobressaias antiquados era quase demais para sua vaidade feminina suportar.

**En** Embora a Velha Senhora não tivesse recebido bem o novo dia, sua beleza a encantou quando ela saiu para uma caminhada após sua refeição. O ar estava fresco e doce, e as florestas de abetos ao redor da antiga propriedade Lloyd estavam vivas com as atividades movimentadas da primavera, com luzes e sombras brincando entre as árvores. Um pouco dessa alegria encontrou seu caminho até seu coração amargo enquanto ela vagava pela floresta. Quando chegou à pequena ponte de tábuas sobre o riacho sob as faias, sentiu-se quase gentil e terna novamente. Havia uma faia em particular que ela amava por razões conhecidas apenas por si mesma — uma árvore alta com um tronco como o fuste de uma coluna de mármore cinza e galhos se espalhando sobre uma poça marrom-dourada formada pelo riacho. Ela havia sido uma jovem muda nos dias da glória desaparecida de sua vida.

**En** A velha senhora ouviu as vozes e risadas de crianças vindas de longe pelo caminho que levava à casa de William Spencer, que ficava logo além do bosque. Embora o caminho da frente da propriedade de William Spencer se conectasse à estrada principal por uma direção

diferente, este caminho dos fundos servia como atalho, e seus filhos sempre o usavam para ir à escola.

**En** A Velha Senhora recuou rapidamente e se escondeu atrás de algumas árvores jovens de abeto. Ela não gostava das crianças Spencer porque elas sempre pareciam assustadas com ela. Através das árvores, ela as viu caminhando alegremente pela estrada. As duas crianças mais velhas estavam na frente, e os gêmeos seguravam as mãos de uma jovem alta e esbelta, que provavelmente era a nova professora de música. A Velha Senhora tinha ouvido do vendedor de ovos que a professora ficaria na casa dos Spencers, mas ela não sabia o nome dela.

**En** Ao se aproximarem, a Velha Senhora olhou para ela com curiosidade. Então, de repente, seu coração começou a bater forte, como não batia há anos. Sua respiração ficou ofegante e ela tremeu. Ela se perguntou quem aquela garota poderia ser.

**En** A nova professora de música tinha belos cabelos castanhos que lembravam a Velha Senhora de alguém de muito tempo atrás. Seus grandes olhos azuis com cílios escuros eram muito familiares. O rosto da moça era lindo e jovem, exatamente como um rosto do passado da Velha Senhora. A única diferença era que essa moça parecia forte e bondosa, enquanto a outra havia sido mais fraca. Quando ela passou, riu de um comentário de uma criança. A Velha Senhora reconheceu aquela risada; ela a tinha ouvido antes sob aquela mesma faixa.

**En** Ela os observou até que desapareceram sobre a colina arborizada além da ponte. Então ela voltou para casa, sentindo-se como se estivesse andando em um sonho. Crooked Jack estava cavando energicamente no jardim. Normalmente, a Velha Senhora evitava falar muito com Crooked Jack porque não gostava de sua tendência a fofocar. No entanto, nesta ocasião ela entrou no jardim, uma figura idosa digna em seu vestido de seda roxo adornado com manchas douradas, enquanto a luz do sol brilhava em seu cabelo branco.

**En** Crooked Jack notou sua partida e inicialmente pensou que ela parecia pálida e doente. No entanto, quando ela voltou, ele percebeu que tinha se enganado. Suas bochechas estavam rosadas e seus olhos brilhavam intensamente. Ela parecia ter perdido pelo menos dez anos durante sua caminhada. Apoiado em sua pá, Crooked Jack refletiu que

havia poucas mulheres tão atraentes quanto a Velha Senhora Lloyd. Era uma pena que ela fosse tão avarenta.

**En** A Velha Senhora falou graciosamente com o Sr. Spencer, como sempre fazia com pessoas que considerava inferiores. Ela perguntou a ele se ele poderia dizer a ela o nome da nova professora de música que estava hospedada na casa do Sr. William Spencer.

**En** Crooked Jack revelou que o nome era Sylvia Gray.

**En** O coração da senhora idosa saltou novamente. Ela sempre soubera: a garota com o cabelo, os olhos e o riso de Leslie Gray só poderia ser filha de Leslie Gray.

**En** Crooked Jack cuspiu na mão e retomou o trabalho, mas sua língua se movia mais rápido que sua pá. A Velha Senhora ouvia ansiosamente. Pela primeira vez, ela apreciou e acolheu sua tagarelice e fofoca. Cada palavra que ele dizia era como um tesouro para ela.

**En** Crooked Jack estava trabalhando na casa de William Spencer no dia em que a nova professora de música chegou. Ele conseguia descobrir quase tudo sobre a vida pública de uma pessoa em um único dia. Ele amava compartilhar informações tanto quanto amava descobri-las. Durante a meia hora seguinte, era difícil dizer quem estava aproveitando mais: Crooked Jack ou a Velha Senhora.

**En** Crooked Jack explicou que os pais da Srta. Gray morreram quando ela era um bebê, deixando-a para ser criada por uma tia. Ela cresceu na pobreza, mas estava determinada a melhorar sua situação.

**En** Crooked Jack declarou que ela precisava de uma educação musical e enfatizou que ela merecia, pois nunca havia ouvido uma voz como a dela. Ela cantou para eles após o jantar, e ele pensou que era um anjo cantando; a experiência o atravessou como um raio de luz. As crianças Spencer já estavam loucas por ela, e ela havia conquistado vinte alunos na região, incluindo Grafton e Avonlea.

**En** Depois que a Velha Senhora aprendeu tudo o que Crooked Jack pôde lhe contar, ela entrou e sentou-se perto da janela de sua pequena sala de estar para pensar em tudo. Ela estava emocionada da cabeça aos pés.

**En** A Velha Senhora já havia conhecido o romance. Quarenta anos antes, ela estava noiva de Leslie Gray, um jovem estudante universitário que ensinou em Spencervale por um verão. Aquele verão dourado da vida de Margaret Lloyd havia sido cheio de esperança. Leslie era tímido, sonhador e bonito, com ambições literárias que tanto ele quanto Margaret acreditavam firmemente que um dia lhe trariam fama e fortuna.

**En** Depois que aquele verão dourado terminou com uma briga tola e amarga. Leslie partiu com raiva; mais tarde, ele escreveu cartas, mas Margaret, ainda presa pelo orgulho e ressentimento, enviou uma resposta dura. Não vieram mais cartas, e Leslie Gray nunca voltou. Um dia, Margaret percebeu que havia perdido o amor para sempre. Ela sabia que nunca mais o teria. A partir daquele momento, ela deixou a juventude para trás e caminhou pelo vale da sombra em direção a uma velhice solitária e excêntrica.

**En** Anos depois, ela soube que Leslie havia se casado. Mais tarde, recebeu notícias de sua morte; sua vida não havia realizado os sonhos que um dia ele tivera. Ela não ouvira mais nada até hoje, quando viu a filha dele passar por ela no bosque de faias sem reconhecê-la.

**En** A Velha Senhora murmurou que a garota era filha dele e poderia ter sido sua. Ela desejava poder conhecê-la e amá-la, e talvez conquistar o amor dela em troca. Mas não podia, porque não suportava que a filha de Leslie Gray soubesse quão pobre e rebaixada ela havia sido. No entanto, a querida morava tão perto, apenas subindo o caminho e passando a colina. Ela podia vê-la passar todos os dias, o que era um imenso prazer. Ainda assim, ela ansiava por fazer algo por ela, dar-lhe algum pequeno prazer, que seria uma grande alegria.

**En** Naquela noite, a Velha Senhora viu uma luz vinda de seu quarto de hóspedes. Ela sabia que vinha do quarto de hóspedes dos Spencers na colina, onde Sylvia estava hospedada. A Velha Senhora observou a luz até que ela se apagou, sentindo uma doçura suave em seu coração, como o cheiro de pétalas de rosa antigas. Ela imaginou Sylvia se movendo pelo quarto, escovando o cabelo, guardando seus enfeites e se preparando para dormir. Quando a luz se apagou, a Velha Senhora imaginou Sylvia ajoelhada perto da janela sob o luar. Então a Velha Senhora se ajoelhou e fez sua oração simples habitual, mas com um novo espírito. Ela pediu para poder pensar em algo que pudesse fazer por Sylvia, mesmo que fosse uma coisinha muito pequena.

**En** A Velha Senhora sempre dormira no mesmo quarto, aquele voltado para o norte em direção aos abetos, e o amava. Mas no dia seguinte, mudou-se para o quarto de hóspedes sem nenhum arrependimento. A partir de então, aquele quarto era dela; ela precisava ficar onde pudesse ver a luz de Sylvia. Ela colocou a cama de modo que pudesse deitar-se e olhar para aquela estrela terrestre que subitamente brilhara na escuridão de seu coração. Ela se sentiu muito feliz, uma sensação que não conhecia há muitos anos. Um interesse estranho, novo e sonhador entrara em sua vida, longe das duras realidades de sua existência, mas ainda assim reconfortante e atraente. Além disso, ela pensava em algo que poderia fazer por Sylvia – uma coisinha muito pequena que poderia lhe dar prazer.

**En** Os moradores de Spencervale frequentemente lamentavam que não cresciam Mayflowers em sua região. As crianças locais acreditavam que precisavam viajar seis milhas até as terras áridas de Avonlea para encontrá-las. No entanto, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sabia de uma verdade diferente. Durante suas longas e solitárias caminhadas pela floresta, ela havia encontrado uma pequena clareira — uma colina arenosa voltada para o sul em um terreno de madeira pertencente a um homem da cidade. Na primavera, esse local ficava coberto por flores de arbutus rosa e branco.

**En** Naquela tarde, a Velha Senhora foi até a clareira, caminhando feliz pela floresta. De repente, a primavera parecia linda e preciosa para ela novamente, porque o amor havia retornado ao seu coração, e sua alma há muito faminta estava sendo nutrida por ele.

**En** A Velha Senhora Lloyd descobriu uma abundância de flores de maio na colina arenosa. Ela as colheu e colocou em sua cesta, encantando-se com a beleza que agradaria a Sylvia. Ao voltar para casa, escreveu um bilhete indicando que as flores eram para Sylvia. Para evitar que reconhecessem sua caligrafia, escreveu em letras grandes e redondas, como as de uma criança. Em seguida, levou as flores de maio até a clareira e as colocou em uma cavidade entre as grandes raízes da velha faia, inserindo o bilhete através de um talo no topo.

**En** A Velha Senhora propositalmente se escondeu atrás dos abetos, tendo vestido sua seda verde-escura para se camuflar. Ela esperou brevemente. Logo, Sylvia Gray e Mattie Spencer se aproximaram. Ao chegar à ponte, Sylvia avistou as flores de maio e exclamou de alegria.

Então ela notou seu nome e seu rosto se transformou em surpresa. A Velha Senhora, observando dos galhos, quase riu de prazer pelo sucesso de seu plano.

**En** Sylvia ergueu as flores e exclamou que elas deviam ser para ela. Ela perguntou a Mattie se elas poderiam realmente ser destinadas a ela, e imaginou quem poderia tê-las colocado ali.

**En** Mattie riu.

**En** Mattie disse que acreditava que era Chris Stewart. Ela sabia que ele tinha estado em Avonlea na noite anterior. A mãe dela tinha dito que Chris havia se interessado por Sylvia, baseado na maneira como ele olhou para ela enquanto ela cantava duas noites atrás. Mattie acrescentou que seria típico dele fazer algo estranho assim, já que ele era muito tímido com garotas.

**En** Sylvia franziu ligeiramente. Ela não gostava do jeito de falar de Mattie, mas gostava das Mayflowers, e não tinha objeções a Chris Stewart, que lhe parecia simplesmente um garoto do campo, legal e modesto. Ela ergueu as flores e enterrou o rosto nelas.

**En** Ela disse alegremente que estava muito grata ao doador, fosse quem fosse, e que não havia nada que amasse tanto quanto as Mayflowers, exclamando como eram doces.

**En** Depois que eles passaram, a Velha Senhora saiu de seu esconderijo, ruborizada de triunfo. Ela não ficou chateada por Sylvia pensar que Chris Stewart lhe dera as flores; na verdade, isso era ainda melhor, porque Sylvia teria menos chances de adivinhar o verdadeiro doador. O importante era que Sylvia as aproveitasse. Isso foi suficiente para a Velha Senhora, que voltou para sua casa solitária sentindo-se profundamente satisfeita.

**En** Logo se tornou um boato comum em Spencervale que Chris Stewart estava deixando Mayflowers na clareira das faias para a professora de música a cada dois dias. O próprio Chris negou isso, mas não foi acreditado. Primeiro, porque não havia Mayflowers em Spencervale; segundo, Chris tinha que ir a Carmody a cada dois dias para levar leite à fábrica de manteiga, e Mayflowers cresciam lá; e terceiro, os Stewarts sempre tiveram uma veia romântica. As pessoas consideraram isso evidência circunstancial suficiente.

**En** Sylvia não se opunha à admiração juvenil de Chris, especialmente porque ele a expressava de forma tão gentil. Ela considerava muito gentil da parte dele não incomodá-la com outras abordagens românticas, e estava perfeitamente satisfeita em receber suas flores de maio.

**En** A Velha Senhora Lloyd soube de todas as notícias locais sobre isso através do vendedor de ovos. Ela o ouviu com um divertimento oculto nos olhos. O vendedor de ovos saiu e disse que nunca a tinha visto tão cheia de energia naquela primavera; ela parecia muito interessada no que os jovens estavam fazendo.

**En** A Velha Senhora guardou seu segredo, e isso a fez sentir-se mais jovem. Ela continuou a caminhar até a colina Mayflower todos os dias enquanto as flores estavam desabrochadas, sempre se escondendo entre os abetos para ver Sylvia Gray passar. Seu amor por Sylvia crescia mais forte a cada dia, e ela a desejava profundamente. Toda a ternura que havia reprimido por tanto tempo agora se derramava sobre essa garota, que permanecia inconsciente disso. Ela se orgulhava da elegância, beleza e doçura da voz e da risada de Sylvia. Ela começou a gostar das crianças Spencer porque elas adoravam Sylvia, e ela invejava a Sra. Spencer por poder cuidar das necessidades de Sylvia. Até o vendedor de ovos parecia encantador porque trazia notícias de Sylvia — sua popularidade social, suas conquistas profissionais e o amor e a admiração que ela já havia conquistado.

**En** A Velha Senhora nunca considerou se revelar para Sylvia. Em sua pobreza, era impensável. Teria sido encantador conhecer Sylvia, tê-la vindo à velha casa, conversar com ela e compartilhar a vida com ela. Mas isso não era possível. O orgulho da Velha Senhora ainda era muito mais forte que seu amor. Era a única coisa que ela nunca tinha abandonado, e ela acreditava que nunca poderia abandonar.

**En** Capítulo Dois, conhecido como o Capítulo de Junho.

**En** Em junho, o jardim da Velha Senhora estava cheio de flores, e Sylvia encontrava um buquê perto da faia todas as manhãs. As flores incluíam narcisos brancos, tulipas vermelhas, corações-sangrentos e rosas primaveris. A Velha Senhora não tinha medo de ser descoberta porque essas flores cresciam em todos os jardins de Spencervale, inclusive no dos Stewarts. Chris Stewart sabia que ele não era o verdadeiro doador das flores; ele descobrira quando as pessoas

começaram a focar sobre as flores de maio. Mas ele manteve segredo porque entendia que a Velha Senhora não queria que ninguém soubesse. Chris gostava da Velha Senhora porque ela o ajudara dez anos antes. Ela o encontrara chorando com um corte no pé, o levava para dentro, limpou e enfaixou o ferimento, e lhe dera dez centavos para comprar doces. Ela ficou sem jantar naquela noite por causa disso, embora Chris nunca soubesse.

**En** A Velha Senhora acreditava que junho era um mês bonito. Ela não ressentia mais os novos dias; pelo contrário, ela os recebia de braços abertos.

**En** Ela disse a si mesma, feliz, que cada dia agora era incomum, já que quase todos lhe traziam um vislumbre de Sylvia. Mesmo em dias chuvosos, a Velha Senhora corajosamente arriscava reumatismo para se esconder atrás dos pinheiros gotejantes e observar Sylvia passar. Os únicos dias em que não podia vê-la eram os domingos, e nenhum domingo jamais pareceu tão longo para a Velha Senhora Lloyd quanto aqueles domingos de junho.

**En** Um dia, o vendedor de ovos trouxe notícias para ela.

**En** Ele disse a ela que o professor de música cantaria um solo no dia seguinte para uma coleta.

**En** Os olhos negros da Velha Senhora brilharam de interesse.

**En** Ela disse que não sabia que a Srta. Gray era membro do coral.

**En** Ele informou a ela que a Srta. Gray havia se juntado a eles há dois domingos atrás, e que a música deles agora era realmente digna de ser ouvida. Ele esperava que a igreja estivesse lotada no dia seguinte, já que o canto dela havia se tornado famoso em todo o país, e instou a Srta. Lloyd a vir ouvi-la pessoalmente.

**En** O vendedor ambulante falou essas palavras para mostrar que não tinha medo da Velha Senhora, apesar de seus modos dignos. Ela não respondeu, e ele temeu tê-la ofendido, então foi embora arrependendo-se de seu comentário. Sem que ele soubesse, a Velha Senhora já havia esquecido completamente dos vendedores ambulantes. Sua última frase o apagou dos pensamentos dela. Toda sua atenção foi consumida por um forte desejo de ouvir Sylvia cantar aquele solo. Ela entrou em casa, perturbada, e tentou superar esse anseio.

Mesmo com todo o seu orgulho, ela não conseguiu. Seu orgulho dizia algo.

**En** Seu orgulho disse a ela que ela teria que ir à igreja para ouvir Sylvia, mas ela não tinha roupas adequadas para vestir, e ela pareceria ridícula na frente de todos.

**En** Mas, pela primeira vez, uma voz mais urgente que o orgulho falou à sua alma, e, pela primeira vez, a Velha Senhora a ouviu. Era verdade que ela não frequentava a igreja desde o dia em que teve que começar a usar os vestidos de seda da mãe. A própria Velha Senhora considerava isso muito pecaminoso e tentava compensar observando o domingo rigorosamente e realizando um culto particular todas as manhãs e noites. Ela cantava três hinos com sua voz rouca, orava em voz alta e lia um sermão. No entanto, ela não conseguia ir à igreja com suas roupas antiquadas — ela, que um dia ditou a moda em Spencervale. Quanto mais tempo ficava longe, mais impossível parecia que ela algum dia voltasse. Agora, o impossível se tornara não apenas possível, mas imperioso. Ela precisava ir à igreja e ouvir Sylvia cantar, não importa o quão ridícula pudesse parecer, não importa o que as pessoas dissessem ou rissem dela.

**En** Na tarde seguinte, a congregação de Spencervale experimentou uma leve agitação. Pouco antes do início do culto, a Velha Senhora Lloyd entrou na igreja, subiu o corredor e sentou-se no banco da família Lloyd, que havia permanecido vazio por muito tempo. O banco ficava em frente ao púlpito.

**En** A alma da Velha Senhora estava em agonia. Ela se lembrou da imagem que vira no espelho antes de sair — o velho vestido de seda preta, trinta anos fora de moda, e o estranho chapeuzinho feito de cetim preto franzido. Ela pensou como devia parecer ridícula para todos ao seu redor.

**En** Na verdade, ela não parecia nada absurda. Algumas mulheres poderiam parecer, mas o porte digno e a figura da Velha Senhora eram tão impressionantes que o que ela vestia não importava mais.

**En** A Velha Senhora permaneceu alheia a isso. No entanto, ela observou a Sra. Kimball, esposa do lojista, entrando no banco adjacente vestida com o estilo mais recente. Elas tinham a mesma idade, e houve um tempo em que a Sra. Kimball se contentava em copiar as roupas da

Velha Senhora Lloyd a uma distância respeitosa. Mas a Sra. Kimball havia se casado com o lojista, e as circunstâncias haviam mudado. Agora, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sentava-se ali, sentindo amargamente a mudança e quase se arrependendo de sua decisão de ir à igreja.

**En** Então o Anjo do Amor tocou aqueles pensamentos tolos, e eles desapareceram. Sylvia Gray entrou no coro, sentando-se onde o sol da tarde iluminava seu cabelo como uma auréola. A Velha Senhora olhou para ela com anseio e felicidade, e a partir de então o culto lhe pareceu abençoado, como tudo que está ligado ao amor altruísta é abençoado, seja humano ou divino. Talvez sejam iguais, diferindo apenas em grau, não em espécie.

**En** A Velha Senhora nunca antes tivera uma visão tão satisfatória de Sylvia. Todos os seus olhares anteriores tinham sido rápidos e secretos. Agora ela sentou-se e olhou para ela a contento do seu coração, apreciando cada pequeno encanto—a maneira como o cabelo brilhante de Sylvia fluía para trás de sua testa, o doce hábito que ela tinha de baixar rapidamente as pálpebras de longos cílios quando encontrava um olhar muito ousado ou curioso, e suas mãos delgadas e lindamente moldadas, tão parecidas com as mãos de Leslie Gray, que seguravam seu livro de hinos. Ela estava vestida de forma muito simples, com uma saia preta e uma blusa branca, mas nenhuma das outras garotas do coral, apesar de suas roupas finas, podia se comparar a ela—como o vendedor de ovos disse à sua esposa a caminho de casa da igreja.

**En** A Velha Senhora ouviu os hinos de abertura com grande prazer. A voz de Sylvia era a mais forte e a mais bonita entre eles. Quando os recepcionistas se levantaram para recolher a oferta, uma excitação silenciosa se espalhou pela igreja. Sylvia se levantou e foi para o lado de Janet Moore no órgão. Então sua bela voz encheu o edifício com uma música verdadeira, clara, poderosa e doce. Ninguém em Spencervale jamais ouvira uma voz assim, exceto a própria Velha Senhora, que em sua juventude ouvira canto bom o suficiente para ser uma juíza razoável. Ela entendeu de imediato que essa garota que ela amava tinha um grande talento – um que poderia um dia lhe trazer fama e fortuna se fosse devidamente treinado e desenvolvido.

**En** A Srta. Lloyd refletiu que estava extremamente contente por ter ido à igreja.

**En** Quando o solo terminou, o senso de dever da Velha Senhora a fez desviar o olhar de Sylvia e prestar atenção ao ministro. O ministro era novo na congregação e havia se convencido de que a presença dela se devia à sua própria pregação. Ele era um homem inteligente e acreditava honestamente que sua reputação como pregador a havia trazido à igreja.

**En** Após o culto, todos os vizinhos da Velha Senhora se aproximaram dela com sorrisos amigáveis e apertos de mão. Eles sentiram que deveriam apoiá-la agora que ela havia dado esse passo positivo. A Velha Senhora apreciou o calor deles, e valorizou ainda mais porque reconheceu o mesmo respeito e deferência inconscientes que recebera no passado — um respeito que sua personalidade naturalmente comandava de todos. Ela ficou surpresa por ainda poder inspirar tal consideração, apesar de seu chapéu fora de moda e roupas antigas.

**En** Janet Moore e Sylvia Gray voltaram juntas para casa após a igreja. Janet perguntou a Sylvia se ela havia notado a Velha Senhora Lloyd na igreja naquele dia. Ela expressou surpresa porque a Velha Senhora Lloyd nunca havia frequentado a igreja, pelo que Janet se lembrava. Janet a descreveu como uma velha figura estranha que, apesar de ser muito rica, usava as roupas velhas de sua mãe e nunca comprava nada novo. Algumas pessoas a consideravam mesquinha, mas Janet gentilmente sugeriu que era apenas excentricidade.

**En** Sylvia comentou sonhadora que reconheceu a Srta. Lloyd assim que a viu, mesmo nunca a tendo encontrado antes. Ela acrescentou que desejava vê-la por um motivo específico, e achou seu rosto muito marcante. Sylvia expressou o desejo de conhecê-la e se aproximar dela.

**En** Janet comentou despreocupadamente que duvidava que a pessoa algum dia o fizesse. Ela observou que a mulher não tinha apreço por jovens e nunca socializava. Janet confessou que não gostaria de conhecê-la, pois a achava intimidante devido ao seu porte digno e olhos perturbadores e penetrantes.

**En** Sylvia disse a si mesma que não teria medo dela, mas não esperava conhecê-la. Ela pensou que, se a mulher soubesse sua verdadeira identidade, provavelmente não gostaria dela, e parecia improvável que ela algum dia adivinhasse que Sylvia era filha de Leslie Gray.

**En** O ministro decidiu visitar a Velha Senhora Lloyd na tarde seguinte, achando que era um bom momento. Ele foi nervosamente por causa das histórias que ouvira sobre ela. No entanto, ela foi muito agradável em sua maneira refinada, o que o encantou. Quando voltou para casa, disse à esposa que as pessoas de Spencervale não entendiam verdadeiramente a Srta. Lloyd. Isso era verdade, mas também era duvidoso se o ministro a compreendia melhor.

**En** O ministro cometeu um único erro de julgamento, mas como a Velha Senhora não o corrigiu, ele permaneceu inconsciente disso. Ao sair, ele expressou sua esperança de que ela fosse à igreja no domingo seguinte.

**En** A Velha Senhora respondeu com ênfase que o ouvinte certamente obedeceria.

**En** O terceiro capítulo é o Capítulo de Julho.

**En** No primeiro dia de julho, Sylvia encontrou um pequeno barco feito de casca de bétula cheio de morangos na praia da depressão. Eram os primeiros morangos da temporada, que a Velha Senhora havia colhido em um de seus lugares secretos. Embora os morangos fossem um complemento saboroso para as refeições simples da Velha Senhora, ela nunca pensou em comê-los. Ela obtinha muito mais prazer ao imaginar Sylvia os saboreando com seu chá. Depois disso, os morangos alternaram com flores enquanto durou a temporada, e depois vieram mirtilos e framboesas. Os mirtilos cresciam longe, e a Velha Senhora precisava caminhar muitas vezes para colhê-los. Às vezes, seus ossos doíam à noite por causa das caminhadas, mas ela não se importava. Ela sabia que a dor nos ossos é mais fácil de suportar do que a dor no coração, e pela primeira vez em muitos anos, seu coração havia parado de doer. Ele estava sendo alimentado com comida celestial.

**En** Uma noite, Crooked Jack chegou para consertar o poço com defeito da Velha Senhora. Ela saiu para cumprimentá-lo cordialmente, pois sabia que ele havia passado o dia na casa dos Spencers e talvez tivesse colhido alguns bocados sobre Sylvia.

**En** Crooked Jack observou que o professor de música provavelmente estava se sentindo bastante desanimado naquela noite. Ele havia falado longamente sobre a nova bomba d'água de William Spencer, a nova

máquina de lavar da Sra. Spencer e o novo namorado de Amelia Spencer, o que havia levado a paciência da Velha Senhora ao limite.

**En** A Velha Senhora perguntou por que, e seu rosto ficou muito pálido. Ela se perguntou se algo tinha acontecido com Sylvia.

**En** Crooked Jack relatou que Miss Gray havia sido convidada para uma grande festa na casa do irmão de Mrs. Moore na cidade, mas não tinha um vestido adequado. De acordo com Mrs. Spencer, os convidados eram da alta sociedade e estariam vestidos extravagantemente. Mrs. Spencer também mencionou que Miss Gray não podia comprar um vestido novo porque estava ajudando a pagar as contas médicas de sua tia. Embora Miss Gray não demonstrasse sua decepção, Mrs. Spencer acreditava que ela havia chorado em particular na noite anterior.

**En** A Velha Senhora se virou e andou rapidamente para dentro de casa. Ela se sentia desesperada; Sylvia absolutamente tinha que ir àquela festa. No entanto, ela se perguntava como isso poderia ser arranjado. Sua mente corria com ideias loucas sobre os vestidos de seda de sua mãe, mas nenhum serviria, mesmo que houvesse tempo suficiente para alterar um. Nunca antes ela havia se arrependido tão profundamente de perder sua fortuna.

**En** A Velha Senhora disse que tinha apenas dois dólares em casa e precisava fazê-los durar até que o vendedor de ovos voltasse. Ela perguntou se havia algo que pudesse vender, e então pensou no jarro de uvas.

**En** Anteriormente, a Velha Senhora teria achado a ideia de vender o jarro de uvas tão inimaginável quanto vender a própria cabeça. O jarro, que estava na família Lloyd há dois séculos, era um grande recipiente barrigudo decorado com uvas rosa-douradas e um verso de poesia. Originalmente, havia sido um presente de casamento para a bisavó da Velha Senhora. Durante todo o tempo que ela conseguia se lembrar, o jarro ocupava a prateleira de cima no armário da parede da sala de estar, precioso demais para ser usado.

**En** Dois anos antes, uma mulher que colecionava porcelana antiga tinha explorado Spencervale e, ao ouvir falar do jarro de uvas, visitou corajosamente a antiga casa dos Lloyd para oferecer comprá-lo. Ela nunca esqueceu a recepção que a Velha Senhora lhe deu, mas, sendo sábia, deixou seu cartão, afirmando que se a Srta. Lloyd mudasse de

ideia sobre vender o jarro, ela ainda estaria interessada em comprá-lo. Pessoas que fazem hobby de porcelana antiga devem tolerar humildemente tais desfeitas, e esta colecionadora em particular nunca tinha visto nada que desejasse tanto quanto aquele jarro de uvas.

**En** A senhora idosa destruiu o cartão, mas ainda se lembrava do nome e endereço. Então ela foi até o armário e pegou o jarro que amava.

**En** Ela disse, com saudade, que nunca imaginou que se separaria do jarro, mas Sílvia precisava de um vestido e não havia outra opção. Depois que ela se fosse, estranhos o pegariam de qualquer jeito, então era melhor que fosse para eles agora. Ela teria que ir à cidade na manhã seguinte, porque a festa era na sexta à noite e o tempo era curto. Fazia dez anos que não ia à cidade e temia mais a viagem do que abrir mão do jarro, mas faria isso por Sílvia.

**En** No dia seguinte, a notícia se espalhou por Spencervale de que a Velha Senhora Lloyd havia viajado para a cidade, carregando uma caixa que protegia com muito cuidado. Todos especulavam sobre seu motivo; a maioria acreditava que ela havia ficado com medo de manter suas economias na caixa preta debaixo da cama depois de dois roubos ocorrerem em Carmody e, portanto, havia levado o dinheiro ao banco para guardá-lo com segurança.

**En** A Velha Senhora Lloyd encontrou o endereço do colecionador de porcelana. Ela tremia de medo de que o colecionador pudesse estar morto ou ter ido embora. Mas o colecionador estava vivo e ainda muito ansioso para possuir o jarro de uvas. Pálida por seu orgulho ferido, a Velha Senhora Lloyd vendeu o jarro e foi embora. Ela acreditava que sua bisavó devia ter se revirado no túmulo naquele momento. Ela se sentiu como uma traidora das tradições de sua família.

**En** Sem hesitar, ela foi a uma grande loja. Lá, como se guiada por uma providência especial que cuida de almas idosas ingênuas em suas perigosas jornadas pelo mundo, encontrou um atendente simpático que entendeu exatamente o que ela queria. A Senhora Idosa escolheu um vestido de musseline muito delicado, junto com luvas e sapatos combinando. Ela pediu que os itens fossem enviados imediatamente, com frete expresso pré-pago, para a Srta. Sylvia Gray, aos cuidados de William Spencer em Spencervale.

**En** A Velha Senhora pagou o preço total do jarro, deduzindo apenas um dólar e cinquenta centavos pela passagem de trem, e saiu com um gesto grandioso e despreocupado. Enquanto descia pelo corredor, ela passou por um homem bem vestido e próspero que entrava. Ele se sobressaltou ao vê-la, seu rosto ficou vermelho; ele levantou o chapéu e fez uma reverência constrangedora. Mas a Velha Senhora agiu como se ele fosse invisível e continuou sem nenhum sinal de reconhecimento. Ele deu um passo atrás dela, então parou e se virou com um sorriso desagradável e um encolher de ombros.

**En** Quando a Velha Senhora saiu majestosamente, ninguém teria imaginado o quanto ela sentia desgosto e ódio. Ela não teria tido coragem de vir à cidade, nem mesmo por causa de Sylvia, se soubesse que encontraria Andrew Cameron. Apenas vê-lo reabriu uma antiga fonte de dor em sua alma. Mas pensar em Sylvia ajudou a acalmar sua raiva. Logo a Velha Senhora sorriu com um sentimento de vitória, acreditando que havia lidado bem com o encontro indesejado. Ela não havia tremido, corado nem perdido a compostura.

**En** A Velha Senhora achou que não era surpresa que ele tivesse ficado surpreso. Ela ficou satisfeita por Andrew Cameron ter perdido, diante dela, a fachada dura e inflexível que mostrava ao mundo. Ele era seu primo e a única criatura viva que ela odiava; ela o odiava com toda a força de sua natureza intensa. Ela e sua família haviam sofrido terríveis injustiças nas mãos dele, e ela acreditava que preferiria morrer a sequer reconhecer a existência dele.

**En** Ela então firmemente removeu Andrew Cameron de seus pensamentos. Considerou desrespeitoso imaginá-lo junto com Sylvia. Naquela noite, quando descansou a cabeça cansada no travesseiro, sentiu-se tão alegre que a lembrança da prateleira vazia no quarto de baixo, onde o jarro de uvas costumava ficar, causou apenas um breve momento de tristeza.

**En** A Velha Senhora refletiu que era doce sacrificar-se por alguém que amava e que era doce ter alguém por quem se sacrificar.

**En** O desejo cresce quando é alimentado. A Velha Senhora acreditava que estava satisfeita, mas na noite de sexta-feira estava extremamente ansiosa para ver Sylvia vestindo seu vestido de festa.

Imaginá-la com o vestido não era suficiente; apenas vê-la pessoalmente satisfaria a Velha Senhora.

**En** A Velha Senhora decidiu que veria Sylvia. Ela olhou para a luz da janela de Sylvia brilhando através dos abetos. Ela colocou um xale escuro e saiu silenciosamente de casa, descendo para a depressão e subindo pelo caminho arborizado. A noite estava enevoadada com luar, e um vento carregando o cheiro dos campos de trevo descia pelo caminho em sua direção.

**En** A Velha Senhora disse em voz alta ao vento que gostaria de poder pegar seu perfume, a alma dele, e derramá-lo na vida de Sylvia.

**En** Sylvia Gray estava em seu quarto, pronta para a festa. Na frente dela, a Sra. Spencer e suas filhas a observavam com admiração. Outra observadora também estava presente. Lá fora, debaixo do arbusto de lilases, a Velha Senhora Lloyd observava. Ela podia ver Sylvia claramente, usando um vestido delicado com rosas rosa-claro no cabelo — as mesmas rosas que ela havia deixado para Sylvia naquele dia. Embora as rosas fossem rosa, as bochechas de Sylvia eram ainda mais rosadas, e seus olhos brilhavam como estrelas. Quando Amelia Spencer levantou a mão para ajustar uma rosa que havia escorregado, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sentiu uma inveja feroz dela.

**En** A Sra. Spencer comentou que o vestido caía em Sylvia como se tivesse sido feito para ela, então perguntou a Amelia quem poderia ter enviado uma peça tão bonita, acrescentando que Sylvia estava linda.

# The Hurrying of Ludovic

## Pt/En

### Português

Em uma tarde de sábado, Anne Shirley estava sentada, encolhida no assento da janela da sala de estar de Theodora Dix. Ela olhava sonhadora em direção às colinas distantes onde o sol havia se posto, como se procurasse uma bela terra de estrelas. Anne estava passando uma quinzena de suas férias em Echo Lodge, onde o Sr. e a Sra. Stephen Irving estavam hospedados para o verão. Ela frequentemente visitava a antiga casa dos Dix para conversar com Theodora. Naquela noite, depois de terminarem a conversa, Anne se perdeu em construir castelos no ar. Ela encostou sua cabeça bem-feita, coroada com uma trança de cabelo ruivo escuro, na moldura da janela. Seus olhos cinzentos brilhavam como o luar em poços sombrios.

### Original English

Anne Shirley was curled up on the window-seat of Theodora Dix's sitting-room one Saturday evening, looking dreamily afar at some fair starland beyond the hills of sunset. Anne was visiting for a fortnight of her vacation at Echo Lodge, where Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irving were spending the summer, and she often ran over to the old Dix homestead to chat for awhile with Theodora. They had had their chat out, on this particular evening, and Anne was giving herself over to the delight of building an air-castle. She leaned her shapely head, with its braided coronet of dark red hair, against the window-casing, and her gray eyes were like the moonlight gleam of shadowy pools.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Então ela notou Ludovic Speed descendo o caminho. Ele ainda estava longe da casa, porque o caminho de Dix era longo, mas Ludovic era reconhecível de qualquer distância. Ninguém mais em Middle Grafton tinha uma figura tão alta, ligeiramente curvada e que se movia placidamente. Cada linha e curva de seu corpo carregava uma individualidade única que pertencia apenas a Ludovic.

### Original English

Then she saw Ludovic Speed coming down the lane. He was yet far from the house, for the Dix lane was a long one, but Ludovic could be recognized as far as he could be seen. No one else in Middle Grafton had such a tall, gently-stooping, placidly-moving figure. In every kink and turn of it there was an individuality all Ludovic's own.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne despertou de seus devaneios, pensando que seria educado partir. Ludovic estava cortejando Theodora; todos em Grafton sabiam disso. Se alguém não sabia, não era por falta de tempo para descobrir, pois Ludovic vinha descendo aquela estrada para ver Theodora da mesma maneira lenta e contemplativa há quinze anos.

### **Original English**

Anne roused herself from her dreams, thinking it would only be tactful to take her departure. Ludovic was courting Theodora. Everyone in Grafton knew that, or, if anyone were in ignorance of the fact, it was not because he had not had time to find out. Ludovic had been coming down that lane to see Theodora, in the same ruminating, unhastening fashion, for fifteen years!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando Anne, magra, juvenil e romântica, levantou-se para ir embora, Teodora, rechonchuda, de meia-idade e prática, disse com um brilho nos olhos que Anne não deveria se apressar; ela tinha visto Ludovic chegando e poderia pensar que estaria atrapalhando, mas não era o caso. Teodora explicou que tanto ela quanto Ludovic gostavam bastante de ter uma terceira pessoa presente, pois isso ajudava a estimular a conversa. Ela acrescentou que, quando um homem está fazendo visitas duas vezes por semana durante quinze anos, a gente acaba ficando sem assunto de vez em quando.

### **Original English**

When Anne, who was slim and girlish and romantic, rose to go, Theodora, who was plump and middle-aged and practical, said, with a twinkle in her eye:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora disse a Anne que não havia necessidade de pressa e que ela deveria ficar mais tempo. Anne tinha visto Ludovic chegando e poderia pensar que estaria atrapalhando, mas Theodora garantiu que tanto ela quanto Ludovic gostavam de ter uma terceira pessoa por perto. Theodora disse que isso ajudava a conversa e que, depois que alguém visita duas vezes por semana durante quinze anos, pode ficar sem assunto.

### **Original English**

"There isn't any hurry, child. Sit down and have your call out. You've seen Ludovic coming down the lane, and, I suppose, you think you'll be a crowd. But you won't. Ludovic rather likes a third person around, and so do I. It spurs up the conversation as it were. When a man has been coming to see you straight along, twice a week for fifteen years, you get rather talked out by spells."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora não fingia ser tímida em relação a Ludovic. Falava abertamente sobre ele e seu lento namoro, o que parecia diverti-la.

### **Original English**

Theodora never pretended to bashfulness where Ludovic was concerned. She was not at all shy of referring to him and his dilatory courtship. Indeed, it seemed to amuse her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne sentou-se novamente, e as duas observaram Ludovic se aproximando pelo caminho. Ele olhava calmamente para os ricos campos de trevo e as curvas azuis do rio enquanto serpenteava pelo vale enevoados.

### **Original English**

Anne sat down again and together they watched Ludovic coming down the lane, gazing calmly about him at the lush clover fields and the blue loops of the river winding in and out of the misty valley below.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne estudou o rosto calmo e bem formado de Theodora e tentou imaginar como se sentiria em seu lugar — esperando por um pretendente mais velho que parecia ter demorado extremamente para decidir. No entanto, nem mesmo a vívida imaginação de Anne conseguia visualizar isso.

### **Original English**

Anne looked at Theodora's placid, finely-moulded face and tried to imagine what she herself would feel like if she were sitting there, waiting for an elderly lover who had, seemingly, taken so long to make up his mind. But even Anne's imagination failed her for this.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne pensou impacientemente que, se quisesse ele, encontraria uma maneira de apressá-lo. Refletiu que o nome Ludovic Speed era uma total incompatibilidade com o homem, descrevendo-o como uma ilusão e uma armadilha.

### **Original English**

"Anyway," she thought, impatiently, "if I wanted him I think I'd find some way of hurrying him up. Ludovic SPEED! Was there ever such a misfit of a name? Such a name for such a man is a delusion and a snare."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando Ludovic chegou à casa, ficou parado na soleira por um longo tempo, imerso em pensamentos, olhando para a vegetação emaranhada do pomar de cerejeiras. Eventualmente, Theodora foi e abriu a porta antes que ele pudesse bater. Ao conduzi-lo para a sala de estar, fez uma careta para Anne por cima do ombro dele.

### **Original English**

Presently Ludovic got to the house, but stood so long on the doorstep in a brown study, gazing into the tangled green boskage of the cherry orchard, that Theodora finally went and opened the door before he knocked. As she brought him into the sitting-room she made a comical grimace at Anne over his shoulder.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ludovic sorriu agradavelmente para Anne. Ele gostava dela; ela era a única garota jovem que ele conhecia, pois geralmente as evitava porque elas o faziam sentir-se estranho. No entanto, Anne não tinha esse efeito sobre ele. Ela tinha talento para se relacionar com todos os tipos de pessoas e, embora não a conhecessem há muito tempo, tanto Ludovic quanto Theodora a consideravam uma velha amiga.

### **Original English**

Ludovic smiled pleasantly at Anne. He liked her; she was the only young girl he knew, for he generally avoided young girls—they made him feel awkward and out of place. But Anne did not affect him in this fashion. She had a way of getting on with all sorts of people, and, although they had not known her very long, both Ludovic and Theodora looked upon her as an old friend.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ludovic era alto e um tanto desajeitado, mas sua calma inabalável lhe dava uma aura de dignidade que de outra forma lhe faltava. Ele usava um bigode castanho caído e um pequeno tufo de barba encaracolada no queixo — um estilo considerado estranho em Grafton, onde os homens eram barbeados ou tinham barbas cheias. Seus olhos azuis eram sonhadores e bondosos, com um toque de tristeza em suas profundezas.

### **Original English**

Ludovic was tall and somewhat ungainly, but his unhesitating placidity gave him the appearance of a dignity that did not otherwise pertain to him. He had a drooping, silky, brown moustache, and a little curly tuft of imperial,—a fashion which was regarded as eccentric in Grafton, where men had clean-shaven chins or went full-bearded. His eyes were dreamy and pleasant, with a touch of melancholy in their blue depths.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele se sentou na grande poltrona velha e bojuda que outrora pertencera ao pai de Theodora. Ludovic sempre se sentava naquela cadeira, e Anne comentou que a cadeira tinha passado a se parecer com ele.

### **Original English**

He sat down in the big bulgy old armchair that had belonged to Theodora's father. Ludovic always sat there, and Anne declared that the chair had come to look like him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A conversa logo se tornou bastante animada. Ludovic era um excelente conversador quando alguém o incentivava. Ele era bem lido e frequentemente surpreendia Anne com suas observações perspicazes sobre pessoas e eventos no mundo exterior, dos quais apenas notícias fracas chegavam a Deland River. Ele também gostava de debater religião com Theodora, que tinha menos interesse em política e história, mas acompanhava avidamente as doutrinas religiosas e lia tudo sobre o

assunto. Quando a discussão se transformou em uma briga amigável sobre a Ciência Cristã entre Ludovic e Theodora, Anne entendeu que sua presença não era mais necessária e que não seria sentida falta.

### **Original English**

The conversation soon grew animated enough. Ludovic was a good talker when he had somebody to draw him out. He was well read, and frequently surprised Anne by his shrewd comments on men and matters out in the world, of which only the faint echoes reached Deland River. He had also a liking for religious arguments with Theodora, who did not care much for politics or the making of history, but was avid of doctrines, and read everything pertaining thereto. When the conversation drifted into an eddy of friendly wrangling between Ludovic and Theodora over Christian Science, Anne understood that her usefulness was ended for the time being, and that she would not be missed.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela anunciou que era hora das estrelas e de dizer boa noite, e então saiu calmamente.

### **Original English**

"It's star time and good-night time," she said, and went away quietly.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Anne parou para rir em um prado cheio de margaridas. Um vento perfumado soprava suavemente. Apoiada em uma bétula, ela riu gostosamente, como costumava fazer quando pensava em Ludovic e Theodora. Para seu entusiasmo juvenil, o namoro deles parecia muito divertido. Ela gostava de Ludovic, mas às vezes se sentia irritada com ele.

### **Original English**

But she had to stop to laugh when she was well out of sight of the house, in a green meadow bestarred with the white and gold of daisies. A wind, odour-freighted, blew daintily across it. Anne leaned against a white birch tree in the corner and laughed heartily, as she was apt to do whenever she thought of Ludovic and Theodora. To her eager youth, this courtship of

theirs seemed a very amusing thing. She liked Ludovic, but allowed herself to be provoked with him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne chamou Ludovic de ganso querido e irritante e de idiota adorável. Ela o comparou a um jacaré que não ia nem ficava parado, mas continuava se movendo para cima e para baixo.

### **Original English**

"The dear, big, irritating goose!" she said aloud. "There never was such a lovable idiot before. He's just like the alligator in the old rhyme, who wouldn't go along, and wouldn't keep still, but just kept bobbing up and down."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Duas noites depois, Anne visitou Theodora. Elas conversaram sobre Ludovic. Theodora, que era muito trabalhadora e adorava trabalhos manuais, estava fazendo um centro de renda. Anne a observou e percebeu que Theodora era muito bonita, com uma beleza majestosa, como Juno. Quando não sorria, Theodora parecia imponente, e Anne achou que Ludovic provavelmente se sentia impressionado por ela.

### **Original English**

Two evenings later, when Anne went over to the Dix place, she and Theodora drifted into a conversation about Ludovic. Theodora, who was the most industrious soul alive, and had a mania for fancy work into the bargain, was busying her smooth, plump fingers with a very elaborate Battenburg lace centre-piece. Anne was lying back in a little rocker, with her slim hands folded in her lap, watching Theodora. She realized that Theodora was very handsome, in a stately, Juno-like fashion of firm, white flesh, large, clearly-chiselled outlines, and great, cowey, brown eyes. When Theodora was not smiling, she looked very imposing. Anne thought it likely that Ludovic held her in awe.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou a Theodora se ela e Ludovic haviam discutido Ciência Cristã durante toda a noite de sábado.

### **Original English**

"Did you and Ludovic talk about Christian Science ALL Saturday evening?" she asked.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora sorriu amplamente.

### **Original English**

Theodora overflowed into a smile.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora admitiu que eles realmente haviam discutido, ou pelo menos ela havia. Ludovic, ela explicou, nunca discutia com ninguém; argumentar com ele era como lutar contra o ar. Ela não gostava de confrontar alguém que se recusava a revidar.

### **Original English**

"Yes, and we even quarrelled over it. At least I did. Ludovic wouldn't quarrel with anyone. You have to fight air when you spar with him. I hate to square up to a person who won't hit back."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne declarou de forma persuasiva que pretendia ser curiosa e impertinente; Theodora poderia cortá-la se quisesse. Então ela perguntou por que Theodora e Ludovic não se casavam.

### **Original English**

"Theodora," said Anne coaxingly, "I am going to be curious and impertinent. You can snub me if you like. Why don't you and Ludovic get married?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora riu de maneira confortável.

### **Original English**

Theodora laughed comfortably.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora observou que as pessoas em Grafton vinham fazendo essa pergunta há algum tempo. Ela afirmou que não teria objeção em se casar com Ludovic, mas era difícil casar com um homem a menos que ele pedisse, e Ludovic nunca o fizera.

### **Original English**

"That's the question Grafton folks have been asking for quite a while, I reckon, Anne. Well, I'd have no objection to marrying Ludovic. That's frank enough for you, isn't it? But it's not easy to marry a man unless he asks you. And Ludovic has never asked me."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne insistiu, perguntando se Ludovic era muito tímido. Já que Theodora parecia disposta a conversar, Anne pretendia chegar ao fundo dessa questão enigmática.

### **Original English**

"Is he too shy?" persisted Anne. Since Theodora was in the mood, she meant to sift this puzzling affair to the bottom.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora fez uma pausa em seu trabalho e olhou pensativamente pelas colinas verdes e exuberantes da paisagem de verão.

### **Original English**

Theodora dropped her work and looked meditatively out over the green slopes of the summer world.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela explicou que não era timidez que afligia Ludovic; era simplesmente sua natureza — o jeito Speed de fazer as coisas. Os Speeds, disse ela, eram todos notavelmente ponderados, passando anos considerando um assunto antes de tomar uma decisão. Às vezes, eles se acostumavam tanto a pensar em algo que nunca agiam de fato, como no caso do velho Alder Speed, que falava perpetuamente em visitar seu irmão na Inglaterra, mas nunca ia, apesar de não ter obstáculo real. Eles não eram preguiçosos, ela esclareceu, mas prezavam por tomar seu tempo.

### **Original English**

"No, I don't think it is that. Ludovic isn't shy. It's just his way—the Speed way. The Speeds are all dreadfully deliberate. They spend years thinking over a thing before they make up their minds to do it. Sometimes they get so much in the habit of thinking about it that they never get over it—like old Alder Speed, who was always talking of going to England to see his brother, but never went, though there was no earthly reason why he shouldn't. They're not lazy, you know, but they love to take their time."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne observou que Ludovic era simplesmente um exemplo extremo da característica da família Speed.

### **Original English**

"And Ludovic is just an aggravated case of Speedism," suggested Anne.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela concordou, acrescentando que Ludovic nunca havia se apressado na vida. Por exemplo, nos últimos seis anos ele vinha pensando em pintar sua casa; ele discutia isso com ela frequentemente e até escolhia uma cor, mas nada progredia. Ela observou que ele gostava dela e pretendia pedi-la em casamento em algum momento, mas ela se perguntava se esse momento chegaria um dia.

### **Original English**

"Exactly. He never hurried in his life. Why, he has been thinking for the last six years of getting his house painted. He talks it over with me every little while, and picks out the colour, and there the matter stays. He's fond of me, and he means to ask me to have him sometime. The only question is—will the time ever come?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou com certa impaciência por que ela não tentava apressá-lo.

### **Original English**

"Why don't you hurry him up?" asked Anne impatiently.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora riu novamente e retomou a costura.

### **Original English**

Theodora went back to her stitches with another laugh.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Theodora disse a Anne que era muito tímida para apressar Ludovic a se casar, o que achava ridículo para uma mulher de sua idade, mas verdadeiro. Ela observou que a única maneira de os homens Speed se casarem era por iniciativa da mulher, como sua prima que se casou com o irmão de Ludovic e quase pediu ele em casamento. Theodora admitiu que uma vez tentou dar uma dica a Ludovic, mas falhou. Agora ela aceitava que, se não tomasse a iniciativa, permaneceria solteira. Ela sentia que Ludovic não percebia que estavam envelhecendo e ainda os via como jovens com muito tempo; essa era uma fraqueza da família Speed.

### Original English

"If Ludovic could be hurried up, I'm not the one to do it. I'm too shy. It sounds ridiculous to hear a woman of my age and inches say that, but it is true. Of course, I know it's the only way any Speed ever did make out to get married. For instance, there's a cousin of mine married to Ludovic's brother. I don't say she proposed to him out and out, but, mind you, Anne, it wasn't far from it. I couldn't do anything like that. I DID try once. When I realized that I was getting sere and mellow, and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative, it will be Dix to the end of life. Ludovic doesn't realize that we are growing old, you know. He thinks we are giddy young folks yet, with plenty of time before us. That's the Speed failing. They never find out they're alive until they're dead."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne perguntou se Theodora realmente se importava com Ludovic, percebendo uma amargura genuína por trás de suas observações contraditórias.

### Original English

"You're fond of Ludovic, aren't you?" asked Anne, detecting a note of real bitterness among Theodora's paradoxes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora admitiu francamente que pensava muito bem de Ludovic. Ela acreditava que ele claramente precisava de alguém para cuidar dele, pois parecia negligenciado e desgastado. Sua tia idosa administrava sua casa até certo ponto, mas não lhe dava a atenção pessoal que ele precisava. Theodora achava que, na idade dele, um homem se beneficia de ser cuidado e mimado um pouco. Ela estava solitária e suspeitava que Ludovic também estava, o que tornava a situação deles bastante absurda, especialmente porque eram motivo de diversão em Grafton. Ela mesma ria frequentemente disso. Ela às vezes especulava que, se Ludovic ficasse com ciúmes, isso poderia encorajá-lo a agir. No entanto, ela não tinha inclinação nem habilidade para flertar, e não havia ninguém disponível para flertar de qualquer forma. Todos na região a consideravam como parceira de Ludovic, e ninguém pensaria em interferir nesse arranjo.

### **Original English**

"Laws, yes," said Theodora candidly. She did not think it worth while to blush over so settled a fact. "I think the world and all of Ludovic. And he certainly does need somebody to look after HIM. He's neglected—he looks frayed. You can see that for yourself. That old aunt of his looks after his house in some fashion, but she doesn't look after him. And he's coming now to the age when a man needs to be looked after and coddled a bit. I'm lonesome here, and Ludovic is lonesome up there, and it does seem ridiculous, doesn't it? I don't wonder that we're the standing joke of Grafton. Goodness knows, I laugh at it enough myself. I've sometimes thought that if Ludovic could be made jealous it might spur him along. But I never could flirt and there's nobody to flirt with if I could. Everybody hereabouts looks upon me as Ludovic's property and nobody would dream of interfering with him."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne exclamou para Theodora que tinha um plano.

### **Original English**

"Theodora," cried Anne, "I have a plan!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora exclamou, perguntando a Anne o que ela pretendia fazer agora.

### **Original English**

"Now, what are you going to do?" exclaimed Theodora.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne explicou sua ideia para Theodora. No início, Theodora riu e objetou. No final, ela cedeu um tanto duvidosamente, vencida pelo entusiasmo de Anne.

### **Original English**

Anne told her. At first Theodora laughed and protested. In the end, she yielded somewhat doubtfully, overborne by Anne's enthusiasm.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela concordou em tentar, mas não estava esperançosa. Disse que se Ludovic ficasse bravo e a deixasse, ela estaria ainda pior. No entanto, achou que arriscar era necessário porque havia uma chance de sucesso. Também admitiu que estava cansada dos constantes atrasos dele.

### **Original English**

"Well, try it, then," she said, resignedly. "If Ludovic gets mad and leaves me, I'll be worse off than ever. But nothing venture, nothing win. And there is a fighting chance, I suppose. Besides, I must admit I'm tired of his dilly-dallying."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne voltou para Echo Lodge, animada com seu plano. Ela encontrou Arnold Sherman e explicou o que ele precisava fazer. Arnold, um viúvo idoso e amigo próximo de Stephen Irving, estava visitando para o verão. Ele era bonito de uma forma madura e ainda tinha um lado brincalhão, então concordou em ajudar Anne. Ele achou a ideia de apressar Ludovic Speed divertida e confiava que Theodora Dix faria sua parte. Ele pensou que a situação seria divertida, independentemente do resultado.

### **Original English**

Anne went back to Echo Lodge tingling with delight in her plot. She hunted up Arnold Sherman, and told him what was required of him. Arnold Sherman listened and laughed. He was an elderly widower, an intimate friend of Stephen Irving, and had come down to spend part of the summer with him and his wife in Prince Edward Island. He was handsome in a mature style, and he had a dash of mischief in him still, so that he entered readily enough into Anne's plan. It amused him to think of hurrying Ludovic Speed, and he knew that Theodora Dix could be depended on to do her part. The comedy would not be dull, whatever its outcome.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O primeiro ato começou na quinta-feira à noite após a reunião de oração. Quando as pessoas saíram da igreja, o luar estava brilhante e todos podiam ver claramente. Arnold Sherman estava nos degraus perto da porta. Ludovic Speed encostou-se num canto da cerca do cemitério, como fazia há muitos anos. Os garotos locais brincavam que ele havia desgastado a tinta naquele lugar. Ludovic não via motivo para ficar bem ao lado da porta da igreja. Ele esperava que Theodora saísse como de costume e a encontraria quando ela passasse pelo canto.

### **Original English**

The curtain rose on the first act after prayer meeting on the next Thursday night. It was bright moonlight when the people came out of church, and everybody saw it plainly. Arnold Sherman stood upon the steps close to the door, and Ludovic Speed leaned up against a corner of the graveyard fence, as he had done for years. The boys said he had worn the paint off that particular place. Ludovic knew of no reason why he should paste

himself up against the church door. Theodora would come out as usual, and he would join her as she went past the corner.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora desceu os degraus, sua figura escura delineada contra a luz do alpendre. Arnold Sherman perguntou se poderia acompanhá-la até em casa. Ela calmamente pegou seu braço, e eles passaram por Ludovic, que ficou olhando para eles, estupefato e incapaz de acreditar no que via.

### **Original English**

This was what happened, Theodora came down the steps, her stately figure outlined in its darkness against the gush of lamplight from the porch. Arnold Sherman asked her if he might see her home. Theodora took his arm calmly, and together they swept past the stupefied Ludovic, who stood helplessly gazing after them as if unable to believe his eyes.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ludovic ficou ali fraco por um momento, depois seguiu pela estrada atrás de sua dama infiel e seu novo admirador. Um grupo de meninos e rapazes o seguiu, esperando por algum drama, mas ficaram decepcionados. Ludovic logo alcançou Theodora e Arnold Sherman, e então calmamente se colocou atrás deles.

### **Original English**

For a few moments he stood there limply; then he started down the road after his fickle lady and her new admirer. The boys and irresponsible young men crowded after, expecting some excitement, but they were disappointed. Ludovic strode on until he overtook Theodora and Arnold Sherman, and then fell meekly in behind them.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora não aproveitou a caminhada para casa, mesmo que Arnold Sherman se esforçasse para ser divertido. Seu coração doía por Ludovic, cujos passos arrastados ela ouvia atrás de si. Ela temia ter sido cruel, mas agora não havia volta. Ela se convenceu de que era para o bem dele e falou com Arnold como se ele fosse o único homem no mundo. O pobre Ludovic, seguindo humildemente, a ouviu, e se Theodora soubesse quão amargo era o cálice que ela estava lhe oferecendo, ela não teria tido forças para continuar, não importa o bem que pudesse vir disso.

### **Original English**

Theodora hardly enjoyed her walk home, although Arnold Sherman laid himself out to be especially entertaining. Her heart yearned after Ludovic, whose shuffling footsteps she heard behind her. She feared that she had been very cruel, but she was in for it now. She steeled herself by the reflection that it was all for his own good, and she talked to Arnold Sherman as if he were the one man in the world. Poor, deserted Ludovic, following humbly behind, heard her, and if Theodora had known how bitter the cup she was holding to his lips really was, she would never have been resolute enough to present it, no matter for what ultimate good.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando Theodora e Arnold entraram em seu portão, Ludovic foi forçado a parar. Theodora olhou para trás e o viu ainda parado na estrada. Sua figura solitária ocupou sua mente a noite toda. Se Anne não tivesse vindo no dia seguinte e fortalecido sua determinação, ela poderia ter estragado tudo ao ceder cedo demais.

### **Original English**

When she and Arnold turned in at her gate, Ludovic had to stop. Theodora looked over her shoulder and saw him standing still on the road. His forlorn figure haunted her thoughts all night. If Anne had not run over the next day and bolstered up her convictions, she might have spoiled everything by prematurely relenting.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Enquanto isso, Ludovic permaneceu imóvel na estrada, completamente alheio às vaias e comentários do grupo de garotos pequenos muito divertidos, até que Theodora e seu rival desapareceram de sua vista sob os abetos na curva do seu caminho. Então ele se virou e foi para casa, não com seu ritmo lento e relaxado habitual, mas com uma passada agitada que revelava sua agitação interior.

### **Original English**

Ludovic, meanwhile, stood still on the road, quite oblivious to the hoots and comments of the vastly amused small boy contingent, until Theodora and his rival disappeared from his view under the firs in the hollow of her lane. Then he turned about and went home, not with his usual leisurely amble, but with a perturbed stride which proclaimed his inward disquiet.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ludovic estava atônito. Ele não poderia ter ficado mais surpreso se o mundo tivesse acabado ou se o rio tivesse fluído ladeira acima. Por quinze anos, ele havia caminhado para casa com Theodora após as reuniões. Agora, um idoso estranho da América havia calmamente a levado embora, bem na sua frente. Pior, Theodora havia ido com ele de bom grado, até mesmo parecendo aproveitar sua companhia. Ludovic sentiu uma justa raiva se agitando em sua alma pacífica.

### **Original English**

He felt bewildered. If the world had come suddenly to an end or if the lazy, meandering Grafton River had turned about and flowed up hill, Ludovic could not have been more astonished. For fifteen years he had walked home from meetings with Theodora; and now this elderly stranger, with all the glamour of "the States" hanging about him, had coolly walked off with her under Ludovic's very nose. Worse—most unkindest cut of all—Theodora had gone with him willingly; nay, she had evidently enjoyed his company. Ludovic felt the stirring of a righteous anger in his easy-going soul.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele parou no portão e examinou sua casa, recuada da estrada em uma curva de bétulas. Mesmo sob o luar, seu aspecto desgastado pelo tempo era visível. Ele se lembrou do boato de que Arnold Sherman morava em uma residência suntuosa em Boston, e nervosamente acariciou o queixo com os dedos queimados de sol. Então ele cerrou o punho e bateu com força no poste do portão.

### **Original English**

When he reached the end of his lane, he paused at his gate, and looked at his house, set back from the lane in a crescent of birches. Even in the moonlight, its weather-worn aspect was plainly visible. He thought of the "palatial residence" rumour ascribed to Arnold Sherman in Boston, and stroked his chin nervously with his sunburnt fingers. Then he doubled up his fist and struck it smartly on the gate-post.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ludovic estava irritado que Theodora terminaria seu relacionamento de quinze anos. Ele jurou que teria sua palavra, não importasse quem Arnold Sherman fosse, e denunciou o homem como um cachorro impudente.

### **Original English**

"Theodora needn't think she is going to jilt me in this fashion, after keeping company with me for fifteen years," he said. "I'LL have something to say to it, Arnold Sherman or no Arnold Sherman. The impudence of the puppy!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na manhã seguinte, Ludovic foi de carro até Carmody e contratou Joshua Pye para pintar sua casa. Na mesma noite, apesar de não ser esperado até sábado à noite, ele visitou Theodora.

### **Original English**

The next morning Ludovic drove to Carmody and engaged Joshua Pye to come and paint his house, and that evening, although he was not due till

Saturday night, he went down to see Theodora.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Arnold Sherman havia chegado mais cedo e estava sentado na cadeira habitual de Ludovic. Então Ludovic teve que se sentar na nova cadeira de balanço de vime de Theodora, onde ele parecia e se sentia muito fora do lugar.

### **Original English**

Arnold Sherman was there before him, and was actually sitting in Ludovic's own prescriptive chair. Ludovic had to deposit himself in Theodora's new wicker rocker, where he looked and felt lamentably out of place.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora lidou com a situação constrangedora com muita elegância. Ela parecia mais bonita do que nunca, e Ludovic notou que ela estava usando seu segundo melhor vestido de seda. Ele se perguntou tristemente se ela o havia vestido na expectativa da visita de seu rival; ela nunca havia usado vestidos de seda para ele. Ludovic, geralmente o mais gentil e tímido dos homens, sentiu uma onda de raiva assassina enquanto se sentava em silêncio e ouvia a conversa elegante de Arnold Sherman.

### **Original English**

If Theodora felt the situation to be awkward, she carried it off superbly. She had never looked handsomer, and Ludovic perceived that she wore her second best silk dress. He wondered miserably if she had donned it in expectation of his rival's call. She had never put on silk dresses for him. Ludovic had always been the meekest and mildest of mortals, but he felt quite murderous as he sat mutely there and listened to Arnold Sherman's polished conversation.

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## Pt/En

### Português

No dia seguinte, Theodora relatou a uma Anne divertida que ela havia testemunhado Ludovic olhando intensamente. Ela admitiu que, embora fosse pecaminoso, na verdade sentiu alegria ao ver sua raiva. Ela temia que ele pudesse ficar longe e remoer, mas desde que ele viesse e ficasse emburrado, ela não se preocupava. No entanto, ela confessou sentir-se consumida pelo remorso por ele, pois ele estava claramente sofrendo. Ele havia tentado ficar mais tempo que o Sr. Sherman na noite anterior, mas falhou. Ela o descreveu como a criatura mais abatida que se podia imaginar enquanto ele se apressava pelo caminho, e observou que ele realmente acelerou o passo.

### Original English

"You should just have been here to see him glowering," Theodora told the delighted Anne the next day. "It may be wicked of me, but I felt real glad. I was afraid he might stay away and sulk. So long as he comes here and sulks I don't worry. But he is feeling badly enough, poor soul, and I'm really eaten up by remorse. He tried to outstay Mr. Sherman last night, but he didn't manage it. You never saw a more depressed-looking creature than he was as he hurried down the lane. Yes, he actually hurried."

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## Pt/En

### Português

No domingo seguinte à noite, Arnold Sherman foi à igreja com Theodora e sentou-se ao lado dela. Quando entraram, Ludovic Speed ergueu-se abruptamente de seu banco sob a galeria. Imediatamente sentou-se novamente, mas todos que o viram o observaram, e naquela noite as pessoas em toda a extensão de Grafton River discutiram o ocorrido dramático com grande prazer.

### Original English

The following Sunday evening Arnold Sherman walked to church with Theodora, and sat with her. When they came in Ludovic Speed suddenly stood up in his pew under the gallery. He sat down again at once, but everybody in view had seen him, and that night folks in all the length and breadth of Grafton River discussed the dramatic occurrence with keen enjoyment.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Lorella Speed disse à irmã que Ludovic havia saltado de repente enquanto o ministro lia. Ele parecia muito pálido e seus olhos estavam arregalados de raiva. Ela se sentiu extremamente emocionada e pensou que ele poderia atacá-los. No entanto, ele apenas suspirou e sentou-se novamente. Ela não tinha certeza se Theodora Dix o notou, pois ela parecia calma e despreocupada.

### **Original English**

"Yes, he jumped right up as if he was pulled on his feet, while the minister was reading the chapter," said his cousin, Lorella Speed, who had been in church, to her sister, who had not. "His face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes were just glaring out of his head. I never felt so thrilled, I declare! I almost expected him to fly at them then and there. But he just gave a sort of gasp and set down again. I don't know whether Theodora Dix saw him or not. She looked as cool and unconcerned as you please."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora não tinha visto Ludovic, embora parecesse calma e despreocupada; na realidade, sentia-se extremamente perturbada. Ela não pôde impedir Arnold Sherman de acompanhá-la à igreja, mas aquilo parecia um passo longe demais. Em Grafton, as pessoas não iam à igreja e sentavam juntas a menos que estivessem praticamente noivas. Ela temia que isso enchesse Ludovic de um desespero entorpecente em vez de despertá-lo. Ela suportou o culto com miséria e não ouviu uma única palavra do sermão.

### **Original English**

Theodora had not seen Ludovic, but if she looked cool and unconcerned, her appearance belied her, for she felt miserably flustered. She could not prevent Arnold Sherman coming to church with her, but it seemed to her like going too far. People did not go to church and sit together in Grafton unless they were the next thing to being engaged. What if this filled Ludovic with the narcotic of despair instead of wakening him up! She sat through the service in misery and heard not one word of the sermon.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As demonstrações impressionantes de Ludovic não haviam terminado. A família Speed podia ser lenta para agir, mas uma vez que começavam, seu ímpeto se tornava imparável. Quando Theodora e o Sr. Sherman apareceram, Ludovic estava esperando nos degraus. Ele ficou em pé, alto e severo, com a cabeça jogada para trás e os ombros eretos. O olhar que lançou ao rival foi abertamente desafiador, e a maneira como colocou a mão no braço de Theodora mostrava seu firme controle.

### **Original English**

But Ludovic's spectacular performances were not yet over. The Speeds might be hard to get started, but once they were started their momentum was irresistible. When Theodora and Mr. Sherman came out, Ludovic was waiting on the steps. He stood up straight and stern, with his head thrown back and his shoulders squared. There was open defiance in the look he cast on his rival, and masterfulness in the mere touch of the hand he laid on Theodora's arm.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele perguntou se poderia acompanhá-la até em casa, mas seu tom deixou claro que pretendia fazê-lo independentemente da resposta dela.

### **Original English**

"May I see you home, Miss Dix?" his words said. His tone said, "I am going to see you home whether or no."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Theodora deu um olhar de desaprovação para Arnold Sherman, depois pegou o braço de Ludovic. Ludovic a conduziu através do gramado em um profundo silêncio que até os cavalos amarrados na cerca da tempestade pareciam compartilhar. Para Ludovic, foi um momento magnífico e inesquecível.

### **Original English**

Theodora, with a deprecating look at Arnold Sherman, took his arm, and Ludovic marched her across the green amid a silence which the very horses tied to the storm fence seemed to share. For Ludovic 'twas a crowded hour of glorious life.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

No dia seguinte, Anne caminhou de Avonlea para ouvir as notícias. Theodora sorriu com um olhar sabedor.

#### **Original English**

Anne walked all the way over from Avonlea the next day to hear the news. Theodora smiled consciously.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Theodora disse a Anne que tudo estava finalmente resolvido. Ela disse que, quando Ludovic a trouxera para casa na noite anterior, ele lhe pedira diretamente em casamento, mesmo sendo domingo. O casamento aconteceria em breve porque Ludovic não queria atrasar mais do que o absolutamente necessário.

#### **Original English**

"Yes, it is really settled at last, Anne. Coming home last night Ludovic asked me plump and plain to marry him,—Sunday and all as it was. It's to be right away—for Ludovic won't be put off a week longer than necessary."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

O Sr. Sherman comentou com Anne, quando ela visitou Echo Lodge com notícias empolgantes, que Ludovic Speed finalmente havia sido levado a agir. Ele acrescentou que Anne devia estar satisfeita e que seu próprio orgulho teria que sofrer. Ele observou que seria lembrado para sempre em Grafton como o homem de Boston que desejara Theodora Dix, mas não conseguiu conquistá-la.

## Original English

"So Ludovic Speed has been hurried up to some purpose at last," said Mr. Sherman, when Anne called in at Echo Lodge, brimful with her news. "And you are delighted, of course, and my poor pride must be the scapegoat. I shall always be remembered in Grafton as the man from Boston who wanted Theodora Dix and couldn't get her."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anne o confortou expressando que sua afirmação não se provaria verdadeira.

## Original English

"But that won't be true, you know," said Anne comfortingly.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Arnold Sherman lembrou-se da beleza plena de Theodora e da agradável companhia que ela havia proporcionado durante o breve encontro.

## Original English

Arnold Sherman thought of Theodora's ripe beauty, and the mellow companionableness she had revealed in their brief intercourse.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele confessou com um leve suspiro que não tinha absoluta certeza disso.

## Original English

"I'm not perfectly sure of that," he said, with a half sigh.

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# Old Lady Lloyd

## Pt/En

### Português

O capítulo um é intitulado O Capítulo de Maio.

### Original English

I. The May Chapter

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## Pt/En

### Português

De acordo com a fofoca local em Spencervale, a Velha Senhora Lloyd era considerada rica, mesquinha e arrogante. No entanto, como muita fofoca, apenas um terço disso era preciso. Na verdade, ela não era nem rica nem mesquinha; ela era desesperadamente pobre. Até mesmo Crooked Jack Spencer, que fazia trabalho manual para ela, estava em melhor situação, pois nunca perdia uma refeição enquanto ela às vezes conseguia apenas uma. No entanto, ela era extremamente orgulhosa — tão orgulhosa que preferiria morrer a deixar que os moradores da cidade, que uma vez a viram como uma rainha em sua juventude, descobrissem sua pobreza e as dificuldades que ela enfrentava. Ela preferia que eles acreditassem que ela era uma reclusa mesquinha e excêntrica que nunca saía, nem mesmo para a igreja, e que contribuía com o mínimo para o salário do pastor.

### Original English

Spencervale gossip always said that "Old Lady Lloyd" was rich and mean and proud. Gossip, as usual, was one-third right and two-thirds wrong. Old Lady Lloyd was neither rich nor mean; in reality she was pitifully poor—so poor that "Crooked Jack" Spencer, who dug her garden and chopped her wood for her, was opulent by contrast, for he, at least, never lacked three meals a day, and the Old Lady could sometimes achieve no more than one. But she WAS very proud—so proud that she would have died rather than let the Spencervale people, among whom she had queened it in her youth, suspect how poor she was and to what straits was sometimes reduced. She much preferred to have them think her miserly and odd—a queer old recluse who never went anywhere, even to church, and who paid the smallest subscription to the minister's salary of anyone in the congregation.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Os aldeões comentaram como a Velha Senhora Lloyd nadava em riqueza, mas era tão avarenta. Observaram que ela não herdou sua natureza mesquinha de seus pais, que eram verdadeiramente generosos e amigáveis. O Doutor Lloyd era lembrado como um cavalheiro distinto que sempre fazia gentilezas de uma forma que fazia os outros sentirem que estavam fazendo o favor. Concluíram que, se a Velha Senhora Lloyd quisesse ficar sozinha e com seu dinheiro, ela era bem-vinda a fazê-lo, e imaginaram que ela não era muito feliz apesar de sua riqueza e orgulho.

### Original English

"And her just rolling in wealth!" they said indignantly. "Well, she didn't get her miserly ways from her parents. THEY were real generous and neighbourly. There never was a finer gentleman than old Doctor Lloyd. He was always doing kindnesses to everybody; and he had a way of doing them that made you feel as if you was doing the favour, not him. Well, well, let Old Lady Lloyd keep herself and her money to herself if she wants to. If she doesn't want our company, she doesn't have to suffer it, that's all. Reckon she isn't none too happy for all her money and pride."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora não estava nada feliz, e infelizmente isso era verdade. É difícil ser feliz quando sua vida está repleta de solidão e vazio espiritual, e quando, em termos materiais, tudo que você tem para não passar fome é o pouco dinheiro que suas galinhas trazem.

### Original English

No, the Old Lady was none too happy, that was unfortunately true. It is not easy to be happy when your life is eaten up with loneliness and emptiness on the spiritual side, and when, on the material side, all you have between you and starvation is the little money your hens bring you in.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora morava no que sempre foi chamado de antigo lugar dos Lloyd, uma casa pitoresca com beirais baixos, chaminés grandes e janelas quadradas, cercada por densos abetos. Ela morava lá completamente sozinha, e havia semanas em que não via ninguém, exceto Crooked Jack. As pessoas de Spencervale não conseguiam entender como ela passava o tempo. Algumas crianças acreditavam que ela se divertia contando ouro em uma grande caixa preta debaixo da cama. As crianças de Spencervale a temiam muito; algumas, especialmente as da estrada de Spencer, pensavam que ela era uma bruxa. Todas fugiriam se, ao vagar pela floresta em busca de frutas ou goma de abeto, vissem ao longe a figura alta e magra da Velha Senhora juntando gravetos para sua fogueira. Mary Moore era a única que tinha certeza de que ela não era uma bruxa.

### Original English

The Old Lady lived "away back at the old Lloyd place," as it was always called. It was a quaint, low-eaved house, with big chimneys and square windows and with spruces growing thickly all around it. The Old Lady lived there all alone and there were weeks at a time when she never saw a human being except Crooked Jack. What the Old Lady did with herself and how she put in her time was a puzzle the Spencervale people could not solve. The children believed she amused herself counting the gold in the big black box under her bed. Spencervale children held the Old Lady in mortal terror; some of them—the "Spencer Road" fry—believed she was a witch; all of them would run if, when wandering about the woods in search of berries or spruce gum, they saw at a distance the spare, upright form of the Old Lady, gathering sticks for her fire. Mary Moore was the only one who was quite sure she was not a witch.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Mary argumentou que bruxas eram sempre feias, mas a Velha Senhora Lloyd não se encaixava nessa descrição. Na verdade, ela era bastante bonita, com cabelos brancos e macios, olhos grandes e pretos, e um rosto pálido e delicado. Mary descartou as opiniões das crianças da Estrada, dizendo que elas não sabiam do que estavam falando, e acrescentou que sua mãe as considerava um grupo muito ignorante.

### Original English

"Witches are always ugly," she said decisively, "and Old Lady Lloyd isn't ugly. She's real pretty—she's got such a soft white hair and big black eyes and a little white face. Those Road children don't know what they're talking of. Mother says they're a very ignorant crowd."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jimmy Kimball insistiu que a velha senhora nunca frequentava a igreja e murmurava e falava sozinha enquanto juntava gravetos.

### **Original English**

"Well, she doesn't ever go to church, and she mutters and talks to herself all the time she's picking up sticks," maintained Jimmy Kimball stoutly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Senhora Idosa frequentemente falava sozinha porque gostava muito de companhia e conversa. Depois de quase vinte anos falando apenas consigo mesma, isso se tornara bastante monótono. Às vezes, ela teria dado tudo exceto seu orgulho por um pouco de companhia humana. Durante esses momentos, ela se sentia amarga e ressentida em relação ao Destino por ter tirado tudo dela. Ela não tinha ninguém para amar, o que era uma condição insalubre para qualquer pessoa.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady talked to herself because she was really very fond of company and conversation. To be sure, when you have talked to nobody but yourself for nearly twenty years, it is apt to grow somewhat monotonous; and there were times when the Old Lady would have sacrificed everything but her pride for a little human companionship. At such times she felt very bitter and resentful toward Fate for having taken everything from her. She had nothing to love, and that is about as unwholesome a condition as is possible to anyone.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A primavera sempre foi a estação mais dolorosa para ela. Há muito tempo, quando ela ainda era conhecida como Margaret Lloyd e não como a Velha Senhora, ela havia sido bonita, voluntariosa e de espírito elevado, e amava a primavera. Agora ela a odiava porque lhe causava sofrimento. Esta primavera em particular, neste capítulo de maio, doeu mais do que qualquer outra. Ela sentia que não suportava a dor. Tudo lhe causava sofrimento: as novas pontas verdes dos abetos, as névoas feéricas na depressão de faias abaixo da casa e o cheiro fresco da terra vermelha que Crooked Jack revirava em seu jardim. Em uma noite de luar, a Velha Senhora ficou acordada e chorou de profunda angústia. Ela até esqueceu sua fome física porque sua fome espiritual era tão intensa. Ela estava com fome, mais ou menos, toda aquela semana, vivendo de biscoitos de armazém e água para poder pagar Crooked Jack por cavar seu jardim. Quando a pálida e adorável cor da aurora se arrastou pelo céu atrás dos abetos, ela enterrou o rosto no travesseiro e se recusou a olhar.

### Original English

It was always hardest in the spring. Once upon a time the Old Lady—when she had not been the Old Lady, but pretty, wilful, high-spirited Margaret Lloyd—had loved springs; now she hated them because they hurt her; and this particular spring of this particular May chapter hurt her more than any that had gone before. The Old Lady felt as if she could NOT endure the ache of it. Everything hurt her—the new green tips on the firs, the fairy mists down in the little beech hollow below the house, the fresh smell of the red earth Crooked Jack spaded up in her garden. The Old Lady lay awake all one moonlit night and cried for very heartache. She even forgot her body hunger in her soul hunger; and the Old Lady had been hungry, more or less, all that week. She was living on store biscuits and water, so that she might be able to pay Crooked Jack for digging her garden. When the pale, lovely dawn-colour came stealing up the sky behind the spruces, the Old Lady buried her face in her pillow and refused to look at it.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ela disse que odiava o novo dia, que esperava ser tão difícil e comum quanto todos os outros. Ela não queria se levantar e enfrentá-lo. Ela lembrava como costumava receber cada novo dia com alegria, como se fosse um amigo trazendo boas notícias. Ela amava as manhãs naquela época, fossem ensolaradas ou cinzentas, como um livro não lido. Agora ela os odiava completamente.

### Original English

"I hate the new day," she said rebelliously. "It will be just like all the other hard, common days. I don't want to get up and live it. And, oh, to think that long ago I reached out my hands joyfully to every new day, as to a friend who was bringing me good tidings! I loved the mornings then—sunny or gray, they were as delightful as an unread book—and now I hate them—hate them—hate them!"

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## Pt/En

### Português

No entanto, a Velha Senhora se levantou, pois sabia que o Jack Torto chegaria cedo para terminar o jardim. Ela arrumou cuidadosamente seu cabelo branco, espesso e bonito, e vestiu seu vestido de seda roxa adornado com pequenos pontos dourados. Ela sempre usava seda por razões de economia, acreditando que era mais barato usar os vestidos de seda antigos de sua mãe do que comprar tecido estampado novo. Ela tinha muitos desses vestidos e os usava constantemente. As pessoas de Spencervale viam isso como mais uma prova de seu orgulho, e supunham que ela mantinha os estilos antiquados porque era muito pão-dura para mandar ajustá-los. Elas não faziam ideia de que toda vez que ela vestia um vestido de seda, sofria com sua aparência fora de moda, e que até mesmo o olhar do Jack Torto sobre seus folgados e sobressaias antiquados era quase demais para sua vaidade feminina suportar.

### Original English

But the Old Lady got up nevertheless, for she knew Crooked Jack would be coming early to finish the garden. She arranged her beautiful, thick, white hair very carefully, and put on her purple silk dress with the little gold spots in it. The Old Lady always wore silk from motives of economy. It was much cheaper to wear a silk dress that had belonged to her mother than to buy

new print at the store. The Old Lady had plenty of silk dresses which had belonged to her mother. She wore them morning, noon, and night, and Spencervale people considered it an additional evidence of her pride. As for the fashion of them, it was, of course, just because she was too mean to have them made over. They did not dream that the Old Lady never put on one of the silk dresses without agonizing over its unfashionableness, and that even the eyes of Crooked Jack cast on her antique flounces and overskirts was almost more than her feminine vanity could endure.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Embora a Velha Senhora não tivesse recebido bem o novo dia, sua beleza a encantou quando ela saiu para uma caminhada após sua refeição. O ar estava fresco e doce, e as florestas de abetos ao redor da antiga propriedade Lloyd estavam vivas com as atividades movimentadas da primavera, com luzes e sombras brincando entre as árvores. Um pouco dessa alegria encontrou seu caminho até seu coração amargo enquanto ela vagava pela floresta. Quando chegou à pequena ponte de tábuas sobre o riacho sob as faias, sentiu-se quase gentil e terna novamente. Havia uma faia em particular que ela amava por razões conhecidas apenas por si mesma — uma árvore alta com um tronco como o fuste de uma coluna de mármore cinza e galhos se espalhando sobre uma poça marrom-dourada formada pelo riacho. Ela havia sido uma jovem muda nos dias da glória desaparecida de sua vida.

### **Original English**

In spite of the fact that the Old Lady had not welcomed the new day, its beauty charmed her when she went out for a walk after her dinner—or, rather, after her mid-day biscuit. It was so fresh, so sweet, so virgin; and the spruce woods around the old Lloyd place were athrill with busy spring doings and all sprinkled through with young lights and shadows. Some of their delight found its way into the Old Lady's bitter heart as she wandered through them, and when she came out at the little plank bridge over the brook down under the beeches, she felt almost gentle and tender once more. There was one big beech there, in particular, which the Old Lady loved for reasons best known to herself—a great, tall beech with a trunk like the shaft of a gray marble column and a leafy spread of branches over the still, golden-brown pool made beneath it by the brook. It had been a young sapling in the days that were haloed by the vanished glory of the Old Lady's life.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A velha senhora ouviu as vozes e risadas de crianças vindas de longe pelo caminho que levava à casa de William Spencer, que ficava logo além do bosque. Embora o caminho da frente da propriedade de William Spencer se conectasse à estrada principal por uma direção diferente, este caminho dos fundos servia como atalho, e seus filhos sempre o usavam para ir à escola.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady heard childish voices and laughter afar up the lane which led to William Spencer's place just above the woods. William Spencer's front lane ran out to the main road in a different direction, but this "back lane" furnished a short cut and his children always went to school that way.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora recuou rapidamente e se escondeu atrás de algumas árvores jovens de abeto. Ela não gostava das crianças Spencer porque elas sempre pareciam assustadas com ela. Através das árvores, ela as viu caminhando alegremente pela estrada. As duas crianças mais velhas estavam na frente, e os gêmeos seguravam as mãos de uma jovem alta e esbelta, que provavelmente era a nova professora de música. A Velha Senhora tinha ouvido do vendedor de ovos que a professora ficaria na casa dos Spencers, mas ela não sabia o nome dela.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady shrank hastily back behind a clump of young spruces. She did not like the Spencer children because they always seemed so afraid of her. Through the spruce screen she could see them coming gaily down the lane—the two older ones in front, the twins behind, clinging to the hands of a tall, slim, young girl—the new music teacher, probably. The Old Lady had heard from the egg pedlar that she was going to board at William Spencer's, but she had not heard her name.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ao se aproximarem, a Velha Senhora olhou para ela com curiosidade. Então, de repente, seu coração começou a bater forte, como não batia há anos. Sua respiração ficou ofegante e ela tremeu. Ela se perguntou quem aquela garota poderia ser.

### Original English

She looked at her with some curiosity as they drew near—and then, all at once, the Old Lady's heart gave a great bound and began to beat as it had not beaten for years, while her breath came quickly and she trembled violently. Who—WHO could this girl be?

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## Pt/En

### Português

A nova professora de música tinha belos cabelos castanhos que lembravam a Velha Senhora de alguém de muito tempo atrás. Seus grandes olhos azuis com cílios escuros eram muito familiares. O rosto da moça era lindo e jovem, exatamente como um rosto do passado da Velha Senhora. A única diferença era que essa moça parecia forte e bondosa, enquanto a outra havia sido mais fraca. Quando ela passou, riu de um comentário de uma criança. A Velha Senhora reconheceu aquela risada; ela a tinha ouvido antes sob aquela mesma faia.

### Original English

Under the new music teacher's straw hat were masses of fine chestnut hair of the very shade and wave that the Old Lady remembered on another head in vanished years; from under those waves looked large, violet-blue eyes with very black lashes and brows—and the Old Lady knew those eyes as well as she knew her own; and the new music teacher's face, with all its beauty of delicate outline and dainty colouring and glad, buoyant youth, was a face from the Old Lady's past—a perfect resemblance in every respect save one; the face which the Old Lady remembered had been weak, with all its charm; but this girl's face possessed a fine, dominant strength compact of sweetness and womanliness. As she passed by the Old Lady's hiding place she laughed at something one of the children said; and oh, but the Old Lady knew that laughter well. She had heard it before under that very beech tree.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela os observou até que desapareceram sobre a colina arborizada além da ponte. Então ela voltou para casa, sentindo-se como se estivesse andando em um sonho. Crooked Jack estava cavando energicamente no jardim. Normalmente, a Velha Senhora evitava falar muito com Crooked Jack porque não gostava de sua tendência a fofocar. No entanto, nesta ocasião ela entrou no jardim, uma figura idosa digna em seu vestido de seda roxo adornado com manchas douradas, enquanto a luz do sol brilhava em seu cabelo branco.

### **Original English**

She watched them until they disappeared over the wooded hill beyond the bridge; and then she went back home as if she walked in a dream. Crooked Jack was delving vigorously in the garden; ordinarily the Old Lady did not talk much with Crooked Jack, for she disliked his weakness for gossip; but now she went into the garden, a stately old figure in her purple, gold-spotted silk, with the sunshine gleaming on her white hair.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Crooked Jack notou sua partida e inicialmente pensou que ela parecia pálida e doente. No entanto, quando ela voltou, ele percebeu que tinha se enganado. Suas bochechas estavam rosadas e seus olhos brilhavam intensamente. Ela parecia ter perdido pelo menos dez anos durante sua caminhada. Apoiado em sua pá, Crooked Jack refletiu que havia poucas mulheres tão atraentes quanto a Velha Senhora Lloyd. Era uma pena que ela fosse tão avarenta.

### **Original English**

Crooked Jack had seen her go out and had remarked to himself that the Old Lady was losing ground; she was pale and peaked-looking. He now concluded that he had been mistaken. The Old Lady's cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. Somewhere in her walk she had shed ten years at least. Crooked Jack leaned on his spade and decided that there weren't many finer looking women anywhere than Old Lady Lloyd. Pity she was such an old miser!

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora falou graciosamente com o Sr. Spencer, como sempre fazia com pessoas que considerava inferiores. Ela perguntou a ele se ele poderia dizer a ela o nome da nova professora de música que estava hospedada na casa do Sr. William Spencer.

### **Original English**

"Mr. Spencer," said the Old Lady graciously—she always spoke very graciously to her inferiors when she talked to them at all—"can you tell me the name of the new music teacher who is boarding at Mr. William Spencer's?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Crooked Jack revelou que o nome era Sylvia Gray.

### **Original English**

"Sylvia Gray," said Crooked Jack.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O coração da senhora idosa saltou novamente. Ela sempre soubera: a garota com o cabelo, os olhos e o riso de Leslie Gray só poderia ser filha de Leslie Gray.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady's heart gave another great bound. But she had known it—she had known that girl with Leslie Gray's hair and eyes and laugh must be Leslie Gray's daughter.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Crooked Jack cuspiu na mão e retomou o trabalho, mas sua língua se movia mais rápido que sua pá. A Velha Senhora ouvia ansiosamente. Pela primeira vez, ela apreciou e acolheu sua tagarelice e fofoca. Cada palavra que ele dizia era como um tesouro para ela.

### Original English

Crooked Jack spat on his hand and resumed his work, but his tongue went faster than his spade, and the Old Lady listened greedily. For the first time she enjoyed and blessed Crooked Jack's garrulity and gossip. Every word he uttered was as an apple of gold in a picture of silver to her.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Crooked Jack estava trabalhando na casa de William Spencer no dia em que a nova professora de música chegou. Ele conseguia descobrir quase tudo sobre a vida pública de uma pessoa em um único dia. Ele amava compartilhar informações tanto quanto amava descobri-las. Durante a meia hora seguinte, era difícil dizer quem estava aproveitando mais: Crooked Jack ou a Velha Senhora.

### Original English

He had been working at William Spencer's the day the new music teacher had come, and what Crooked Jack couldn't find out about any person in one whole day—at least as far as outward life went—was hardly worth finding out. Next to discovering things did he love telling them, and it would be hard to say which enjoyed that ensuing half-hour more—Crooked Jack or the Old Lady.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Crooked Jack explicou que os pais da Srta. Gray morreram quando ela era um bebê, deixando-a para ser criada por uma tia. Ela cresceu na pobreza, mas estava determinada a melhorar sua situação.

### Original English

Crooked Jack's account, boiled down, amounted to this; both Miss Gray's parents had died when she was a baby, she had been brought up by an aunt, she was very poor and very ambitious.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Crooked Jack declarou que ela precisava de uma educação musical e enfatizou que ela merecia, pois nunca havia ouvido uma voz como a dela. Ela cantou para eles após o jantar, e ele pensou que era um anjo cantando; a experiência o atravessou como um raio de luz. As crianças Spencer já estavam loucas por ela, e ela havia conquistado vinte alunos na região, incluindo Grafton e Avonlea.

### **Original English**

"Wants a moosical eddication," finished up Crooked Jack, "and, by jingo, she orter have it, for anything like the voice of her I never heerd. She sung for us that evening after supper and I thought 'twas an angel singing. It just went through me like a shaft o' light. The Spencer young ones are crazy over her already. She's got twenty pupils around here and in Grafton and Avonlea."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que a Velha Senhora aprendeu tudo o que Crooked Jack pôde lhe contar, ela entrou e sentou-se perto da janela de sua pequena sala de estar para pensar em tudo. Ela estava emocionada da cabeça aos pés.

### **Original English**

When the Old Lady had found out everything Crooked Jack could tell her, she went into the house and sat down by the window of her little sitting-room to think it all over. She was tingling from head to foot with excitement.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora já havia conhecido o romance. Quarenta anos antes, ela estava noiva de Leslie Gray, um jovem estudante universitário que ensinou em Spencervale por um verão. Aquele verão dourado da vida de Margaret Lloyd havia sido cheio de esperança. Leslie era tímido, sonhador e bonito, com ambições literárias que tanto ele quanto Margaret acreditavam firmemente que um dia lhe trariam fama e fortuna.

### Original English

Leslie's daughter! This Old Lady had had her romance once. Long ago—forty years ago—she had been engaged to Leslie Gray, a young college student who taught in Spencervale for the summer term one year—the golden summer of Margaret Lloyd's life. Leslie had been a shy, dreamy, handsome fellow with literary ambitions, which, as he and Margaret both firmly believed, would one day bring him fame and fortune.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Depois que aquele verão dourado terminou com uma briga tola e amarga. Leslie partiu com raiva; mais tarde, ele escreveu cartas, mas Margaret, ainda presa pelo orgulho e ressentimento, enviou uma resposta dura. Não vieram mais cartas, e Leslie Gray nunca voltou. Um dia, Margaret percebeu que havia perdido o amor para sempre. Ela sabia que nunca mais o teria. A partir daquele momento, ela deixou a juventude para trás e caminhou pelo vale da sombra em direção a uma velhice solitária e excêntrica.

### Original English

Then there had been a foolish, bitter quarrel at the end of that golden summer. Leslie had gone away in anger, afterwards he had written, but Margaret Lloyd, still in the grasp of her pride and resentment, had sent a harsh answer. No more letters came; Leslie Gray never returned; and one day Margaret wakened to the realization that she had put love out of her life for ever. She knew it would never be hers again; and from that moment her feet were turned from youth to walk down the valley of shadow to a lonely, eccentric age.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Anos depois, ela soube que Leslie havia se casado. Mais tarde, recebeu notícias de sua morte; sua vida não havia realizado os sonhos que um dia ele tivera. Ela não ouvira mais nada até hoje, quando viu a filha dele passar por ela no bosque de faias sem reconhecê-la.

### Original English

Many years later she heard of Leslie's marriage; then came news of his death, after a life that had not fulfilled his dreams for him. Nothing more she had heard or known—nothing to this day, when she had seen his daughter pass her by unseeing in the beech hollow.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora murmurou que a garota era filha dele e poderia ter sido sua. Ela desejava poder conhecê-la e amá-la, e talvez conquistar o amor dela em troca. Mas não podia, porque não suportava que a filha de Leslie Gray soubesse quão pobre e rebaixada ela havia sido. No entanto, a querida morava tão perto, apenas subindo o caminho e passando a colina. Ela podia vê-la passar todos os dias, o que era um imenso prazer. Ainda assim, ela ansiava por fazer algo por ela, dar-lhe algum pequeno prazer, que seria uma grande alegria.

### Original English

"His daughter! And she might have been MY daughter," murmured the Old Lady. "Oh, if I could only know her and love her—and perhaps win her love in return! But I cannot. I could not have Leslie Gray's daughter know how poor I am—how low I have been brought. I could not bear that. And to think she is living so near me, the darling—just up the lane and over the hill. I can see her go by every day—I can have that dear pleasure, at least. But oh, if I could only do something for her—give her some little pleasure! It would be such a delight."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Naquela noite, a Velha Senhora viu uma luz vinda de seu quarto de hóspedes. Ela sabia que vinha do quarto de hóspedes dos Spencers na colina, onde Sylvia estava hospedada. A Velha Senhora observou a luz até que ela se apagou, sentindo uma doçura suave em seu coração, como o cheiro de pétalas de rosa antigas. Ela imaginou Sylvia se movendo pelo quarto, escovando o cabelo, guardando seus enfeites e se preparando para dormir. Quando a luz se apagou, a Velha Senhora imaginou Sylvia ajoelhada perto da janela sob o luar. Então a Velha Senhora se ajoelhou e fez sua oração simples habitual, mas com um novo espírito. Ela pediu para poder pensar em algo que pudesse fazer por Sylvia, mesmo que fosse uma coisinha muito pequena.

### Original English

When the Old Lady happened to go into her spare room that evening, she saw from it a light shining through a gap in the trees on the hill. She knew that it shone from the Spencers' spare room. So it was Sylvia's light. The Old Lady stood in the darkness and watched it until it went out—watched it with a great sweetness breathing in her heart, such as risen from old rose-leaves when they are stirred. She fancied Sylvia moving about her room, brushing and braiding her long, glistening hair—laying aside her little trinkets and girlish adornments—making her simple preparations for sleep. When the light went out the Old Lady pictured a slight white figure kneeling by the window in the soft starshine, and the Old Lady knelt down then and there and said her own prayers in fellowship. She said the simple form of words she had always used; but a new spirit seemed to inspire them; and she finished with a new petition—"Let me think of something I can do for her, dear Father—some little, little thing that I can do for her."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora sempre dormira no mesmo quarto, aquele voltado para o norte em direção aos abetos, e o amava. Mas no dia seguinte, mudou-se para o quarto de hóspedes sem nenhum arrependimento. A partir de então, aquele quarto era dela; ela precisava ficar onde pudesse ver a luz de Sylvia. Ela colocou a cama de modo que pudesse deitar-se e olhar para aquela estrela terrestre que subitamente brilhara na escuridão de seu coração. Ela se sentiu muito feliz, uma sensação que não conhecia há

muitos anos. Um interesse estranho, novo e sonhador entrara em sua vida, longe das duras realidades de sua existência, mas ainda assim reconfortante e atraente. Além disso, ela pensara em algo que poderia fazer por Sylvia – uma coisinha muito pequena que poderia lhe dar prazer.

### Original English

The Old Lady had slept in the same room all her life—the one looking north into the spruces—and loved it; but the next day she moved into the spare room without a regret. It was to be her room after this; she must be where she could see Sylvia's light, she put the bed where she could lie in it and look at that earth star which had suddenly shone across the twilight shadows of her heart. She felt very happy, she had not felt happy for many years; but now a strange, new, dream-like interest, remote from the harsh realities of her existence, but none the less comforting and alluring, had entered into her life. Besides, she had thought of something she could do for Sylvia—"a little, little thing" that might give her pleasure.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Os moradores de Spencervale frequentemente lamentavam que não cresciam Mayflowers em sua região. As crianças locais acreditavam que precisavam viajar seis milhas até as terras áridas de Avonlea para encontrá-las. No entanto, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sabia de uma verdade diferente. Durante suas longas e solitárias caminhadas pela floresta, ela havia encontrado uma pequena clareira — uma colina arenosa voltada para o sul em um terreno de madeira pertencente a um homem da cidade. Na primavera, esse local ficava coberto por flores de arbutus rosa e branco.

### Original English

Spencervale people were wont to say regretfully that there were no Mayflowers in Spencervale; the Spencervale young fry, when they wanted Mayflowers, thought they had to go over to the barrens at Avonlea, six miles away, for them. Old Lady Lloyd knew better. In her many long, solitary rambles, she had discovered a little clearing far back in the woods—a southward-sloping, sandy hill on a tract of woodland belonging to a man who lived in town—which in spring was starred over with the pink and white of arbutus.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquela tarde, a Velha Senhora foi até a clareira, caminhando feliz pela floresta. De repente, a primavera parecia linda e preciosa para ela novamente, porque o amor havia retornado ao seu coração, e sua alma há muito faminta estava sendo nutrida por ele.

### **Original English**

To this clearing the Old Lady betook herself that afternoon, walking through wood lanes and under dim spruce arches like a woman with a glad purpose. All at once the spring was dear and beautiful to her once more; for love had entered again into her heart, and her starved soul was feasting on its divine nourishment.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora Lloyd descobriu uma abundância de flores de maio na colina arenosa. Ela as colheu e colocou em sua cesta, encantando-se com a beleza que agradaria a Sylvia. Ao voltar para casa, escreveu um bilhete indicando que as flores eram para Sylvia. Para evitar que reconhecessem sua caligrafia, escreveu em letras grandes e redondas, como as de uma criança. Em seguida, levou as flores de maio até a clareira e as colocou em uma cavidade entre as grandes raízes da velha faia, inserindo o bilhete através de um talo no topo.

### **Original English**

Old Lady Lloyd found a wealth of Mayflowers on the sandy hill. She filled her basket with them, gloating over the loveliness which was to give pleasure to Sylvia. When she got home she wrote on a slip of paper, "For Sylvia." It was not likely anyone in Spencervale would know her handwriting, but, to make sure, she disguised it, writing in round, big letters like a child's. She carried her Mayflowers down to the hollow and heaped them in a recess between the big roots of the old beech, with the little note thrust through a stem on top.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora propositalmente se escondeu atrás dos abetos, tendo vestido sua seda verde-escura para se camuflar. Ela esperou brevemente. Logo, Sylvia Gray e Mattie Spencer se aproximaram. Ao chegar à ponte, Sylvia avistou as flores de maio e exclamou de alegria. Então ela notou seu nome e seu rosto se transformou em surpresa. A Velha Senhora, observando dos galhos, quase riu de prazer pelo sucesso de seu plano.

### **Original English**

Then the Old Lady deliberately hid behind the spruce clump. She had put on her dark green silk on purpose for hiding. She had not long to wait. Soon Sylvia Gray came down the hill with Mattie Spencer. When she reached the bridge she saw the Mayflowers and gave an exclamation of delight. Then she saw her name and her expression changed to wonder. The Old Lady, peering through the boughs, could have laughed for very pleasure over the success of her little plot.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sylvia ergueu as flores e exclamou que elas deviam ser para ela. Ela perguntou a Mattie se elas poderiam realmente ser destinadas a ela, e imaginou quem poderia tê-las colocado ali.

### **Original English**

"For me!" said Sylvia, lifting the flowers. "CAN they really be for me, Mattie? Who could have left them here?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mattie riu.

### **Original English**

Mattie giggled.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mattie disse que acreditava que era Chris Stewart. Ela sabia que ele tinha estado em Avonlea na noite anterior. A mãe dela tinha dito que Chris havia se interessado por Sylvia, baseado na maneira como ele olhou para ela enquanto ela cantava duas noites atrás. Mattie acrescentou que seria típico dele fazer algo estranho assim, já que ele era muito tímido com garotas.

### **Original English**

"I believe it was Chris Stewart," she said. "I know he was over at Avonlea last night. And ma says he's taken a notion to you—she knows by the way he looked at you when you were singing night before last. It would be just like him to do something queer like this—he's such a shy fellow with the girls."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sylvia franziu ligeiramente. Ela não gostava do jeito de falar de Mattie, mas gostava das Mayflowers, e não tinha objeções a Chris Stewart, que lhe parecia simplesmente um garoto do campo, legal e modesto. Ela ergueu as flores e enterrou o rosto nelas.

### **Original English**

Sylvia frowned a little. She did not like Mattie's expressions, but she did like Mayflowers, and she did not dislike Chris Stewart, who had seemed to her merely a nice, modest, country boy. She lifted the flowers and buried her face in them.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela disse alegremente que estava muito grata ao doador, fosse quem fosse, e que não havia nada que amasse tanto quanto as Mayflowers, exclamando como eram doces.

### **Original English**

"Anyway, I'm much obliged to the giver, whoever he or she is," she said merrily. "There's nothing I love like Mayflowers. Oh, how sweet they are!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que eles passaram, a Velha Senhora saiu de seu esconderijo, ruborizada de triunfo. Ela não ficou chateada por Sylvia pensar que Chris Stewart lhe dera as flores; na verdade, isso era ainda melhor, porque Sylvia teria menos chances de adivinhar o verdadeiro doador. O importante era que Sylvia as aproveitasse. Isso foi suficiente para a Velha Senhora, que voltou para sua casa solitária sentindo-se profundamente satisfeita.

### **Original English**

When they had passed the Old Lady emerged from her lurking place, flushed with triumph. It did not vex her that Sylvia should think Chris Stewart had given her the flowers; nay, it was all the better, since she would be the less likely to suspect the real donor. The main thing was that Sylvia should have the delight of them. That quite satisfied the Old Lady, who went back to her lonely house with the cockles of her heart all in a glow.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Logo se tornou um boato comum em Spencervale que Chris Stewart estava deixando Mayflowers na clareira das faias para a professora de música a cada dois dias. O próprio Chris negou isso, mas não foi acreditado. Primeiro, porque não havia Mayflowers em Spencervale; segundo, Chris tinha que ir a Carmody a cada dois dias para levar leite à fábrica de manteiga, e Mayflowers cresciam lá; e terceiro, os Stewarts sempre tiveram uma veia romântica. As pessoas consideraram isso evidência circunstancial suficiente.

### **Original English**

It soon was a matter of gossip in Spencervale that Chris Stewart was leaving Mayflowers at the beech hollow for the music teacher every other day. Chris himself denied it, but he was not believed. Firstly, there were no Mayflowers in Spencervale; secondly, Chris had to go to Carmody every

other day to haul milk to the butter factory, and Mayflowers grew in Carmody, and, thirdly, the Stewarts always had a romantic streak in them. Was not that enough circumstantial evidence for anybody?

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sylvia não se opunha à admiração juvenil de Chris, especialmente porque ele a expressava de forma tão gentil. Ela considerava muito gentil da parte dele não incomodá-la com outras abordagens românticas, e estava perfeitamente satisfeita em receber suas flores de maio.

### **Original English**

As for Sylvia, she did not mind if Chris had a boyish admiration for her and expressed it thus delicately. She thought it very nice of him, indeed, when he did not vex her with any other advances, and she was quite content to enjoy his Mayflowers.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora Lloyd soube de todas as notícias locais sobre isso através do vendedor de ovos. Ela o ouviu com um divertimento oculto nos olhos. O vendedor de ovos saiu e disse que nunca a tinha visto tão cheia de energia naquela primavera; ela parecia muito interessada no que os jovens estavam fazendo.

### **Original English**

Old Lady Lloyd heard all the gossip about it from the egg pedlar, and listened to him with laughter glimmering far down in her eyes. The egg pedlar went away and vowed he'd never seen the Old Lady so spry as she was this spring; she seemed real interested in the young folk's doings.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora guardou seu segredo, e isso a fez sentir-se mais jovem. Ela continuou a caminhar até a colina Mayflower todos os dias enquanto as flores estavam desabrochadas, sempre se escondendo entre os abetos para ver Sylvia Gray passar. Seu amor por Sylvia crescia mais forte a cada dia, e ela a desejava profundamente. Toda a ternura que havia reprimido por tanto tempo agora se derramava sobre essa garota, que permanecia inconsciente disso. Ela se orgulhava da elegância, beleza e doçura da voz e da risada de Sylvia. Ela começou a gostar das crianças Spencer porque elas adoravam Sylvia, e ela invejava a Sra. Spencer por poder cuidar das necessidades de Sylvia. Até o vendedor de ovos parecia encantador porque trazia notícias de Sylvia — sua popularidade social, suas conquistas profissionais e o amor e a admiração que ela já havia conquistado.

### Original English

The Old Lady kept her secret and grew young in it. She walked back to the Mayflower hill as long as the Mayflowers lasted; and she always hid in the spruces to see Sylvia Gray go by. Every day she loved her more, and yearned after her more deeply. All the long repressed tenderness of her nature overflowed to this girl who was unconscious of it. She was proud of Sylvia's grace and beauty, and sweetness of voice and laughter. She began to like the Spencer children because they worshipped Sylvia; she envied Mrs. Spencer because the latter could minister to Sylvia's needs. Even the egg pedlar seemed a delightful person because he brought news of Sylvia—her social popularity, her professional success, the love and admiration she had won already.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora nunca considerou se revelar para Sylvia. Em sua pobreza, era impensável. Teria sido encantador conhecer Sylvia, tê-la vindo à velha casa, conversar com ela e compartilhar a vida com ela. Mas isso não era possível. O orgulho da Velha Senhora ainda era muito mais forte que seu amor. Era a única coisa que ela nunca tinha abandonado, e ela acreditava que nunca poderia abandonar.

### Original English

The Old Lady never dreamed of revealing herself to Sylvia. That, in her poverty, was not to be thought of for a moment. It would have been very sweet to know her—sweet to have her come to the old house—sweet to talk to her—to enter into her life. But it might not be. The Old Lady's pride was still far stronger than her love. It was the one thing she had never sacrificed and never—so she believed—could sacrifice.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Capítulo Dois, conhecido como o Capítulo de Junho.

### **Original English**

II. The June Chapter

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Em junho, o jardim da Velha Senhora estava cheio de flores, e Sylvia encontrava um buquê perto da faia todas as manhãs. As flores incluíam narcisos brancos, tulipas vermelhas, corações-sangrentos e rosas primaveris. A Velha Senhora não tinha medo de ser descoberta porque essas flores cresciam em todos os jardins de Spencervale, inclusive no dos Stewarts. Chris Stewart sabia que ele não era o verdadeiro doador das flores; ele descobrira quando as pessoas começaram a fofocar sobre as flores de maio. Mas ele manteve segredo porque entendia que a Velha Senhora não queria que ninguém soubesse. Chris gostava da Velha Senhora porque ela o ajudara dez anos antes. Ela o encontrara chorando com um corte no pé, o levava para dentro, limpou e enfaixou o ferimento, e lhe dera dez centavos para comprar doces. Ela ficou sem jantar naquela noite por causa disso, embora Chris nunca soubesse.

### **Original English**

There were no Mayflowers in June; but now the Old Lady's garden was full of blossoms and every morning Sylvia found a bouquet of them by the beech—the perfumed ivory of white narcissus, the flame of tulips, the fairy branches of bleeding-heart, the pink-and-snow of little, thorny, single, sweetbreathed early roses. The Old Lady had no fear of discovery, for the flowers that grew in her garden grew in every other Spencervale garden as well, including the Stewart garden. Chris Stewart, when he was teased

about the music teacher, merely smiled and held his peace. Chris knew perfectly well who was the real giver of those flowers. He had made it his business to find out when the Mayflower gossip started. But since it was evident Old Lady Lloyd did not wish it to be known, Chris told no one. Chris had always liked Old Lady Lloyd ever since the day, ten years before, when she had found him crying in the woods with a cut foot and had taken him into her house, and bathed and bound the wound, and given him ten cents to buy candy at the store. The Old Lady went without supper that night because of it, but Chris never knew that.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

A Velha Senhora acreditava que junho era um mês bonito. Ela não ressentia mais os novos dias; pelo contrário, ela os recebia de braços abertos.

#### **Original English**

The Old Lady thought it a most beautiful June. She no longer hated the new days; on the contrary, she welcomed them.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela disse a si mesma, feliz, que cada dia agora era incomum, já que quase todos lhe traziam um vislumbre de Sylvia. Mesmo em dias chuvosos, a Velha Senhora corajosamente arriscava reumatismo para se esconder atrás dos pinheiros gotejantes e observar Sylvia passar. Os únicos dias em que não podia vê-la eram os domingos, e nenhum domingo jamais pareceu tão longo para a Velha Senhora Lloyd quanto aqueles domingos de junho.

#### **Original English**

"Every day is an uncommon day now," she said jubilantly to herself—for did not almost every day bring her a glimpse of Sylvia? Even on rainy days the Old Lady gallantly braved rheumatism to hide behind her clump of dripping spruces and watch Sylvia pass. The only days she could not see her were Sundays; and no Sundays had ever seemed so long to Old Lady Lloyd as those June Sundays did.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Um dia, o vendedor de ovos trouxe notícias para ela.

**Original English**

One day the egg pedlar had news for her.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele disse a ela que o professor de música cantaria um solo no dia seguinte para uma coleta.

**Original English**

"The music teacher is going to sing a solo for a collection piece to-morrow," he told her.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Os olhos negros da Velha Senhora brilharam de interesse.

**Original English**

The Old Lady's black eyes flashed with interest.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela disse que não sabia que a Srta. Gray era membro do coral.

**Original English**

"I didn't know Miss Gray was a member of the choir," she said.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele informou a ela que a Srta. Gray havia se juntado a eles há dois domingos atrás, e que a música deles agora era realmente digna de ser ouvida. Ele esperava que a igreja estivesse lotada no dia seguinte, já que o canto dela havia se tornado famoso em todo o país, e instou a Srta. Lloyd a vir ouvi-la pessoalmente.

### Original English

"Jined two Sundays ago. I tell you, our music is something worth listening to now. The church'll be packed to-morrow, I reckon—her name's gone all over the country for singing. You ought to come and hear it, Miss Lloyd."

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## Pt/En

### Português

O vendedor ambulante falou essas palavras para mostrar que não tinha medo da Velha Senhora, apesar de seus modos dignos. Ela não respondeu, e ele temeu tê-la ofendido, então foi embora arrependendo-se de seu comentário. Sem que ele soubesse, a Velha Senhora já havia esquecido completamente dos vendedores ambulantes. Sua última frase o apagou dos pensamentos dela. Toda sua atenção foi consumida por um forte desejo de ouvir Sylvia cantar aquele solo. Ela entrou em casa, perturbada, e tentou superar esse anseio. Mesmo com todo o seu orgulho, ela não conseguiu. Seu orgulho dizia algo.

### Original English

The pedlar said this out of bravado, merely to show he wasn't scared of the Old Lady, for all her grand airs. The Old Lady made no answer, and he thought he had offended her. He went away, wishing he hadn't said it. Had he but known it, the Old Lady had forgotten the existence of all and any egg pedlars. He had blotted himself and his insignificance out of her consciousness by his last sentence. All her thoughts, feelings, and wishes were submerged in a very whirlpool of desire to hear Sylvia sing that solo. She went into the house in a tumult and tried to conquer that desire. She could not do it, even thought she summoned all her pride to her aid. Pride said:

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## Pt/En

### Português

Seu orgulho disse a ela que ela teria que ir à igreja para ouvir Sylvia, mas ela não tinha roupas adequadas para vestir, e ela pareceria ridícula na frente de todos.

### Original English

"You will have to go to church to hear her. You haven't fit clothes to go to church in. Think what a figure you will make before them all."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Mas, pela primeira vez, uma voz mais urgente que o orgulho falou à sua alma, e, pela primeira vez, a Velha Senhora a ouviu. Era verdade que ela não frequentava a igreja desde o dia em que teve que começar a usar os vestidos de seda da mãe. A própria Velha Senhora considerava isso muito pecaminoso e tentava compensar observando o domingo rigorosamente e realizando um culto particular todas as manhãs e noites. Ela cantava três hinos com sua voz rouca, orava em voz alta e lia um sermão. No entanto, ela não conseguia ir à igreja com suas roupas antiquadas — ela, que um dia ditou a moda em Spencervale. Quanto mais tempo ficava longe, mais impossível parecia que ela algum dia voltasse. Agora, o impossível se tornara não apenas possível, mas imperioso. Ela precisava ir à igreja e ouvir Sylvia cantar, não importa o quão ridícula pudesse parecer, não importa o que as pessoas dissessem ou rissem dela.

### Original English

But, for the first time, a more insistent voice than pride spoke to her soul—and, for the first time, the Old Lady listened to it. It was too true that she had never gone to church since the day on which she had to begin wearing her mother's silk dresses. The Old Lady herself thought that this was very wicked; and she tried to atone by keeping Sunday very strictly, and always having a little service of her own, morning and evening. She sang three hymns in her cracked voice, prayed aloud, and read a sermon. But she could not bring herself to go to church in her out-of-date clothes—she, who had once set the fashions in Spencervale, and the longer she stayed away, the more impossible it seemed that she should ever again go. Now the impossible had become, not only possible, but insistent. She must go to church and hear Sylvia sing, no matter how

ridiculous she appeared, no matter how people talked and laughed at her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na tarde seguinte, a congregação de Spencervale experimentou uma leve agitação. Pouco antes do início do culto, a Velha Senhora Lloyd entrou na igreja, subiu o corredor e sentou-se no banco da família Lloyd, que havia permanecido vazio por muito tempo. O banco ficava em frente ao púlpito.

### **Original English**

Spencervale congregation had a mild sensation the next afternoon. Just before the opening of service Old Lady Lloyd walked up the aisle and sat down in the long-unoccupied Lloyd pew, in front of the pulpit.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A alma da Velha Senhora estava em agonia. Ela se lembrou da imagem que vira no espelho antes de sair — o velho vestido de seda preta, trinta anos fora de moda, e o estranho chapeuzinho feito de cetim preto franzido. Ela pensou como devia parecer ridícula para todos ao seu redor.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady's very soul was writhing within her. She recalled the reflection she had seen in her mirror before she left—the old black silk in the mode of thirty years ago and the queer little bonnet of shirred black satin. She thought how absurd she must look in the eyes of her world.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na verdade, ela não parecia nada absurda. Algumas mulheres poderiam parecer, mas o porte digno e a figura da Velha Senhora eram tão impressionantes que o que ela vestia não importava mais.

### **Original English**

As a matter of fact, she did not look in the least absurd. Some women might have; but the Old Lady's stately distinction of carriage and figure was so subtly commanding that it did away with the consideration of garmenting altogether.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora permaneceu alheia a isso. No entanto, ela observou a Sra. Kimball, esposa do lojista, entrando no banco adjacente vestida com o estilo mais recente. Elas tinham a mesma idade, e houve um tempo em que a Sra. Kimball se contentava em copiar as roupas da Velha Senhora Lloyd a uma distância respeitosa. Mas a Sra. Kimball havia se casado com o lojista, e as circunstâncias haviam mudado. Agora, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sentava-se ali, sentindo amargamente a mudança e quase se arrependendo de sua decisão de ir à igreja.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady did not know this. But she did know that Mrs. Kimball, the storekeeper's wife, presently rustled into the next pew in the very latest fashion of fabric and mode; she and Mrs. Kimball were the same age, and there had been a time when the latter had been content to imitate Margaret Lloyd's costumes at a humble distance. But the storekeeper had proposed, and things were changed now; and there sat poor Old Lady Lloyd, feeling the change bitterly, and half wishing she had not come to church at all.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Então o Anjo do Amor tocou aqueles pensamentos tolos, e eles desapareceram. Sylvia Gray entrou no coro, sentando-se onde o sol da tarde iluminava seu cabelo como uma auréola. A Velha Senhora olhou para ela com anseio e felicidade, e a partir de então o culto lhe pareceu abençoado, como tudo que está ligado ao amor altruísta é abençoado, seja humano ou divino. Talvez sejam iguais, diferindo apenas em grau, não em espécie.

### **Original English**

Then all at once the Angel of Love touched these foolish thoughts, born of vanity and morbid pride, and they melted away as if they had never been.

Sylvia Gray had come into the choir, and was sitting just where the afternoon sunshine fell over her beautiful hair like a halo. The Old Lady looked at her in a rapture of satisfied longing and thenceforth the service was blessed to her, as anything is blessed which comes through the medium of unselfish love, whether human or divine. Nay, are they not one and the same, differing in degree only, not in kind?

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora nunca antes tivera uma visão tão satisfatória de Sylvia. Todos os seus olhares anteriores tinham sido rápidos e secretos. Agora ela sentou-se e olhou para ela a contento do seu coração, apreciando cada pequeno encanto—a maneira como o cabelo brilhante de Sylvia fluía para trás de sua testa, o doce hábito que ela tinha de baixar rapidamente as pálpebras de longos cílios quando encontrava um olhar muito ousado ou curioso, e suas mãos delgadas e lindamente moldadas, tão parecidas com as mãos de Leslie Gray, que seguravam seu livro de hinos. Ela estava vestida de forma muito simples, com uma saia preta e uma blusa branca, mas nenhuma das outras garotas do coral, apesar de suas roupas finas, podia se comparar a ela—como o vendedor de ovos disse à sua esposa a caminho de casa da igreja.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady had never had such a good, satisfying look at Sylvia before. All her former glimpses had been stolen and fleeting. Now she sat and gazed upon her to her hungry heart's content, lingering delightedly over every little charm and loveliness—the way Sylvia's shining hair rippled back from her forehead, the sweet little trick she had of dropping quickly her long-lashed eyelids when she encountered too bold or curious a glance, and the slender, beautifully modelled hands—so like Leslie Gray's hands—that held her hymn book. She was dressed very plainly in a black skirt and a white shirtwaist; but none of the other girls in the choir, with all their fine feathers, could hold a candle to her—as the egg pedlar said to his wife, going home from church.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora ouviu os hinos de abertura com grande prazer. A voz de Sylvia era a mais forte e a mais bonita entre eles. Quando os recepcionistas se levantaram para recolher a oferta, uma excitação silenciosa se espalhou pela igreja. Sylvia se levantou e foi para o lado de Janet Moore no órgão. Então sua bela voz encheu o edifício com uma música verdadeira, clara, poderosa e doce. Ninguém em Spencervale jamais ouvira uma voz assim, exceto a própria Velha Senhora, que em sua juventude ouvira canto bom o suficiente para ser uma juíza razoável. Ela entendeu de imediato que essa garota que ela amava tinha um grande talento – um que poderia um dia lhe trazer fama e fortuna se fosse devidamente treinado e desenvolvido.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady listened to the opening hymns with keen pleasure. Sylvia's voice thrilled through and dominated them all. But when the ushers got up to take the collection, an undercurrent of subdued excitement flowed over the congregation. Sylvia rose and came forward to Janet Moore's side at the organ. The next moment her beautiful voice soared through the building like the very soul of melody—true, clear, powerful, sweet. Nobody in Spencervale had ever listened to such a voice, except Old Lady Lloyd herself, who, in her youth, had heard enough good singing to enable her to be a tolerable judge of it. She realized instantly that this girl of her heart had a great gift—a gift that would some day bring her fame and fortune, if it could be duly trained and developed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Lloyd refletiu que estava extremamente contente por ter ido à igreja.

### **Original English**

"Oh, I'm so glad I came to church," thought Old Lady Lloyd.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Quando o solo terminou, o senso de dever da Velha Senhora a fez desviar o olhar de Sylvia e prestar atenção ao ministro. O ministro era novo na congregação e havia se convencido de que a presença dela se devia à sua própria pregação. Ele era um homem inteligente e acreditava honestamente que sua reputação como pregador a havia trazido à igreja.

### Original English

When the solo was ended, the Old Lady's conscience compelled her to drag her eyes and thoughts from Sylvia, and fasten them on the minister, who had been flattering himself all through the opening portion of the service that Old Lady Lloyd had come to church on his account. He was newly settled, having been in charge of the Spencervale congregation only a few months; he was a clever little fellow and he honestly thought it was the fame of his preaching that had brought Old Lady Lloyd out to church.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Após o culto, todos os vizinhos da Velha Senhora se aproximaram dela com sorrisos amigáveis e apertos de mão. Eles sentiram que deveriam apoiá-la agora que ela havia dado esse passo positivo. A Velha Senhora apreciou o calor deles, e valorizou ainda mais porque reconheceu o mesmo respeito e deferência inconscientes que recebera no passado — um respeito que sua personalidade naturalmente comandava de todos. Ela ficou surpresa por ainda poder inspirar tal consideração, apesar de seu chapéu fora de moda e roupas antigas.

### Original English

When the service was over all the Old Lady's neighbours came to speak to her, with kindly smile and handshake. They thought they ought to encourage her, now that she had made a start in the right direction; the Old Lady liked their cordiality, and liked it none the less because she detected in it the same unconscious respect and deference she had been wont to receive in the old days—a respect and deference which her personality compelled from all who approached her. The Old Lady was surprised to find that she could command it still, in defiance of unfashionable bonnet and ancient attire.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Janet Moore e Sylvia Gray voltaram juntas para casa após a igreja. Janet perguntou a Sylvia se ela havia notado a Velha Senhora Lloyd na igreja naquele dia. Ela expressou surpresa porque a Velha Senhora Lloyd nunca havia frequentado a igreja, pelo que Janet se lembrava. Janet a descreveu como uma velha figura estranha que, apesar de ser muito rica, usava as roupas velhas de sua mãe e nunca comprava nada novo. Algumas pessoas a consideravam mesquinha, mas Janet gentilmente sugeriu que era apenas excentricidade.

### **Original English**

Janet Moore and Sylvia Gray walked home from church together. "Did you see Old Lady Lloyd out to-day?" asked Janet. "I was amazed when she walked in. She has never been to church in my recollection. What a quaint old figure she is! She's very rich, you know, but she wears her mother's old clothes and never gets a new thing. Some people think she is mean; but," concluded Janet charitably, "I believe it is simply eccentricity."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sylvia comentou sonhadora que reconheceu a Srta. Lloyd assim que a viu, mesmo nunca a tendo encontrado antes. Ela acrescentou que desejava vê-la por um motivo específico, e achou seu rosto muito marcante. Sylvia expressou o desejo de conhecê-la e se aproximar dela.

### **Original English**

"I felt that was Miss Lloyd as soon as I saw her, although I had never seen her before," said Sylvia dreamily. "I have been wishing to see her—for a certain reason. She has a very striking face. I should like to meet her—to know her."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Janet comentou despreocupadamente que duvidava que a pessoa algum dia o fizesse. Ela observou que a mulher não tinha apreço por jovens e nunca socializava. Janet confessou que não gostaria de conhecê-la, pois a achava intimidante devido ao seu porte digno e olhos perturbadores e penetrantes.

### Original English

"I don't think it's likely you ever will," said Janet carelessly. "She doesn't like young people and she never goes anywhere. I don't think I'd like to know her. I'd be afraid of her—she has such stately ways and such strange, piercing eyes."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Sylvia disse a si mesma que não teria medo dela, mas não esperava conhecê-la. Ela pensou que, se a mulher soubesse sua verdadeira identidade, provavelmente não gostaria dela, e parecia improvável que ela algum dia adivinhasse que Sylvia era filha de Leslie Gray.

### Original English

"I shouldn't be afraid of her," said Sylvia to herself, as she turned into the Spencer lane. "But I don't expect I'll ever become acquainted with her. If she knew who I am I suppose she would dislike me. I suppose she never suspects that I am Leslie Gray's daughter."

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## Pt/En

### Português

O ministro decidiu visitar a Velha Senhora Lloyd na tarde seguinte, achando que era um bom momento. Ele foi nervosamente por causa das histórias que ouvira sobre ela. No entanto, ela foi muito agradável em sua maneira refinada, o que o encantou. Quando voltou para casa, disse à esposa que as pessoas de Spencervale não entendiam verdadeiramente a Srta. Lloyd. Isso era verdade, mas também era duvidoso se o ministro a compreendia melhor.

### Original English

The minister, thinking it well to strike while the iron was hot, went up to call on Old Lady Lloyd the very next afternoon. He went in fear and trembling, for he had heard things about Old Lady Lloyd; but she made herself so agreeable in her high-bred fashion that he was delighted, and told his wife when he went home that Spencervale people didn't understand Miss Lloyd. This was perfectly true; but it is by no means certain that the minister understood her either.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O ministro cometeu um único erro de julgamento, mas como a Velha Senhora não o corrigiu, ele permaneceu inconsciente disso. Ao sair, ele expressou sua esperança de que ela fosse à igreja no domingo seguinte.

### **Original English**

He made only one mistake in tact, but, as the Old Lady did not snub him for it, he never knew he made it. When he was leaving he said, "I hope we shall see you at church next Sunday, Miss Lloyd."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora respondeu com ênfase que o ouvinte certamente obedeceria.

### **Original English**

"Indeed, you will," said the Old Lady emphatically.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O terceiro capítulo é o Capítulo de Julho.

### **Original English**

III. The July Chapter

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No primeiro dia de julho, Sylvia encontrou um pequeno barco feito de casca de bétula cheio de morangos na praia da depressão. Eram os primeiros morangos da temporada, que a Velha Senhora havia colhido em um de seus lugares secretos. Embora os morangos fossem um complemento saboroso para as refeições simples da Velha Senhora, ela nunca pensou em comê-los. Ela obtinha muito mais prazer ao imaginar Sylvia os saboreando com seu chá. Depois disso, os morangos alternaram com flores enquanto durou a temporada, e depois vieram mirtilos e framboesas. Os mirtilos cresciam longe, e a Velha Senhora precisava caminhar muitas vezes para colhê-los. Às vezes, seus ossos doíam à noite por causa das caminhadas, mas ela não se importava. Ela sabia que a dor nos ossos é mais fácil de suportar do que a dor no coração, e pela primeira vez em muitos anos, seu coração havia parado de doer. Ele estava sendo alimentado com comida celestial.

### **Original English**

The first day of July Sylvia found a little birch bark boat full of strawberries at the beech in the hollow. They were the earliest of the season; the Old Lady had found them in one of her secret haunts. They would have been a toothsome addition to the Old Lady's own slender bill of fare; but she never thought of eating them. She got far more pleasure out of the thought of Sylvia's enjoying them for her tea. Thereafter the strawberries alternated with the flowers as long as they lasted, and then came blueberries and raspberries. The blueberries grew far away and the Old Lady had many a tramp after them. Sometimes her bones ached at night because of it; but what cared the Old Lady for that? Bone ache is easier to endure than soul ache; and the Old Lady's soul had stopped aching for the first time in many year. It was being nourished with heavenly manna.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma noite, Crooked Jack chegou para consertar o poço com defeito da Velha Senhora. Ela saiu para cumprimentá-lo cordialmente, pois sabia que ele havia passado o dia na casa dos Spencers e talvez tivesse colhido alguns bocados sobre Sylvia.

### **Original English**

One evening Crooked Jack came up to fix something that had gone wrong with the Old Lady's well. The Old Lady wandered affably out to him; for she knew he had been working at the Spencers' all day, and there might be crumbs of information about Sylvia to be picked up.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Crooked Jack observou que o professor de música provavelmente estava se sentindo bastante desanimado naquela noite. Ele havia falado longamente sobre a nova bomba d'água de William Spencer, a nova máquina de lavar da Sra. Spencer e o novo namorado de Amelia Spencer, o que havia levado a paciência da Velha Senhora ao limite.

### **Original English**

"I reckon the music teacher's feeling pretty blue this evening," Crooked Jack remarked, after straining the Old Lady's patience to the last verge of human endurance by expatiating on William Spencer's new pump, and Mrs. Spencer's new washing-machine, and Amelia Spencer's new young man.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora perguntou por que, e seu rosto ficou muito pálido. Ela se perguntou se algo tinha acontecido com Sylvia.

### **Original English**

"Why?" asked the Old Lady, turning very pale. Had anything happened to Sylvia?

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## Pt/En

### Português

Crooked Jack relatou que Miss Gray havia sido convidada para uma grande festa na casa do irmão de Mrs. Moore na cidade, mas não tinha um vestido adequado. De acordo com Mrs. Spencer, os convidados eram da alta sociedade e estariam vestidos extravagantemente. Mrs. Spencer também mencionou que Miss Gray não podia comprar um vestido novo porque estava ajudando a pagar as contas médicas de sua tia. Embora Miss Gray não demonstrasse sua decepção, Mrs. Spencer acreditava que ela havia chorado em particular na noite anterior.

### Original English

"Well, she's been invited to a big party at Mrs. Moore's brother's in town, and she hasn't got a dress to go in," said Crooked Jack. "They're great swells and everybody will be got up regardless. Mrs. Spencer was telling me about it. She says Miss Gray can't afford a new dress because she's helping to pay her aunt's doctor's bills. She says she's sure Miss Gray feels awful disappointed over it, though she doesn't let on. But Mrs. Spencer says she knows she was crying after she went to bed last night."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora se virou e andou rapidamente para dentro de casa. Ela se sentia desesperada; Sylvia absolutamente tinha que ir àquela festa. No entanto, ela se perguntava como isso poderia ser arranjado. Sua mente corria com ideias loucas sobre os vestidos de seda de sua mãe, mas nenhum serviria, mesmo que houvesse tempo suficiente para alterar um. Nunca antes ela havia se arrependido tão profundamente de perder sua fortuna.

### Original English

The Old Lady turned and went into the house abruptly. This was dreadful. Sylvia must go to that party—she MUST. But how was it to be managed? Through the Old Lady's brain passed wild thoughts of her mother's silk dresses. But none of them would be suitable, even if there were time to make one over. Never had the Old Lady so bitterly regretted her vanished wealth.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora disse que tinha apenas dois dólares em casa e precisava fazê-los durar até que o vendedor de ovos voltasse. Ela perguntou se havia algo que pudesse vender, e então pensou no jarro de uvas.

### **Original English**

"I've only two dollars in the house," she said, "and I've got to live on that till the next day the egg pedlar comes round. Is there anything I can sell—ANYTHING? Yes, yes, the grape jug!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anteriormente, a Velha Senhora teria achado a ideia de vender o jarro de uvas tão inimaginável quanto vender a própria cabeça. O jarro, que estava na família Lloyd há dois séculos, era um grande recipiente barrigudo decorado com uvas rosa-douradas e um verso de poesia. Originalmente, havia sido um presente de casamento para a bisavó da Velha Senhora. Durante todo o tempo que ela conseguia se lembrar, o jarro ocupava a prateleira de cima no armário da parede da sala de estar, precioso demais para ser usado.

### **Original English**

Up to this time, the Old Lady would as soon have thought of trying to sell her head as the grape jug. The grape jug was two hundred years old and had been in the Lloyd family ever since it was a jug at all. It was a big, pot-bellied affair, festooned with pink-gilt grapes, and with a verse of poetry printed on one side, and it had been given as a wedding present to the Old Lady's great-grandmother. As long as the Old Lady could remember it had sat on the top shelf in the cupboard in the sitting-room wall, far too precious ever to be used.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Dois anos antes, uma mulher que colecionava porcelana antiga tinha explorado Spencervale e, ao ouvir falar do jarro de uvas, visitou corajosamente a antiga casa dos Lloyd para oferecer comprá-lo. Ela nunca esqueceu a recepção que a Velha Senhora lhe deu, mas, sendo sábia, deixou seu cartão, afirmando que se a Srta. Lloyd mudasse de ideia sobre vender o jarro, ela ainda estaria interessada em comprá-lo. Pessoas que fazem hobby de porcelana antiga devem tolerar humildemente tais desfeitas, e esta colecionadora em particular nunca tinha visto nada que desejasse tanto quanto aquele jarro de uvas.

### **Original English**

Two years before, a woman who collected old china had explored Spencervale, and, getting word of the grape jug, had boldly invaded the old Lloyd place and offered to buy it. She never, to her dying day, forgot the reception the Old Lady gave her; but, being wise in her day and generation, she left her card, saying that if Miss Lloyd ever changed her mind about selling the jug, she would find that she, the aforesaid collector, had not changed hers about buying it. People who make a hobby of heirloom china must meekly overlook snubs, and this particular person had never seen anything she coveted so much as that grape jug.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A senhora idosa destruiu o cartão, mas ainda se lembrava do nome e endereço. Então ela foi até o armário e pegou o jarro que amava.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady had torn the card to pieces; but she remembered the name and address. She went to the cupboard and took down the beloved jug.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ela disse, com saudade, que nunca imaginou que se separaria do jarro, mas Sílvia precisava de um vestido e não havia outra opção. Depois que ela se fosse, estranhos o pegariam de qualquer jeito, então era melhor que fosse para eles agora. Ela teria que ir à cidade na manhã seguinte, porque a festa era na sexta à noite e o tempo era curto. Fazia dez anos que não ia à cidade e temia mais a viagem do que abrir mão do jarro, mas faria isso por Sílvia.

### Original English

"I never thought to part with it," she said wistfully, "but Sylvia must have a dress, and there is no other way. And, after all, when I'm gone, who would there be to have it? Strangers would get it then—it might as well go to them now. I'll have to go to town to-morrow morning, for there's no time to lose if the party is Friday night. I haven't been to town for ten years. I dread the thought of going, more than parting with the jug. But for Sylvia's sake!"

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## Pt/En

### Português

No dia seguinte, a notícia se espalhou por Spencervale de que a Velha Senhora Lloyd havia viajado para a cidade, carregando uma caixa que protegia com muito cuidado. Todos especulavam sobre seu motivo; a maioria acreditava que ela havia ficado com medo de manter suas economias na caixa preta debaixo da cama depois de dois roubos ocorrerem em Carmody e, portanto, havia levado o dinheiro ao banco para guardá-lo com segurança.

### Original English

It was all over Spencervale by the next morning that Old Lady Lloyd had gone to town, carrying a carefully guarded box. Everybody wondered why she went; most people supposed she had become too frightened to keep her money in a black box below her bed, when there had been two burglaries over at Carmody, and had taken it to the bank.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora Lloyd encontrou o endereço do colecionador de porcelana. Ela tremia de medo de que o colecionador pudesse estar morto ou ter ido embora. Mas o colecionador estava vivo e ainda muito ansioso para possuir o jarro de uvas. Pálida por seu orgulho ferido, a Velha Senhora Lloyd vendeu o jarro e foi embora. Ela acreditava que sua bisavó devia ter se revirado no túmulo naquele momento. Ela se sentiu como uma traidora das tradições de sua família.

### **Original English**

The Old Lady sought out the address of the china collector, trembling with fear that she might be dead or gone. But the collector was there, very much alive, and as keenly anxious to possess the grape jug as ever. The Old Lady, pallid with the pain of her trampled pride, sold the grape jug and went away, believing that her great-grandmother must have turned over in her grave at the moment of the transaction. Old Lady Lloyd felt like a traitor to her traditions.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sem hesitar, ela foi a uma grande loja. Lá, como se guiada por uma providência especial que cuida de almas idosas ingênuas em suas perigosas jornadas pelo mundo, encontrou um atendente simpático que entendeu exatamente o que ela queria. A Senhora Idosa escolheu um vestido de musseline muito delicado, junto com luvas e sapatos combinando. Ela pediu que os itens fossem enviados imediatamente, com frete expresso pré-pago, para a Srta. Sylvia Gray, aos cuidados de William Spencer em Spencervale.

### **Original English**

But she went unflinchingly to a big store and, guided by that special Providence which looks after simple-minded old souls in their dangerous excursions into the world, found a sympathetic clerk who knew just what she wanted and got it for her. The Old Lady selected a very dainty muslin gown, with gloves and slippers in keeping; and she ordered it sent at once, expressage prepaid, to Miss Sylvia Gray, in care of William Spencer, Spencervale.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Velha Senhora pagou o preço total do jarro, deduzindo apenas um dólar e cinquenta centavos pela passagem de trem, e saiu com um gesto grandioso e despreocupado. Enquanto descia pelo corredor, ela passou por um homem bem vestido e próspero que entrava. Ele se sobressaltou ao vê-la, seu rosto ficou vermelho; ele levantou o chapéu e fez uma reverência constrangedora. Mas a Velha Senhora agiu como se ele fosse invisível e continuou sem nenhum sinal de reconhecimento. Ele deu um passo atrás dela, então parou e se virou com um sorriso desagradável e um encolher de ombros.

### Original English

Then she paid down the money—the whole price of the jug, minus a dollar and a half for railroad fare—with a grand, careless air and departed. As she marched erectly down the aisle of the store, she encountered a sleek, portly, prosperous man coming in. As their eyes met, the man started and his bland face flushed crimson; he lifted his hat and bowed confusedly. But the Old Lady looked through him as if he wasn't there, and passed on with not a sign of recognition about her. He took one step after her, then stopped and turned away, with a rather disagreeable smile and a shrug of his shoulders.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Quando a Velha Senhora saiu majestosamente, ninguém teria imaginado o quanto ela sentia desgosto e ódio. Ela não teria tido coragem de vir à cidade, nem mesmo por causa de Sylvia, se soubesse que encontraria Andrew Cameron. Apenas vê-lo reabriu uma antiga fonte de dor em sua alma. Mas pensar em Sylvia ajudou a acalmar sua raiva. Logo a Velha Senhora sorriu com um sentimento de vitória, acreditando que havia lidado bem com o encontro indesejado. Ela não havia tremido, corado nem perdido a compostura.

### Original English

Nobody would have guessed, as the Old Lady swept out, how her heart was seething with abhorrence and scorn. She would not have had the courage to come to town, even for Sylvia's sake, if she had thought she

would meet Andrew Cameron. The mere sight of him opened up anew a sealed fountain of bitterness in her soul; but the thought of Sylvia somehow stemmed the torrent, and presently the Old Lady was smiling rather triumphantly, thinking rightly that she had come off best in that unwelcome encounter. SHE, at any rate, had not faltered and coloured, and lost her presence of mind.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora achou que não era surpresa que ele tivesse ficado surpreso. Ela ficou satisfeita por Andrew Cameron ter perdido, diante dela, a fachada dura e inflexível que mostrava ao mundo. Ele era seu primo e a única criatura viva que ela odiava; ela o odiava com toda a força de sua natureza intensa. Ela e sua família haviam sofrido terríveis injustiças nas mãos dele, e ela acreditava que preferiria morrer a sequer reconhecer a existência dele.

### **Original English**

"It is little wonder HE did," thought the Old Lady vindictively. It pleased her that Andrew Cameron should lose, before her, the front of adamant he presented to the world. He was her cousin and the only living creature Old Lady Lloyd hated, and she hated and despised him with all the intensity of her intense nature. She and hers had sustained grievous wrong at his hands, and the Old Lady was convinced that she would rather die than take any notice of his existence.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela então firmemente removeu Andrew Cameron de seus pensamentos. Considerou desrespeitoso imaginá-lo junto com Sylvia. Naquela noite, quando descansou a cabeça cansada no travesseiro, sentiu-se tão alegre que a lembrança da prateleira vazia no quarto de baixo, onde o jarro de uvas costumava ficar, causou apenas um breve momento de tristeza.

### **Original English**

Presently, she resolutely put Andrew Cameron out of her mind. It was desecration to think of him and Sylvia together. When she laid her weary head on her pillow that night she was so happy that even the thought of the

vacant shelf in the room below, where the grape jug had always been, gave her only a momentary pang.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora refletiu que era doce sacrificar-se por alguém que amava e que era doce ter alguém por quem se sacrificar.

### **Original English**

"It's sweet to sacrifice for one we love—it's sweet to have someone to sacrifice for," thought the Old Lady.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O desejo cresce quando é alimentado. A Velha Senhora acreditava que estava satisfeita, mas na noite de sexta-feira estava extremamente ansiosa para ver Sylvia vestindo seu vestido de festa. Imaginá-la com o vestido não era suficiente; apenas vê-la pessoalmente satisfaria a Velha Senhora.

### **Original English**

Desire grows by what it feeds on. The Old Lady thought she was content; but Friday evening came and found her in a perfect fever to see Sylvia in her party dress. It was not enough to fancy her in it; nothing would do the Old Lady but seeing her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora decidiu que veria Sylvia. Ela olhou para a luz da janela de Sylvia brilhando através dos abetos. Ela colocou um xale escuro e saiu silenciosamente de casa, descendo para a depressão e subindo pelo caminho arborizado. A noite estava enevoadada com luar, e um vento carregando o cheiro dos campos de trevo descia pelo caminho em sua direção.

### **Original English**

"And I SHALL see her," said the Old Lady resolutely, looking out from her window at Sylvia's light gleaming through the firs. She wrapped herself in a dark shawl and crept out, slipping down to the hollow and up the wood lane. It was a misty, moonlight night, and a wind, fragrant with the aroma of clover fields, blew down the lane to meet her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Velha Senhora disse em voz alta ao vento que gostaria de poder pegar seu perfume, a alma dele, e derramá-lo na vida de Sylvia.

### **Original English**

"I wish I could take your perfume—the soul of you—and pour it into her life," said the Old Lady aloud to that wind.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sylvia Gray estava em seu quarto, pronta para a festa. Na frente dela, a Sra. Spencer e suas filhas a observavam com admiração. Outra observadora também estava presente. Lá fora, debaixo do arbusto de lilases, a Velha Senhora Lloyd observava. Ela podia ver Sylvia claramente, usando um vestido delicado com rosas rosa-claro no cabelo — as mesmas rosas que ela havia deixado para Sylvia naquele dia. Embora as rosas fossem rosa, as bochechas de Sylvia eram ainda mais rosadas, e seus olhos brilhavam como estrelas. Quando Amelia Spencer levantou a mão para ajustar uma rosa que havia escorregado, a Velha Senhora Lloyd sentiu uma inveja feroz dela.

### **Original English**

Sylvia Gray was standing in her room, ready for the party. Before her stood Mrs. Spencer and Amelia Spencer and all the little Spencer girls, in an admiring semi-circle. There was another spectator. Outside, under the lilac bush, Old Lady Lloyd was standing. She could see Sylvia plainly, in her dainty dress, with the pale pink roses Old Lady Lloyd had left at the beech that day for her in her hair. Pink as they were, they were not so pink as her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars. Amelia Spencer put up her hand to push back a rose that had fallen a little out of place, and the Old Lady envied her fiercely.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer comentou que o vestido caía em Sylvia como se tivesse sido feito para ela, então perguntou a Amelia quem poderia ter enviado uma peça tão bonita, acrescentando que Sylvia estava linda.

### **Original English**

"That dress couldn't have fitted better if it had been made for you," said Mrs. Spencer admiringly. "Ain't she lovely, Amelia? Who COULD have sent it?"

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# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **acknowledge** /ək'nɒlɪdʒ/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** reconhecer; acusar; admitir

**Simple English:** To accept or admit something as true or real.

**Example:** *He finally decided to acknowledge his mistake during the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He seemed surprised to see her and blushed, but she did not look at him or acknowledge him. [Back to B1](#)
2. She believed he had done great harm to her and her family, and she would never acknowledge him. [Back to B1](#)

## **adjusted** ə'dʒʌstɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ajustou

**Simple English:** To change something slightly to make it better.

**Example:** *Stimbol stood up and adjusted his pack.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady felt jealous when Amelia Spencer adjusted a rose in Sylvia's hair. [Back to B1](#)

## **America** ə'merɪkə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** América

**Simple English:** The continent of North or South America.

**Example:** *He could be in North or South America.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Now, a stranger from America had taken her away, and Theodora had gone with him willingly. [Back to B1](#)

**anymore** ,ɛni'mɔ:r (12 occurrences)

**Português:** mais

**Simple English:** No longer; not now.

**Example:** *I don't live there anymore.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady felt very sad that she did not have money anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Old Lady told Sylvia that she used to dislike Andrew Cameron, but she doesn't anymore.
3. He said he would not stop him anymore and gave him his blessing.
4. She said Joscelyn was not a 'little' girl anymore.
5. She told her to forget about the concert in Kensington and not to worry about it anymore.

**area** 'ɛəriə (10 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. Everyone in the area thought she belonged with Ludovic and would not try to interfere with him. [Back to B1](#)
2. She already had twenty students in the local area and in Grafton and Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)
3. She had found a small area in the woods where pink and white Mayflowers grew in the spring. [Back to B1](#)
4. The minister, who was new to the area, thought she had come to hear him preach. [Back to B1](#)
5. Two years earlier, a woman who collected old china had visited the area. [Back to B1](#)

**argument** 'ɑ:rgjument (6 occurrences)

**Português:** discussão

**Simple English:** a serious talk where people disagree

**Example:** *At the end of that summer, they had a bad argument.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. At the end of that summer, they had a bad argument. [Back to B1](#)
2. No one knew the reason for the argument.
3. Mrs. Frederick said she became angry when she thought about the whole situation, which seemed like a silly argument between children.
4. William Adolphus won the argument and kept his advantage.
5. A mysterious argument happened between Nancy and Peter, and nobody knew the reason.

**arrive** ə'raɪv (7 occurrences)

**Português:** chegar

**Simple English:** to come to a place

**Example:** *People would arrive soon.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But she saw Mrs. Kimball, the storekeeper's wife, arrive in the latest fashion. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was counting the hours until the day after tomorrow, which was when she would arrive.
3. Peggy also said she wished he would arrive soon because she was feeling nervous waiting.
4. Peggy and I sat on the stairs, waiting with excitement for Mr. MacPherson to arrive.
5. The narrator said they would drive Aunt Olivia to the station and arrive on time.

**assistant** əˈsɪstənt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** assistente

**Simple English:** A person who helps someone else with work.

**Example:** *He was the assistant and cook.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A helpful shop assistant, who understood what she needed, found a pretty muslin dress for her. [Back to B1](#)

**beliefs** bɪˈli:fs (2 occurrences)

**Português:** crenças

**Simple English:** ideas that someone thinks are true

**Example:** *They used their old beliefs to explain the miracle.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She was interested in beliefs and read a lot about them, but not so much about politics. [Back to B1](#)

2. Salome thought to herself that she should have disagreed with Judith for her beliefs.

**boyfriend** ˈbɔɪfrɛnd (5 occurrences)

**Português:** namorado

**Simple English:** A male partner in a romantic relationship.

**Example:** *She talked about her boyfriend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Ludovic was Theodora's boyfriend. [Back to B1](#)

2. They understood that Mr. Malcolm MacPherson must be Aunt Olivia's boyfriend.

3. Aunt Olivia explained that Mr. Malcolm MacPherson used to live nearby when she was a girl and he was her boyfriend.

4. She also became impatient when anyone, especially her father, teased her about her boyfriend.

5. Salome's young boyfriend was killed in an accident.

**braid** *breɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** trança

**Simple English:** hair made by twisting three parts together

**Example:** *She had dark red hair in a braid.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She rested her head, which had dark red hair in a braid, on the window frame. [Back to B1](#)

**cloth** */kloθ/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pano; tecido; trapo

**Simple English:** Material woven or knitted from fibers for making clothing.

**Example:** *She bought nice cloth to sew a dress for the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She wore silk dresses because she thought it was cheaper than buying new cloth from the store. [Back to B1](#)

**coins** *kɔɪnz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** moedas

**Simple English:** small flat pieces of metal used as money

**Example:** *They had many old coins.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Some children imagined she counted gold coins. [Back to B1](#)

**collect** *kə'lekt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** colecionar

**Simple English:** to bring things together in one place

**Example:** *They collect leaves in the park.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When it was time to collect money, Sylvia went to the organ. [Back to B1](#)

**collecting** *kə'lektɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** coletando

**Simple English:** gathering things together

**Example:** *He spent time collecting rubber and ivory.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They would run away if they saw her in the woods, collecting wood for her fire. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jimmy Kimball said that the Old Lady never went to church and often talked to herself when she was collecting sticks. [Back to B1](#)

**color** *'kʌlə* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** cor

**Simple English:** What something looks like, for example red or blue.

**Example:** *Her dress has a bright color.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He often talked about it with her and chose the color, but nothing happened. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Old Lady's face became pale, and a little color appeared on it, as if someone had hit her.

**confident** *'kɒnfɪdənt* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** confiante

**Simple English:** feeling sure about your abilities

**Example:** *He said they must be very confident to handle the situation.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He looked at his rival with clear defiance, and his touch on Theodora's arm showed his confident control. [Back to B1](#)
2. Because of this, she was confident that Sylvia would never think she was the one helping her.
3. They thought it was hurting her because his big, confident ways were difficult for her.
4. She had been a sweet-looking girl, but her natural charm faded, and she became shyer and less confident each year.

**confidently** *'kɒnfɪdəntli* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** confiante

**Simple English:** In a sure and positive way.

**Example:** *She spoke confidently in the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She left the store confidently. [Back to B1](#)

**confused** */kən'fju:zd/* (11 occurrences)

**Português:** confuso; confundido; baralhado

**Simple English:** Feeling uncertain because something is unclear or hard understand.

**Example:** *He felt confused after reading the instructions multiple times without clarity.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Ludovic was very surprised and confused. [Back to B1](#)
2. She saw immediately that the Old Lady was sick and confused, not insane.
3. Felix looked confused and told Mr. Blair that he did not understand.
4. Mrs. George was confused by the reaction.
5. She said he was related to Lucinda and George, but she was confused about the exact family connections and suggested asking Uncle John for details.

**contact** */'kɒntækt/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** contato; contactar; fale

**Simple English:** To communicate with someone by calling or writing directly.

**Example:** *If you need help, please contact me by email.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Sometimes, she wished for human contact, but she was too proud. [Back to B1](#)
2. Pa asked how they could contact the brother since nobody knew his address.

**control** *kən'troul* (8 occurrences)

**Português:** controle

**Simple English:** The ability to manage yourself or something.

**Example:** *She showed great self-control.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He looked at his rival with clear defiance, and his touch on Theodora's arm showed his confident control. [Back to B1](#)
2. Playing music made him feel strong emotions that he could not control.
3. In the end, he had to stop trying to control her.
4. Also, I felt Mrs. Allan needed to be shown that she could not control everyone.
5. The narrator warned Alexander Abraham to control the dog.

**criticize** /'krɪtɪsaɪz/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** criticar

**Simple English:** To judge something based on positive or negative points.

**Example:** *It's important to criticize ideas while remaining respectful of the person.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The minister made one small mistake in what he said, but Old Lady Lloyd did not criticize him, so he did not realize it. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator did not know what he said, but knew that when Mr. Leonard did get angry and criticize someone, that person would remember it for a long time.

**decorated** 'dekəreɪtɪd (2 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. It was a large jug decorated with grapes and a poem. [Back to B1](#)
2. She looked very decorated.

**described** *dɪ'skraɪbd* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** descreveram

**Simple English:** Told details about something or someone.

**Example:** *They described the strange animal they saw.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Janet described her as an unusual old woman who was rich but wore old clothes. [Back to B1](#)
2. The only person helping her was Maggie Peterson, who was described as a simple person.
3. She described them as very determined people, like their maternal grandfather, Absalom Gordon, who was known for his stubbornness.
4. She added that she had eight children herself, or she might have considered it, and described the baby as a fine little boy.

**deserved** *dɪ'zɜːvd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** merecia

**Simple English:** Rightfully earned something because of actions.

**Example:** *She deserved the prize for her hard work.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought she deserved it because her singing voice was amazing, like an angel. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt he deserved her reaction because of the music he played.

**detail** *'di:teɪl/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** detalhe; pormenor; detalhar

**Simple English:** To explain something thoroughly with specific information.

**Example:** *In her presentation, she will detail the findings of her latest research project.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She looked at Sylvia with great pleasure, enjoying every detail. [Back to B1](#)

**difference** *'dɪfərəns* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** diferença

**Simple English:** The way two things are not the same.

**Example:** *The only difference was that the girl's face looked strong and kind.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The only difference was that the girl's face looked strong and kind, while the Old Lady remembered the other face as being weaker. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her guess was right, with only a small difference.

**discover** *dɪs'klʌvər* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** descobrir

**Simple English:** To find or learn something that you did not know before.

**Example:** *She was not afraid Sylvia would discover her.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady was not afraid that Sylvia would discover her, because these flowers grew in many gardens in Spencervale. [Back to B1](#)
2. She found Nancy's ability to guess her thoughts strange and felt scared to stay longer, worried Nancy might discover all her secrets.

**earn** *ɜːrn* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ganhar

**Simple English:** to get money by working

**Example:** *He asked how people earn money.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It is also hard to be happy when you have very little money and only earn a small amount from the eggs your hens lay, and this is all that stops you from starving. [Back to B1](#)

**eyebrows** *'aɪ,braʊzɪz* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** sobrancelhas

**Simple English:** The lines of hair above your eyes.

**Example:** *His eyes shone from under thick eyebrows.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also had large, blue eyes with dark lashes and eyebrows. [Back to B1](#)

2. The boy had her dark gray eyes, her delicate features, and her well-shaped eyebrows.

**eyelashes** 'aɪləʃɪz (2 occurrences)

**Português:** cílios

**Simple English:** The short hairs that grow on the edges of your eyelids.

**Example:** *She quickly lowered her long eyelashes when looked at.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She noticed Sylvia's shiny hair, the way she quickly lowered her long eyelashes when someone looked at her too directly, and her beautiful hands holding her hymn book. [Back to B1](#)
2. She pictured his long eyelashes on his red, tear-covered cheeks and his small hands held over his chest, which was his usual way.

**fancier** 'fænsiə (1 occurrence)

**Português:** mais sofisticado

**Simple English:** More decorative or expensive.

**Example:** *Her jewelry was much fancier, with many diamonds.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Even though other girls wore fancier clothes, Sylvia was more beautiful than them. [Back to B1](#)

**forever** /fɔː'evər/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** eternamente; sempre; tempão

**Simple English:** Describing a period of time with no end.

**Example:** *I will love you forever, no matter what happens.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She believed that if she did not take the first step to change her situation with Ludovic, she would be alone forever. [Back to B1](#)
2. Margaret realized she had lost love from her life forever. [Back to B1](#)

**formal** *'fɔ:rməl* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** formal

**Simple English:** Following rules or customs strictly.

**Example:** *She wore formal clothes to the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Janet also said she would not like to know her because she was afraid of her, mentioning her formal manner and sharp eyes. [Back to B1](#)
2. Romney stood up and gave a very formal bow to the person who had spoken.
3. Aunt Olivia said this in a very formal way, as if she were reading an announcement from a newspaper.
4. When she was ready, she looked very neat and formal.

**Frame** */freɪm/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** quadro; moldura; armação

**Simple English:** A border surrounding a picture, mirror, or artwork.

**Example:** *I bought a beautiful frame for my favorite artwork to display.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She rested her head, which had dark red hair in a braid, on the window frame. [Back to B1](#)
2. She rested her head against the window frame and thought about happy old memories.

**goodnight** *gud'nait* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** boa noite

**Simple English:** Words used when going to sleep.

**Example:** *She said goodnight and went to bed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She said it was time for stars and goodnight, and then she left quietly. [Back to B1](#)
2. She told Romney to change his wet clothes immediately and said goodnight.

**group** *gru:p* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** grupo

**Simple English:** several people or things together

**Example:** *A group of friends went to the park.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As the group came closer, the Old Lady looked at the young woman with interest. [Back to B1](#)
2. Everyone thought she was with another group.

**handled** *'hændəld* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** cuidaram

**Simple English:** managed or took care of something

**Example:** *They handled the guards until midnight.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Theodora handled a difficult situation very well. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt she had handled the meeting well because she had not shown any fear or surprise. [Back to B1](#)

**happily** *'hæpɪli* (20 occurrences)

**Português:** felizmente

**Simple English:** in a happy way

**Example:** *She smiled happily at the good news.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne was happily thinking about her dreams. [Back to B1](#)
2. She remembered when she used to welcome each new day happily, like a friend bringing good news. [Back to B1](#)
3. She watched them walk down the path happily. [Back to B1](#)
4. She walked happily through the woods. [Back to B1](#)
5. She happily said she loved Mayflowers and thought they were very sweet. [Back to B1](#)

## helpful *ˈhɛlpfəl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** útil

**Simple English:** Showing help or assistance.

**Example:** *He said he would not be helpful to the tribe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A helpful shop assistant, who understood what she needed, found a pretty muslin dress for her. [Back to B1](#)
2. While listening to the doctor, the narrator realized this was a difficult situation, but decided it was not helpful to make it worse.

## holiday *ˈhɒlədeɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** férias

**Simple English:** time off work or usual duties

**Example:** *The minister was on holiday.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne was visiting for two weeks during her holiday at Echo Lodge. [Back to B1](#)

## ignore */ɪgˈnɔːr/* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ignorar

**Simple English:** To intentionally pay no attention to someone or something.

**Example:** *It's not polite to ignore someone when they are speaking to you.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne said she was going to be curious and a little rude, and Theodora could ignore her if she wanted. [Back to B1](#)
2. Abel told Felix to ignore it and play something happy and pure from his own feelings, not to try to understand Abel's mind.

## impressive *ɪmˈpreɪsɪv* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** impressionante

**Simple English:** making a strong positive feeling

**Example:** *The ape people think impressive things are male.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Ludovic continued his impressive actions. [Back to B1](#)

2. Her elegant way of standing and her figure were so impressive that her clothes did not seem to matter. [Back to B1](#)
3. When he saw the house, he felt nervous because it was a large and impressive place with beautiful gardens.
4. The hall was very impressive, and through the open doors, he could see beautiful rooms that looked like a palace to him.
5. He was a very impressive-looking man.

### **informed** *in'fɔrmd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** informou

**Simple English:** Told someone new information.

**Example:** *He informed them his warriors surrounded their camp.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mary thought the other children did not know what they were talking about and that their families were not very well-informed. [Back to B1](#)

### **local** *'ləʊkəl* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** local

**Simple English:** from the nearby place

**Example:** *The local people live in this village.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She already had twenty students in the local area and in Grafton and Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)
2. Janet looked back sternly, meaning that if Felix went to the local school, she could not be responsible for what he learned besides his studies.
3. He saw the news about his sister's death in a local newspaper.

### **motivated** *'məʊtɪveɪtɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** motivado

**Simple English:** Having a reason to do something.

**Example:** *They were not motivated by politics or power.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She worried that this might make Ludovic feel hopeless instead of motivated. [Back to B1](#)

**nearby** ˌniərˈbaɪ (6 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady heard children laughing nearby. [Back to B1](#)
2. As she was about to leave, a boy named Teddy Kimball, who lived nearby, ran down a hill towards her.
3. Aunt Olivia explained that Mr. Malcolm MacPherson used to live nearby when she was a girl and he was her boyfriend.
4. Sometimes Pa would not go to sales for six months, but then he would go to many sales nearby and bring home many unsuitable items.
5. The narrator and Thomas were nearby and heard everything.

**pace** /peɪs/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ritmo; passo; palma

**Simple English:** The speed at which someone moves or runs.

**Example:** *She maintained a steady pace during the long marathon run.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He walked home quickly, not his usual slow pace, showing that he was upset. [Back to B1](#)

**playful** ˈpleɪfəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** brincalhão

**Simple English:** Full of fun and games.

**Example:** *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was an older, handsome man with a playful nature. [Back to B1](#)
2. Nancy was clearly enjoying herself very much, and the playful part of this adventure made her very happy.

## **polite** *pə'laɪt* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** educado

**Simple English:** showing good manners

**Example:** *She is always polite to strangers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne stopped dreaming and thought it was polite to leave. [Back to B1](#)
2. But she was very pleasant in her polite way, and he was happy. [Back to B1](#)
3. Although the Old Lady would have preferred to be in the sitting-room with the younger girls, she accepted the chair to be polite.
4. She acted even more polite than usual.
5. But Andrew Cameron was very polite.

## **preach** *prɪ:tʃ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pregar

**Simple English:** To give a religious or moral speech.

**Example:** *The pastor preaches every Sunday.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The minister, who was new to the area, thought she had come to hear him preach. [Back to B1](#)

## **problem** *'prɔ:bləm* (17 occurrences)

**Português:** problema

**Simple English:** something difficult or wrong

**Example:** *He had a problem with the new rule.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady had already forgotten him and his small problem. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Old Lady found it difficult to solve her problem quickly.
3. Andrew Cameron told her it was no problem.
4. She did what she was told and accepted the nurse's help without any problem.
5. Aunty Nan was crying and told Jordan her problem.

### **raised** *reɪzd* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** criada

**Simple English:** Looked after and helped to grow.

**Example:** *She raised her children with love.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. An aunt raised her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ma said she would not take another child because she had already raised one.
3. Salome was allowed to love him as much as she wanted, but Judith watched carefully how he was raised.

### **recognize** *'rɛkəg,naɪz* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** reconhecer

**Simple English:** To know someone or something you have seen before.

**Example:** *I recognize that face from school.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Even from far away, people could recognize him. [Back to B1](#)
2. He arrived one evening, looking very clean and well-dressed, so much so that the narrator did not recognize him at first.

### **reply** *rɪ'plaɪ* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** resposta

**Simple English:** Answer or respond to a question or letter.

**Example:** *He sent a quick reply to the email.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He wrote letters later, but Margaret, who was still proud and upset, sent a harsh reply. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Old Lady did not reply. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then she left before Anne could reply.

**reputation** /,ˌrɛpjuˈteɪʃən/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** reputação; fama

**Simple English:** General opinion public holds about someone based on past.

**Example:** *Her reputation as a honest leader helped her win the election.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He believed his reputation as a preacher had brought her to church. [Back to B1](#)

**sadness** 'sædnəs (12 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. His blue eyes looked pleasant and thoughtful, with a little sadness. [Back to B1](#)

2. The Old Lady felt she could not bear the sadness. [Back to B1](#)

3. She lay awake one night, crying from sadness. [Back to B1](#)

4. She felt a deep sadness in her soul, more than hunger for food. [Back to B1](#)

5. She spoke about her sadness over her old clothes, her difficult life, and feeling ashamed because she paid less than other women in the Sewing Circle.

**safe** seɪf (1 occurrence)

**Português:** seguro

**Simple English:** Protected from danger or harm.

**Example:** *Keep your money safe in a bank.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. By the next morning, everyone in Spencervale knew that Old Lady Lloyd had gone to town with a box she kept very safe. [Back to B1](#)

## **serious** *'sɹiəs* (19 occurrences)

**Português:** sério

**Simple English:** not smiling or laughing; thoughtful or important

**Example:** *His face looked very serious and powerful.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne watched her and thought Theodora was very beautiful and looked very serious. [Back to B1](#)
2. He stood tall and serious, with his head back and shoulders straight. [Back to B1](#)
3. Abel believed that it was very wrong to go against God's plans for someone's life, and he thought this might be a very serious sin.
4. People in Carmody would not have believed he could blush, but the child's serious face made his weathered cheek turn red.
5. Janet was a small, kind-faced woman with a serious mouth.

## **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. She noticed Sylvia's shiny hair, the way she quickly lowered her long eyelashes when someone looked at her too directly, and her beautiful hands holding her hymn book. [Back to B1](#)
2. This colour made her red hair look shiny and her skin look clear and bright.
3. Louisa looked admiringly at Nancy's neat figure, her healthy face, and her shiny brown hair.

## **shipping** */'ʃɪpɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** envio

**Simple English:** Sending goods from one place to another.

**Example:** *The company paid for the shipping of the package.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She asked for the dress to be sent immediately, with all shipping costs paid, to Miss Sylvia Gray, who was staying with William Spencer in Spencervale.

[Back to B1](#)

**shop** /ʃɒp (1 occurrence)

**Português:** loja

**Simple English:** A place where people buy and sell things.

**Example:** *There were signs above the shop doors.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A helpful shop assistant, who understood what she needed, found a pretty muslin dress for her. [Back to B1](#)

**shortcut** /ˈʃɔ:tkʌt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** atalho

**Simple English:** A quicker way to a place than the usual route.

**Example:** *They used a shortcut through the woods to get there faster.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This path was a shortcut for his children to go to school. [Back to B1](#)
2. She decided she must see him and believed there was still time to reach the station before his train left if she took a shortcut through the fields.

**smart** sma:rt (3 occurrences)

**Português:** inteligente

**Simple English:** clever and able to solve problems

**Example:** *The smart boy quickly answered the question.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was well-read and often surprised Anne with his smart comments about the world. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ludovic, who was usually very quiet, felt very angry as he sat and listened to Arnold's smart conversation. [Back to B1](#)
3. She said she knew the girl was not very smart, but she did not know she was so strange.

**someday** 'sʌmdeɪ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** algum dia

**Simple English:** at some time in the future

**Example:** *Someday I want to visit Europe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She added that he liked her and intended to ask her to marry him someday, but she wondered if that day would ever come. [Back to B1](#)

**specific** spə'sɪfɪk (3 occurrences)

**Português:** específico

**Simple English:** special and clear, not general

**Example:** *She had a specific goal to finish the work.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Sylvia explained she had wanted to see her for a specific reason. [Back to B1](#)

2. They believed her wish to marry would be stronger than the problems with this specific marriage, but they realized that some people are naturally very set in their ways.

3. After filling her jug, she continued to walk without a specific plan.

**succeed** sək'si:d (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ter sucesso

**Simple English:** To do well or achieve a goal.

**Example:** *He had the best chance to succeed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He joked that he would be known in Grafton as the man who wanted Theodora Dix but did not succeed in getting her. [Back to B1](#)

2. They explained that they usually succeed when they decide to do something and are known for this.

**support** *sə'pɔ:rt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** apoio

**Simple English:** help by holding or giving strength

**Example:** *She put her hands on his shoulders for support.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They wanted to support her for coming to church. [Back to B1](#)

**surrounded** *sə'raʊndɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** rodeado

**Simple English:** Being all around something or someone.

**Example:** *The house was surrounded by many spruce trees.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It was a small house with large chimneys and windows, surrounded by many spruce trees. [Back to B1](#)

**trait** *treɪt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** característica

**Simple English:** A quality or feature of a person or thing.

**Example:** *Kindness is a good trait.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne suggested that Ludovic was an extreme example of this Speed family trait. [Back to B1](#)
2. She explained that what happened was like a trait from her family's past, and that her Grandfather Gordon was responsible for it.

**travel** *'trævl* (6 occurrences)

**Português:** viajar

**Simple English:** To go from one place to another.

**Example:** *Tarzan likes to travel in wild places.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Young people had to travel far to find them. [Back to B1](#)
2. On a cold autumn morning, the Old Lady decided to travel to Charlottetown.

3. Mrs. William explained that Aunt Nan was not well enough to travel to Kensington.
4. She wrote to Old Man Shaw to say she would finish school in June and travel home a week after that.
5. She explained that she had found a way to travel earlier and arrived on the Island the previous night.

**understandable** ʌndər'stændəbl (4 occurrences)

**Português:** compreensível

**Simple English:** Easy to understand or accept.

**Example:** *Her sadness is understandable after what happened.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The Old Lady thought it was understandable that Andrew Cameron had been surprised. [Back to B1](#)
2. Living in such a place, it was understandable that he might hate women, or even the whole human race.
3. The speaker thought it was understandable why Stephen then went to see Lizzie Pye.
4. Someone said that Peter Wright looked gray and tired, which was understandable given his life.

**unique** ju'nik (1 occurrence)

**Português:** único

**Simple English:** one of a kind

**Example:** *This city is unique in the world.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. His appearance was very unique. [Back to B1](#)

**unwell** ʌn'wel (4 occurrences)

**Português:** doente

**Simple English:** not feeling healthy

**Example:** *She felt unwell and stayed home.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Crooked Jack had seen her leave and thought she looked unwell, pale and thin. [Back to B1](#)

2. The waiting room was cold, and she felt unwell.
3. She looked very unwell, with a red face and wild eyes.
4. The Old Lady asked Sylvia if she knew why she loved her so much, wondering if she had said this when she was unwell.

**villagers** *'vɪlɪdʒərz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** moradores da vila

**Simple English:** people who live in a small village

**Example:** *When the last person was outside, the villagers closed the gates.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The villagers were surprised that Old Lady Lloyd seemed to have so much money. [Back to B1](#)

**wake** *wɛɪk* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** acordar

**Simple English:** to stop sleeping

**Example:** *She explained that Uhha would wake Obebe.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She did not want to wake up and live it. [Back to B1](#)
2. She did not wake her, but took the red roses she was wearing and put them softly into Aunt Nan's hands.