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# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**

## Further Chronicles of Avonlea

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B2**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

### OUTRAS CRÔNICAS DE AVONLEA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **Further Chronicles of Avonlea**

## **Outras Crônicas de Avonlea**

**L. M. Montgomery**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

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Obra original: Further Chronicles of Avonlea

Autor: L. M. Montgomery

Primeira publicação: 1920

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# Introdução

## Como ler este livro

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

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

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

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

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

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

## Como usar as notas

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

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

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

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

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

### **Como usar o glossário**

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

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

O link [Back to B1](#) retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

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

### **Sobre este livro**

Further Chronicles of Avonlea é uma coleção de quinze contos de L. M. Montgomery, ambientada na vila fictícia de Avonlea, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. As histórias exploram a vida, os amores e as peculiaridades dos habitantes locais, com um tom nostálgico e suave que mescla humor e comoção. Embora frequentemente associada à série de Anne Shirley, Anne aparece apenas em um conto, 'The Little Brown Book of Miss Emily', onde narra e é protagonista, e é brevemente mencionada em outros dois. Outros personagens familiares como Diana Barry, Marilla Cuthbert e Rachel Lynde fazem aparições menores. Os conflitos centrais giram em torno de dilemas pessoais, mal-entendidos românticos e escolhas morais. Por exemplo, em 'Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat', o apego de uma mulher ao seu gato causa tensão familiar; em 'The Conscience Case of David Bell', um homem luta com um segredo do passado. As histórias progridem através de vinhetas episódicas, cada uma focando em um personagem ou situação diferente, muitas vezes culminando em uma revelação silenciosa ou mudança de coração. O cenário — as

paisagens pastorais de Avonlea — serve como pano de fundo para esses dramas íntimos, enfatizando comunidade e tradição. A prosa de Montgomery é calorosa e descritiva, capturando os ritmos da vida rural. A coleção oferece um mosaico de experiências humanas, do romance juvenil à reflexão na velhice, sem uma trama única abrangente. Os leitores são convidados a mergulhar no mundo de Avonlea, onde pequenos eventos carregam profundo peso emocional.

### **Nota editorial**

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# Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat

**Pt/En** Max felt good about the animal later, and the narrator agreed that things ended well. However, the narrator remembered the great worry and unhappiness that she and Ismay felt because of the terrible cat. This made her feel sad, not happy.

**Pt/En** The narrator did not like cats very much. She said she could accept a calm, older cat that was useful. Ismay, however, always hated cats.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia loved cats and could not understand why anyone would dislike them. She believed that Ismay and the narrator secretly liked cats but refused to admit it.

**Pt/En** The narrator disliked Aunt Cynthia's white Persian cat the most. It seemed Aunt Cynthia was more proud of the cat than she loved it. She would have preferred a normal cat, but the Persian cat was expensive and had a pedigree, which made Aunt Cynthia feel very proud and believe it was her favorite.

**Pt/En** A missionary nephew gave Aunt Cynthia the cat from Persia when it was a kitten. For three years, the household served the cat. It was white with a blue-gray spot on its tail, had blue eyes, was deaf, and was delicate. Aunt Cynthia worried constantly that it would get sick and die. Ismay and the narrator wished it would die because they were tired of hearing about its problems. They did not tell Aunt Cynthia this because they did not want to upset her. It was wise to stay friends with an aunt who had money. They did like Aunt Cynthia, but she could be annoying, always finding fault until they felt angry, and then she would do something kind, making them feel they should love her.

**Pt/En** They listened quietly when she talked about Fatima, the cat. They knew it was wrong to wish the cat would die, and they were punished for it later.

**Pt/En** One day in November, Aunt Cynthia arrived at Spencervale. She came in a carriage pulled by a pony, but she seemed very grand, like a ship with full sails.

**Pt/En** It was a bad day for everyone. Ismay spilled something on her coat, the new blouse was made wrong, the kitchen stove smoked, and

the bread was bad. Also, Huldah Jane, their nurse and cook, had a sore shoulder. When she felt like this, others in the house felt very uncomfortable.

**Pt/En** On top of all these problems, Aunt Cynthia called and asked for something.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia asked if she could smell smoke.

**Pt/En** The speaker told the girls they were not managing their stove well because hers never made smoke.

**Pt/En** She added that this was expected when two girls tried to

**Pt/En** keep a house without a man to help.

**Pt/En** The narrator replied proudly that they managed very well without a man. Max had not visited for four days, and although no one particularly wanted to see him, the narrator wondered why. She thought men were a nuisance.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia replied in an annoying way that the narrator probably liked to pretend men were a nuisance, but no woman truly thought that. She guessed that Anne Shirley, who was visiting Ella Kimball, did not think so either. Aunt Cynthia had seen Anne and Dr. Irving walking together that afternoon, looking very happy. She warned the narrator that if she waited much longer, Max might get away.

**Pt/En** The speaker was angry because her aunt said something not very kind. The speaker had refused Max Irving many times before. She smiled sweetly at her aunt, even though she was upset.

**Pt/En** The speaker replied calmly, saying her aunt's comment was funny. She suggested that her aunt was talking as if she wanted Max.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia told the speaker that she did want Max.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked why she would refuse Max many times if she wanted him. She smiled as she asked this. Aunt Cynthia knew that Max always told her the truth about this.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia said she did not know why the speaker refused Max, but warned that she might refuse him too many times and then he would accept her offer. She thought Anne Shirley was very interesting.

**Pt/En** The speaker agreed and said that the woman had very beautiful eyes. They thought she would be a good wife for Max and hoped he would marry her.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia made a sound of doubt. She said she would not encourage the speaker to tell more lies. She explained she had not come in the bad weather to talk about Max. She told the speaker that she was going to Halifax for two months and wanted the speaker to look after Fatima for her during that time.

**Pt/En** The speaker exclaimed in surprise, "Fatima!"

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia confirmed it was Fatima. She said she did not trust the servants with her. She instructed the speaker to always warm Fatima's milk before giving it to her and to never let her go outside.

**Pt/En** The speaker and Ismay looked at each other, knowing they would have to agree. Refusing would greatly upset Aunt Cynthia. Also, if the speaker showed any unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would think it was because of her comments about Max and would remind them of it for years. However, the speaker asked what would happen if something bad occurred to Fatima while Aunt Cynthia was away.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia explained that she was leaving Fatima with them to prevent something bad from happening. She told them they must keep Fatima safe and that it would be good for them to have responsibility. She also said they would discover how lovely Fatima was. She confirmed that Fatima would be sent to them the next day.

**Pt/En** After Aunt Cynthia left, Ismay told the other person that they could look after the unpleasant Fatima themselves. She said she would not go near Fatima and that they should not have agreed to take her.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked crossly if they had said they would take Fatima. She explained that Aunt Cynthia had assumed they would agree and that they could not have refused. She asked what the point was in being unhappy about it.

**Pt/En** Ismay said darkly that if anything happened to Fatima, Aunt Cynthia would blame them.

**Pt/En** Someone asked if they thought Anne Shirley was really engaged to Gilbert Blythe.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked with interest.

**Pt/En** Ismay said she had heard the person was ill. She asked if the person ate only milk and if giving her mice would be acceptable.

**Pt/En** The narrator thought it was possible but asked if Max had truly fallen in love with the person.

**Pt/En** Someone suggested it would be a great relief for the narrator if Max had fallen in love.

**Pt/En** The narrator replied coldly that Anne Shirley or anyone else was welcome to Max if she wanted him, but the narrator did not. She told Ismay Meade that if the stove did not stop smoking, she would become very upset, calling the day terrible and expressing dislike for a certain person.

**Pt/En** Ismay told the speaker not to talk like that, as they did not know Anne Shirley. She added that everyone thought Anne Shirley was lovely.

**Pt/En** The speaker, very angry, shouted that they were talking about Fatima.

**Pt/En** Ismay responded with "Oh!".

**Pt/En** The speaker thought Ismay was sometimes stupid, especially when she said "Oh" in a way that seemed very foolish.

**Pt/En** Fatima arrived the next day, brought by Max in a special basket. Max explained how to care for Fatima. After Ismay left the room, Max asked the speaker to marry him again. The speaker always refused, but she was pleased because Max had proposed about every two months for two years. She thought that if he proposed less often, he might not be very interested in her. She did not want to marry Max, but she liked having him around. She felt it would be a shame if another girl married him because he was very helpful with many tasks, like fixing the roof or driving them places.

**Pt/En** I smiled at him when I said no. Max started counting on his fingers. He counted to eight, but then he shook his head and started again.

**Pt/En** I asked Max what it was.

**Pt/En** Max explained that he was trying to count how many times he had proposed to me. He was not sure if he had asked me to marry him on the day they dug up the garden, and if he had, it would change the total number.

**Pt/En** I told him that he had not proposed on that day.

**Pt/En** Max thought for a moment and said that this meant he had proposed eleven times. He added that he felt he was close to his limit, as he did not want to propose to the same girl more than twelve times. He told me that the next time would be the last.

**Pt/En** The speaker said "Oh" without much feeling. She did not mind Max calling her "darling". She thought it would be boring when Max stopped asking her to marry him, as it was her only excitement. To change the subject, she asked Max what Miss Shirley was like.

**Pt/En** Max replied that Miss Shirley was a very sweet girl. He said he always liked girls with gray eyes and Titian hair.

**Pt/En** The speaker had dark hair and brown eyes. At that moment, she really disliked Max. She stood up and said she was going to get some milk for Fatima.

**Pt/En** She found Ismay very angry in the kitchen. Ismay had been in the attic, and a mouse had run over her foot. Mice always made Ismay nervous.

**Pt/En** Ismay complained that they really needed a cat, but not a useless pet like Fatima. She said the attic was full of mice and she would not go up there again.

**Pt/En** Fatima was not as much trouble as they had feared. Huldah Jane liked her. Ismay said she would not have anything to do with Fatima, but she took good care of her. Ismay even checked if Fatima was warm at night. Max visited every day and gave them good advice.

**Pt/En** About three weeks after Aunt Cynthia left, Fatima disappeared. They had left her sleeping in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's watch, while they went out. When they returned home, Fatima was gone.

**Pt/En** Huldah Jane was very upset and cried a lot. She said she had watched Fatima all the time, except for three minutes when she went to

the attic. When she returned, the kitchen door had blown open and Fatima had vanished.

Pt/En Ismay and the narrator were very worried. They searched the garden, out-houses, and the woods behind the house, calling for Fatima, but found nothing. Then, Ismay sat on the front steps and cried.

Pt/En Ismay worried that Fatima had gone outside and would get very cold.

Pt/En The speaker was sure that Cynthia would never forgive them.

Pt/En The speaker announced they were going to get Max. They ran quickly through the woods and fields, feeling thankful that Max was someone they could go to for help in this difficult situation.

Pt/En Max came over, and they searched again but found nothing. Days went by, but they did not find Fatima. The speaker felt they would have gone crazy without Max's help during the difficult week that followed. They did not want Aunt Cynthia to see an advertisement, so they asked many people in different places if they had seen a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail, and offered a reward. Many people brought different cats to the house, hoping they were the lost one, but no one had seen Fatima.

Pt/En One afternoon, the speaker told Max and Ismay they felt they would never see Fatima again. This was after they had turned away an old woman who was sure her big yellow cat was the one they had lost. The woman said the cat had come to her house making loud noises and did not belong to anyone in her area.

Pt/En Max replied that he was afraid the speaker was right. He thought the cat had probably died from the cold a long time ago.

Pt/En Ismay said sadly that Aunt Cynthia would never forgive them. She felt that trouble would happen as soon as the cat arrived.

Pt/En The narrator had not heard of this feeling before. However, Ismay often had feelings about things, but only after they had already happened.

Pt/En The narrator asked helplessly what they should do. They asked Max if he could find a way to solve their problem.

**Pt/En** Max suggested they should put an advertisement in the Charlottetown newspapers to find a white Persian cat. He said they must buy one if someone had it for sale, and give it to their Aunt Cynthia as Fatima. He explained that she was very short-sighted, so it would be possible to trick her.

**Pt/En** The narrator pointed out that Fatima had a blue spot on her tail.

**Pt/En** Max told them they had to put an advertisement in the newspaper to find a cat. He said the cat needed to have a blue spot on its tail.

**Pt/En** Max told them they had to put an advertisement in the newspaper to find a cat. He said the cat needed to have a blue spot on its tail.

**Pt/En** Ismay said that finding the cat would cost a lot of money. She mentioned that Fatima had been valued at one hundred dollars.

**Pt/En** The narrator explained that they would have to use the money they had saved for new furs. They felt it was the only option. The narrator also worried that Aunt Cynthia might get angry and think they had lost Fatima on purpose, which would cause more problems.

**Pt/En** So, they placed an advertisement. Max went to the newspaper office and put the notice in the main daily paper. The ad asked anyone who had a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail for sale to contact M. I. at the Enterprise newspaper.

**Pt/En** They did not have much hope that anything would happen, so they were surprised and happy when Max brought a letter from town four days later. The letter was typed and came from Halifax. It said that someone had a white Persian cat for sale that matched their description. The price was 110 dollars. If M. I. wanted to go to Halifax to see the cat, it was at 110 Hollis Street. They should ask for "Persian".

**Pt/En** Ismay told them to control their happiness. He said the cat might not be suitable. The blue spot might be in the wrong place, or the wrong size. He did not believe anything good could come from this bad situation.

**Pt/En** At that moment, someone knocked at the door. The narrator went to open it. It was the postmaster's boy with a telegram. The narrator opened it quickly, looked at it, and ran back into the room.

**Pt/En** Ismay saw the narrator's face and asked what the news was.

**Pt/En** The narrator showed Ismay the telegram. It was from Aunt Cynthia. She had sent a message telling them to send Fatima to Halifax by express train right away.

**Pt/En** Max did not seem ready to suggest something, which was unusual. The narrator spoke first.

**Pt/En** The narrator asked Max for help, explaining that neither Ismay nor the narrator could go to Halifax right away. Max had to go the next morning to 110 Hollis Street and ask for a cat named 'Persian'. The narrator told Max to buy the cat if it looked like Fatima and take it to Aunt Cynthia, believing it would look similar.

**Pt/En** Max replied that his agreement depended on certain things.

**Pt/En** The narrator was surprised by Max's response, as it was not typical behavior for him.

**Pt/En** Max said that the task was a difficult one. He was unsure if Aunt Cynthia would be fooled, even if she had poor eyesight. He thought buying a cat as a joke was risky, and he would be in trouble if Aunt Cynthia discovered the plan.

**Pt/En** The speaker was very upset and said to Max, "Oh, Max."

**Pt/En** Max looked thoughtfully into the fire. He said that if he was really part of the family, or expected to be, he would not mind the situation so much. He explained that it would be part of his normal work. But he felt it was different now.

**Pt/En** Ismay stood up and left the room.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked Max again, "Oh, Max, please."

**Pt/En** Max asked Sue sternly if she would marry him. He said that if she agreed, he would go to Halifax and deal with the problem bravely. He promised to do anything, even lie, to help her get out of trouble, but only if she would be his future wife.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked helplessly if nothing else would make the other person happy.

**Pt/En** The other person answered that nothing would.

**Pt/En** The speaker thought hard. She knew Max was behaving badly, but he was a good person. She felt that life would be very sad without Max. She also remembered that Aunt Cynthia had always tried to push them together since Max arrived in Spencervale, and she would have married him earlier if that had not happened.

**Pt/En** The speaker replied crossly that it was fine.

**Pt/En** Max left for Halifax the next morning. They received a message saying everything was okay. The evening after that, he returned to Spencervale. Ismay and the speaker placed him in a chair and looked at him with impatience.

**Pt/En** Max laughed a lot, so much that he looked very blue.

**Pt/En** Ismay spoke seriously and said she was glad it was funny. She added that if she and Sue could understand the joke, it would be even funnier.

**Pt/En** Max asked the girls to be patient with him. He explained that if they knew how hard it was for him to stay serious in Halifax, they would understand why he was laughing now.

**Pt/En** The narrator told Max they forgave him and asked him to tell them everything about it.

**Pt/En** Max explained that when he arrived in Halifax, he went quickly to 110 Hollis Street. He then asked if the narrator had not told him that the Aunt's address was 10 Pleasant Street.

**Pt/En** He agreed.

**Pt/En** The other person said it was not true. They advised to check the address on the next telegram. They explained that the woman had gone a week before to visit a friend at 110 Hollis Street.

**Pt/En** Someone called out "Max!"

**Pt/En** The speaker confirmed it was true. They rang the bell and were about to ask the maid for 'Persian' when Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and quickly approached them.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia asked Max if he had brought Fatima.

**Pt/En** The speaker said no. They were trying to understand the new situation as they were taken into the library. They explained that they had come to Halifax for a small business matter.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia said she was annoyed. She did not understand why the girls had not sent Fatima. She was expecting a call from someone who wanted to buy the cat.

**Pt/En** The speaker reacted with surprise, feeling they were discovering more important information.

**Pt/En** Aunt Cynthia continued, explaining that she had put an advertisement in the newspaper for a Persian cat. She said Fatima was expensive and might die, so she had decided to sell her, even though she was fond of the cat.

**Pt/En** By this time, the speaker felt more confident and decided that telling a partial truth would be the best approach.

**Pt/En** The speaker exclaimed that it was a very strange coincidence.

**Pt/En** The speaker told Miss Ridley that they had advertised for a Persian cat for Sue.

**Pt/En** Sue and Ismay wanted a cat like Fatima.

**Pt/En** Sue and Ismay wanted a cat like Fatima for themselves.

**Pt/En** The speaker said that Miss Ridley looked very happy. She mentioned that Miss Ridley always liked cats but never admitted it. They agreed on the deal, and the speaker gave Miss Ridley the one hundred and ten dollars. Miss Ridley accepted the money, and now they were the joint owners of Fatima. The speaker wished them good luck with their purchase.

**Pt/En** Ismay said that Aunt Cynthia was a mean old thing. The narrator agreed, thinking about their own old and poor-quality furs.

**Pt/En** The narrator expressed doubt about Fatima's existence. They wondered how they would explain Fatima to Aunt Cynthia when she returned home.

**Pt/En** Someone explained that Aunt Cynthia would not be home for a month. They advised telling her the cat was lost, but not when it happened. They also said Fatima was now the narrator's responsibility, so Aunt Cynthia could not complain. However, Aunt Cynthia would think less of the narrator's ability to manage a house alone.

**Pt/En** After Max left, the narrator watched him go. They thought he was handsome and felt proud of him. As Max turned to wave goodbye at the gate, he looked up and showed surprise. Then he quickly ran back.

**Pt/En** The narrator shouted to Ismay that the house was on fire and ran to the door.

**Pt/En** Max told Sue he thought he saw Fatima, or perhaps her ghost, at the attic window.

**Pt/En** The narrator said it was not true. But Ismay was already going up the stairs, and they followed her. They went straight to the attic. There, Fatima was sitting in the window, enjoying the sun.

**Pt/En** Max laughed very loudly.

**Pt/En** The narrator protested, almost crying, that Fatima could not have been there all this time because they would have heard her meowing.

**Pt/En** Max replied that they had not heard her.

**Pt/En** Ismay declared that the cat would have died from the cold.

**Pt/En** Max replied that the cat had not died.

**Pt/En** The speaker cried that the cat would have starved.

**Pt/En** Max explained that the place had many mice. He told the girls that the cat had definitely been there for two weeks. He thought the cat must have followed Huldah Jane up there without being seen. He wondered why they had not heard the cat crying, but perhaps it did not cry, and they slept downstairs. He could not believe they had not looked for the cat there.

**Pt/En** Ismay said that it had cost them more than one hundred dollars, looking at the cat Fatima with a mean expression.

**Pt/En** I told him it cost me more than that, and then I turned towards the stairs.

**Pt/En** Max stopped me for a moment while Ismay and Fatima quickly went downstairs.

**Pt/En** He quietly asked Sue if she thought it had cost too much.

**Pt/En** I looked at him from the side. He was very kind, and seemed to be a good person.

**Pt/En** I replied that it was not too much, but when we got married, he would have to take care of Fatima, not me.

**Pt/En** Max thanked Fatima.

## The Materializing of Cecil

**Pt/En** The writer was not worried about not being married, but she wished she had had the chance. People in Avonlea felt sorry for single women. Even her old nurse, Nancy, knew this and felt sorry for her. Nancy was also single, but she had been asked to marry two men. She refused them because one had many children and the other was not a good person. Nancy felt proud that she had had these offers. The writer thought that if she had not lived in Avonlea her whole life, people might not know so much about her and might give her the benefit of the doubt.

**Pt/En** The writer often wondered why no one had fallen in love with her. She was not ugly; a man named George Adoniram Maybrick had even written a poem about her beauty. However, he wrote poems for many girls and only spent time with Flora King. This showed that her looks were not the problem. She also wrote poetry herself, but she kept it a secret. She wrote in a locked book when she felt inspired. She had been writing poetry her whole life and the book was almost full. This was the only thing she kept from Nancy. Nancy did not think the writer was very good at taking care of herself. The writer imagined Nancy would call a doctor if she found out about the secret poetry book.

**Pt/En** Despite these thoughts, the writer was happy with her flowers, cats, magazines, and her secret book. However, it bothered her that Adella Gilbert, her neighbor, felt sorry for her because no man had ever wanted her. Adella Gilbert had a husband who drank too much. The writer stopped herself from thinking unkindly about Adella.

**Pt/En** The Sewing Circle met at Mary Gillespie's house on the writer's fortieth birthday. She had stopped talking about her birthdays, but people in Avonlea knew her age. Her nurse, Nancy, still celebrated her birthdays like when she was a child, and the writer liked this attention. Nancy brought her breakfast in bed with her favorite foods, decorated with flowers and ferns. The writer enjoyed the breakfast and then dressed in her second-best dress, afraid Nancy would not approve of her best one. She watered her flowers, fed her cats, and then wrote a poem about June. She had stopped writing birthday poems after she turned thirty.

**Pt/En** The narrator went to a Sewing Circle. She looked in the mirror and thought she did not look her age, which was forty. She had brown,

wavy hair and pink cheeks. The lines on her face were not easy to see, maybe because her mirror was in a dark corner. She knew the lines were there, but she did not think about them when they were not very visible.

**Pt/En** Many people, young and old, came to the Sewing Circle. The narrator did not really enjoy these meetings. Married women talked about their families, and the narrator could not join this talk. Young girls stopped talking about their boyfriends when she came near, thinking she would not understand. Other older women talked about other people, which the narrator did not like. She also knew they would say bad things about her, like that she used hair dye and that it was silly for a fifty-year-old woman to wear a pink dress.

**Pt/En** Many people came to the Sewing Circle that day because they were preparing for a sale. The money from the sale would help pay for repairs to the church house. The young girls were more cheerful and loud than usual. Wilhelmina Mercer was there and made them laugh. The Mercer family had only moved to Avonlea two months before.

**Pt/En** The narrator sat by the window. Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross, and Georgie Hall were in a group in front of her. The narrator was not listening to their conversation, but then Georgie Hall spoke in a teasing way.

**Pt/En** Georgie Hall said that Miss Charlotte was laughing at them and probably thought they were silly for talking about boyfriends.

**Pt/En** The narrator was thinking happy thoughts about roses growing on Mary Gillespie's window sill. She planned to write these thoughts in her notebook later. Georgie's words suddenly made her return to difficult reality. This made her feel hurt, as such comments always did.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina asked, laughing, if Miss Holmes had ever had a boyfriend.

**Pt/En** At that moment, the room became quiet for a short time. Everyone heard Wilhelmina's question.

**Pt/En** The narrator could not explain why she said and did what she did. She was usually honest and disliked lying. She felt she could not say "No" to Wilhelmina in front of all those women because it would be too embarrassing. She thought that after fifteen years of feeling bad about never having had a lover, the pressure had finally become too much.

**Pt/En** The narrator calmly replied that she had had one boyfriend once.

**Pt/En** For the first time, the narrator caused a great reaction. All the women in the room stopped sewing and looked at her. She noticed that most of them did not believe her, but Wilhelmina did. Wilhelmina's face became bright with interest.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina gently asked Miss Holmes to tell them about the man and why she had not married him.

**Pt/En** Josephine Cameron agreed with Miss Mercer, saying with a small, unpleasant laugh that they were all interested and that it was news to them that Charlotte had ever had a boyfriend.

**Pt/En** Josephine's comment made the narrator decide to continue. She also saw Mary Gillespie and Adella Gilbert smiling at each other in a knowing way. This made her feel bold, and she thought that since she had started, she might as well finish. So, she said with a thoughtful smile:

**Pt/En** She explained that nobody there knew anything about the man and that it had all happened a very long time ago.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina asked what the man's name was.

**Pt/En** I answered that his name was Cecil Fenwick. I liked the name Cecil and had often written it in my notebook. I chose the last name Fenwick because I saw an advertisement for "Try Fenwick's Porous Plasters" on a piece of newspaper I was using. I decided to combine the two names.

**Pt/En** Georgie asked where I had met him.

**Pt/En** I thought about my past. I realized that there was only one place to find Cecil Fenwick. The only time I had ever traveled far from Avonlea was when I was eighteen and visited an aunt in New Brunswick.

**Pt/En** I told them that I met him in Blakely, New Brunswick. I said I was eighteen and he was twenty-three, and they seemed to believe me.

**Pt/En** Susette asked what the man looked like.

**Pt/En** I said he was very handsome and easily described my ideal man. I was enjoying myself because I saw the girls beginning to respect me. I felt I had changed how they saw me. From then on, I would be seen

as a woman with a romantic past, loyal to her one love. This was very different from being an old maid who had never had a lover.

**Pt/En** I described him as tall and dark, with nice curly black hair and bright, strong eyes. He had a great chin, a good nose, and a very charming smile.

**Pt/En** Maggie asked what his job was.

**Pt/En** I said he was a young lawyer. I chose this job because I saw a large crayon picture of Mary Gillespie's dead brother, who had been a lawyer, on an easel nearby.

**Pt/En** Susette asked why she had not married him.

**Pt/En** The narrator sadly explained that they had a very bad argument. She said they were both young and foolish, and it was her fault. She upset Cecil by flirting with another man, which made him jealous and angry. He then went West and never returned. She had not seen him since and did not know if he was still alive. However, she added that she could never care for another man.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina sighed, saying she found it very interesting and loved sad love stories. She hoped that Miss Holmes's love might return one day.

**Pt/En** The narrator shook her head and said that it was impossible now. She thought he had forgotten all about her, or if he had not, he had never forgiven her.

**Pt/En** Mary Gillespie's Susan Jane announced that tea was ready. The narrator was glad because she was running out of things to say and worried about what the girls might ask next. She felt a change in the air around her and was secretly excited. She felt no regret and would do the same thing again, only wishing she had done it sooner.

**Pt/En** When I returned home that night, Nancy looked at me with surprise and spoke.

**Pt/En** She told me that I looked like a girl that evening, Miss Charlotte.

**Pt/En** I replied that I felt like one, and I laughed. I went to my room and wrote a second poem that day, which was something I had never done before. I needed to express my feelings. The poem was called "In

Summer Days of Long Ago." I included details about Mary Gillespie's roses and Cecil Fenwick's eyes. The poem was very sad and made me feel happy.

**Pt/En** For the next two months, everything was good and happy. No one mentioned Cecil Fenwick again. The other girls often talked to me about their romantic interests, and I became a trusted friend for them. This made me feel very good, and I started to really enjoy the Sewing Circle. I received many new, pretty dresses and a lovely hat. I went to all the events I was invited to and had a good time.

**Pt/En** However, you can be sure that if you do something wrong, you will be punished for it at some point. My punishment was delayed for two months. Then, it happened, and I felt completely *overwhelmed*.

**Pt/En** A new family, the Maxwells, also came to Avonlea that spring. It was a middle-aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. They had a lot of money. Mr. Maxwell bought the lumber mills. They lived in the old Spencer house, a well-known place in Avonlea. They lived quietly. Mrs. Maxwell was not often seen because she was not very strong. The writer had not met her yet because they were both out when the other called.

**Pt/En** It was the day for the Sewing Circle meeting, this time at Sarah Gardiner's house. The writer arrived late. Everyone else was already there. As soon as the writer entered, they knew something *unusual* had happened, but they did not know what. Everyone looked at the writer in a strange way. Wilhelmina Mercer was the first person to start talking.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina Mercer asked the writer if she had seen a certain person yet.

**Pt/En** The writer asked who she meant, in a calm voice, while *preparing* her sewing materials.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina Mercer explained that Cecil Fenwick was in Avonlea, visiting his sister.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Maxwell.

**Pt/En** The *speaker* thought she did what people wanted her to do. She dropped

**Pt/En** everything she was holding. Later, Josephine Cameron said that

**Pt/En** Charlotte Holmes would never look as pale as she did, even if she were dead.

**Pt/En** The *speaker* wished they had known the reason for her pale face.

**Pt/En** I said blankly that it was impossible.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina said happily that it was true. She thought it was a good step for my love story. She explained that she had visited Mrs. Maxwell the night before and had met him.

**Pt/En** I said weakly that it could not be the same Cecil Fenwick.

**Pt/En** I had to say something.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina confirmed it was him. She said he was a lawyer from Blakely, New Brunswick, and had been away for twenty-two years. She described him as very handsome, like I had said, but with gray hair. She also mentioned that he had never married, so he had never forgotten me. Wilhelmina believed everything would turn out well.

**Pt/En** The *narrator* did not feel happy. She thought everything was going very wrong. She was very *confused* and did not know what to do or say. She felt like she was in a bad dream and could not believe that Cecil Fenwick was real. Her feelings were very strong. *Luckily*, other people thought her worry was for a different reason. They kindly left her alone to feel better. She would never forget that terrible afternoon. After tea, she went home quickly. She went to her room, but she did not feel like writing poetry. She was not in a mood for poetry.

**Pt/En** She tried to think about the situation clearly. She accepted that Cecil Fenwick was real and was in Avonlea, even though it was a strange coincidence. All her friends and enemies believed he was her old lover from long ago. She knew that if he stayed in Avonlea for a long time, one of two things would happen. He might hear the story she told about him and say it was not true. Then, she would be very *embarrassed* for the rest of her life. Or, he might leave without knowing anything, and everyone would think he had forgotten her and feel sorry for her. The second *option* was bad, but not as bad as the first. She really hoped he would leave quickly. However, fate had different plans for her.

**Pt/En** Cecil Fenwick did not leave. He stayed in Avonlea. The Maxwell family became very friendly with him and tried to make him feel welcome. Mrs. Maxwell had a party for him. The narrator received an invitation but did not go, even though Nancy thought she was foolish not to. Many other people also had parties for Mr. Fenwick, and the narrator was invited to them all but never attended. Wilhelmina Mercer visited her and begged and argued with her. Wilhelmina told her that if she kept avoiding Mr. Fenwick, he would think she was still angry with him and would not try to become friends again. Wilhelmina meant well, but she was not very sensible.

**Pt/En** Cecil Fenwick was popular with everyone, both young and old. He was also very rich. Wilhelmina said that many girls were interested in him.

**Pt/En** Wilhelmina told Miss Holmes that she herself might try to get Mr. Fenwick's attention, even though he was older and had a quick temper. Mrs. Maxwell had said that his temper was fast but passed quickly. Wilhelmina said this partly as a joke, but also seriously.

**Pt/En** The narrator was very unhappy and felt punished for telling a lie. She stopped going out, lost her appetite, and stopped writing. Her friend Nancy tried to help her with medicine, but it did not work because the problem was too serious. The narrator cancelled her newspaper subscription because an advertisement reminded her of the lie and the name Fenwick, which she believed caused all her problems.

**Pt/En** One evening, Nancy came to see the narrator while she was feeling sad in her room.

**Pt/En** Nancy told the narrator that a gentleman was in the parlor and wanted to speak with her.

**Pt/En** Nancy told the narrator that a gentleman was in the parlor and wanted to speak with her.

**Pt/En** The narrator's heart jumped with a sudden, strong feeling.

**Pt/En** The speaker asked Nancy what kind of gentleman it was, sounding unsure.

**Pt/En** Nancy replied that she thought it was the Fenwick man, who seemed very angry. She did not know about the speaker's made-up adventures.

**Pt/En** The speaker calmly told Nancy to tell the gentleman that she would come down soon.

**Pt/En** After Nancy went downstairs, the speaker prepared herself by putting on a fichu and taking two handkerchiefs. She then found an old newspaper for support and went down to the parlor, feeling like a criminal going to be executed.

**Pt/En** The speaker entered the parlor and closed the door quietly, as Nancy often listened in the hall. Suddenly, her legs felt weak, and she could not move. She stood there, holding the doorknob and shaking.

**Pt/En** When I entered the room, a man standing by the south window turned around. He had a very angry look on his face, like Nancy had said. He was handsome, and his gray hair made him look distinguished. I only thought about his appearance later; at that moment, I was not thinking about it at all.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, something strange happened. The man's angry expression disappeared. He looked surprised and then a little silly. I saw his cheeks become red. I just stood there looking at him, unable to speak.

**Pt/En** Finally, he spoke in a deep, exciting voice. He said he thought I was Miss Holmes. He explained that he had heard some untrue stories and had come in anger. He admitted he had been foolish and now knew the stories were not true. He asked me to excuse him so he could leave and punish himself.

**Pt/En** I found my voice and said, with a gasp, that he must not leave before hearing the truth. I told him the situation was bad, but perhaps not as bad as he thought. I confessed that I had told those stories, but I had not known that a person named Cecil Fenwick existed.

**Pt/En** He looked confused, which was understandable. Then he smiled. He took my hand and led me away from the door, which I was still holding tightly. He led me to the sofa.

**Pt/En** He suggested they sit down and talk in a comfortable way.

**Pt/En** The speaker admitted everything about a shameful situation. It was very embarrassing, but she felt she deserved it. She explained that people often teased her because she never had a boyfriend, so she told them she did. Then she showed him an advertisement for a porous plaster.

**Pt/En** He listened to her without saying anything. Then he threw his large, curly, gray head back and laughed.

**Pt/En** He said that this explained many confusing hints he had received since coming to Avonlea. He mentioned that a Mrs. Gilbert had visited his sister that afternoon with a lot of nonsense about a past love affair he had with someone named Charlotte Holmes. Mrs. Gilbert claimed the speaker had told her about it. He admitted he became angry. He described himself as a quick-tempered person and said he had thought the speaker was an old, thin woman who was making up silly stories about him. When she entered the room, he realized that she was not to blame.

**Pt/En** The speaker sadly agreed that she was to blame. She said it was wrong and very foolish of her to tell such a story. She wondered how anyone could have supposed there was a real Cecil Fenwick who had lived in Blakely, saying she had never heard of such a coincidence.

**Pt/En** Mr. Fenwick said firmly that it was not just a coincidence but destiny. He suggested they should stop thinking about it and talk about something else.

**Pt/En** They talked about other things, or at least Mr. Fenwick did because the narrator felt too embarrassed to speak much. This continued for a long time, making Nancy impatient and walk through the hall often. However, Mr. Fenwick did not notice this. When he finally left, he asked if he could visit again.

**Pt/En** He then said, laughing, that it was time to end their old disagreement.

**Pt/En** The narrator, a forty-year-old unmarried woman, felt herself blushing like a young girl. She felt like a young girl because she was so relieved that the explanation was finished. She could not even be angry with Adella Gilbert, whom she saw as a troublemaker who was more to

be pitied than blamed. Before sleeping, she wrote a poem, feeling happy to write again after a month.

**Pt/En** Mr. Fenwick did visit again, the evening after the next one.

**Pt/En** He visited so often that Nancy eventually accepted him.

**Pt/En** One day, I had to tell her some news. I did not want to do it because...

**Pt/En** I was afraid it would make her feel sad.

**Pt/En** Nancy replied that she had expected to hear the news. She felt that the man brought trouble when he entered the house. She wished Miss Charlotte happiness and said she would have to accept the climate in California, even if she did not know how it would agree with her.

**Pt/En** The narrator told Nancy that she could not expect her to go to California, as it was too much to ask.

**Pt/En** Nancy asked in surprise where else she would go. She said that Miss Charlotte could not keep house without her. She did not want to leave Miss Charlotte with a Chinese person. Nancy stated that she would go wherever Miss Charlotte went, and that was final.

**Pt/En** The narrator was happy not to part with Nancy, even if going with Cecil. The narrator had not yet told her husband about a blank book but planned to do so later. She had also subscribed to the Weekly Advocate again.

## Her Father's Daughter

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer said that they must invite Aunt Jane.

**Pt/En** Rachel moved her hands in a way that showed she disagreed. Her hands were white and shapely, unlike the thin, dark, twisted hands of the person opposite her. This difference was not from hard work but from their personalities. The Spencers always had smooth, white hands, while the Chiswicks had hard, twisted ones, even if they did not work. This difference went deeper than how they looked.

**Pt/En** Rachel said with some impatience that she did not see why they must invite Aunt Jane. She explained that Aunt Jane did not like her, and she did not like Aunt Jane.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer said she did not understand why the other person disliked her.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer told the person that they were ungrateful, as "she" had always been kind to them.

**Pt/En** Rachel smiled and said that Aunt Jane was kind, but also strict. When Rachel was six, Aunt Jane gave her a pincushion but then *hit* her head because Rachel did not thank her fast enough. Rachel remembered that Aunt Jane's way of being kind often *involved* hurting her, first with her finger and later with her words. Rachel also said that Aunt Jane could ruin the mood if she was in a bad temper, and that she did not want Aunt Jane to come.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer insisted that Aunt Jane must be invited, because people would talk if she was not.

**Pt/En** Rachel replied that she did not understand why people would talk, as Aunt Jane was only her great-aunt by marriage. Rachel said she would not mind if people talked, because they would talk anyway.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer said they had to invite the person. Her decisions were usually final, and most people did not try to change them.

**Pt/En** Isabella Spencer looked like a very delicate woman. She had a pale face, soft brown hair, and gentle features. However, she was very determined and did not easily change her mind or her plans.

**Pt/En** Rachel was unhappy about inviting Aunt Jane, but she agreed with her mother. She wrote Aunt Jane's name on the wedding list. Her mother disliked Rachel's handwriting because it looked like the writing in old letters she kept, which reminded her of the past.

**Pt/En** Isabella Spencer was strong-willed, but she could not change her daughter Rachel's nature, as Rachel was very like her father. Isabella loved Rachel deeply, but sometimes she had to look away from her daughter's face because it brought back difficult memories. She also could not look at Rachel when she was sleeping.

**Pt/En** Rachel was going to marry Frank Bell soon. Mrs. Spencer liked Frank and was happy that his farm was close to hers, so she would still see Rachel. Rachel thought her mother would not be sad, but Mrs. Spencer knew that her daughter's marriage would be hard for her, and she prepared herself to be strong.

**Pt/En** Rachel and her mother were in the sitting-room, planning the wedding guests and other details. Sunlight came through the window. Rachel looked young and hopeful, with golden hair and a white forehead. Her mother looked at her and felt a sharp pain. She thought Rachel looked very much like the Spencers, with her blue eyes and chin. The mother pushed away some unwanted memories.

**Pt/En** Isabella Spencer said there would be about sixty guests. She explained they needed to move furniture to set up the supper table in the sitting-room because the dining-room was too small. They would borrow forks and spoons from Mrs. Bell. She also mentioned that the tablecloths with the ribbon pattern needed to be cleaned the next day, as they were special. The small dining-room table would be used for presents in the upstairs hall.

**Pt/En** Rachel was not thinking about the wedding details or the presents. She was breathing faster, and the light color on her cheeks became red. She knew an important moment was coming. She finished writing the last name on her list and drew a line under it.

**Pt/En** Her mother asked impatiently if she had finished. She asked Rachel to give her the list so she could check it and make sure no one important was forgotten.

**Pt/En** Rachel silently gave the paper to her mother. The room felt very quiet to her. She could hear flies buzzing, the wind outside, and her own heart beating fast. She felt nervous and afraid, but also determined.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer looked at the list and said the names, agreeing with most of them. However, when she saw the last name, she did not say it. She looked angrily at Rachel. Her eyes showed surprise and *disbelief*, with *disbelief* being the strongest feeling.

**Pt/En** The last name on the list of people invited to the wedding was the name of David Spencer.

**Pt/En** David Spencer lived by himself in a small house near the Cove.

**Pt/En** He worked as both a sailor and a fisherman.

**Pt/En** He was also the husband of Isabella Spencer and the father of Rachel.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer asked Rachel if she had lost her mind and what she meant by her strange ideas.

**Pt/En** Rachel answered calmly that she *planned* to invite her father to her wedding.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer shouted that her father could not come to the house for the wedding. She was very angry.

**Pt/En** Rachel looked at her mother's angry face without fear. She felt nervous before, but now she was enjoying the argument. She thought it was strange that she felt this way, perhaps because she was finally showing her own personality, which her mother usually controlled.

**Pt/En** Rachel told her mother that if her father could not be invited, there would be no wedding. She and Frank would get married quietly at the church, and no one else would be invited.

**Pt/En** Isabella Spencer's lips tightened. She saw herself in her daughter's face, a connection that felt deeper than just looks. She felt a strong feeling, realizing her daughter was *truly* their child, a *link* between her and her husband. Isabella also understood that Rachel, who was usually quiet and obedient, wanted to do things her own way this time, and she would.

**Pt/En** Isabella asked why Rachel insisted on her father attending the wedding. She said it with a mean smile, adding that her father had never acted like a father and did not care about Rachel.

**Pt/En** Rachel *ignored* her mother's *hurtful* words. They did not *affect* her because she had a secret knowledge that her mother did not share.

**Pt/En** Rachel calmly repeated her *decision*: either her father would be invited to her wedding, or there would be no wedding at all. She used her mother's *method* of *repeating* herself without getting angry.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Spencer angrily agreed to invite him. She was used to getting her way and was unhappy about this. She said it would not matter if he came, and she did not think he would.

**Pt/En** Rachel did not answer. The *difficult* situation was finished, and she had won. She felt like crying. She went upstairs to her room. It was a small, dark room with white birch trees outside. Everything in the room showed she was a young woman. She lay on her bed and cried sadly.

**Pt/En** At this important moment, Rachel wanted her father. She hardly knew him. She thought her mother was probably right that he would not come. Rachel felt that her marriage would not feel completely special if her father was not there to hear her vows.

**Pt/En** Twenty-five years *earlier*, David Spencer and Isabella Chiswick got married. Some people said Isabella married David for love because he had no land or money to make her marry him for business reasons. David was a good-looking man from a family of sailors.

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## Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat

**PT** Max always blesses the animal when it is referred to; and I don't deny that things have worked together for good after all. But when I think of the anguish of mind which Ismay and I underwent on account of that abominable cat, it is not a blessing that arises uppermost in my thoughts.

**PT** I never was fond of cats, although I admit they are well enough in their place, and I can worry along comfortably with a nice, matronly old tabby who can take care of herself and be of some use in the world. As for Ismay, she hates cats and always did.

**PT** But Aunt Cynthia, who adored them, never could bring herself to understand that any one could possibly dislike them. She firmly believed that Ismay and I really liked cats deep down in our hearts, but that, owing to some perverse twist in our moral natures, we would not own up to it, but willfully persisted in declaring we didn't.

**PT** Of all cats I loathed that white Persian cat of Aunt Cynthia's. And, indeed, as we always suspected and finally proved, Aunt herself looked upon the creature with more pride than affection. She would have taken ten times the comfort in a good, common puss that she did in that spoiled beauty. But a Persian cat with a recorded pedigree and a market value of one hundred dollars tickled Aunt Cynthia's pride of possession to such an extent that she deluded herself into believing that the animal was really the apple of her eye.

**PT** It had been presented to her when a kitten by a missionary nephew who had brought it all the way home from Persia; and for the next three years Aunt Cynthia's household existed to wait on that cat, hand and foot. It was snow-white, with a bluish-gray spot on the tip of its tail; and it was blue-eyed and deaf and delicate. Aunt Cynthia was always worrying lest it should take cold and die. Ismay and I used to wish that it would—we were so tired of hearing about it and its whims. But we did not say so to Aunt Cynthia. She would probably never have spoken to us again and there was no wisdom in offending Aunt Cynthia. When you have an unencumbered aunt, with a fat bank account, it is just as well to keep on good terms with her, if you can. Besides, we really liked Aunt Cynthia very much—at times. Aunt Cynthia was one of those rather exasperating people who nag at and find fault with you until you think you are justified

in hating them, and who then turn round and do something so really nice and kind for you that you feel as if you were compelled to love them dutifully instead.

**PT** So we listened meekly when she discoursed on Fatima—the cat's name was Fatima—and, if it was wicked of us to wish for the latter's decease, we were well punished for it later on.

**PT** One day, in November, Aunt Cynthia came sailing out to Spencervale. She really came in a phaeton, drawn by a fat gray pony, but somehow Aunt Cynthia always gave you the impression of a full rigged ship coming gallantly on before a favorable wind.

**PT** That was a Jonah day for us all through. Everything had gone wrong. Ismay had spilled grease on her velvet coat, and the fit of the new blouse I was making was hopelessly askew, and the kitchen stove smoked and the bread was sour. Moreover, Huldah Jane Keyson, our tried and trusty old family nurse and cook and general "boss," had what she called the "realagy" in her shoulder; and, though Huldah Jane is as good an old creature as ever lived, when she has the "realagy" other people who are in the house want to get out of it and, if they can't, feel about as comfortable as St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

**PT** And on top of this came Aunt Cynthia's call and request.

**PT** "Dear me," said Aunt Cynthia, sniffing, "don't I smell smoke?"

**PT** You girls must manage your range very badly. Mine never smokes.

**PT** But it is no more than one might expect when two girls try to

**PT** keep house without a man about the place."

**PT** "We get along very well without a man about the place," I said loftily. Max hadn't been in for four whole days and, though nobody wanted to see him particularly, I couldn't help wondering why. "Men are nuisances."

**PT** "I dare say you would like to pretend you think so," said Aunt Cynthia, aggravatingly. "But no woman ever does really think so, you know. I imagine that pretty Anne Shirley, who is visiting Ella Kimball, doesn't. I saw her and Dr. Irving out walking this afternoon, looking very well satisfied with themselves. If you dilly-dally much longer, Sue, you will let Max slip through your fingers yet."

**PT** That was a tactful thing to say to ME, who had refused Max Irving so often that I had lost count. I was furious, and so I smiled most sweetly on my maddening aunt.

**PT** "Dear Aunt, how amusing of you," I said, smoothly. "You talk as if I wanted Max."

**PT** "So you do," said Aunt Cynthia.

**PT** "If so, why should I have refused him time and again?" I asked, smilingly. Right well Aunt Cynthia knew I had. Max always told her.

**PT** "Goodness alone knows why," said Aunt Cynthia, "but you may do it once too often and find yourself taken at your word. There is something very fascinating about this Anne Shirley."

**PT** "Indeed there is," I assented. "She has the loveliest eyes I ever saw. She would be just the wife for Max, and I hope he will marry her."

**PT** "Humph," said Aunt Cynthia. "Well, I won't entice you into telling any more fibs. And I didn't drive out here to-day in all this wind to talk sense into you concerning Max. I'm going to Halifax for two months and I want you to take charge of Fatima for me, while I am away."

**PT** "Fatima!" I exclaimed.

**PT** "Yes. I don't dare to trust her with the servants. Mind you always warm her milk before you give it to her, and don't on any account let her run out of doors."

**PT** I looked at Ismay and Ismay looked at me. We knew we were in for it. To refuse would mortally offend Aunt Cynthia. Besides, if I betrayed any unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would be sure to put it down to grumpiness over what she had said about Max, and rub it in for years. But I ventured to ask, "What if anything happens to her while you are away?"

**PT** "It is to prevent that, I'm leaving her with you," said Aunt Cynthia. "You simply must not let anything happen to her. It will do you good to have a little responsibility. And you will have a chance to find out what an adorable creature Fatima really is. Well, that is all settled. I'll send Fatima out to-morrow."

**PT** "You can take care of that horrid Fatima beast yourself," said Ismay, when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yard-stick. You had no business to say we'd take her."

**PT** "Did I say we would take her?" I demanded, crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know, as well as I do, we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being grouchy?"

**PT** "If anything happens to her Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said Ismay darkly.

**PT** "Do you think Anne Shirley is really engaged to Gilbert Blythe?"

**PT** I asked curiously.

**PT** "I've heard that she was," said Ismay, absently. "Does she eat anything but milk? Will it do to give her mice?"

**PT** "Oh, I guess so. But do you think Max has really fallen in love with her?"

**PT** "I dare say. What a relief it will be for you if he has."

**PT** "Oh, of course," I said, frostily. "Anne Shirley or Anne Anybody Else, is perfectly welcome to Max if she wants him. I certainly do not. Ismay Meade, if that stove doesn't stop smoking I shall fly into bits. This is a detestable day. I hate that creature!"

**PT** "Oh, you shouldn't talk like that, when you don't even know her," protested Ismay. "Every one says Anne Shirley is lovely—"

**PT** "I was talking about Fatima," I cried in a rage.

**PT** "Oh!" said Ismay.

**PT** Ismay is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh" was inexcusably stupid.

**PT** Fatima arrived the next day. Max brought her out in a covered basket, lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cats and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Ismay had gone out of the room—Ismay always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no, as usual, but I was rather pleased. Max had been proposing to me about every two months for two years. Sometimes, as in this case, he

went three months, and then I always wondered why. I concluded that he could not be really interested in Anne Shirley, and I was relieved. I didn't want to marry Max but it was pleasant and convenient to have him around, and we would miss him dreadfully if any other girl snapped him up. He was so useful and always willing to do anything for us—nail a shingle on the roof, drive us to town, put down carpets—in short, a very present help in all our troubles.

**PT** So I just beamed on him when I said no. Max began counting on his fingers. When he got as far as eight he shook his head and began over again.

**PT** "What is it?" I asked.

**PT** "I'm trying to count up how many times I have proposed to you," he said. "But I can't remember whether I asked you to marry me that day we dug up the garden or not. If I did it makes—"

**PT** "No, you didn't," I interrupted.

**PT** "Well, that makes it eleven," said Max reflectively. "Pretty near the limit, isn't it? My manly pride will not allow me to propose to the same girl more than twelve times. So the next time will be the last, Sue darling."

**PT** "Oh," I said, a trifle flatly. I forgot to resent his calling me darling. I wondered if things wouldn't be rather dull when Max gave up proposing to me. It was the only excitement I had. But of course it would be best—and he couldn't go on at it forever, so, by the way of gracefully dismissing the subject, I asked him what Miss Shirley was like.

**PT** "Very sweet girl," said Max. "You know I always admired those gray-eyed girls with that splendid Titian hair."

**PT** I am dark, with brown eyes. Just then I detested Max. I got up and said I was going to get some milk for Fatima.

**PT** I found Ismay in a rage in the kitchen. She had been up in the garret, and a mouse had run across her foot. Mice always get on Ismay's nerves.

**PT** "We need a cat badly enough," she fumed, "but not a useless, pampered thing, like Fatima. That garret is literally swarming with mice. You'll not catch me going up there again."

**PT** Fatima did not prove such a nuisance as we had feared. Huldah Jane liked her, and Ismay, in spite of her declaration that she would have nothing to do with her, looked after her comfort scrupulously. She even used to get up in the middle of the night and go out to see if Fatima was warm. Max came in every day and, being around, gave us good advice.

**PT** Then one day, about three weeks after Aunt Cynthia's departure, Fatima disappeared—just simply disappeared as if she had been dissolved into thin air. We left her one afternoon, curled up asleep in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's eye, while we went out to make a call. When we came home Fatima was gone.

**PT** Huldah Jane wept and was as one whom the gods had made mad. She vowed that she had never let Fatima out of her sight the whole time, save once for three minutes when she ran up to the garret for some summer savory. When she came back the kitchen door had blown open and Fatima had vanished.

**PT** Ismay and I were frantic. We ran about the garden and through the out-houses, and the woods behind the house, like wild creatures, calling Fatima, but in vain. Then Ismay sat down on the front doorsteps and cried.

**PT** "She has got out and she'll catch her death of cold and Aunt

**PT** Cynthia will never forgive us."

**PT** "I'm going for Max," I declared. So I did, through the spruce woods and over the field as fast as my feet could carry me, thanking my stars that there was a Max to go to in such a predicament.

**PT** Max came over and we had another search, but without result. Days passed, but we did not find Fatima. I would certainly have gone crazy had it not been for Max. He was worth his weight in gold during the awful week that followed. We did not dare advertise, lest Aunt Cynthia should see it; but we inquired far and wide for a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail, and offered a reward for it; but nobody had seen it, although people kept coming to the house, night and day, with every kind of a cat in baskets, wanting to know if it was the one we had lost.

**PT** "We shall never see Fatima again," I said hopelessly to Max and Ismay one afternoon. I had just turned away an old woman with a big, yellow tommy which she insisted must be ours—"cause it kem to our

place, mem, a-yowling fearful, mem, and it don't belong to nobody not down Grafton way, mem."

**PT** "I'm afraid you won't," said Max. "She must have perished from exposure long ere this."

**PT** "Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," said Ismay, dismally. "I had a presentiment of trouble the moment that cat came to this house."

**PT** We had never heard of this presentiment before, but Ismay is good at having presentiments—after things happen.

**PT** "What shall we do?" I demanded, helplessly. "Max, can't you find some way out of this scrape for us?"

**PT** "Advertise in the Charlottetown papers for a white Persian cat," suggested Max. "Some one may have one for sale. If so, you must buy it, and palm it off on your good Aunt as Fatima. She's very short-sighted, so it will be quite possible."

**PT** "But Fatima has a blue spot on her tail," I said.

**PT** "You must advertise for a cat with a blue spot on its tail," said

**PT** Max.

**PT** "It will cost a pretty penny," said Ismay dolefully. "Fatima was valued at one hundred dollars."

**PT** "We must take the money we have been saving for our new furs," I said sorrowfully. "There is no other way out of it. It will cost us a good deal more if we lose Aunt Cynthia's favor. She is quite capable of believing that we have made away with Fatima deliberately and with malice aforethought."

**PT** So we advertised. Max went to town and had the notice inserted in the most important daily. We asked any one who had a white Persian cat, with a blue spot on the tip of its tail, to dispose of, to communicate with M. I., care of the Enterprise .

**PT** We really did not have much hope that anything would come of it, so we were surprised and delighted over the letter Max brought home from town four days later. It was a type-written screed from Halifax stating that the writer had for sale a white Persian cat answering to our description. The price was a hundred and ten dollars, and, if M. I. cared to

go to Halifax and inspect the animal, it would be found at 110 Hollis Street, by inquiring for "Persian."

**PT** "Temper your joy, my friends," said Ismay, gloomily. "The cat may not suit. The blue spot may be too big or too small or not in the right place. I consistently refuse to believe that any good thing can come out of this deplorable affair."

**PT** Just at this moment there was a knock at the door and I hurried out. The postmaster's boy was there with a telegram. I tore it open, glanced at it, and dashed back into the room.

**PT** "What is it now?" cried Ismay, beholding my face.

**PT** I held out the telegram. It was from Aunt Cynthia. She had wired us to send Fatima to Halifax by express immediately.

**PT** For the first time Max did not seem ready to rush into the breach with a suggestion. It was I who spoke first.

**PT** "Max," I said, imploringly, "you'll see us through this, won't you? Neither Ismay nor I can rush off to Halifax at once. You must go to-morrow morning. Go right to 110 Hollis Street and ask for 'Persian.' If the cat looks enough like Fatima, buy it and take it to Aunt Cynthia. If it doesn't—but it must! You'll go, won't you?"

**PT** "That depends," said Max.

**PT** I stared at him. This was so unlike Max.

**PT** "You are sending me on a nasty errand," he said, coolly. "How do I know that Aunt Cynthia will be deceived after all, even if she be short-sighted. Buying a cat in a joke is a huge risk. And if she should see through the scheme I shall be in a pretty mess."

**PT** "Oh, Max," I said, on the verge of tears.

**PT** "Of course," said Max, looking meditatively into the fire, "if I were really one of the family, or had any reasonable prospect of being so, I would not mind so much. It would be all in the day's work then. But as it is—"

**PT** Ismay got up and went out of the room.

**PT** "Oh, Max, please," I said.

**PT** "Will you marry me, Sue?" demanded Max sternly. "If you will agree, I'll go to Halifax and beard the lion in his den unflinchingly. If necessary, I will take a black street cat to Aunt Cynthia, and swear that it is Fatima. I'll get you out of the scrape, if I have to prove that you never had Fatima, that she is safe in your possession at the present time, and that there never was such an animal as Fatima anyhow. I'll do anything, say anything—but it must be for my future wife."

**PT** "Will nothing else content you?" I said helplessly.

**PT** "Nothing."

**PT** I thought hard. Of course Max was acting abominably—but—but—he was really a dear fellow—and this was the twelfth time—and there was Anne Shirley! I knew in my secret soul that life would be a dreadfully dismal thing if Max were not around somewhere. Besides, I would have married him long ago had not Aunt Cynthia thrown us so pointedly at each other's heads ever since he came to Spencervale.

**PT** "Very well," I said crossly.

**PT** Max left for Halifax in the morning. Next day we got a wire saying it was all right. The evening of the following day he was back in Spencervale. Ismay and I put him in a chair and glared at him impatiently.

**PT** Max began to laugh and laughed until he turned blue.

**PT** "I am glad it is so amusing," said Ismay severely. "If Sue and I could see the joke it might be more so."

**PT** "Dear little girls, have patience with me," implored Max. "If you knew what it cost me to keep a straight face in Halifax you would forgive me for breaking out now."

**PT** "We forgive you—but for pity's sake tell us all about it," I cried.

**PT** "Well, as soon as I arrived in Halifax I hurried to 110 Hollis Street, but—see here! Didn't you tell me your Aunt's address was 10 Pleasant Street?"

**PT** "So it is."

**PT** "'T isn't. You look at the address on a telegram next time you get one. She went a week ago to visit another friend who lives at 110 Hollis."

**PT** "Max!"

**PT** "It's a fact. I rang the bell, and was just going to ask the maid for 'Persian' when your Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and pounced on me."

**PT** "'Max,' she said, 'have you brought Fatima?'"

**PT** "'No,' I answered, trying to adjust my wits to this new development as she towed me into the library. 'No, I—I—just came to Halifax on a little matter of business.'

**PT** "'Dear me,' said Aunt Cynthia, crossly, 'I don't know what those girls mean. I wired them to send Fatima at once. And she has not come yet and I am expecting a call every minute from some one who wants to buy her.'

**PT** "'Oh!' I murmured, mining deeper every minute.

**PT** "'Yes,' went on your aunt, 'there is an advertisement in the Charlottetown Enterprise for a Persian cat, and I answered it. Fatima is really quite a charge, you know—and so apt to die and be a dead loss,'—did your aunt mean a pun, girls?—'and so, although I am considerably attached to her, I have decided to part with her.'

**PT** "By this time I had got my second wind, and I promptly decided that a judicious mixture of the truth was the thing required.

**PT** "'Well, of all the curious coincidences,' I exclaimed. 'Why,

**PT** Miss Ridley, it was I who advertised for a Persian cat—on Sue's

**PT** behalf. She and Ismay have decided that they want a cat like

**PT** Fatima for themselves.'

**PT** "You should have seen how she beamed. She said she knew you always really liked cats, only you would never own up to it. We clinched the dicker then and there. I passed her over your hundred and ten dollars—she took the money without turning a hair—and now you are the joint owners of Fatima. Good luck to your bargain!"

**PT** "Mean old thing," sniffed Ismay. She meant Aunt Cynthia, and, remembering our shabby furs, I didn't disagree with her.

**PT** "But there is no Fatima," I said, dubiously. "How shall we account for her when Aunt Cynthia comes home?"

**PT** "Well, your aunt isn't coming home for a month yet. When she comes you will have to tell her that the cat—is lost—but you needn't say WHEN it happened. As for the rest, Fatima is your property now, so Aunt Cynthia can't grumble. But she will have a poorer opinion than ever of your fitness to run a house alone."

**PT** When Max left I went to the window to watch him down the path. He was really a handsome fellow, and I was proud of him. At the gate he turned to wave me good-by, and, as he did, he glanced upward. Even at that distance I saw the look of amazement on his face. Then he came bolting back.

**PT** "Ismay, the house is on fire!" I shrieked, as I flew to the door.

**PT** "Sue," cried Max, "I saw Fatima, or her ghost, at the garret window a moment ago!"

**PT** "Nonsense!" I cried. But Ismay was already half way up the stairs and we followed. Straight to the garret we rushed. There sat Fatima, sleek and complacent, sunning herself in the window.

**PT** Max laughed until the rafters rang.

**PT** "She can't have been up here all this time," I protested, half tearfully. "We would have heard her meowing."

**PT** "But you didn't," said Max.

**PT** "She would have died of the cold," declared Ismay.

**PT** "But she hasn't," said Max.

**PT** "Or starved," I cried.

**PT** "The place is alive with mice," said Max. "No, girls, there is no doubt the cat has been here the whole fortnight. She must have followed Huldah Jane up here, unobserved, that day. It's a wonder you didn't hear her crying—if she did cry. But perhaps she didn't, and, of course, you sleep downstairs. To think you never thought of looking here for her!"

**PT** "It has cost us over a hundred dollars," said Ismay, with a malevolent glance at the sleek Fatima.

**PT** "It has cost me more than that," I said, as I turned to the stairway.

**PT** Max held me back for an instant, while Ismay and Fatima pattered down.

**PT** "Do you think it has cost too much, Sue?" he whispered.

**PT** I looked at him sideways. He was really a dear. Niceness fairly exhaled from him.

**PT** "No-o-o," I said, "but when we are married you will have to take care of Fatima, I won't."

**PT** "Dear Fatima," said Max gratefully.

## The Materializing of Cecil

**PT** It had never worried me in the least that I wasn't married, although everybody in Avonlea pitied old maids; but it DID worry me, and I frankly confess it, that I had never had a chance to be. Even Nancy, my old nurse and servant, knew that, and pitied me for it. Nancy is an old maid herself, but she has had two proposals. She did not accept either of them because one was a widower with seven children, and the other a very shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow; but, if anybody twitted Nancy on her single condition, she could point triumphantly to those two as evidence that "she could an she would." If I had not lived all my life in Avonlea I might have had the benefit of the doubt; but I had, and everybody knew everything about me—or thought they did.

**PT** I had really often wondered why nobody had ever fallen in love with me. I was not at all homely; indeed, years ago, George Adoniram Maybrick had written a poem addressed to me, in which he praised my beauty quite extravagantly; that didn't mean anything because George Adoniram wrote poetry to all the good-looking girls and never went with anybody but Flora King, who was cross-eyed and red-haired, but it proves that it was not my appearance that put me out of the running. Neither was it the fact that I wrote poetry myself—although not of George Adoniram's kind—because nobody ever knew that. When I felt it coming on I shut myself up in my room and wrote it out in a little blank book I kept locked up. It is nearly full now, because I have been writing poetry all my life. It is the only thing I have ever been able to keep a secret from Nancy. Nancy, in any case, has not a very high opinion of my ability to take care of myself; but I tremble to imagine what she would think if she ever found out about that little book. I am convinced she would send for the doctor post-haste and insist on mustard plasters while waiting for him.

**PT** Nevertheless, I kept on at it, and what with my flowers and my cats and my magazines and my little book, I was really very happy and contented. But it DID sting that Adella Gilbert, across the road, who has a drunken husband, should pity "poor Charlotte" because nobody had ever wanted her. Poor Charlotte indeed! If I had thrown myself at a man's head the way Adella Gilbert did at—but there, there, I must refrain from such thoughts. I must not be uncharitable.

**PT** The Sewing Circle met at Mary Gillespie's on my fortieth birthday. I have given up talking about my birthdays, although that little scheme is not much good in Avonlea where everybody knows your age—or if they make a mistake it is never on the side of youth. But Nancy, who grew accustomed to celebrating my birthdays when I was a little girl, never gets over the habit, and I don't try to cure her, because, after all, it's nice to have some one make a fuss over you. She brought me up my breakfast before I got up out of bed—a concession to my laziness that Nancy would scorn to make on any other day of the year. She had cooked everything I like best, and had decorated the tray with roses from the garden and ferns from the woods behind the house. I enjoyed every bit of that breakfast, and then I got up and dressed, putting on my second best muslin gown. I would have put on my really best if I had not had the fear of Nancy before my eyes; but I knew she would never condone THAT, even on a birthday. I watered my flowers and fed my cats, and then I locked myself up and wrote a poem on June. I had given up writing birthday odes after I was thirty.

**PT** In the afternoon I went to the Sewing Circle. When I was ready for it I looked in my glass and wondered if I could really be forty. I was quite sure I didn't look it. My hair was brown and wavy, my cheeks were pink, and the lines could hardly be seen at all, though possibly that was because of the dim light. I always have my mirror hung in the darkest corner of my room. Nancy cannot imagine why. I know the lines are there, of course; but when they don't show very plain I forget that they are there.

**PT** We had a large Sewing Circle, young and old alike attending. I really cannot say I ever enjoyed the meetings—at least not up to that time—although I went religiously because I thought it my duty to go. The married women talked so much of their husbands and children, and of course I had to be quiet on those topics; and the young girls talked in corner groups about their beaux, and stopped it when I joined them, as if they felt sure that an old maid who had never had a beau couldn't understand at all. As for the other old maids, they talked gossip about every one, and I did not like that either. I knew the minute my back was turned they would fasten into me and hint that I used hair-dye and declare it was perfectly ridiculous for a woman of FIFTY to wear a pink muslin dress with lace-trimmed frills.

**PT** There was a full attendance that day, for we were getting ready for a sale of fancy work in aid of parsonage repairs. The young girls were merrier and noisier than usual. Wilhelmina Mercer was there, and she kept them going. The Mercers were quite new to Avonlea, having come here only two months previously.

**PT** I was sitting by the window and Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross and Georgie Hall were in a little group just before me. I wasn't listening to their chatter at all, but presently Georgie exclaimed teasingly:

**PT** "Miss Charlotte is laughing at us. I suppose she thinks we are awfully silly to be talking about beaux."

**PT** The truth was that I was simply smiling over some very pretty thoughts that had come to me about the roses which were climbing over Mary Gillespie's sill. I meant to inscribe them in the little blank book when I went home. Georgie's speech brought me back to harsh realities with a jolt. It hurt me, as such speeches always did.

**PT** "Didn't you ever have a beau, Miss Holmes?" said Wilhelmina laughingly.

**PT** Just as it happened, a silence had fallen over the room for a moment, and everybody in it heard Wilhelmina's question.

**PT** I really do not know what got into me and possessed me. I have never been able to account for what I said and did, because I am naturally a truthful person and hate all deceit. It seemed to me that I simply could not say "No" to Wilhelmina before that whole roomful of women. It was TOO humiliating. I suppose all the prickles and stings and slurs I had endured for fifteen years on account of never having had a lover had what the new doctor calls "a cumulative effect" and came to a head then and there.

**PT** "Yes, I had one once, my dear," I said calmly.

**PT** For once in my life I made a sensation. Every woman in that room stopped sewing and stared at me. Most of them, I saw, didn't believe me, but Wilhelmina did. Her pretty face lighted up with interest.

**PT** "Oh, won't you tell us about him, Miss Holmes?" she coaxed, "and why didn't you marry him?"

**PT** "That is right, Miss Mercer," said Josephine Cameron, with a nasty little laugh. "Make her tell. We're all interested. It's news to us that Charlotte ever had a beau."

**PT** If Josephine had not said that, I might not have gone on. But she did say it, and, moreover, I caught Mary Gillespie and Adella Gilbert exchanging significant smiles. That settled it, and made me quite reckless. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thought I, and I said with a pensive smile:

**PT** "Nobody here knew anything about him, and it was all long, long ago."

**PT** "What was his name?" asked Wilhelmina.

**PT** "Cecil Fenwick," I answered promptly. Cecil had always been my favorite name for a man; it figured quite frequently in the blank book. As for the Fenwick part of it, I had a bit of newspaper in my hand, measuring a hem, with "Try Fenwick's Porous Plasters" printed across it, and I simply joined the two in sudden and irrevocable matrimony.

**PT** "Where did you meet him?" asked Georgie.

**PT** I hastily reviewed my past. There was only one place to locate Cecil Fenwick. The only time I had ever been far enough away from Avonlea in my life was when I was eighteen and had gone to visit an aunt in New Brunswick.

**PT** "In Blakely, New Brunswick," I said, almost believing that I had when I saw how they all took it in unsuspectingly. "I was just eighteen and he was twenty-three."

**PT** "What did he look like?" Susette wanted to know.

**PT** "Oh, he was very handsome." I proceeded glibly to sketch my ideal. To tell the dreadful truth, I was enjoying myself; I could see respect dawning in those girls' eyes, and I knew that I had forever thrown off my reproach. Henceforth I should be a woman with a romantic past, faithful to the one love of her life—a very, very different thing from an old maid who had never had a lover.

**PT** "He was tall and dark, with lovely, curly black hair and brilliant, piercing eyes. He had a splendid chin, and a fine nose, and the most fascinating smile!"

**PT** "What was he?" asked Maggie.

**PT** "A young lawyer," I said, my choice of profession decided by an enlarged crayon portrait of Mary Gillespie's deceased brother on an easel before me. He had been a lawyer.

**PT** "Why didn't you marry him?" demanded Susette.

**PT** "We quarreled," I answered sadly. "A terribly bitter quarrel. Oh, we were both so young and so foolish. It was my fault. I vexed Cecil by flirting with another man"—wasn't I coming on!—"and he was jealous and angry. He went out West and never came back. I have never seen him since, and I do not even know if he is alive. But—but—I could never care for any other man."

**PT** "Oh, how interesting!" sighed Wilhelmina. "I do so love sad love stories. But perhaps he will come back some day yet, Miss Holmes."

**PT** "Oh, no, never now," I said, shaking my head. "He has forgotten all about me, I dare say. Or if he hasn't, he has never forgiven me."

**PT** Mary Gillespie's Susan Jane announced tea at this moment, and I was thankful, for my imagination was giving out, and I didn't know what question those girls would ask next. But I felt already a change in the mental atmosphere surrounding me, and all through supper I was thrilled with a secret exultation. Repentant? Ashamed? Not a bit of it! I'd have done the same thing over again, and all I felt sorry for was that I hadn't done it long ago.

**PT** When I got home that night Nancy looked at me wonderingly, and said:

**PT** "You look like a girl to-night, Miss Charlotte."

**PT** "I feel like one," I said laughing; and I ran to my room and did what I had never done before—wrote a second poem in the same day. I had to have some outlet for my feelings. I called it "In Summer Days of Long Ago," and I worked Mary Gillespie's roses and Cecil Fenwick's eyes into it, and made it so sad and reminiscent and minor-musicky that I felt perfectly happy.

**PT** For the next two months all went well and merrily. Nobody ever said anything more to me about Cecil Fenwick, but the girls all chattered freely to me of their little love affairs, and I became a sort of general

confidant for them. It just warmed up the cockles of my heart, and I began to enjoy the Sewing Circle famously. I got a lot of pretty new dresses and the dearest hat, and I went everywhere I was asked and had a good time.

**PT** But there is one thing you can be perfectly sure of. If you do wrong you are going to be punished for it sometime, somehow and somewhere. My punishment was delayed for two months, and then it descended on my head and I was crushed to the very dust.

**PT** Another new family besides the Mercers had come to Avonlea in the spring—the Maxwells. There were just Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell; they were a middle-aged couple and very well off. Mr. Maxwell had bought the lumber mills, and they lived up at the old Spencer place which had always been "the" place of Avonlea. They lived quietly, and Mrs. Maxwell hardly ever went anywhere because she was delicate. She was out when I called and I was out when she returned my call, so that I had never met her.

**PT** It was the Sewing Circle day again—at Sarah Gardiner's this time. I was late; everybody else was there when I arrived, and the minute I entered the room I knew something had happened, although I couldn't imagine what. Everybody looked at me in the strangest way. Of course, Wilhelmina Mercer was the first to set her tongue going.

**PT** "Oh, Miss Holmes, have you seen him yet?" she exclaimed.

**PT** "Seen whom?" I said non-excitedly, getting out my thimble and patterns.

**PT** "Why, Cecil Fenwick. He's here—in Avonlea—visiting his sister,

**PT** Mrs. Maxwell."

**PT** I suppose I did what they expected me to do. I dropped

**PT** everything I held, and Josephine Cameron said afterwards that

**PT** Charlotte Holmes would never be paler when she was in her coffin.

**PT** If they had just known why I turned so pale!

**PT** "It's impossible!" I said blankly.

**PT** "It's really true," said Wilhelmina, delighted at this development, as she supposed it, of my romance. "I was up to see Mrs. Maxwell last night, and I met him."

**PT** "It—can't be—the same—Cecil Fenwick," I said faintly, because

**PT** I had to say something.

**PT** "Oh, yes, it is. He belongs in Blakely, New Brunswick, and he's a lawyer, and he's been out West twenty-two years. He's oh! so handsome, and just as you described him, except that his hair is quite gray. He has never married—I asked Mrs. Maxwell—so you see he has never forgotten you, Miss Holmes. And, oh, I believe everything is going to come out all right."

**PT** I couldn't exactly share her cheerful belief. Everything seemed to me to be coming out most horribly wrong. I was so mixed up I didn't know what to do or say. I felt as if I were in a bad dream—it MUST be a dream—there couldn't really be a Cecil Fenwick! My feelings were simply indescribable. Fortunately every one put my agitation down to quite a different cause, and they very kindly left me alone to recover myself. I shall never forget that awful afternoon. Right after tea I excused myself and went home as fast as I could go. There I shut myself up in my room, but NOT to write poetry in my blank book. No, indeed! I felt in no poetical mood.

**PT** I tried to look the facts squarely in the face. There was a Cecil Fenwick, extraordinary as the coincidence was, and he was here in Avonlea. All my friends—and foes—believed that he was the estranged lover of my youth. If he stayed long in Avonlea, one of two things was bound to happen. He would hear the story I had told about him and deny it, and I would be held up to shame and derision for the rest of my natural life; or else he would simply go away in ignorance, and everybody would suppose he had forgotten me and would pity me maddeningly. The latter possibility was bad enough, but it wasn't to be compared to the former; and oh, how I prayed—yes, I DID pray about it—that he would go right away. But Providence had other views for me.

**PT** Cecil Fenwick didn't go away. He stayed right on in Avonlea, and the Maxwells blossomed out socially in his honor and tried to give him a good time. Mrs. Maxwell gave a party for him. I got a card—but you may be very sure I didn't go, although Nancy thought I was crazy not to. Then

every one else gave parties in honor of Mr. Fenwick and I was invited and never went. Wilhelmina Mercer came and pleaded and scolded and told me if I avoided Mr. Fenwick like that he would think I still cherished bitterness against him, and he wouldn't make any advances towards a reconciliation. Wilhelmina means well, but she hasn't a great deal of sense.

**PT** Cecil Fenwick seemed to be a great favorite with everybody, young and old. He was very rich, too, and Wilhelmina declared that half the girls were after him.

**PT** "If it wasn't for you, Miss Holmes, I believe I'd have a try for him myself, in spite of his gray hair and quick temper—for Mrs. Maxwell says he has a pretty quick temper, but it's all over in a minute," said Wilhelmina, half in jest and wholly in earnest.

**PT** As for me, I gave up going out at all, even to church. I fretted and pined and lost my appetite and never wrote a line in my blank book. Nancy was half frantic and insisted on dosing me with her favorite patent pills. I took them meekly, because it is a waste of time and energy to oppose Nancy, but, of course, they didn't do me any good. My trouble was too deep-seated for pills to cure. If ever a woman was punished for telling a lie I was that woman. I stopped my subscription to the Weekly Advocate because it still carried that wretched porous plaster advertisement, and I couldn't bear to see it. If it hadn't been for that I would never have thought of Fenwick for a name, and all this trouble would have been averted.

**PT** One evening, when I was moping in my room, Nancy came up.

**PT** "There's a gentleman in the parlor asking for you, Miss

**PT** Charlotte."

**PT** My heart gave just one horrible bounce.

**PT** "What—sort of a gentleman, Nancy?" I faltered.

**PT** "I think it's that Fenwick man that there's been such a time about," said Nancy, who didn't know anything about my imaginary escapades, "and he looks to be mad clean through about something, for such a scowl I never seen."

**PT** "Tell him I'll be down directly, Nancy," I said quite calmly.

**PT** As soon as Nancy had clumped downstairs again I put on my lace fichu and put two hankies in my belt, for I thought I'd probably need more than one. Then I hunted up an old Advocate for proof, and down I went to the parlor. I know exactly how a criminal feels going to execution, and I've been opposed to capital punishment ever since.

**PT** I opened the parlor door and went in, carefully closing it behind me, for Nancy has a deplorable habit of listening in the hall. Then my legs gave out completely, and I couldn't have walked another step to save my life. I just stood there, my hand on the knob, trembling like a leaf.

**PT** A man was standing by the south window looking out; he wheeled around as I went in, and, as Nancy said, he had a scowl on and looked angry clear through. He was very handsome, and his gray hair gave him such a distinguished look. I recalled this afterward, but just at the moment you may be quite sure I wasn't thinking about it at all.

**PT** Then all at once a strange thing happened. The scowl went right off his face and the anger out of his eyes. He looked astonished, and then foolish. I saw the color creeping up into his cheeks. As for me, I still stood there staring at him, not able to say a single word.

**PT** "Miss Holmes, I presume," he said at last, in a deep, thrilling voice. "I—I—oh, confound it! I have called—I heard some foolish stories and I came here in a rage. I've been a fool—I know now they weren't true. Just excuse me and I'll go away and kick myself."

**PT** "No," I said, finding my voice with a gasp, "you mustn't go until you've heard the truth. It's dreadful enough, but not as dreadful as you might otherwise think. Those—those stories—I have a confession to make. I did tell them, but I didn't know there was such a person as Cecil Fenwick in existence."

**PT** He looked puzzled, as well he might. Then he smiled, took my hand and led me away from the door—to the knob of which I was still holding with all my might—to the sofa.

**PT** "Let's sit down and talk it over 'comfy,'" he said.

**PT** I just confessed the whole shameful business. It was terribly humiliating, but it served me right. I told him how people were always twitting me for never having had a beau, and how I had told them I had; and then I showed him the porous plaster advertisement.

**PT** He heard me right through without a word, and then he threw back his big, curly, gray head and laughed.

**PT** "This clears up a great many mysterious hints I've been receiving ever since I came to Avonlea," he said, "and finally a Mrs. Gilbert came to my sister this afternoon with a long farrago of nonsense about the love affair I had once had with some Charlotte Holmes here. She declared you had told her about it yourself. I confess I flamed up. I'm a peppery chap, and I thought—I thought—oh, confound it, it might as well out: I thought you were some lank old maid who was amusing herself telling ridiculous stories about me. When you came into the room I knew that, whoever was to blame, you were not."

**PT** "But I was," I said ruefully. "It wasn't right of me to tell such a story—and it was very silly, too. But who would ever have supposed that there could be a real Cecil Fenwick who had lived in Blakely? I never heard of such a coincidence."

**PT** "It's more than a coincidence," said Mr. Fenwick decidedly. "It's predestination; that is what it is. And now let's forget it and talk of something else."

**PT** We talked of something else—or at least Mr. Fenwick did, for I was too ashamed to say much—so long that Nancy got restive and clumped through the hall every five minutes; but Mr. Fenwick never took the hint. When he finally went away he asked if he might come again.

**PT** "It's time we made up that old quarrel, you know," he said, laughing.

**PT** And I, an old maid of forty, caught myself blushing like a girl. But I felt like a girl, for it was such a relief to have that explanation all over. I couldn't even feel angry with Adella Gilbert. She was always a mischief maker, and when a woman is born that way she is more to be pitied than blamed. I wrote a poem in the blank book before I went to sleep; I hadn't written anything for a month, and it was lovely to be at it once more.

**PT** Mr. Fenwick did come again—the very next evening, but one. And

**PT** he came so often after that that even Nancy got resigned to him.

**PT** One day I had to tell her something. I shrank from doing it, for

**PT** I feared it would make her feel badly.

**PT** "Oh, I've been expecting to hear it," she said grimly. "I felt the minute that man came into the house he brought trouble with him. Well, Miss Charlotte, I wish you happiness. I don't know how the climate of California will agree with me, but I suppose I'll have to put up with it."

**PT** "But, Nancy," I said, "I can't expect you to go away out there with me. It's too much to ask of you."

**PT** "And where else would I be going?" demanded Nancy in genuine astonishment. "How under the canopy could you keep house without me? I'm not going to trust you to the mercies of a yellow Chinee with a pig-tail. Where you go I go, Miss Charlotte, and there's an end of it."

**PT** I was very glad, for I hated to think of parting with Nancy even to go with Cecil. As for the blank book, I haven't told my husband about it yet, but I mean to some day. And I've subscribed for the Weekly Advocate again.

## Her Father's Daughter

**PT** "We must invite your Aunt Jane, of course," said Mrs. Spencer.

**PT** Rachel made a protesting movement with her large, white, shapely hands—hands which were so different from the thin, dark, twisted ones folded on the table opposite her. The difference was not caused by hard work or the lack of it; Rachel had worked hard all her life. It was a difference inherent in temperament. The Spencers, no matter what they did, or how hard they labored, all had plump, smooth, white hands, with firm, supple fingers; the Chiswicks, even those who toiled not, neither did they spin, had hard, knotted, twisted ones. Moreover, the contrast went deeper than externals, and twined itself with the innermost fibers of life, and thought, and action.

**PT** "I don't see why we must invite Aunt Jane," said Rachel, with as much impatience as her soft, throaty voice could express. "Aunt Jane doesn't like me, and I don't like Aunt Jane."

**PT** "I'm sure I don't see why you don't like her," said Mrs. Spencer.

**PT** "It's ungrateful of you. She has always been very kind to you."

**PT** "She has always been very kind with one hand," smiled Rachel. "I remember the first time I ever saw Aunt Jane. I was six years old. She held out to me a small velvet pincushion with beads on it. And then, because I did not, in my shyness, thank her quite as promptly as I should have done, she rapped my head with her bethimble finger to 'teach me better manners.' It hurt horribly—I've always had a tender head. And that has been Aunt Jane's way ever since. When I grew too big for the thimble treatment she used her tongue instead—and that hurt worse. And you know, mother, how she used to talk about my engagement. She is able to spoil the whole atmosphere if she happens to come in a bad humor. I don't want her."

**PT** "She must be invited. People would talk so if she wasn't."

**PT** "I don't see why they should. She's only my great-aunt by marriage. I wouldn't mind in the least if people did talk. They'll talk anyway—you know that, mother."

**PT** "Oh, we must have her," said Mrs. Spencer, with the indifferent finality that marked all her words and decisions—a finality against which it was seldom of any avail to struggle. People, who knew, rarely attempted it; strangers occasionally did, misled by the deceit of appearances.

**PT** Isabella Spencer was a wisp of a woman, with a pale, pretty face, uncertainly-colored, long-lashed grayish eyes, and great masses of dull, soft, silky brown hair. She had delicate aquiline features and a small, babyish red mouth. She looked as if a breath would sway her. The truth was that a tornado would hardly have caused her to swerve an inch from her chosen path.

**PT** For a moment Rachel looked rebellious; then she yielded, as she generally did in all differences of opinion with her mother. It was not worth while to quarrel over the comparatively unimportant matter of Aunt Jane's invitation. A quarrel might be inevitable later on; Rachel wanted to save all her resources for that. She gave her shoulders a shrug, and wrote Aunt Jane's name down on the wedding list in her large, somewhat untidy handwriting—a handwriting which always seemed to irritate her mother. Rachel never could understand this irritation. She could never guess that it was because her writing looked so much like that in a certain packet of faded letters which Mrs. Spencer kept at the bottom of an old horsehair trunk in her bedroom. They were postmarked from seaports all over the world. Mrs. Spencer never read them or looked at them; but she remembered every dash and curve of the handwriting.

**PT** Isabella Spencer had overcome many things in her life by the sheer force and persistency of her will. But she could not get the better of heredity. Rachel was her father's daughter at all points, and Isabella Spencer escaped hating her for it only by loving her the more fiercely because of it. Even so, there were many times when she had to avert her eyes from Rachel's face because of the pang of the more subtle remembrances; and never, since her child was born, could Isabella Spencer bear to gaze on that child's face in sleep.

**PT** Rachel was to be married to Frank Bell in a fortnight's time. Mrs. Spencer was pleased with the match. She was very fond of Frank, and his farm was so near to her own that she would not lose Rachel altogether. Rachel fondly believed that her mother would not lose her at all; but Isabella Spencer, wiser by olden experience, knew what her

daughter's marriage must mean to her, and steeled her heart to bear it with what fortitude she might.

**PT** They were in the sitting-room, deciding on the wedding guests and other details. The September sunshine was coming in through the waving boughs of the apple tree that grew close up to the low window. The glints wavered over Rachel's face, as white as a wood lily, with only a faint dream of rose in the cheeks. She wore her sleek, golden hair in a quaint arch around it. Her forehead was very broad and white. She was fresh and young and hopeful. The mother's heart contracted in a spasm of pain as she looked at her. How like the girl was to—to—to the Spencers! Those easy, curving outlines, those large, mirthful blue eyes, that finely molded chin! Isabella Spencer shut her lips firmly and crushed down some unbidden, unwelcome memories.

**PT** "There will be about sixty guests, all told," she said, as if she were thinking of nothing else. "We must move the furniture out of this room and set the supper-table here. The dining-room is too small. We must borrow Mrs. Bell's forks and spoons. She offered to lend them. I'd never have been willing to ask her. The damask table cloths with the ribbon pattern must be bleached to-morrow. Nobody else in Avonlea has such tablecloths. And we'll put the little dining-room table on the hall landing, upstairs, for the presents."

**PT** Rachel was not thinking about the presents, or the housewifely details of the wedding. Her breath was coming quicker, and the faint blush on her smooth cheeks had deepened to crimson. She knew that a critical moment was approaching. With a steady hand she wrote the last name on her list and drew a line under it.

**PT** "Well, have you finished?" asked her mother impatiently. "Hand it here and let me look over it to make sure that you haven't left anybody out that should be in."

**PT** Rachel passed the paper across the table in silence. The room seemed to her to have grown very still. She could hear the flies buzzing on the panes, the soft purr of the wind about the low eaves and through the apple boughs, the jerky beating of her own heart. She felt frightened and nervous, but resolute.

**PT** Mrs. Spencer glanced down the list, murmuring the names aloud and nodding approval at each. But when she came to the last name, she

did not utter it. She cast a black glance at Rachel, and a spark leaped up in the depths of the pale eyes. On her face were anger, amazement, incredulity, the last predominating.

**PT** The final name on the list of wedding guests was the name of

**PT** David Spencer. David Spencer lived alone in a little cottage

**PT** down at the Cove. He was a combination of sailor and fisherman.

**PT** He was also Isabella Spencer's husband and Rachel's father.

**PT** "Rachel Spencer, have you taken leave of your senses? What do you mean by such nonsense as this?"

**PT** "I simply mean that I am going to invite my father to my wedding," answered Rachel quietly.

**PT** "Not in my house," cried Mrs. Spencer, her lips as white as if her fiery tone had scathed them.

**PT** Rachel leaned forward, folded her large, capable hands deliberately on the table, and gazed unflinchingly into her mother's bitter face. Her fright and nervousness were gone. Now that the conflict was actually on she found herself rather enjoying it. She wondered a little at herself, and thought that she must be wicked. She was not given to self-analysis, or she might have concluded that it was the sudden assertion of her own personality, so long dominated by her mother's, which she was finding so agreeable.

**PT** "Then there will be no wedding, mother," she said. "Frank and I will simply go to the manse, be married, and go home. If I cannot invite my father to see me married, no one else shall be invited."

**PT** Her lips narrowed tightly. For the first time in her life Isabella Spencer saw a reflection of herself looking back at her from her daughter's face—a strange, indefinable resemblance that was more of soul and spirit than of flesh and blood. In spite of her anger her heart thrilled to it. As never before, she realized that this girl was her own and her husband's child, a living bond between them wherein their conflicting natures mingled and were reconciled. She realized too, that Rachel, so long sweetly meek and obedient, meant to have her own way in this case—and would have it.

**PT** "I must say that I can't see why you are so set on having your father see you married," she said with a bitter sneer. "HE has never remembered that he is your father. He cares nothing about you—never did care."

**PT** Rachel took no notice of this taunt. It had no power to hurt her, its venom being neutralized by a secret knowledge of her own in which her mother had no share.

**PT** "Either I shall invite my father to my wedding, or I shall not have a wedding," she repeated steadily, adopting her mother's own effective tactics of repetition undistracted by argument.

**PT** "Invite him then," snapped Mrs. Spencer, with the ungraceful anger of a woman, long accustomed to having her own way, compelled for once to yield. "It'll be like chips in porridge anyhow—neither good nor harm. He won't come."

**PT** Rachel made no response. Now that the battle was over, and the victory won, she found herself tremulously on the verge of tears. She rose quickly and went upstairs to her own room, a dim little place shadowed by the white birches growing thickly outside—a virginal room, where everything bespoke the maiden. She lay down on the blue and white patchwork quilt on her bed, and cried softly and bitterly.

**PT** Her heart, at this crisis in her life, yearned for her father, who was almost a stranger to her. She knew that her mother had probably spoken the truth when she said that he would not come. Rachel felt that her marriage vows would be lacking in some indefinable sacredness if her father were not by to hear them spoken.

**PT** Twenty-five years before this, David Spencer and Isabella Chiswick had been married. Spiteful people said there could be no doubt that Isabella had married David for love, since he had neither lands nor money to tempt her into a match of bargain and sale. David was a handsome fellow, with the blood of a seafaring race in his veins.

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## O Gato Persa da Tia Cynthia

**En** Max sempre falou bem do animal depois, e a narradora admitiu que as coisas acabaram dando certo. No entanto, ao lembrar do sofrimento mental que ela e Ismay suportaram por causa daquele gato terrível, a frustração veio à mente em vez da gratidão.

**En** A narradora confessou que nunca gostou de gatos, embora pudesse tolerar uma gata adulta e útil. Ismay, no entanto, sempre os odiou.

**En** Tia Cynthia adorava gatos e não conseguia entender como alguém poderia não gostar deles. Ela acreditava firmemente que Ismay e o narrador realmente gostavam de gatos no fundo, mas, devido a uma torção moral perversa, teimosamente negavam isso.

**En** De todos os gatos, o narrador detestava o persa branco da tia Cynthia. Suspeitava-se do que mais tarde foi confirmado: a tia Cynthia valorizava a criatura mais pelo seu pedigree e pelo preço de mercado de cem dólares do que por afeição genuína. Um gato comum lhe teria dado dez vezes mais conforto, mas o gato persa lisonjeava seu orgulho da posse, iludindo-a a pensar que era o tesouro do seu coração.

**En** O gato havia sido dado à tia Cynthia quando era um gatinho por um sobrinho missionário que o trouxe da Pérsia. Por três anos, a casa serviu aquele gato constantemente. Era branco como a neve com uma mancha cinza-azulada na ponta do rabo, olhos azuis, surdo e delicado, causando à tia Cynthia uma preocupação interminável de que ele pudesse pegar um resfriado e morrer. Ismay e a narradora secretamente desejavam que sim, cansadas de ouvir sobre seus caprichos. Nunca disseram isso à tia Cynthia, sabendo que não era sábio ofender uma tia rica. Elas realmente gostavam dela às vezes, embora ela pudesse ser exasperante: ela criticava até que elas pensassem ter motivos para odiá-la, e então de repente fazia algo tão amável que elas se sentiam obrigadas a amá-la.

**En** Nós ouvimos humildemente enquanto ela falava sobre sua gata, Fátima. Se foi errado desejar a morte da gata, certamente fomos punidos por esse desejo mais tarde.

**En** Um dia de novembro, tia Cynthia foi de charrete para Spencervale, puxada por um pônei gordo e cinza. Ela sempre dava a impressão de um navio totalmente equipado navegando corajosamente diante de um vento favorável.

**En** Aquele foi um dia amaldiçoado para todos nós. Tudo tinha dado errado. Ismay derramou graxa em seu casaco de veludo, a nova blusa que eu estava fazendo ficou terrivelmente torta, o fogão da cozinha fumegava e o pão estava azedo. Além disso, Huldah Jane, nossa fiel e antiga enfermeira e cozinheira, tinha reumatismo no ombro; e quando Huldah Jane tinha reumatismo, todos os outros na casa se sentiam tão desconfortáveis quanto São Lourenço em sua grelha.

**En** E então, além de tudo isso, tia Cynthia chegou com sua visita e seu pedido.

**En** Tia Cynthia fungou e perguntou se não sentia cheiro de fumaça.

**En** A oradora criticou a administração do fogão das garotas, observando que o dela nunca emitia fumaça.

**En** Ela comentou que tal resultado era apenas de se esperar quando duas garotas tentavam

**En** administrar uma casa sem a presença de um homem.

**En** A narradora declarou orgulhosamente que elas se saíam perfeitamente bem sem um homem. Apesar de não desejar particularmente ver Max, ela não pôde deixar de se perguntar por que ele não a visitava há quatro dias. Ela afirmou que os homens eram irritantes.

**En** Tia Cynthia respondeu de maneira irritante, sugerindo que a narradora apenas fingia acreditar que os homens eram um incômodo, mas que nenhuma mulher realmente pensava assim. Ela especulou que a bela Anne Shirley, que estava visitando Ella Kimball, certamente não pensava daquela forma. Tia Cynthia havia observado Anne e o Dr. Irving caminhando juntos naquela tarde, parecendo muito contentes. Ela alertou a narradora de que, se ela procrastinasse por muito mais tempo, poderia perder Max completamente.

**En** Aquela observação foi sem tato, considerando quantas vezes eu tinha recusado Max Irving. Eu estava furiosa, mas escolhi sorrir docemente para minha tia.

**En** Respondi suavemente que o comentário dela era divertido, e que ela falava como se eu desejasse Max.

**En** Tia Cynthia insistiu que eu queria ele.

**En** Perguntei com um sorriso por que eu o teria recusado repetidamente se eu o quisesse. Tia Cynthia sabia muito bem que eu tinha feito isso, pois Max sempre contava a ela.

**En** Tia Cynthia disse que não fazia ideia por que eu continuava recusando, mas avisou que eu poderia recusar uma vez demais e ser levada a sério. Ela também mencionou que Anne Shirley era muito fascinante.

**En** Eu concordei que ela realmente tinha os olhos mais lindos que eu já tinha visto. Pensei que ela seria a esposa perfeita para Max, e esperei que ele se casasse com ela.

**En** Tia Cynthia fez um som de desaprovação. Disse que não me encorajaria a contar mais mentiras. Ela não tinha dirigido sob o vento para falar sobre Max. Ia para Halifax por dois meses e queria que eu cuidasse de Fátima por ela.

**En** Exclamei de surpresa ao ouvir o nome Fátima.

**En** Ela confirmou que era Fátima. Não confiava nos empregados para cuidar dela. Instruiu-me a sempre aquecer o leite de Fátima antes de alimentá-la e nunca deixá-la sair.

**En** Olhei para Ismay e ela olhou de volta para mim. Percebemos que tínhamos que concordar. Recusar ofenderia profundamente a tia Cynthia. Além disso, se eu mostrasse qualquer hesitação, ela pensaria que era por causa de seus comentários sobre Max e me lembraria disso por anos. Ainda assim, ousei perguntar o que aconteceria se algo desse errado com Fátima enquanto ela estivesse fora.

**En** Tia Cynthia afirmou que estava deixando Fátima com eles para evitar que algo ruim acontecesse. Ela insistiu que eles deviam manter Fátima a salvo, acrescentando que a responsabilidade seria boa para eles. Eles também descobririam como Fátima era realmente

encantadora. Então ela declarou o assunto resolvido e disse que Fátima chegaria no dia seguinte.

**En** Após a Tia Cynthia sair, Ismay disse à outra pessoa que eles mesmos poderiam cuidar da horrível criatura Fatima. Ela afirmou que não tocaria nela e insistiu que não deveriam ter concordado em ficar com ela.

**En** O narrador perguntou, irritado, se ele havia dito que a aceitariam. Ele apontou que Tia Cynthia havia considerado o consentimento deles como certo e que eles não poderiam ter recusado. Ele então questionou qual era o sentido de ficar de mau humor.

**En** Ismay disse sombriamente que, se algo acontecesse com ela, a tia Cynthia os responsabilizaria.

**En** Alguém perguntou se Anne Shirley estava realmente noiva de Gilbert Blythe.

**En** Perguntei, com a curiosidade evidente em meu tom de voz.

**En** Ismay disse distraidamente que tinha ouvido que a mulher estava doente. Ela perguntou se a mulher comia algo além de leite e se seria aceitável dar a ela ratos.

**En** O orador concordou que poderia ser assim, mas então perguntou se Max realmente havia se apaixonado por ela.

**En** O falante concordou e observou que seria um grande alívio se ele tivesse.

**En** A narradora respondeu em um tom frio, declarando que Anne Shirley, ou qualquer outra pessoa, era perfeitamente bem-vinda a Max se o desejasse, mas ela mesma certamente não o desejava. Ela então reclamou com Ismay Meade sobre a fumaça do fogão, ameaçando ficar extremamente chateada se isso não parasse. Ela descreveu o dia como detestável e admitiu que odiava uma certa pessoa.

**En** Ismay protestou que era injusto julgar alguém sem conhecê-lo, e observou que todos consideravam Anne Shirley uma pessoa adorável.

**En** Em um acesso de raiva, o falante insistiu que o tópico da discussão havia sido Fátima.

**En** Ismay exclamou de surpresa.

**En** O falante considerava Ismay ocasionalmente tola, e achava a maneira como ela proferiu aquela exclamação inescusavelmente estúpida.

**En** Fatima chegou no dia seguinte em uma cesta forrada de cetim carmesim macio, trazida por Max. Max gostava de gatos e da Tia Cynthia, e deu instruções sobre como cuidar de Fatima. Quando Ismay saiu do quarto — ela sempre fazia isso quando a narradora especialmente queria que ela ficasse — Max pediu-a em casamento mais uma vez. A narradora recusou, como de costume, mas sentiu-se um pouco satisfeita. Max vinha pedindo-a em casamento a cada dois meses nos últimos dois anos. Às vezes, quando ele esperava três meses, a narradora se perguntava por quê e concluía que Max talvez não estivesse realmente interessado nela, o que era um alívio. Ela não queria se casar com Max, mas a presença dele era agradável e conveniente. Eles sentiriam muita falta dele se outra mulher se casasse com ele, pois ele era muito prestativo com tarefas como consertar o telhado, levá-los à cidade e estender tapetes — um apoio confiável em todos os seus problemas.

**En** Ela sorriu para ele quando recusou. Max começou a contar nos dedos. Quando chegou a oito, balançou a cabeça e começou a contar do início.

**En** Perguntei o que era.

**En** Ele disse que estava tentando contar quantas vezes ele havia proposto a ela. Não conseguia se lembrar se ele havia pedido ela em casamento no dia em que cavaram o jardim; se tivesse, iria mudar o número.

**En** Eu o interrompi, insistindo que ele não havia feito a proposta naquele dia.

**En** Max comentou que isso elevava o total para onze pedidos de casamento. Ele observou que estava se aproximando do seu limite, pois seu orgulho não permitiria que ele pedisse a mesma garota em casamento mais de doze vezes. Portanto, ele disse que a próxima vez seria a última.

**En** A narradora disse 'Oh' em um tom monótono. Ela não se importou que Max a chamasse de querida. Ela pensou que as coisas ficariam

chatas quando Max parasse de pedi-la em casamento, pois era sua única emoção, mas sabia que isso tinha que acabar. Para mudar de assunto, ela perguntou a Max como era a senhorita Shirley.

**En** Max disse que Miss Shirley era uma garota muito doce. Ele acrescentou que sempre admirara garotas de olhos cinzentos e cabelos de Titian esplêndidos.

**En** A narradora se descreveu como de cabelos escuros e olhos castanhos. Naquele momento, ela sentiu uma forte antipatia por Max. Ela se levantou e anunciou sua intenção de buscar um pouco de leite para Fatima.

**En** Encontrei Ismay furiosa na cozinha. Ela tinha estado no sótão, e um rato havia passado por cima do pé dela. Ratos sempre deixavam Ismay nervosa.

**En** Ismay estava exasperada, insistindo que eles realmente precisavam de um gato, mas não de uma criatura inútil e mimada como Fatima. Ela declarou que o sótão estava infestado de roedores e que ela se recusava terminantemente a subir lá novamente.

**En** Fatima não se mostrou tão problemática quanto havíamos previsto. Huldah Jane se apegou a ela, e embora Ismay declarasse que não teria nada a ver com a criança, ela garantiu o conforto de Fatima com grande cuidado. Ela chegava a se levantar no meio da noite para verificar se ela estava aquecida. Max aparecia todos os dias e, estando por perto, oferecia-nos conselhos úteis.

**En** Aproximadamente três semanas após a partida da tia Cynthia, Fátima simplesmente desapareceu, como se tivesse se dissolvido no ar. Ela havia sido deixada dormindo em sua cesta perto do fogo sob a vigilância de Huldah Jane enquanto os outros saíam. Ao retornarem, ela não foi encontrada em lugar nenhum.

**En** Huldah Jane chorou e parecia quase insana de dor. Ela insistiu que havia vigiado Fatima o tempo todo, exceto por breves três minutos quando foi ao sótão buscar segurelha. Quando voltou, encontrou a porta da cozinha aberta pelo vento e Fatima havia desaparecido.

**En** Ismay e a narradora estavam desesperadas. Elas procuraram por todo o jardim, pelos anexos e pelos bosques atrás da casa, chamando

por Fátima, mas não conseguiram encontrá-la. Finalmente, Ismay sentou-se nos degraus da frente e chorou.

**En** Ismay temia que Fatima tivesse saído e pegasse um resfriado grave.

**En** O orador tinha certeza de que Cynthia nunca os perdoaria.

**En** A pessoa disse que iria buscar Max, e assim o fez, correndo o mais rápido possível pela floresta de abetos e pelo campo. Sentiu gratidão por haver um Max a quem recorrer numa situação tão difícil.

**En** Max juntou-se à busca, e eles procuraram novamente, mas não encontraram nada. Nos dias que se seguiram, Fátima continuava desaparecida. O narrador sentiu que, sem o apoio de Max, teria enlouquecido durante aquela terrível semana. Eles não podiam anunciar porque a tia Cynthia poderia ver, então, em vez disso, perguntaram por aí por um gato persa branco com uma mancha azul no rabo e ofereceram uma recompensa. Muitas pessoas trouxeram todo tipo de gatos para a casa, dia e noite, esperando que fosse o perdido, mas ninguém tinha visto Fátima.

**En** Uma tarde eu disse a Max e Ismay, desesperançado, que nunca mais veríamos Fátima. Eu tinha acabado de dispensar uma senhora idosa que trouxe um grande gato amarelo. Ela insistiu que devia ser nosso porque ele veio até a casa dela, miando terrivelmente, e ninguém na área de Grafton o reivindicou.

**En** Max respondeu que temia que o gato já tivesse morrido de frio há muito tempo.

**En** Ismay disse sombriamente que a tia Cynthia nunca os perdoaria. Ela tinha sentido um pressentimento de problemas desde o momento em que o gato chegou.

**En** Nós nunca tínhamos ouvido falar dessa premonição antes, mas Ismay era boa em ter premonições — depois que as coisas já tinham acontecido.

**En** O narrador perguntou, desamparado, o que deveriam fazer e então indagou a Max se ele poderia encontrar uma saída para o problema deles.

**En** Max sugeriu colocar um anúncio nos jornais de Charlottetown por um gato persa branco. Ele achou que alguém poderia ter um à venda e que eles poderiam comprá-lo e apresentá-lo à sua tia como Fatima. Como ela era muito míope, eles poderiam enganá-la facilmente.

**En** Eu disse, no entanto, que a Fatima tinha uma mancha azul no rabo.

**En** Max insistiu que eles colocassem um anúncio no jornal para encontrar um gato, especificamente um com uma mancha azul no rabo.

**En** Max sugeriu que eles colocassem um anúncio no jornal para encontrar um gato, especificando que o gato deve ter uma mancha azul no rabo.

**En** Ismay disse tristemente que custaria caro, já que Fatima valia cem dólares.

**En** O narrador concluiu com tristeza que eles teriam que gastar o dinheiro que haviam separado para novos casacos de pele, pois parecia a única solução. Eles temiam que, se não o fizessem, a tia Cynthia pudesse acreditar que eles haviam se desfeito deliberadamente de Fatima e ficaria com raiva o suficiente para causar-lhes problemas ainda maiores.

**En** Portanto, colocamos um anúncio. Max foi à cidade e mandou inserir o aviso no jornal diário mais importante. Solicitamos que qualquer pessoa que tivesse um gato persa branco com uma mancha azul na ponta da cauda e desejasse vendê-lo entrasse em contato com M. I., aos cuidados do Enterprise.

**En** Mal ousávamos esperar que algo desse certo, então ficamos ambos surpresos e encantados quando Max trouxe para casa uma carta da cidade quatro dias depois. Era uma mensagem datilografada de Halifax informando que o remetente tinha um gato persa branco à venda que correspondia à nossa descrição. O preço era cento e dez dólares, e se M. I. desejasse ir a Halifax para inspecionar o animal, ele poderia ser encontrado na Rua Hollis, 110, perguntando por "Persian".

**En** Ismay os exortou a moderar o entusiasmo, pois duvidava que o gato fosse adequado. Ele especulou que a mancha azul poderia estar no lugar errado ou com o tamanho errado, e consistentemente se recusou a esperar qualquer resultado positivo do infeliz incidente.

**En** Naquele instante, houve uma batida na porta, e eu me apressei em atendê-la. Parado ali estava o menino do carteiro, segurando um telegrama. Rasguei-o, lancei um olhar e voltei correndo para a sala.

**En** Ismay exclamou, perguntando qual era o problema agora, enquanto observava o rosto do narrador.

**En** Mostrei a ela o telegrama. Era da Tia Cynthia, que nos havia instruído a enviar Fátima para Halifax pelo trem expresso imediatamente.

**En** Desta vez, Max não parecia pronto para oferecer uma sugestão. O narrador foi quem falou primeiro.

**En** O narrador implorou a Max para ajudá-los a passar pela situação. O narrador e Ismay não podiam viajar para Halifax imediatamente, então Max foi solicitado a ir na manhã seguinte. Ele deveria ir até a Rua Hollis, número 110, e perguntar por um gato chamado Persa. Se o gato se parecesse o suficiente com Fátima, ele deveria comprá-lo e entregá-lo à tia Cynthia. O narrador expressou confiança de que o gato realmente se pareceria.

**En** Max disse que dependia das circunstâncias.

**En** O narrador o olhou com espanto, pois isso era completamente fora do comum para Max.

**En** Max disse que estava sendo enviado para uma tarefa desagradável. Ele se perguntou como a tia Cynthia poderia ser enganada, mesmo com sua miopia. Comprar um gato como brincadeira era arriscado demais. Se ela percebesse o plano deles, ele estaria em uma situação terrível.

**En** Eu estava prestes a chorar ao me dirigir a Max.

**En** Max disse pensativamente, enquanto olhava para o fogo, que se ele fosse verdadeiramente parte da família ou tivesse uma chance razoável de se tornar, não se importaria tanto. Ele explicou que então seria apenas parte de suas obrigações normais. No entanto, dadas as circunstâncias atuais, ele se sentia de forma diferente.

**En** Ismay se levantou de seu assento e saiu da sala.

**En** Eu implorei sinceramente a Max, dizendo que precisava de sua ajuda.

**En** Max pediu a Sue em casamento de forma severa. Ele disse que, se ela concordasse, iria a Halifax e enfrentaria o problema sem medo. Prometeu fazer qualquer coisa, inclusive mentir, para ajudá-la, mas apenas se ela se tornasse sua esposa.

**En** Perguntei desamparadamente se não havia mais nada que os satisfizesse.

**En** A outra pessoa respondeu que nada aconteceria.

**En** Pensei cuidadosamente. Max estava agindo muito mal, mas na verdade ele era um bom amigo. Esta era a décima segunda vez que ele fazia algo assim. E havia Anne Shirley! Eu sabia no fundo que a vida seria terrivelmente triste sem Max. Além disso, eu teria me casado com ele há muito tempo se a tia Cynthia não tivesse sempre tentado nos aproximar desde que ele veio para Spencervale.

**En** Concordei de forma irritada.

**En** Max partiu para Halifax naquela manhã. No dia seguinte, eles receberam um telegrama dizendo que estava tudo bem. Na noite seguinte, ele voltou para Spencervale. Ismay e eu o sentamos em uma cadeira e o encaramos com impaciência.

**En** Max riu tanto que seu rosto ficou azul.

**En** Ismay falou seriamente e disse que estava feliz que fosse tão divertido. Ela acrescentou que, se ela e Sue pudessem entender a piada, poderia ser ainda mais divertido.

**En** Max implorou às meninas que tivessem paciência com ele, explicando que, se elas soubessem o quanto era difícil para ele manter uma expressão séria em Halifax, entenderiam por que ele agora estava se permitindo rir.

**En** O narrador exclamou que eles perdoaram Max e imploraram que ele contasse tudo.

**En** Max disse que, assim que chegou a Halifax, ele correu para a Rua Hollis, 110. Então ele perguntou por que lhe disseram que o endereço da tia era a Rua Pleasant, 10.

**En** Ele concordou que este era o caso.

**En** Ele negou, sugerindo que da próxima vez ela examinasse o endereço em um telegrama. Ele acrescentou que a mulher havia saído uma semana antes para visitar outra amiga no número 110 da Hollis.

**En** Alguém chamou Max.

**En** O orador confirmou que era verdade. Eles haviam tocado a campainha e estavam prestes a pedir à empregada por 'Persian' quando a própria tia Cynthia atravessou o salão e se aproximou rapidamente deles.

**En** A tia Cynthia perguntou a Max se ele tinha trazido Fatima com ele.

**En** Eu disse não, tentando entender essa nova situação enquanto ela me arrastava para a biblioteca. Expliquei que só tinha vindo a Halifax para um pequeno assunto de negócios.

**En** Aunt Cynthia disse com irritação que ela não entendia por que as garotas não tinham enviado Fatima como ela havia telegrafado para que fizessem imediatamente. Ela acrescentou que estava esperando uma ligação de alguém que queria comprar o gato.

**En** A falante soltou uma leve exclamação de surpresa, consciente de que a cada momento que passava, ela descobria detalhes mais importantes.

**En** A tia Cynthia continuou, explicando que havia colocado um anúncio no Charlottetown Enterprise para um gato persa. Ela mencionou que Fatima era uma grande responsabilidade e que provavelmente morreria, tornando-se uma perda total. Portanto, embora gostasse da gata, ela decidiu vendê-la.

**En** Nesse ponto, o narrador havia recuperado a compostura e rapidamente concluiu que uma mistura cuidadosa de honestidade era o curso de ação apropriado.

**En** Eu declarei que era uma coincidência muito peculiar.

**En** A oradora admitiu à Srta. Ridley que foi ela quem colocou o anúncio para um gato persa, e que o fez em nome de Sue.

**En** Em nome dela mesma e de Ismay, Sue havia decidido que elas queriam um gato como Fatima.

**En** Sue e Ismay desejavam ter um gato como Fatima para elas.

**En** O orador descreveu como a Srta. Ridley sorriu radiante de prazer. Ela comentou que sempre soube que o ouvinte secretamente gostava de gatos, mas nunca admitiu. Eles finalizaram o negócio imediatamente. O orador entregou os cento e dez dólares, que a Srta. Ridley aceitou sem hesitação. Como resultado, eles se tornaram coproprietários de Fátima. O orador desejou-lhes boa sorte com a compra.

**En** Ismay fungou e se referiu à tia Cynthia como uma coisa velha e mesquinha. O narrador, lembrando-se de seus próprios casacos de pele surrados, não encontrou motivo para discordar.

**En** O orador disse que não havia Fatima e se perguntou como eles a explicariam para a Tia Cynthia quando ela voltasse.

**En** O interlocutor informou a ouvinte de que sua tia não retornaria por mais um mês. Após seu retorno, a ouvinte foi aconselhada a informar a tia de que o gato havia se perdido, embora sem especificar quando. Quanto ao restante, Fatima agora pertencia à ouvinte, então a tia não tinha motivos para reclamação. No entanto, a tia teria uma opinião ainda pior sobre a capacidade da ouvinte de administrar uma casa de forma independente.

**En** Depois que Max partiu, fui até a janela para observar seu progresso pelo caminho. Admirei sua aparência bonita e senti orgulho dele. Quando ele chegou ao portão, virou-se para acenar adeus e, ao fazê-lo, olhou para cima. Mesmo àquela distância, pude ver o espanto em seu rosto. Imediatamente, ele voltou correndo.

**En** Eu gritei para Ismay que a casa estava pegando fogo e corri para a porta.

**En** Max exclamou para Sue que ele tinha acabado de ver Fátima, ou talvez o fantasma dela, na janela do sótão.

**En** Eu exclamei que era bobagem, mas Ismay já estava na metade da escada, então nós a seguimos. Corremos direto para o sótão, onde Fatima estava sentada, elegante e satisfeita, aproveitando o sol perto da janela.

**En** Max riu tão intensamente que as próprias vigas pareciam tremer com o som.

**En** O narrador protestou, prestes a chorar, que Fatima não poderia ter estado lá em cima o tempo todo porque eles teriam ouvido ela miando.

**En** Max afirmou que eles não a tinham ouvido.

**En** Ismay afirmou que o gato teria perecido de frio.

**En** Max afirmou que o gato não tinha morrido.

**En** Eu disse que o gato poderia ter morrido de fome.

**En** Max disse que o lugar estava cheio de ratos. Ele disse às meninas que não havia dúvida de que o gato estava lá há duas semanas. Deve ter seguido Huldah Jane até lá naquele dia sem ser notado. Ele achou estranho que elas não tivessem ouvido o gato miando — se é que ele tinha miado. Mas talvez não tivesse miado, e claro, elas dormiam no andar de baixo. Ele não podia acreditar que elas nunca tinham pensado em procurar o gato ali.

**En** Ismay mencionou que havia custado a eles mais de cem dólares, olhando com raiva para a elegante gata Fatima.

**En** Eu afirmei que isso tinha me custado mais do que aquilo, e então me virei em direção à escada.

**En** Max me manteve imóvel por um momento enquanto Ismay e Fatima desciam apressadas com passos leves.

**En** Ele perguntou a Sue em um sussurro se ela achava que o custo tinha sido muito alto.

**En** Eu olhei para ele de lado. Ele era verdadeiramente cativante; a bondade parecia irradiar dele.

**En** Eu respondi que não, e expliquei que quando nos casássemos, ele precisaria cuidar da Fatima, pois eu não cuidaria.

**En** Max expressou sua gratidão a Fatima.

## A Materialização de Cecil

**En** A narradora não estava particularmente preocupada por ser solteira, apesar da piedade que as solteironas recebiam em Avonlea. O que a preocupava, ela admitia, era que nunca lhe tinha sido dada sequer a oportunidade de se casar. Até a sua velha ama e criada, Nancy, entendia isso e sentia pena dela. A própria Nancy era uma mulher solteira, mas tinha recebido duas propostas de casamento. Ela as recusou porque um dos pretendentes era um viúvo com sete filhos e o outro era um homem preguiçoso e inútil. Ainda assim, se alguém zombasse de Nancy por ser solteira, ela podia orgulhosamente apontar para essas propostas como prova de que poderia ter casado se quisesse. A narradora refletiu que, se não tivesse passado a vida inteira em Avonlea, as pessoas talvez lhe tivessem dado o benefício da dúvida. Mas, como passou, todos pensavam que sabiam tudo sobre ela.

**En** A narradora muitas vezes se perguntara por que ninguém jamais se apaixonara por ela. Ela se considerava nada feia; anos atrás, George Adoniram Maybrick escrevera um poema elogiando extravagantemente sua beleza, embora ele escrevesse tais versos para muitas garotas bonitas e nunca cortejasse ninguém além de Flora King, que era estrábica e ruiva. Ainda assim, isso provava que sua aparência não era o obstáculo. Tampouco sua própria escrita de poesia era um impedimento, pois ninguém sabia que ela escrevia. Quando a inspiração vinha, ela se trancava em seu quarto e escrevia em um pequeno caderno que mantinha escondido. O livro estava quase cheio, pois ela escrevera poesia durante toda a vida. Este era o único segredo que ela jamais guardara de Nancy. Nancy, de qualquer forma, não tinha uma opinião muito elevada sobre sua capacidade de cuidar de si mesma; a narradora temia imaginar o que Nancy faria se descobrisse o livrinho. Ela tinha certeza de que Nancy imediatamente mandaria chamar o médico e insistiria em cataplasmas de mostarda enquanto esperava.

**En** Apesar de seus pensamentos iniciais, a narradora continuou com suas atividades — cuidar das flores, dos gatos, ler revistas e trabalhar em um livro pessoal — e se sentiu genuinamente feliz e satisfeita. No entanto, ela ainda se incomodava que Adella Gilbert, uma vizinha cujo marido era um bêbado, a compadecia por nunca ter sido desejada por

nenhum homem. A narradora teve que se conter para não pensar de forma pouco caridosa sobre Adella.

**En** O Círculo de Costura se reuniu na casa de Mary Gillespie no dia em que completei quarenta anos. Eu havia parado de mencionar meu aniversário, mas em Avonlea todos sabem sua idade – ou, se erram, acham que você é mais jovem. Nancy, que desde que eu era criança sempre se lembrava do meu aniversário, ainda insistia em comemorar, e eu não a desencorajava porque é agradável receber atenção. Ela me trouxe o café da manhã na cama com todas as minhas comidas favoritas, a bandeja decorada com rosas do jardim e samambaias do bosque. Aproveitei cada mordida, depois me levantei e me vesti com meu segundo melhor vestido de musselina. Eu teria usado o melhor se não temesse a desaprovação de Nancy. Reguei minhas flores, alimentei meus gatos, e então me tranquei para escrever um poema sobre junho. Eu havia parado de escrever poemas de aniversário depois dos trinta anos.

**En** À tarde, a narradora foi ao Círculo de Costura. Antes de sair, ela se olhou no espelho e se perguntou se realmente poderia ter quarenta anos. Ela estava bastante certa de que não aparentava essa idade. Seu cabelo era castanho e ondulado, suas bochechas rosadas, e as linhas em seu rosto eram quase invisíveis, possivelmente por causa da luz fraca. Ela sempre mantinha seu espelho no canto mais escuro do quarto, e Nancy não conseguia entender por quê. Embora ela soubesse que as linhas estavam lá, quando não eram muito perceptíveis, ela esquecia delas.

**En** As reuniões do Círculo de Costura incluíam participantes jovens e idosos. A narradora comparecia obedientemente, mas não as achava agradáveis. As mulheres casadas focavam em suas famílias, deixando a narradora com pouco a contribuir. As mulheres mais jovens paravam suas conversas sobre interesses românticos quando ela se aproximava, presumindo que uma mulher mais velha e solteira não pudesse se relacionar. As outras solteironas se entregavam à fofoca, o que a narradora também não gostava. Ela estava ciente de que, pelas costas, especulariam sobre seu uso de tintura de cabelo e criticariam sua escolha de um vestido de musselina rosa com babados de renda, considerando-o inadequado para uma mulher de cinquenta anos.

**En** Naquele dia, a reunião teve boa presença porque estavam se preparando para um bazar de trabalhos manuais para arrecadar fundos para os reparos da casa paroquial. As moças estavam ainda mais alegres e animadas do que de costume. Wilhelmina Mercer estava presente e as mantinha entretidas. Os Mercer eram recém-chegados a Avonlea, tendo chegado apenas dois meses antes.

**En** A narradora sentou-se perto da janela, enquanto Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross e Georgie Hall se reuniam em um pequeno grupo bem na frente. Embora a narradora não estivesse prestando atenção à conversa delas, ela logo ouviu Georgie falar em um tom provocador.

**En** Georgie Hall comentou que a Srta. Charlotte parecia achar a conversa deles engraçada e provavelmente os considerava muito tolos por discutir rapazes.

**En** A narradora estava sorrindo porque tinha pensamentos agradáveis sobre as rosas que subiam pelo parapeito da janela de Mary Gillespie. Ela pretendia escrever esses pensamentos em seu caderno pequeno quando voltasse para casa. No entanto, as palavras de Georgie a puxaram de volta para a realidade desagradável. Isso a machucou, como tais comentários sempre faziam.

**En** Wilhelmina perguntou, rindo, à Srta. Holmes se ela já tinha tido um namorado.

**En** Naquele momento, a sala ficou em silêncio, e todos os presentes ouviram a pergunta de Wilhelmina.

**En** A narradora admitiu que não conseguia entender por que agiu daquela forma. Ela era normalmente honesta e não gostava de mentir, mas naquele momento, sentiu que não poderia recusar Wilhelmina diante de todas aquelas mulheres; teria sido muito constrangedor. Ela acreditava que anos de humilhação por nunca ter tido um amante haviam se acumulado e finalmente a dominado.

**En** A narradora disse calmamente que já teve um namorado uma vez.

**En** Pela primeira vez, a narradora causou alvoroço. Todas as mulheres na sala pararam de costurar e olharam para ela. Ela percebeu que a maioria duvidava dela, mas Wilhelmina era uma exceção; seu rosto bonito iluminou-se de curiosidade.

**En** Ela convenceu a Srta. Holmes, pedindo-lhe que lhes contasse sobre o homem e por que ela não havia se casado com ele.

**En** Josephine Cameron concordou com a Srta. Mercer, dando uma risadinha desagradável. Ela disse que todos estavam interessados e que era novidade para eles que Charlotte alguma vez tivesse tido um namorado.

**En** Se Josephine não tivesse dito aquilo, a narradora poderia ter parado. Mas Josephine disse, e a narradora também percebeu Mary Gillespie e Adella Gilbert trocando sorrisos significativos. Isso fez a narradora se sentir determinada e imprudente. Ela pensou que, já que havia começado, poderia muito bem terminar, então falou com um sorriso pensativo.

**En** Ela explicou que ninguém lá sabia nada sobre ele, e que tudo havia ocorrido há muito tempo.

**En** Wilhelmina perguntou qual era o nome dele.

**En** Respondi que o nome dele era Cecil Fenwick. Sempre gostei do nome Cecil e o escrevia frequentemente no meu caderno. Quanto ao sobrenome, aconteceu de eu estar segurando um pedaço de jornal com um anúncio dos Emplastros Porosos Fenwick enquanto media uma bainha, então combinei os dois nomes impulsivamente e permanentemente.

**En** Georgie indagou onde eu o tinha encontrado.

**En** O narrador rapidamente refletiu sobre sua vida. Percebeu que Cecil Fenwick só poderia ser encontrado em um lugar. A viagem mais distante que já havia feito de Avonlea foi aos dezoito anos, quando visitou uma tia em New Brunswick.

**En** Eu disse que o conheci em Blakely, New Brunswick, e eu quase acreditei nisso quando vi como eles aceitaram minha história com tanta confiança. Eu lhes disse que tinha dezoito anos e ele vinte e três.

**En** Susette queria saber como ele era.

**En** Ela descreveu seu homem ideal como muito bonito. Ela confessou que realmente gostou da experiência ao ver o respeito surgir nos olhos das garotas, sabendo que finalmente havia escapado de sua reputação anterior. A partir daquele momento, ela seria vista como uma mulher com

um passado romântico, fiel ao seu único amor verdadeiro — uma imagem muito diferente de uma solteirona que nunca conhecera um amante.

**En** Ele era alto e moreno, com cabelos pretos e cacheados atraentes, e olhos vivos e intensos. Tinha um queixo forte, um nariz bem feito e um sorriso extremamente encantador.

**En** Maggie perguntou o que ele fazia para viver.

**En** O narrador explicou que sua decisão de se tornar um jovem advogado foi influenciada por um retrato ampliado a giz do falecido irmão de Mary Gillespie, que estava em um cavalete à sua frente, porque aquele irmão havia sido advogado.

**En** Susette exigiu saber por que ela não havia se casado com ele.

**En** A narradora respondeu tristemente, explicando que eles tiveram uma briga — uma terrivelmente amarga. Ela confessou que ambos eram jovens e tolos, e que a culpa era dela. Ela havia irritado Cecil ao flertar com outro homem, o que provocou seu ciúme e raiva. Ele foi para o Oeste e nunca mais voltou. Ela não o via desde então e nem sequer sabia se ele estava vivo. No entanto, ela insistiu que nunca poderia amar outro homem.

**En** Wilhelmina suspirou e disse que achou muito interessante. Ela admitiu que amava histórias de amor tristes. Então sugeriu que talvez o amor perdido da Senhorita Holmes pudesse voltar um dia.

**En** A narradora balançou a cabeça e afirmou que agora era impossível. Ela supôs que ele a tinha esquecido completamente ou, se não, nunca a havia perdoado.

**En** Susan Jane, de Mary Gillespie, anunciou que o chá estava pronto, o que aliviou a narradora porque sua imaginação estava falhando e ela temia quais perguntas as garotas fariam a seguir. Ela percebeu uma mudança na atmosfera mental e se sentiu secretamente emocionada durante o jantar. Ela não sentiu arrependimento nem vergonha; teria feito a mesma coisa novamente e só lamentou não ter feito antes.

**En** Ao chegar em casa naquela noite, Nancy me olhou com uma expressão confusa e começou a falar.

**En** Ele comentou que a senhorita Charlotte parecia uma garota naquela noite.

**En** Respondi que me sentia como tal, e ri. Corri para meu quarto e fiz algo que nunca tinha feito antes: escrevi um segundo poema no mesmo dia. Precisava de uma saída para meus sentimentos. Intitulei-o 'In Summer Days of Long Ago' e incluí as rosas de Mary Gillespie e os olhos de Cecil Fenwick nele. Fiz com que fosse tão triste, nostálgico e musical que me senti perfeitamente feliz.

**En** Durante os dois meses seguintes, tudo transcorreu de forma tranquila e alegre. Não se falou mais de Cecil Fenwick, mas as outras garotas discutiam livremente seus envolvimento românticos comigo, e eu me tornei uma espécie de confidente geral. Isso aqueceu meu coração consideravelmente, e comecei a realmente gostar do Círculo de Costura. Adquiri vários vestidos novos e bonitos e um chapéu encantador, aceitei todos os convites que recebi e me diverti muito.

**En** Pode-se ter certeza disto: as más ações acabarão sendo punidas, de alguma forma e em algum momento. No meu caso, a punição chegou dois meses atrasada, mas quando veio, me sobrecarregou completamente.

**En** Outra família, os Maxwell, mudou-se para Avonlea naquela primavera, além dos Mercer. Eram um casal de meia-idade de considerável riqueza. O Sr. Maxwell comprou as serrarias locais, e eles se estabeleceram na antiga casa dos Spencer, há muito considerada a melhor casa de Avonlea. Viviam tranquilamente, e a Sra. Maxwell raramente saía devido à sua saúde frágil. O narrador ainda não a conhecera, pois cada um estava ausente quando o outro visitava.

**En** O Círculo de Costura se reuniu novamente, desta vez na casa de Sarah Gardiner. A escritora chegou atrasada; todas as outras já haviam chegado. No momento em que a escritora entrou na sala, ela soube que algo tinha acontecido, embora não conseguisse adivinhar o quê. Todos olharam para a escritora de maneira estranha. Naturalmente, Wilhelmina Mercer foi a primeira a falar.

**En** Wilhelmina Mercer perguntou ansiosamente a Miss Holmes se ela já o tinha visto.

**En** Perguntei calmamente a quem ela se referia enquanto pegava meu dedal e moldes de costura.

**En** Wilhelmina Mercer informou a eles que Cecil Fenwick estava em Avonlea, visitando sua irmã.

**En** Era a Sra. Maxwell.

**En** Suponho que fiz o que eles esperavam de mim. Eu deixei cair.

**En** Tudo o que eu segurava, e depois Josephine Cameron disse que

**En** Charlotte Holmes estava tão pálida que não poderia ter ficado mais branca nem se estivesse deitada em seu caixão.

**En** O falante lamentou que os outros não tivessem compreendido o que a havia deixado tão pálida.

**En** Eu disse, pasmado, que era totalmente impossível.

**En** Wilhelmina declarou que era realmente verdade, e ela parecia encantada, acreditando que era um desenvolvimento no meu romance. Ela mencionou que havia visitado a Sra. Maxwell na noite anterior e o encontrado.

**En** Murmurei que não poderia ser o mesmo Cecil Fenwick.

**En** Senti que deveria dizer algo.

**En** Wilhelmina confirmou que realmente era ele. Ela explicou que ele era advogado de Blakely, Nova Brunswick, e que havia vivido no Oeste por vinte e dois anos. Ela o descreveu como muito bonito, exatamente como eu havia dito, exceto que seu cabelo agora estava grisalho. Ela observou que ele nunca havia se casado, o que ela perguntou à Sra. Maxwell, então parecia que ele nunca tinha me esquecido. Por fim, ela expressou sua crença de que tudo daria certo.

**En** A narradora não podia compartilhar sua crença alegre. Ela sentia que tudo estava dando terrivelmente errado. Estava tão confusa que não sabia o que fazer ou dizer. Sentia como se estivesse em um pesadelo — devia ser um sonho — porque não poderia realmente existir um Cecil Fenwick. Seus sentimentos eram indescritíveis. Felizmente, todos atribuíram sua agitação a uma causa diferente e gentilmente a deixaram sozinha para se recuperar. Ela nunca esqueceria aquela tarde horrível. Logo após o chá, ela se desculpou e foi para casa o mais rápido que

pôde. Lá, trancou-se em seu quarto, mas não para escrever poesia em seu caderno. Não, de forma alguma; ela não estava com disposição para poesia.

**En** Ela forçou a si mesma a aceitar a situação honestamente. Apesar da estranheza da coincidência, Cecil Fenwick era uma pessoa real, e agora estava em Avonlea. Todos que ela conhecia, fossem amigos ou inimigos, acreditavam que ele era o antigo amante do qual ela havia se separado. Ela compreendeu que, se ele permanecesse em Avonlea por qualquer período de tempo, um dos dois desfechos era inevitável. Ou ele ficaria sabendo da história que ela havia inventado sobre ele e a negaria, levando-a a ser publicamente humilhada e ridicularizada pelo resto da vida, ou ele partiria sem nunca saber, e todos presumiriam que ele a havia esquecido, fazendo com que sentissem pena dela de uma forma insuportável. O segundo cenário era terrível, mas não se comparava ao primeiro. Ela rezou — ela realmente rezou — para que ele partisse imediatamente. No entanto, o destino tinha intenções diferentes para ela.

**En** Cecil Fenwick decidiu ficar em Avonlea. Os Maxwell tornaram-se mais sociáveis para homenageá-lo e tentaram entretê-lo. A Sra. Maxwell ofereceu uma festa para ele, e eu recebi um convite, mas certamente não compareci, embora Nancy achasse que eu era tolo por recusar. Então todos os outros deram festas para o Sr. Fenwick, e fui convidado para cada uma, mas nunca fui. Wilhelmina Mercer veio me ver, implorou e repreendeu, e disse que se eu continuasse a evitar o Sr. Fenwick, ele acreditaria que eu ainda guardava rancor dele e não tentaria se reconciliar. Wilhelmina tinha boas intenções, mas não tinha bom senso.

**En** Cecil Fenwick era muito querido por todos, independentemente da idade. Ele também era muito rico, e Wilhelmina afirmou que muitas das garotas locais estavam tentando chamar sua atenção.

**En** Wilhelmina comentou que, se não fosse pela Srta. Holmes, ela mesma poderia tentar conquistar o Sr. Fenwick, apesar de seus cabelos grisalhos e temperamento explosivo. Ela acrescentou que a Sra. Maxwell disse que o temperamento dele era forte, mas durava pouco. Ela disse isso meio como uma brincadeira, mas na verdade estava falando sério.

**En** Parei de sair completamente, até mesmo para ir à igreja. Sentia-me miserável, perdi o apetite e não escrevi nada no meu caderno. Nancy ficou muito chateada e insistiu que eu tomasse suas pílulas

favoritas. Tomei-as sem discutir, mas elas não ajudaram em nada. Meu problema era profundo demais para pílulas curarem. Sentia como se estivesse sendo punido por contar uma mentira. Cancelei minha assinatura do Weekly Advocate porque ele ainda trazia aquele anúncio de emplastos porosos, que eu não suportava ver. Se não fosse por isso, nunca teria pensado no nome Fenwick, e todo esse problema teria sido evitado.

**En** Uma noite, enquanto eu estava meditando no meu quarto, Nancy veio me ver.

**En** Nancy informou a narradora que um cavalheiro estava esperando na sala de visitas e desejava falar com ela.

**En** Nancy chamou Charlotte, informando-a de que um cavalheiro estava esperando na sala de estar e desejava falar com ela.

**En** O coração do narrador deu uma única batida horrível.

**En** Perguntei a Nancy que tipo de cavalheiro ele era, hesitando.

**En** Nancy comentou que acreditava que o homem era o sujeito Fenwick sobre quem havia havido tanto alvoroço; estava claro que ele estava profundamente irritado com alguma coisa, pois ela nunca tinha visto uma carranca tão feia. Ela desconhecia as aventuras inventadas do interlocutor.

**En** O narrador calmamente instruiu Nancy a dizer ao cavalheiro que ela desceria imediatamente.

**En** Depois que Nancy desceu as escadas, a narradora colocou uma gola de renda e colocou dois lenços no cinto, esperando precisar de mais de um. Ela então encontrou um jornal velho chamado Advocate como prova e foi para a sala de estar. Ela sabia exatamente como um criminoso se sentia a caminho da execução, e desde então era contra a pena de morte.

**En** Abri a porta da sala de estar e entrei, fechando-a cuidadosamente atrás de mim porque Nancy tinha o mau hábito de escutar no corredor. Então minhas pernas cederam completamente, e eu não poderia ter dado mais um passo. Fiquei ali parado, com a mão na maçaneta, tremendo como uma folha.

**En** Um homem estava junto à janela sul, olhando para fora. Quando entrei, ele se virou. Nancy tinha dito que ele estaria com uma expressão carrancuda, e de fato ele parecia completamente irritado. Ele era muito bonito, e seu cabelo grisalho lhe dava uma aparência distinta. Só me lembrei disso depois; naquele momento, não estava pensando nisso de jeito nenhum.

**En** Então algo inesperado aconteceu. A carranca desapareceu de seu rosto, e a raiva deixou seus olhos. Ele parecia pasmo, depois tolo. Vi um rubor subir em suas bochechas. Quanto a mim, fiquei ali, olhando para ele, incapaz de dizer uma palavra.

**En** Finalmente ele falou em uma voz profunda e comovente, dirigindo-se a ela como Srta. Holmes. Ele gaguejou, depois exclamou em frustração com sua própria tolice. Ele explicou que tinha vindo furioso depois de ouvir algumas histórias ridículas, mas agora percebia que eram falsas. Ele admitiu que tinha sido um tolo e pediu para ser desculpado para que pudesse sair e se punir.

**En** Eu ofeguei e encontrei minha voz, insistindo que ele não deveria ir embora até ouvir a verdade. A situação era terrível, admiti, mas talvez não tão terrível quanto ele imaginava. Confessei que de fato contei aquelas histórias, mas não tinha conhecimento de que existia uma pessoa chamada Cecil Fenwick.

**En** Ele parecia confuso, compreensivelmente. Então, com um sorriso, ele pegou minha mão e me afastou da porta, que eu ainda segurava firmemente, até o sofá.

**En** Ele propôs que eles se sentassem e discutissem o assunto confortavelmente.

**En** Ela confessou toda a situação embaraçosa para ele. Foi muito humilhante, mas ela sentiu que merecia. Ela explicou como as pessoas constantemente a provocavam por nunca ter tido um namorado, então ela mentiu e disse a elas que tinha um. Então ela mostrou a ele o anúncio do emplastro poroso.

**En** Ele a ouviu completamente sem dizer uma palavra, e então jogou sua cabeça grande, grisalha e encaracolada para trás e riu.

**En** Ele explicou que isso esclareceu muitas dicas misteriosas que ele havia recebido desde que chegou a Avonlea. Ele acrescentou que uma

Sra. Gilbert havia visitado sua irmã naquela tarde com uma longa e boba história sobre um caso de amor que ele tivera com uma Charlotte Holmes. A Sra. Gilbert afirmou que a mulher com quem ele estava falando tinha contado a ela sobre isso. Ele admitiu que ficou com raiva. Ele se descreveu como um homem de pavio curto e confessou que havia pensado que ela era uma solteirona magra se divertindo contando histórias ridículas sobre ele. No entanto, quando ela entrou na sala, ele percebeu que ela não era a culpada.

**En** A falante confessou com pesar que era a culpada por contar tal história, reconhecendo que foi errado e muito bobo. Ela expressou incredulidade de que alguém pudesse ter previsto um Cecil Fenwick real morando em Blakely, pois nunca tinha encontrado uma coincidência assim.

**En** O Sr. Fenwick afirmou firmemente que era mais do que coincidência e era predestinação. Ele então propôs que deixassem de lado esse pensamento e discutissem outra coisa.

**En** Discutimos então outros tópicos — ou melhor, o Sr. Fenwick discutiu, pois eu estava envergonhado demais para contribuir muito — por tanto tempo que Nancy ficou inquieta e passou pelo corredor ruidosamente a cada poucos minutos; no entanto, o Sr. Fenwick nunca percebeu a indireta. Quando ele finalmente foi embora, pediu permissão para visitar novamente.

**En** Ele sugeriu, rindo, que era hora de acabar com a velha briga.

**En** A narradora, uma mulher solteira de quarenta anos, percebeu-se corando como uma jovem garota. Ela se sentiu jovem novamente porque estava tão aliviada que a conversa difícil finalmente havia terminado. Ela não conseguia nem ficar zangada com Adella Gilbert, que era naturalmente uma encenqueira e, portanto, mais digna de pena do que de culpa. Antes de dormir, ela escreveu um poema em seu caderno; não escrevia há um mês, e foi maravilhoso escrever novamente.

**En** O Sr. Fenwick realmente voltou novamente—na noite após a próxima.

**En** Ele vinha tão frequentemente que até Nancy acabou se acostumando com ele.

**En** Um dia eu tive que contar algo a ela. Hesitei, pois...

**En** Eu estava preocupado que isso a faria sentir-se infeliz.

**En** Nancy disse que estava esperando a notícia. Ela sentiu que o homem trouxe problemas assim que chegou. Desejou felicidades à Srta. Charlotte, mas expressou incerteza sobre o clima da Califórnia, embora aceitasse que teria de tolerá-lo.

**En** O narrador disse a Nancy que ele não podia esperar que ela viajasse até lá com ele, pois era pedir demais a ela.

**En** Nancy perguntou com genuína surpresa para onde mais ela iria. Ela insistiu que a Srta. Charlotte não conseguiria cuidar da casa sem ela. Nancy declarou que não deixaria a Srta. Charlotte à mercê de um chinês com rabo de cavalo. Ela disse firmemente que iria para onde quer que a Srta. Charlotte fosse, e isso era definitivo.

**En** A narradora ficou aliviada, pois não suportava a ideia de se separar de Nancy, mesmo para acompanhar Cecil. Quanto ao livro em branco, ela ainda não havia revelado sua existência ao marido, mas pretendia fazê-lo um dia. Além disso, ela havia renovado sua assinatura do Weekly Advocate.

## A Filha de Seu Pai

**En** A Sra. Spencer insistiu que eles certamente tinham que convidar a Tia Jane.

**En** Rachel gesticulou em protesto, suas mãos grandes, brancas e bem modeladas se movendo em desacordo. Essas mãos contrastavam fortemente com as mãos finas, escuras e tortas apoiadas sobre a mesa à sua frente. Essa diferença não se devia ao trabalho duro ou à sua ausência, pois Rachel havia trabalhado duro a vida toda. Em vez disso, estava enraizada no temperamento. Os Spencers, independentemente do trabalho, sempre tinham mãos rechonchudas, lisas e brancas, com dedos firmes e flexíveis. Em contraste, os Chiswicks, mesmo aqueles que não trabalhavam, tinham mãos duras, nodosas e tortas. Além disso, o contraste ia além da aparência física e se estendia até as fibras mais profundas da vida, do pensamento e da ação.

**En** Rachel perguntou com alguma impaciência por que eles tinham que convidar a tia Jane, explicando que ela e a tia Jane não gostavam uma da outra.

**En** A Sra. Spencer disse que tinha bastante certeza de que não entendia por que a outra pessoa não gostava dela.

**En** A Sra. Spencer disse que era ingrato, já que ela sempre foi muito gentil com eles.

**En** Rachel sorriu e comentou que a tia Jane sempre foi gentil com uma mão. Ela se lembrou da primeira vez que viu a tia Jane, quando tinha seis anos. A tia Jane deu a ela uma pequena almofada de veludo adornada com miçangas. No entanto, como Rachel não agradeceu prontamente devido à timidez, a tia Jane bateu em sua cabeça com o dedo coberto de dedal para lhe ensinar boas maneiras. Doeu terrivelmente, pois Rachel sempre teve a cabeça sensível. Esse tinha sido o jeito da tia Jane desde então. Quando Rachel ficou grande demais para o tratamento com dedal, a tia Jane usou a língua, e isso doeu ainda mais. Rachel também lembrou como a tia Jane costumava falar sobre seu noivado. Ela tinha a capacidade de estragar toda a atmosfera se chegasse de mau humor. Rachel não queria que a tia Jane viesse.

**En** A Sra. Spencer insistiu que a Tia Jane tinha que ser convidada, ou as pessoas iriam fofocar.

**En** Rachel disse que não via por que as pessoas falariam, porque a mulher era apenas sua tia-avó por casamento. Ela acrescentou que não se importaria se as pessoas falassem, já que elas falariam de qualquer forma, e sua mãe deveria saber disso.

**En** A Sra. Spencer insistiu que eles deviam incluí-la, falando com uma finalidade indiferente que caracterizava todas as suas declarações e escolhas. Essa finalidade raramente valia a pena ser questionada. Aqueles que conheciam a Sra. Spencer geralmente não tentavam; estranhos às vezes tentavam, enganados por aparências que eram enganosas.

**En** Isabella Spencer parecia extremamente frágil, com um rosto pálido e bonito, olhos acinzentados com cílios longos e uma grande quantidade de cabelo macio e castanho. Suas feições eram delicadas e sua boca, pequena e infantil. Ela parecia como se uma brisa suave pudesse movê-la. Na realidade, porém, nem mesmo uma tempestade violenta a faria mudar de rumo.

**En** Rachel resistiu brevemente, mas cedeu, como fazia geralmente quando discordava de sua mãe. Não valia a pena brigar por algo tão pouco importante como o convite da tia Jane. Uma discussão maior poderia vir depois, e Rachel queria guardar suas forças para isso. Ela deu de ombros e adicionou o nome da tia Jane à lista de casamento com sua letra grande e desordenada. Essa letra sempre parecia irritar sua mãe. Rachel nunca conseguia entender por quê. Ela não sabia que sua escrita lembrava à mãe a letra de um antigo maço de cartas guardado no fundo de um baú. Essas cartas foram enviadas de portos ao redor do mundo. A Sra. Spencer nunca as leu ou olhou para elas, mas lembrava de cada traço da caligrafia.

**En** Isabella Spencer havia triunfado sobre muitos obstáculos em sua vida através de pura determinação, mas não podia derrotar a hereditariedade. Rachel era totalmente filha de seu pai, e a única maneira de Isabella evitar odiá-la por isso era amá-la ainda mais ferozmente. Mesmo assim, houve inúmeras ocasiões em que ela teve que desviar o olhar do rosto de Rachel porque isso despertava memórias

dolorosas. Além disso, desde o momento em que sua filha nasceu, Isabella nunca conseguiu suportar ver Rachel dormir.

**En** Rachel se casaria com Frank Bell em duas semanas. A Sra. Spencer aprovou o casamento; ela gostava muito de Frank, e a fazenda dele ficava tão perto da dela que ela não perderia Rachel completamente. Rachel ingenuamente acreditava que sua mãe não sentiria falta dela, mas a Sra. Spencer, tendo aprendido com seu próprio passado, entendia o que o casamento de sua filha lhe custaria, e resolveu suportar isso com toda a força que pudesse reunir.

**En** Rachel e sua mãe estavam na sala de estar, decidindo sobre os convidados do casamento e outros detalhes. A luz do sol de setembro entrava pelos galhos ondulantes da macieira perto da janela baixa. A luz cintilava sobre o rosto de Rachel, que era branco como um lírio-da-floresta, com apenas um leve toque de rosa nas bochechas. Ela usava seu cabelo liso e dourado em um arco simples ao redor da cabeça. Sua testa era larga e branca. Ela parecia fresca, jovem e esperançosa. Enquanto sua mãe a olhava, sentiu uma dor aguda no coração. Pensou em como a garota se parecia com os Spencers — aquelas curvas fáceis, aqueles grandes olhos azuis alegres, aquele queixo bem moldado. Isabella Spencer apertou os lábios firmemente e afastou algumas lembranças indesejadas.

**En** Isabella Spencer mencionou que haveria cerca de sessenta convidados no total. Ela falou como se isso fosse tudo em que pensava. Explicou que precisavam tirar os móveis da sala atual para montar a mesa de jantar lá, porque a sala de jantar era muito pequena. Eles teriam que pegar garfos e colheres emprestados da Sra. Bell, que se ofereceu para emprestá-los; Isabella admitiu que nunca teria tido coragem de pedir. As toalhas de damasco com padrão de fita precisavam ser branqueadas no dia seguinte, já que ninguém mais em Avonlea possuía toalhas de mesa como aquelas. A mesinha da sala de jantar seria colocada no patamar do corredor superior para exibir os presentes.

**En** Rachel não estava preocupada com os presentes ou com os preparativos domésticos do casamento. Sua respiração acelerou, e o leve rubor em suas bochechas se transformou em um vermelho profundo. Ela entendeu que um momento crucial estava próximo. Com mão firme, escreveu o último nome em sua lista e o sublinhou.

**En** Sua mãe perguntou impacientemente se ela havia terminado e exigiu a lista para que pudesse revisá-la e garantir que ninguém tivesse sido omitido.

**En** Rachel passou o papel silenciosamente sobre a mesa. O quarto parecia muito quieto. Ela podia ouvir as moscas zumbindo nas janelas, o vento soprando suavemente ao redor dos beirais e entre os galhos das macieiras, e seu próprio coração batendo de forma irregular. Ela estava assustada e nervosa, mas determinada.

**En** A Sra. Spencer olhou para a lista e leu os nomes em voz baixa, balançando a cabeça em aprovação a cada um. Mas quando chegou ao último nome, não o pronunciou. Ela lançou um olhar sombrio para Rachel, e uma centelha de emoção apareceu em seus olhos pálidos. Seu rosto mostrava raiva, surpresa e descrença, sendo a descrença o sentimento mais forte.

**En** A última entrada na lista de convidados do casamento foi a de David Spencer.

**En** David Spencer morava sozinho em uma modesta casa de campo.

**En** Ele era tanto marinheiro quanto pescador.

**En** Além de ser marido de Isabella Spencer, ele era pai de Rachel.

**En** A Sra. Spencer perguntou a Rachel Spencer se ela havia perdido o juízo e o que queria dizer com aquela besteira.

**En** Rachel respondeu calmamente que ela simplesmente pretendia convidar seu pai para o casamento.

**En** Mrs. Spencer gritou que ele não podia entrar em sua casa. Seus lábios estavam tão pálidos como se suas palavras furiosas os tivessem queimado.

**En** Rachel inclinou-se para frente, colocando suas mãos habilidosas deliberadamente sobre a mesa, e olhou fixamente para o rosto amargo de sua mãe. Ela não se sentia mais assustada ou nervosa. Agora que a discussão havia começado, ela se pegava quase aproveitando. Ela se perguntou sobre sua própria reação, pensando que talvez devesse ser má. Ela não estava acostumada a se analisar, ou poderia ter percebido que o que ela aproveitava era finalmente afirmar sua própria personalidade, que havia sido dominada por sua mãe por tanto tempo.

**En** Rachel informou sua mãe de que, se não pudesse convidar seu pai, não haveria casamento. Ela declarou que ela e Frank simplesmente iriam à casa do pastor, se casariam e voltariam para casa, e que, se seu pai não pudesse ser convidado, ninguém mais seria convidado também.

**En** Os lábios de Isabella Spencer se apertaram. Pela primeira vez, ela viu um reflexo de si mesma no rosto de sua filha, uma estranha semelhança de espírito, e não de corpo. Apesar de sua raiva, seu coração vibrou. Ela percebeu que Rachel era verdadeiramente filha dela e de seu marido, um vínculo vivo que reconciliava suas naturezas diferentes. Ela também entendeu que Rachel, que sempre tinha sido doce e obediente, pretendia fazer do seu jeito desta vez e teria sucesso.

**En** Isabella observou com um sorriso amargo que não conseguia entender por que Rachel estava tão determinada a ter seu pai presente no casamento. Ela acrescentou que o pai dela nunca agiu como um pai e nunca se importou com Rachel.

**En** Rachel ignorou completamente a provocação. Isso não podia feri-la porque ela possuía um conhecimento particular que sua mãe desconhecia.

**En** Rachel reiterou sua decisão sem hesitar: ou seu pai seria convidado para o casamento, ou o casamento não aconteceria. Ela usou o método comprovado de sua mãe de repetição, recusando-se a ser levada a discussões.

**En** A Sra. Spencer concordou irritada em convidá-lo. Ela estava acostumada a sempre conseguir o que queria, e ser forçada a ceder a deixava irritada. Ela comentou que convidá-lo não seria nem benéfico nem prejudicial, como adicionar lascas ao mingau, e acreditava que ele não viria de qualquer forma.

**En** Rachel não disse nada. Agora que havia vencido a batalha, sentia-se trêmula e perto das lágrimas. Ela subiu rapidamente para seu próprio quarto, um espaço pequeno e escuro sombreado pelas bétulas brancas que cresciam densamente do lado de fora. Era um quarto de donzela, com tudo sugerindo uma jovem. Ela deitou-se na colcha de retalhos azul e branca em sua cama e chorou suave e amargamente.

**En** Neste momento crítico de sua vida, Rachel sentia uma profunda saudade de seu pai, embora mal o conhecesse. Ela pensou que sua

mãe provavelmente estava certa de que ele não compareceria. Rachel acreditava que seus votos de casamento seriam de alguma forma menos sagrados se seu pai não estivesse lá para ouvi-los.

**En** Vinte e cinco anos antes, David Spencer e Isabella Chiswick se casaram. Algumas pessoas maldosas disseram que não havia dúvida de que Isabella se casara com David por amor, já que ele não tinha terras nem dinheiro para atraí-la a um casamento de conveniência. David era um homem bonito, com sangue de uma família de navegadores nas veias.

# Aunt Cynthia's Persian Cat

## Pt/En

### Português

Max sempre falou bem do animal depois, e a narradora admitiu que as coisas acabaram dando certo. No entanto, ao lembrar do sofrimento mental que ela e Ismay suportaram por causa daquele gato terrível, a frustração veio à mente em vez da gratidão.

### Original English

Max always blesses the animal when it is referred to; and I don't deny that things have worked together for good after all. But when I think of the anguish of mind which Ismay and I underwent on account of that abominable cat, it is not a blessing that arises uppermost in my thoughts.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A narradora confessou que nunca gostou de gatos, embora pudesse tolerar uma gata adulta e útil. Ismay, no entanto, sempre os odiou.

### Original English

I never was fond of cats, although I admit they are well enough in their place, and I can worry along comfortably with a nice, matronly old tabby who can take care of herself and be of some use in the world. As for Ismay, she hates cats and always did.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Tia Cynthia adorava gatos e não conseguia entender como alguém poderia não gostar deles. Ela acreditava firmemente que Ismay e o narrador realmente gostavam de gatos no fundo, mas, devido a uma torção moral perversa, teimosamente negavam isso.

### Original English

But Aunt Cynthia, who adored them, never could bring herself to understand that any one could possibly dislike them. She firmly believed

that Ismay and I really liked cats deep down in our hearts, but that, owing to some perverse twist in our moral natures, we would not own up to it, but willfully persisted in declaring we didn't.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

De todos os gatos, o narrador detestava o persa branco da tia Cynthia. Suspeitava-se do que mais tarde foi confirmado: a tia Cynthia valorizava a criatura mais pelo seu pedigree e pelo preço de mercado de cem dólares do que por afeição genuína. Um gato comum lhe teria dado dez vezes mais conforto, mas o gato persa lisonjeava seu orgulho da posse, iludindo-a a pensar que era o tesouro do seu coração.

### **Original English**

Of all cats I loathed that white Persian cat of Aunt Cynthia's. And, indeed, as we always suspected and finally proved, Aunt herself looked upon the creature with more pride than affection. She would have taken ten times the comfort in a good, common puss that she did in that spoiled beauty. But a Persian cat with a recorded pedigree and a market value of one hundred dollars tickled Aunt Cynthia's pride of possession to such an extent that she deluded herself into believing that the animal was really the apple of her eye.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O gato havia sido dado à tia Cynthia quando era um gatinho por um sobrinho missionário que o trouxe da Pérsia. Por três anos, a casa serviu aquele gato constantemente. Era branco como a neve com uma mancha cinza-azulada na ponta do rabo, olhos azuis, surdo e delicado, causando à tia Cynthia uma preocupação interminável de que ele pudesse pegar um resfriado e morrer. Ismay e a narradora secretamente desejavam que sim, cansadas de ouvir sobre seus caprichos. Nunca disseram isso à tia Cynthia, sabendo que não era sábio ofender uma tia rica. Elas realmente gostavam dela às vezes, embora ela pudesse ser exasperante: ela criticava até que elas pensassem ter motivos para odiá-la, e então de repente fazia algo tão amável que elas se sentiam obrigadas a amá-la.

### **Original English**

It had been presented to her when a kitten by a missionary nephew who had brought it all the way home from Persia; and for the next three years Aunt Cynthia's household existed to wait on that cat, hand and foot. It was snow-white, with a bluish-gray spot on the tip of its tail; and it was blue-eyed and deaf and delicate. Aunt Cynthia was always worrying lest it should take cold and die. Ismay and I used to wish that it would—we were so tired of hearing about it and its whims. But we did not say so to Aunt Cynthia. She would probably never have spoken to us again and there was no wisdom in offending Aunt Cynthia. When you have an unencumbered aunt, with a fat bank account, it is just as well to keep on good terms with her, if you can. Besides, we really liked Aunt Cynthia very much—at times. Aunt Cynthia was one of those rather exasperating people who nag at and find fault with you until you think you are justified in hating them, and who then turn round and do something so really nice and kind for you that you feel as if you were compelled to love them dutifully instead.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nós ouvimos humildemente enquanto ela falava sobre sua gata, Fátima. Se foi errado desejar a morte da gata, certamente fomos punidos por esse desejo mais tarde.

### **Original English**

So we listened meekly when she discoursed on Fatima—the cat's name was Fatima—and, if it was wicked of us to wish for the latter's decease, we were well punished for it later on.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Um dia de novembro, tia Cynthia foi de charrete para Spencervale, puxada por um pônei gordo e cinza. Ela sempre dava a impressão de um navio totalmente equipado navegando corajosamente diante de um vento favorável.

### **Original English**

One day, in November, Aunt Cynthia came sailing out to Spencervale. She really came in a phaeton, drawn by a fat gray pony, but somehow Aunt Cynthia always gave you the impression of a full rigged ship coming

gallantly on before a favorable wind.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Aquele foi um dia amaldiçoado para todos nós. Tudo tinha dado errado. Ismay derramou graxa em seu casaco de veludo, a nova blusa que eu estava fazendo ficou terrivelmente torta, o fogão da cozinha fumegava e o pão estava azedo. Além disso, Huldah Jane, nossa fiel e antiga enfermeira e cozinheira, tinha reumatismo no ombro; e quando Huldah Jane tinha reumatismo, todos os outros na casa se sentiam tão desconfortáveis quanto São Lourenço em sua grelha.

### **Original English**

That was a Jonah day for us all through. Everything had gone wrong. Ismay had spilled grease on her velvet coat, and the fit of the new blouse I was making was hopelessly askew, and the kitchen stove smoked and the bread was sour. Moreover, Huldah Jane Keyson, our tried and trusty old family nurse and cook and general "boss," had what she called the "realagy" in her shoulder; and, though Huldah Jane is as good an old creature as ever lived, when she has the "realagy" other people who are in the house want to get out of it and, if they can't, feel about as comfortable as St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

E então, além de tudo isso, tia Cynthia chegou com sua visita e seu pedido.

### **Original English**

And on top of this came Aunt Cynthia's call and request.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Tia Cynthia fungou e perguntou se não sentia cheiro de fumaça.

**Original English**

"Dear me," said Aunt Cynthia, sniffing, "don't I smell smoke?"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A oradora criticou a administração do fogão das garotas, observando que o dela nunca emitia fumaça.

**Original English**

You girls must manage your range very badly. Mine never smokes.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela comentou que tal resultado era apenas de se esperar quando duas garotas tentavam

**Original English**

But it is no more than one might expect when two girls try to

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

administrar uma casa sem a presença de um homem.

**Original English**

keep house without a man about the place."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora declarou orgulhosamente que elas se saíam perfeitamente bem sem um homem. Apesar de não desejar particularmente ver Max, ela não pôde deixar de se perguntar por que ele não a visitava há quatro dias. Ela afirmou que os homens eram irritantes.

### **Original English**

"We get along very well without a man about the place," I said loftily. Max hadn't been in for four whole days and, though nobody wanted to see him particularly, I couldn't help wondering why. "Men are nuisances."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Cynthia respondeu de maneira irritante, sugerindo que a narradora apenas fingia acreditar que os homens eram um incômodo, mas que nenhuma mulher realmente pensava assim. Ela especulou que a bela Anne Shirley, que estava visitando Ella Kimball, certamente não pensava daquela forma. Tia Cynthia havia observado Anne e o Dr. Irving caminhando juntos naquela tarde, parecendo muito contentes. Ela alertou a narradora de que, se ela procrastinasse por muito mais tempo, poderia perder Max completamente.

### **Original English**

"I dare say you would like to pretend you think so," said Aunt Cynthia, aggravatingly. "But no woman ever does really think so, you know. I imagine that pretty Anne Shirley, who is visiting Ella Kimball, doesn't. I saw her and Dr. Irving out walking this afternoon, looking very well satisfied with themselves. If you dilly-dally much longer, Sue, you will let Max slip through your fingers yet."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Aquela observação foi sem tato, considerando quantas vezes eu tinha recusado Max Irving. Eu estava furiosa, mas escolhi sorrir docemente para minha tia.

### **Original English**

That was a tactful thing to say to ME, who had refused Max Irving so often that I had lost count. I was furious, and so I smiled most sweetly on my maddening aunt.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Respondi suavemente que o comentário dela era divertido, e que ela falava como se eu desejasse Max.

### **Original English**

"Dear Aunt, how amusing of you," I said, smoothly. "You talk as if I wanted Max."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Cynthia insistiu que eu queria ele.

### **Original English**

"So you do," said Aunt Cynthia.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Perguntei com um sorriso por que eu o teria recusado repetidamente se eu o quisesse. Tia Cynthia sabia muito bem que eu tinha feito isso, pois Max sempre contava a ela.

### **Original English**

"If so, why should I have refused him time and again?" I asked, smilingly. Right well Aunt Cynthia knew I had. Max always told her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Cynthia disse que não fazia ideia por que eu continuava recusando, mas avisou que eu poderia recusar uma vez demais e ser levada a sério. Ela também mencionou que Anne Shirley era muito fascinante.

### **Original English**

"Goodness alone knows why," said Aunt Cynthia, "but you may do it once too often and find yourself taken at your word. There is something very fascinating about this Anne Shirley."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu concordei que ela realmente tinha os olhos mais lindos que eu já tinha visto. Pensei que ela seria a esposa perfeita para Max, e esperei que ele se casasse com ela.

### **Original English**

"Indeed there is," I assented. "She has the loveliest eyes I ever saw. She would be just the wife for Max, and I hope he will marry her."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Cynthia fez um som de desaprovação. Disse que não me encorajaria a contar mais mentiras. Ela não tinha dirigido sob o vento para falar sobre Max. Ia para Halifax por dois meses e queria que eu cuidasse de Fátima por ela.

### **Original English**

"Humph," said Aunt Cynthia. "Well, I won't entice you into telling any more fibs. And I didn't drive out here to-day in all this wind to talk sense into you concerning Max. I'm going to Halifax for two months and I want you to take

charge of Fatima for me, while I am away."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Exclamei de surpresa ao ouvir o nome Fátima.

#### **Original English**

"Fatima!" I exclaimed.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela confirmou que era Fátima. Não confiava nos empregados para cuidar dela. Instruí-me a sempre aquecer o leite de Fátima antes de alimentá-la e nunca deixá-la sair.

#### **Original English**

"Yes. I don't dare to trust her with the servants. Mind you always warm her milk before you give it to her, and don't on any account let her run out of doors."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Olhei para Ismay e ela olhou de volta para mim. Percebemos que tínhamos que concordar. Recusar ofenderia profundamente a tia Cynthia. Além disso, se eu mostrasse qualquer hesitação, ela pensaria que era por causa de seus comentários sobre Max e me lembraria disso por anos. Ainda assim, ousei perguntar o que aconteceria se algo desse errado com Fátima enquanto ela estivesse fora.

#### **Original English**

I looked at Ismay and Ismay looked at me. We knew we were in for it. To refuse would mortally offend Aunt Cynthia. Besides, if I betrayed any unwillingness, Aunt Cynthia would be sure to put it down to grumpiness over what she had said about Max, and rub it in for years. But I ventured to ask, "What if anything happens to her while you are away?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Cynthia afirmou que estava deixando Fátima com eles para evitar que algo ruim acontecesse. Ela insistiu que eles deviam manter Fátima a salvo, acrescentando que a responsabilidade seria boa para eles. Eles também descobririam como Fátima era realmente encantadora. Então ela declarou o assunto resolvido e disse que Fátima chegaria no dia seguinte.

### **Original English**

"It is to prevent that, I'm leaving her with you," said Aunt Cynthia. "You simply must not let anything happen to her. It will do you good to have a little responsibility. And you will have a chance to find out what an adorable creature Fatima really is. Well, that is all settled. I'll send Fatima out to-morrow."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Após a Tia Cynthia sair, Ismay disse à outra pessoa que eles mesmos poderiam cuidar da horrível criatura Fatima. Ela afirmou que não tocaria nela e insistiu que não deveriam ter concordado em ficar com ela.

### **Original English**

"You can take care of that horrid Fatima beast yourself," said Ismay, when the door closed behind Aunt Cynthia. "I won't touch her with a yard-stick. You had no business to say we'd take her."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador perguntou, irritado, se ele havia dito que a aceitariam. Ele apontou que Tia Cynthia havia considerado o consentimento deles como certo e que eles não poderiam ter recusado. Ele então questionou qual era o sentido de ficar de mau humor.

### **Original English**

"Did I say we would take her?" I demanded, crossly. "Aunt Cynthia took our consent for granted. And you know, as well as I do, we couldn't have refused. So what is the use of being grouchy?"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ismay disse sombriamente que, se algo acontecesse com ela, a tia Cynthia os responsabilizaria.

#### **Original English**

"If anything happens to her Aunt Cynthia will hold us responsible," said Ismay darkly.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Alguém perguntou se Anne Shirley estava realmente noiva de Gilbert Blythe.

#### **Original English**

"Do you think Anne Shirley is really engaged to Gilbert Blythe?"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Perguntei, com a curiosidade evidente em meu tom de voz.

#### **Original English**

I asked curiously.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay disse distraidamente que tinha ouvido que a mulher estava doente. Ela perguntou se a mulher comia algo além de leite e se seria aceitável dar a ela ratos.

### **Original English**

"I've heard that she was," said Ismay, absently. "Does she eat anything but milk? Will it do to give her mice?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador concordou que poderia ser assim, mas então perguntou se Max realmente havia se apaixonado por ela.

### **Original English**

"Oh, I guess so. But do you think Max has really fallen in love with her?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O falante concordou e observou que seria um grande alívio se ele tivesse.

### **Original English**

"I dare say. What a relief it will be for you if he has."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora respondeu em um tom frio, declarando que Anne Shirley, ou qualquer outra pessoa, era perfeitamente bem-vinda a Max se o desejasse, mas ela mesma certamente não o desejava. Ela então reclamou com Ismay Meade sobre a fumaça do fogão, ameaçando ficar extremamente chateada se isso não parasse. Ela descreveu o dia como detestável e admitiu que odiava uma certa pessoa.

### **Original English**

"Oh, of course," I said, frostily. "Anne Shirley or Anne Anybody Else, is perfectly welcome to Max if she wants him. I certainly do not. Ismay Meade, if that stove doesn't stop smoking I shall fly into bits. This is a detestable day. I hate that creature!"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ismay protestou que era injusto julgar alguém sem conhecê-lo, e observou que todos consideravam Anne Shirley uma pessoa adorável.

#### **Original English**

"Oh, you shouldn't talk like that, when you don't even know her," protested Ismay. "Every one says Anne Shirley is lovely—"

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Em um acesso de raiva, o falante insistiu que o tópico da discussão havia sido Fátima.

#### **Original English**

"I was talking about Fatima," I cried in a rage.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ismay exclamou de surpresa.

#### **Original English**

"Oh!" said Ismay.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O falante considerava Ismay ocasionalmente tola, e achava a maneira como ela proferiu aquela exclamação inescusavelmente estúpida.

### **Original English**

Ismay is stupid at times. I thought the way she said "Oh" was inexcusably stupid.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fatima chegou no dia seguinte em uma cesta forrada de cetim carmesim macio, trazida por Max. Max gostava de gatos e da Tia Cynthia, e deu instruções sobre como cuidar de Fatima. Quando Ismay saiu do quarto — ela sempre fazia isso quando a narradora especialmente queria que ela ficasse — Max pediu-a em casamento mais uma vez. A narradora recusou, como de costume, mas sentiu-se um pouco satisfeita. Max vinha pedindo-a em casamento a cada dois meses nos últimos dois anos. Às vezes, quando ele esperava três meses, a narradora se perguntava por quê e concluía que Max talvez não estivesse realmente interessado nela, o que era um alívio. Ela não queria se casar com Max, mas a presença dele era agradável e conveniente. Eles sentiriam muita falta dele se outra mulher se casasse com ele, pois ele era muito prestativo com tarefas como consertar o telhado, levá-los à cidade e estender tapetes — um apoio confiável em todos os seus problemas.

### **Original English**

Fatima arrived the next day. Max brought her out in a covered basket, lined with padded crimson satin. Max likes cats and Aunt Cynthia. He explained how we were to treat Fatima and when Ismay had gone out of the room—Ismay always went out of the room when she knew I particularly wanted her to remain—he proposed to me again. Of course I said no, as usual, but I was rather pleased. Max had been proposing to me about every two months for two years. Sometimes, as in this case, he went three months, and then I always wondered why. I concluded that he could not be really interested in Anne Shirley, and I was relieved. I didn't want to marry Max but it was pleasant and convenient to have him around, and we would miss him dreadfully if any other girl snapped him up. He was so useful and always willing to do anything for us—nail a shingle on the roof, drive us to

town, put down carpets—in short, a very present help in all our troubles.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela sorriu para ele quando recusou. Max começou a contar nos dedos. Quando chegou a oito, balançou a cabeça e começou a contar do início.

#### **Original English**

So I just beamed on him when I said no. Max began counting on his fingers. When he got as far as eight he shook his head and began over again.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Perguntei o que era.

#### **Original English**

"What is it?" I asked.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ele disse que estava tentando contar quantas vezes ele havia proposto a ela. Não conseguia se lembrar se ele havia pedido ela em casamento no dia em que cavaram o jardim; se tivesse, iria mudar o número.

#### **Original English**

"I'm trying to count up how many times I have proposed to you," he said. "But I can't remember whether I asked you to marry me that day we dug up the garden or not. If I did it makes—"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu o interrompi, insistindo que ele não havia feito a proposta naquele dia.

### **Original English**

"No, you didn't," I interrupted.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max comentou que isso elevava o total para onze pedidos de casamento. Ele observou que estava se aproximando do seu limite, pois seu orgulho não permitiria que ele pedisse a mesma garota em casamento mais de doze vezes. Portanto, ele disse que a próxima vez seria a última.

### **Original English**

"Well, that makes it eleven," said Max reflectively. "Pretty near the limit, isn't it? My manly pride will not allow me to propose to the same girl more than twelve times. So the next time will be the last, Sue darling."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora disse 'Oh' em um tom monótono. Ela não se importou que Max a chamasse de querida. Ela pensou que as coisas ficariam chatas quando Max parasse de pedi-la em casamento, pois era sua única emoção, mas sabia que isso tinha que acabar. Para mudar de assunto, ela perguntou a Max como era a senhorita Shirley.

### **Original English**

"Oh," I said, a trifle flatly. I forgot to resent his calling me darling. I wondered if things wouldn't be rather dull when Max gave up proposing to me. It was the only excitement I had. But of course it would be best—and he couldn't go on at it forever, so, by the way of gracefully dismissing the subject, I asked him what Miss Shirley was like.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse que Miss Shirley era uma garota muito doce. Ele acrescentou que sempre admirara garotas de olhos cinzentos e cabelos de Titian esplêndidos.

### **Original English**

"Very sweet girl," said Max. "You know I always admired those gray-eyed girls with that splendid Titian hair."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora se descreveu como de cabelos escuros e olhos castanhos. Naquele momento, ela sentiu uma forte antipatia por Max. Ela se levantou e anunciou sua intenção de buscar um pouco de leite para Fatima.

### **Original English**

I am dark, with brown eyes. Just then I detested Max. I got up and said I was going to get some milk for Fatima.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Encontrei Ismay furiosa na cozinha. Ela tinha estado no sótão, e um rato havia passado por cima do pé dela. Ratos sempre deixavam Ismay nervosa.

### **Original English**

I found Ismay in a rage in the kitchen. She had been up in the garret, and a mouse had run across her foot. Mice always get on Ismay's nerves.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay estava exasperada, insistindo que eles realmente precisavam de um gato, mas não de uma criatura inútil e mimada como Fatima. Ela declarou que o sótão estava infestado de roedores e que ela se recusava terminantemente a subir lá novamente.

### **Original English**

"We need a cat badly enough," she fumed, "but not a useless, pampered thing, like Fatima. That garret is literally swarming with mice. You'll not catch me going up there again."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fatima não se mostrou tão problemática quanto havíamos previsto. Huldah Jane se apegou a ela, e embora Ismay declarasse que não teria nada a ver com a criança, ela garantiu o conforto de Fatima com grande cuidado. Ela chegava a se levantar no meio da noite para verificar se ela estava aquecida. Max aparecia todos os dias e, estando por perto, oferecia-nos conselhos úteis.

### **Original English**

Fatima did not prove such a nuisance as we had feared. Huldah Jane liked her, and Ismay, in spite of her declaration that she would have nothing to do with her, looked after her comfort scrupulously. She even used to get up in the middle of the night and go out to see if Fatima was warm. Max came in every day and, being around, gave us good advice.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Aproximadamente três semanas após a partida da tia Cynthia, Fátima simplesmente desapareceu, como se tivesse se dissolvido no ar. Ela havia sido deixada dormindo em sua cesta perto do fogo sob a vigilância de Huldah Jane enquanto os outros saíam. Ao retornarem, ela não foi encontrada em lugar nenhum.

### **Original English**

Then one day, about three weeks after Aunt Cynthia's departure, Fatima disappeared—just simply disappeared as if she had been dissolved into thin air. We left her one afternoon, curled up asleep in her basket by the fire, under Huldah Jane's eye, while we went out to make a call. When we came home Fatima was gone.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Huldah Jane chorou e parecia quase insana de dor. Ela insistiu que havia vigiado Fatima o tempo todo, exceto por breves três minutos quando foi ao sótão buscar segurelha. Quando voltou, encontrou a porta da cozinha aberta pelo vento e Fatima havia desaparecido.

### **Original English**

Huldah Jane wept and was as one whom the gods had made mad. She vowed that she had never let Fatima out of her sight the whole time, save once for three minutes when she ran up to the garret for some summer savory. When she came back the kitchen door had blown open and Fatima had vanished.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay e a narradora estavam desesperadas. Elas procuraram por todo o jardim, pelos anexos e pelos bosques atrás da casa, chamando por Fátima, mas não conseguiram encontrá-la. Finalmente, Ismay sentou-se nos degraus da frente e chorou.

### **Original English**

Ismay and I were frantic. We ran about the garden and through the out-houses, and the woods behind the house, like wild creatures, calling Fatima, but in vain. Then Ismay sat down on the front doorsteps and cried.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ismay temia que Fatima tivesse saído e pegasse um resfriado grave.

**Original English**

"She has got out and she'll catch her death of cold and Aunt

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador tinha certeza de que Cynthia nunca os perdoaria.

**Original English**

Cynthia will never forgive us."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A pessoa disse que iria buscar Max, e assim o fez, correndo o mais rápido possível pela floresta de abetos e pelo campo. Sentiu gratidão por haver um Max a quem recorrer numa situação tão difícil.

**Original English**

"I'm going for Max," I declared. So I did, through the spruce woods and over the field as fast as my feet could carry me, thanking my stars that there was a Max to go to in such a predicament.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Max juntou-se à busca, e eles procuraram novamente, mas não encontraram nada. Nos dias que se seguiram, Fátima continuava desaparecida. O narrador sentiu que, sem o apoio de Max, teria enlouquecido durante aquela terrível semana. Eles não podiam anunciar porque a tia Cynthia poderia ver, então, em vez disso, perguntaram por aí por um gato persa branco com uma mancha azul no rabo e ofereceram uma recompensa. Muitas pessoas trouxeram todo tipo de gatos para a casa, dia e noite, esperando que fosse o perdido, mas ninguém tinha visto

Fátima.

### Original English

Max came over and we had another search, but without result. Days passed, but we did not find Fatima. I would certainly have gone crazy had it not been for Max. He was worth his weight in gold during the awful week that followed. We did not dare advertise, lest Aunt Cynthia should see it; but we inquired far and wide for a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail, and offered a reward for it; but nobody had seen it, although people kept coming to the house, night and day, with every kind of a cat in baskets, wanting to know if it was the one we had lost.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Uma tarde eu disse a Max e Ismay, desesperançado, que nunca mais veríamos Fátima. Eu tinha acabado de dispensar uma senhora idosa que trouxe um grande gato amarelo. Ela insistiu que devia ser nosso porque ele veio até a casa dela, miando terrivelmente, e ninguém na área de Grafton o reivindicou.

### Original English

"We shall never see Fatima again," I said hopelessly to Max and Ismay one afternoon. I had just turned away an old woman with a big, yellow tommy which she insisted must be ours—"cause it kem to our place, mem, a-yowling fearful, mem, and it don't belong to nobody not down Grafton way, mem."

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Max respondeu que temia que o gato já tivesse morrido de frio há muito tempo.

### Original English

"I'm afraid you won't," said Max. "She must have perished from exposure long ere this."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay disse sombriamente que a tia Cynthia nunca os perdoaria. Ela tinha sentido um pressentimento de problemas desde o momento em que o gato chegou.

### **Original English**

"Aunt Cynthia will never forgive us," said Ismay, dismally. "I had a presentiment of trouble the moment that cat came to this house."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nós nunca tínhamos ouvido falar dessa premonição antes, mas Ismay era boa em ter premonições — depois que as coisas já tinham acontecido.

### **Original English**

We had never heard of this presentiment before, but Ismay is good at having presentiments—after things happen.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador perguntou, desamparado, o que deveriam fazer e então indagou a Max se ele poderia encontrar uma saída para o problema deles.

### **Original English**

"What shall we do?" I demanded, helplessly. "Max, can't you find some way out of this scrape for us?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max sugeriu colocar um anúncio nos jornais de Charlottetown por um gato persa branco. Ele achou que alguém poderia ter um à venda e que eles poderiam comprá-lo e apresentá-lo à sua tia como Fatima. Como ela era muito míope, eles poderiam enganá-la facilmente.

### **Original English**

"Advertise in the Charlottetown papers for a white Persian cat," suggested Max. "Some one may have one for sale. If so, you must buy it, and palm it off on your good Aunt as Fatima. She's very short-sighted, so it will be quite possible."

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eu disse, no entanto, que a Fatima tinha uma mancha azul no rabo.

#### **Original English**

"But Fatima has a blue spot on her tail," I said.

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Max insistiu que eles colocassem um anúncio no jornal para encontrar um gato, especificamente um com uma mancha azul no rabo.

#### **Original English**

"You must advertise for a cat with a blue spot on its tail," said

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### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Max sugeriu que eles colocassem um anúncio no jornal para encontrar um gato, especificando que o gato deve ter uma mancha azul no rabo.

#### **Original English**

Max.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay disse tristemente que custaria caro, já que Fatima valia cem dólares.

### **Original English**

"It will cost a pretty penny," said Ismay dolefully. "Fatima was valued at one hundred dollars."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador concluiu com tristeza que eles teriam que gastar o dinheiro que haviam separado para novos casacos de pele, pois parecia a única solução. Eles temiam que, se não o fizessem, a tia Cynthia pudesse acreditar que eles haviam se desfeito deliberadamente de Fatima e ficaria com raiva o suficiente para causar-lhes problemas ainda maiores.

### **Original English**

"We must take the money we have been saving for our new furs," I said sorrowfully. "There is no other way out of it. It will cost us a good deal more if we lose Aunt Cynthia's favor. She is quite capable of believing that we have made away with Fatima deliberately and with malice aforethought."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Portanto, colocamos um anúncio. Max foi à cidade e mandou inserir o aviso no jornal diário mais importante. Solicitamos que qualquer pessoa que tivesse um gato persa branco com uma mancha azul na ponta da cauda e desejasse vendê-lo entrasse em contato com M. I., aos cuidados do Enterprise.

### **Original English**

So we advertised. Max went to town and had the notice inserted in the most important daily. We asked any one who had a white Persian cat, with a blue spot on the tip of its tail, to dispose of, to communicate with M. I., care of the Enterprise .

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mal ousávamos esperar que algo desse certo, então ficamos ambos surpresos e encantados quando Max trouxe para casa uma carta da cidade quatro dias depois. Era uma mensagem datilografada de Halifax informando que o remetente tinha um gato persa branco à venda que correspondia à nossa descrição. O preço era cento e dez dólares, e se M. I. desejasse ir a Halifax para inspecionar o animal, ele poderia ser encontrado na Rua Hollis, 110, perguntando por "Persian".

### **Original English**

We really did not have much hope that anything would come of it, so we were surprised and delighted over the letter Max brought home from town four days later. It was a type-written screed from Halifax stating that the writer had for sale a white Persian cat answering to our description. The price was a hundred and ten dollars, and, if M. I. cared to go to Halifax and inspect the animal, it would be found at 110 Hollis Street, by inquiring for "Persian."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay os exortou a moderar o entusiasmo, pois duvidava que o gato fosse adequado. Ele especulou que a mancha azul poderia estar no lugar errado ou com o tamanho errado, e consistentemente se recusou a esperar qualquer resultado positivo do infeliz incidente.

### **Original English**

"Temper your joy, my friends," said Ismay, gloomily. "The cat may not suit. The blue spot may be too big or too small or not in the right place. I consistently refuse to believe that any good thing can come out of this deplorable affair."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquele instante, houve uma batida na porta, e eu me apressei em atendê-la. Parado ali estava o menino do carteiro, segurando um telegrama. Rasguei-o, lancei um olhar e voltei correndo para a sala.

### **Original English**

Just at this moment there was a knock at the door and I hurried out. The postmaster's boy was there with a telegram. I tore it open, glanced at it, and dashed back into the room.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay exclamou, perguntando qual era o problema agora, enquanto observava o rosto do narrador.

### **Original English**

"What is it now?" cried Ismay, beholding my face.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mostrei a ela o telegrama. Era da Tia Cynthia, que nos havia instruído a enviar Fátima para Halifax pelo trem expresso imediatamente.

### **Original English**

I held out the telegram. It was from Aunt Cynthia. She had wired us to send Fatima to Halifax by express immediately.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Desta vez, Max não parecia pronto para oferecer uma sugestão. O narrador foi quem falou primeiro.

### **Original English**

For the first time Max did not seem ready to rush into the breach with a suggestion. It was I who spoke first.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador implorou a Max para ajudá-los a passar pela situação. O narrador e Ismay não podiam viajar para Halifax imediatamente, então Max foi solicitado a ir na manhã seguinte. Ele deveria ir até a Rua Hollis, número 110, e perguntar por um gato chamado Persa. Se o gato se parecesse o suficiente com Fátima, ele deveria comprá-lo e entregá-lo à tia Cynthia. O narrador expressou confiança de que o gato realmente se pareceria.

### **Original English**

"Max," I said, imploringly, "you'll see us through this, won't you? Neither Ismay nor I can rush off to Halifax at once. You must go to-morrow morning. Go right to 110 Hollis Street and ask for 'Persian.' If the cat looks enough like Fatima, buy it and take it to Aunt Cynthia. If it doesn't—but it must! You'll go, won't you?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse que dependia das circunstâncias.

### **Original English**

"That depends," said Max.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador o olhou com espanto, pois isso era completamente fora do comum para Max.

### **Original English**

I stared at him. This was so unlike Max.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse que estava sendo enviado para uma tarefa desagradável. Ele se perguntou como a tia Cynthia poderia ser enganada, mesmo com sua miopia. Comprar um gato como brincadeira era arriscado demais. Se ela percebesse o plano deles, ele estaria em uma situação terrível.

### **Original English**

"You are sending me on a nasty errand," he said, coolly. "How do I know that Aunt Cynthia will be deceived after all, even if she be short-sighted. Buying a cat in a joke is a huge risk. And if she should see through the scheme I shall be in a pretty mess."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu estava prestes a chorar ao me dirigir a Max.

### **Original English**

"Oh, Max," I said, on the verge of tears.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse pensativamente, enquanto olhava para o fogo, que se ele fosse verdadeiramente parte da família ou tivesse uma chance razoável de se tornar, não se importaria tanto. Ele explicou que então seria apenas parte de suas obrigações normais. No entanto, dadas as circunstâncias atuais, ele se sentia de forma diferente.

### **Original English**

"Of course," said Max, looking meditatively into the fire, "if I were really one of the family, or had any reasonable prospect of being so, I would not mind so much. It would be all in the day's work then. But as it is—"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ismay se levantou de seu assento e saiu da sala.

**Original English**

Ismay got up and went out of the room.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu implorei sinceramente a Max, dizendo que precisava de sua ajuda.

**Original English**

"Oh, Max, please," I said.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Max pediu a Sue em casamento de forma severa. Ele disse que, se ela concordasse, iria a Halifax e enfrentaria o problema sem medo. Prometeu fazer qualquer coisa, inclusive mentir, para ajudá-la, mas apenas se ela se tornasse sua esposa.

**Original English**

"Will you marry me, Sue?" demanded Max sternly. "If you will agree, I'll go to Halifax and beard the lion in his den unflinchingly. If necessary, I will take a black street cat to Aunt Cynthia, and swear that it is Fatima. I'll get you out of the scrape, if I have to prove that you never had Fatima, that she is safe in your possession at the present time, and that there never was such an animal as Fatima anyhow. I'll do anything, say anything—but it must be for my future wife."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Perguntei desamparadamente se não havia mais nada que os satisfizesse.

**Original English**

"Will nothing else content you?" I said helplessly.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A outra pessoa respondeu que nada aconteceria.

**Original English**

"Nothing."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Pensei cuidadosamente. Max estava agindo muito mal, mas na verdade ele era um bom amigo. Esta era a décima segunda vez que ele fazia algo assim. E havia Anne Shirley! Eu sabia no fundo que a vida seria terrivelmente triste sem Max. Além disso, eu teria me casado com ele há muito tempo se a tia Cynthia não tivesse sempre tentado nos aproximar desde que ele veio para Spencervale.

**Original English**

I thought hard. Of course Max was acting abominably—but—but—he was really a dear fellow—and this was the twelfth time—and there was Anne Shirley! I knew in my secret soul that life would be a dreadfully dismal thing if Max were not around somewhere. Besides, I would have married him long ago had not Aunt Cynthia thrown us so pointedly at each other's heads ever since he came to Spencervale.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Concordei de forma irritada.

### **Original English**

"Very well," I said crossly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max partiu para Halifax naquela manhã. No dia seguinte, eles receberam um telegrama dizendo que estava tudo bem. Na noite seguinte, ele voltou para Spencervale. Ismay e eu o sentamos em uma cadeira e o encaramos com impaciência.

### **Original English**

Max left for Halifax in the morning. Next day we got a wire saying it was all right. The evening of the following day he was back in Spencervale. Ismay and I put him in a chair and glared at him impatiently.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max riu tanto que seu rosto ficou azul.

### **Original English**

Max began to laugh and laughed until he turned blue.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay falou seriamente e disse que estava feliz que fosse tão divertido. Ela acrescentou que, se ela e Sue pudessem entender a piada, poderia ser ainda mais divertido.

### **Original English**

"I am glad it is so amusing," said Ismay severely. "If Sue and I could see the joke it might be more so."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max implorou às meninas que tivessem paciência com ele, explicando que, se elas soubessem o quanto era difícil para ele manter uma expressão séria em Halifax, entenderiam por que ele agora estava se permitindo rir.

### **Original English**

"Dear little girls, have patience with me," implored Max. "If you knew what it cost me to keep a straight face in Halifax you would forgive me for breaking out now."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador exclamou que eles perdoaram Max e imploraram que ele contasse tudo.

### **Original English**

"We forgive you—but for pity's sake tell us all about it," I cried.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse que, assim que chegou a Halifax, ele correu para a Rua Hollis, 110. Então ele perguntou por que lhe disseram que o endereço da tia era a Rua Pleasant, 10.

### **Original English**

"Well, as soon as I arrived in Halifax I hurried to 110 Hollis Street, but—see here! Didn't you tell me your Aunt's address was 10 Pleasant Street?"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele concordou que este era o caso.

**Original English**

"So it is."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele negou, sugerindo que da próxima vez ela examinasse o endereço em um telegrama. Ele acrescentou que a mulher havia saído uma semana antes para visitar outra amiga no número 110 da Hollis.

**Original English**

"T isn't. You look at the address on a telegram next time you get one. She went a week ago to visit another friend who lives at 110 Hollis."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Alguém chamou Max.

**Original English**

"Max!"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador confirmou que era verdade. Eles haviam tocado a campainha e estavam prestes a pedir à empregada por 'Persian' quando a própria tia Cynthia atravessou o salão e se aproximou rapidamente deles.

**Original English**

"It's a fact. I rang the bell, and was just going to ask the maid for 'Persian' when your Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and pounced on me."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A tia Cynthia perguntou a Max se ele tinha trazido Fatima com ele.

**Original English**

"Max,' she said, 'have you brought Fatima?'

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu disse não, tentando entender essa nova situação enquanto ela me arrastava para a biblioteca. Expliquei que só tinha vindo a Halifax para um pequeno assunto de negócios.

**Original English**

"No,' I answered, trying to adjust my wits to this new development as she towed me into the library. 'No, I—I—just came to Halifax on a little matter of business.'

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Aunt Cynthia disse com irritação que ela não entendia por que as garotas não tinham enviado Fatima como ela havia telegrafado para que fizessem imediatamente. Ela acrescentou que estava esperando uma ligação de alguém que queria comprar o gato.

**Original English**

"Dear me,' said Aunt Cynthia, crossly, 'I don't know what those girls mean. I wired them to send Fatima at once. And she has not come yet and I am expecting a call every minute from some one who wants to buy her.'

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A falante soltou uma leve exclamação de surpresa, consciente de que a cada momento que passava, ela descobria detalhes mais importantes.

### **Original English**

"Oh!" I murmured, mining deeper every minute.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A tia Cynthia continuou, explicando que havia colocado um anúncio no Charlottetown Enterprise para um gato persa. Ela mencionou que Fatima era uma grande responsabilidade e que provavelmente morreria, tornando-se uma perda total. Portanto, embora gostasse da gata, ela decidiu vendê-la.

### **Original English**

"'Yes,' went on your aunt, 'there is an advertisement in the Charlottetown Enterprise for a Persian cat, and I answered it. Fatima is really quite a charge, you know—and so apt to die and be a dead loss,'—did your aunt mean a pun, girls?'—'and so, although I am considerably attached to her, I have decided to part with her.'

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nesse ponto, o narrador havia recuperado a compostura e rapidamente concluiu que uma mistura cuidadosa de honestidade era o curso de ação apropriado.

### **Original English**

"By this time I had got my second wind, and I promptly decided that a judicious mixture of the truth was the thing required.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu declarei que era uma coincidência muito peculiar.

**Original English**

"Well, of all the curious coincidences,' I exclaimed. 'Why,

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A oradora admitiu à Srta. Ridley que foi ela quem colocou o anúncio para um gato persa, e que o fez em nome de Sue.

**Original English**

Miss Ridley, it was I who advertised for a Persian cat—on Sue's

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Em nome dela mesma e de Ismay, Sue havia decidido que elas queriam um gato como Fatima.

**Original English**

behalf. She and Ismay have decided that they want a cat like

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Sue e Ismay desejavam ter um gato como Fatima para elas.

**Original English**

Fatima for themselves.'

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador descreveu como a Srta. Ridley sorriu radiante de prazer. Ela comentou que sempre soube que o ouvinte secretamente gostava de gatos, mas nunca admitiu. Eles finalizaram o negócio imediatamente. O orador entregou os cento e dez dólares, que a Srta. Ridley aceitou sem hesitação. Como resultado, eles se tornaram coproprietários de Fátima. O orador desejou-lhes boa sorte com a compra.

### **Original English**

"You should have seen how she beamed. She said she knew you always really liked cats, only you would never own up to it. We clinched the dicker then and there. I passed her over your hundred and ten dollars—she took the money without turning a hair—and now you are the joint owners of Fatima. Good luck to your bargain!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay fungou e se referiu à tia Cynthia como uma coisa velha e mesquinha. O narrador, lembrando-se de seus próprios casacos de pele surrados, não encontrou motivo para discordar.

### **Original English**

"Mean old thing," sniffed Ismay. She meant Aunt Cynthia, and, remembering our shabby furs, I didn't disagree with her.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador disse que não havia Fatima e se perguntou como eles a explicariam para a Tia Cynthia quando ela voltasse.

### **Original English**

"But there is no Fatima," I said, dubiously. "How shall we account for her when Aunt Cynthia comes home?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O interlocutor informou a ouvinte de que sua tia não retornaria por mais um mês. Após seu retorno, a ouvinte foi aconselhada a informar a tia de que o gato havia se perdido, embora sem especificar quando. Quanto ao restante, Fatima agora pertencia à ouvinte, então a tia não tinha motivos para reclamação. No entanto, a tia teria uma opinião ainda pior sobre a capacidade da ouvinte de administrar uma casa de forma independente.

### **Original English**

"Well, your aunt isn't coming home for a month yet. When she comes you will have to tell her that the cat—is lost—but you needn't say WHEN it happened. As for the rest, Fatima is your property now, so Aunt Cynthia can't grumble. But she will have a poorer opinion than ever of your fitness to run a house alone."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que Max partiu, fui até a janela para observar seu progresso pelo caminho. Admirei sua aparência bonita e senti orgulho dele. Quando ele chegou ao portão, virou-se para acenar adeus e, ao fazê-lo, olhou para cima. Mesmo àquela distância, pude ver o espanto em seu rosto. Imediatamente, ele voltou correndo.

### **Original English**

When Max left I went to the window to watch him down the path. He was really a handsome fellow, and I was proud of him. At the gate he turned to wave me good-by, and, as he did, he glanced upward. Even at that distance I saw the look of amazement on his face. Then he came bolting back.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu gritei para Ismay que a casa estava pegando fogo e corri para a porta.

### **Original English**

"Ismay, the house is on fire!" I shrieked, as I flew to the door.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max exclamou para Sue que ele tinha acabado de ver Fátima, ou talvez o fantasma dela, na janela do sótão.

### **Original English**

"Sue," cried Max, "I saw Fatima, or her ghost, at the garret window a moment ago!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu exclamei que era bobagem, mas Ismay já estava na metade da escada, então nós a seguimos. Corremos direto para o sótão, onde Fatima estava sentada, elegante e satisfeita, aproveitando o sol perto da janela.

### **Original English**

"Nonsense!" I cried. But Ismay was already half way up the stairs and we followed. Straight to the garret we rushed. There sat Fatima, sleek and complacent, sunning herself in the window.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max riu tão intensamente que as próprias vigas pareciam tremer com o som.

### **Original English**

Max laughed until the rafters rang.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O narrador protestou, prestes a chorar, que Fatima não poderia ter estado lá em cima o tempo todo porque eles teriam ouvido ela miando.

**Original English**

"She can't have been up here all this time," I protested, half tearfully. "We would have heard her meowing."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Max afirmou que eles não a tinham ouvido.

**Original English**

"But you didn't," said Max.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ismay afirmou que o gato teria perecido de frio.

**Original English**

"She would have died of the cold," declared Ismay.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Max afirmou que o gato não tinha morrido.

**Original English**

"But she hasn't," said Max.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu disse que o gato poderia ter morrido de fome.

### **Original English**

"Or starved," I cried.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max disse que o lugar estava cheio de ratos. Ele disse às meninas que não havia dúvida de que o gato estava lá há duas semanas. Deve ter seguido Huldah Jane até lá naquele dia sem ser notado. Ele achou estranho que elas não tivessem ouvido o gato miando — se é que ele tinha miado. Mas talvez não tivesse miado, e claro, elas dormiam no andar de baixo. Ele não podia acreditar que elas nunca tinham pensado em procurar o gato ali.

### **Original English**

"The place is alive with mice," said Max. "No, girls, there is no doubt the cat has been here the whole fortnight. She must have followed Huldah Jane up here, unobserved, that day. It's a wonder you didn't hear her crying—if she did cry. But perhaps she didn't, and, of course, you sleep downstairs. To think you never thought of looking here for her!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ismay mencionou que havia custado a eles mais de cem dólares, olhando com raiva para a elegante gata Fatima.

### **Original English**

"It has cost us over a hundred dollars," said Ismay, with a malevolent glance at the sleek Fatima.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu afirmei que isso tinha me custado mais do que aquilo, e então me virei em direção à escada.

**Original English**

"It has cost me more than that," I said, as I turned to the stairway.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Max me manteve imóvel por um momento enquanto Ismay e Fatima desciam apressadas com passos leves.

**Original English**

Max held me back for an instant, while Ismay and Fatima pattered down.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele perguntou a Sue em um sussurro se ela achava que o custo tinha sido muito alto.

**Original English**

"Do you think it has cost too much, Sue?" he whispered.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu olhei para ele de lado. Ele era verdadeiramente cativante; a bondade parecia irradiar dele.

**Original English**

I looked at him sideways. He was really a dear. Niceness fairly exhaled from him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu respondi que não, e expliquei que quando nos casássemos, ele precisaria cuidar da Fatima, pois eu não cuidaria.

### **Original English**

"No-o-o," I said, "but when we are married you will have to take care of Fatima, I won't."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Max expressou sua gratidão a Fatima.

### **Original English**

"Dear Fatima," said Max gratefully.

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# **The Materializing of Cecil**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora não estava particularmente preocupada por ser solteira, apesar da piedade que as solteironas recebiam em Avonlea. O que a preocupava, ela admitia, era que nunca lhe tinha sido dada sequer a oportunidade de se casar. Até a sua velha ama e criada, Nancy, entendia isso e sentia pena dela. A própria Nancy era uma mulher solteira, mas tinha recebido duas propostas de casamento. Ela as recusou porque um dos pretendentes era um viúvo com sete filhos e o outro era um homem preguiçoso e inútil. Ainda assim, se alguém zombasse de Nancy por ser solteira, ela podia orgulhosamente apontar para essas propostas como prova de que poderia ter casado se quisesse. A narradora refletiu que, se não tivesse passado a vida inteira em Avonlea, as pessoas talvez lhe tivessem dado o benefício da dúvida. Mas, como passou, todos pensavam que sabiam tudo sobre ela.

### **Original English**

It had never worried me in the least that I wasn't married, although everybody in Avonlea pitied old maids; but it DID worry me, and I frankly confess it, that I had never had a chance to be. Even Nancy, my old nurse and servant, knew that, and pitied me for it. Nancy is an old maid herself, but she has had two proposals. She did not accept either of them because one was a widower with seven children, and the other a very shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow; but, if anybody twitted Nancy on her single condition, she could point triumphantly to those two as evidence that "she could an she would." If I had not lived all my life in Avonlea I might have had the benefit of the doubt; but I had, and everybody knew everything about me—or thought they did.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora muitas vezes se perguntara por que ninguém jamais se apaixonara por ela. Ela se considerava nada feia; anos atrás, George Adoniram Maybrick escrevera um poema elogiando extravagantemente sua beleza, embora ele escrevesse tais versos para muitas garotas bonitas e nunca cortejasse ninguém além de Flora King, que era estrábica e ruiva. Ainda assim, isso provava que sua aparência não era o obstáculo. Tampouco sua própria escrita de poesia era um impedimento, pois ninguém sabia que ela escrevia. Quando a inspiração vinha, ela se trancava em seu quarto e escrevia em um pequeno caderno que mantinha escondido. O livro estava quase cheio, pois ela escrevera poesia durante toda a vida. Este era o único segredo que ela jamais guardara de Nancy. Nancy, de qualquer forma, não tinha uma opinião muito elevada sobre sua capacidade de cuidar de si mesma; a narradora temia imaginar o que Nancy faria se descobrisse o livrinho. Ela tinha certeza de que Nancy imediatamente mandaria chamar o médico e insistiria em cataplasmas de mostarda enquanto esperava.

### **Original English**

I had really often wondered why nobody had ever fallen in love with me. I was not at all homely; indeed, years ago, George Adoniram Maybrick had written a poem addressed to me, in which he praised my beauty quite extravagantly; that didn't mean anything because George Adoniram wrote poetry to all the good-looking girls and never went with anybody but Flora King, who was cross-eyed and red-haired, but it proves that it was not my appearance that put me out of the running. Neither was it the fact that I wrote poetry myself—although not of George Adoniram's kind—because

nobody ever knew that. When I felt it coming on I shut myself up in my room and wrote it out in a little blank book I kept locked up. It is nearly full now, because I have been writing poetry all my life. It is the only thing I have ever been able to keep a secret from Nancy. Nancy, in any case, has not a very high opinion of my ability to take care of myself; but I tremble to imagine what she would think if she ever found out about that little book. I am convinced she would send for the doctor post-haste and insist on mustard plasters while waiting for him.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Apesar de seus pensamentos iniciais, a narradora continuou com suas atividades — cuidar das flores, dos gatos, ler revistas e trabalhar em um livro pessoal — e se sentiu genuinamente feliz e satisfeita. No entanto, ela ainda se incomodava que Adella Gilbert, uma vizinha cujo marido era um bêbado, a compadecia por nunca ter sido desejada por nenhum homem. A narradora teve que se conter para não pensar de forma pouco caridosa sobre Adella.

### **Original English**

Nevertheless, I kept on at it, and what with my flowers and my cats and my magazines and my little book, I was really very happy and contented. But it DID sting that Adella Gilbert, across the road, who has a drunken husband, should pity "poor Charlotte" because nobody had ever wanted her. Poor Charlotte indeed! If I had thrown myself at a man's head the way Adella Gilbert did at—but there, there, I must refrain from such thoughts. I must not be uncharitable.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O Círculo de Costura se reuniu na casa de Mary Gillespie no dia em que completei quarenta anos. Eu havia parado de mencionar meu aniversário, mas em Avonlea todos sabem sua idade – ou, se erram, acham que você é mais jovem. Nancy, que desde que eu era criança sempre se lembrava do meu aniversário, ainda insistia em comemorar, e eu não a desencorajava porque é agradável receber atenção. Ela me trouxe o café da manhã na cama com todas as minhas comidas favoritas, a bandeja

decorada com rosas do jardim e samambaias do bosque. Aproveitei cada mordida, depois me levantei e me vesti com meu segundo melhor vestido de musselina. Eu teria usado o melhor se não temesse a desaprovação de Nancy. Reguei minhas flores, alimentei meus gatos, e então me tranquei para escrever um poema sobre junho. Eu havia parado de escrever poemas de aniversário depois dos trinta anos.

### Original English

The Sewing Circle met at Mary Gillespie's on my fortieth birthday. I have given up talking about my birthdays, although that little scheme is not much good in Avonlea where everybody knows your age—or if they make a mistake it is never on the side of youth. But Nancy, who grew accustomed to celebrating my birthdays when I was a little girl, never gets over the habit, and I don't try to cure her, because, after all, it's nice to have some one make a fuss over you. She brought me up my breakfast before I got up out of bed—a concession to my laziness that Nancy would scorn to make on any other day of the year. She had cooked everything I like best, and had decorated the tray with roses from the garden and ferns from the woods behind the house. I enjoyed every bit of that breakfast, and then I got up and dressed, putting on my second best muslin gown. I would have put on my really best if I had not had the fear of Nancy before my eyes; but I knew she would never condone THAT, even on a birthday. I watered my flowers and fed my cats, and then I locked myself up and wrote a poem on June. I had given up writing birthday odes after I was thirty.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

À tarde, a narradora foi ao Círculo de Costura. Antes de sair, ela se olhou no espelho e se perguntou se realmente poderia ter quarenta anos. Ela estava bastante certa de que não aparentava essa idade. Seu cabelo era castanho e ondulado, suas bochechas rosadas, e as linhas em seu rosto eram quase invisíveis, possivelmente por causa da luz fraca. Ela sempre mantinha seu espelho no canto mais escuro do quarto, e Nancy não conseguia entender por quê. Embora ela soubesse que as linhas estavam lá, quando não eram muito perceptíveis, ela esquecia delas.

### Original English

In the afternoon I went to the Sewing Circle. When I was ready for it I looked in my glass and wondered if I could really be forty. I was quite sure I didn't look it. My hair was brown and wavy, my cheeks were pink, and the

lines could hardly be seen at all, though possibly that was because of the dim light. I always have my mirror hung in the darkest corner of my room. Nancy cannot imagine why. I know the lines are there, of course; but when they don't show very plain I forget that they are there.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As reuniões do Círculo de Costura incluíam participantes jovens e idosos. A narradora comparecia obedientemente, mas não as achava agradáveis. As mulheres casadas focavam em suas famílias, deixando a narradora com pouco a contribuir. As mulheres mais jovens paravam suas conversas sobre interesses românticos quando ela se aproximava, presumindo que uma mulher mais velha e solteira não pudesse se relacionar. As outras solteironas se entregavam à fofoca, o que a narradora também não gostava. Ela estava ciente de que, pelas costas, especulariam sobre seu uso de tintura de cabelo e criticariam sua escolha de um vestido de musselina rosa com babados de renda, considerando-o inadequado para uma mulher de cinquenta anos.

### **Original English**

We had a large Sewing Circle, young and old alike attending. I really cannot say I ever enjoyed the meetings—at least not up to that time—although I went religiously because I thought it my duty to go. The married women talked so much of their husbands and children, and of course I had to be quiet on those topics; and the young girls talked in corner groups about their beaux, and stopped it when I joined them, as if they felt sure that an old maid who had never had a beau couldn't understand at all. As for the other old maids, they talked gossip about every one, and I did not like that either. I knew the minute my back was turned they would fasten into me and hint that I used hair-dye and declare it was perfectly ridiculous for a woman of FIFTY to wear a pink muslin dress with lace-trimmed frills.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquele dia, a reunião teve boa presença porque estavam se preparando para um bazar de trabalhos manuais para arrecadar fundos para os reparos da casa paroquial. As moças estavam ainda mais alegres e animadas do que de costume. Wilhelmina Mercer estava presente e as mantinha entretidas. Os Mercer eram recém-chegados a Avonlea, tendo chegado apenas dois meses antes.

### **Original English**

There was a full attendance that day, for we were getting ready for a sale of fancy work in aid of parsonage repairs. The young girls were merrier and noisier than usual. Wilhelmina Mercer was there, and she kept them going. The Mercers were quite new to Avonlea, having come here only two months previously.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora sentou-se perto da janela, enquanto Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross e Georgie Hall se reuniam em um pequeno grupo bem na frente. Embora a narradora não estivesse prestando atenção à conversa delas, ela logo ouviu Georgie falar em um tom provocador.

### **Original English**

I was sitting by the window and Wilhelmina Mercer, Maggie Henderson, Susette Cross and Georgie Hall were in a little group just before me. I wasn't listening to their chatter at all, but presently Georgie exclaimed teasingly:

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Georgie Hall comentou que a Srta. Charlotte parecia achar a conversa deles engraçada e provavelmente os considerava muito tolos por discutir rapazes.

### **Original English**

"Miss Charlotte is laughing at us. I suppose she thinks we are awfully silly to be talking about beaux."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora estava sorrindo porque tinha pensamentos agradáveis sobre as rosas que subiam pelo parapeito da janela de Mary Gillespie. Ela pretendia escrever esses pensamentos em seu caderno pequeno quando voltasse para casa. No entanto, as palavras de Georgie a puxaram de volta para a realidade desagradável. Isso a machucou, como tais comentários sempre faziam.

### **Original English**

The truth was that I was simply smiling over some very pretty thoughts that had come to me about the roses which were climbing over Mary Gillespie's sill. I meant to inscribe them in the little blank book when I went home. Georgie's speech brought me back to harsh realities with a jolt. It hurt me, as such speeches always did.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Wilhelmina perguntou, rindo, à Srta. Holmes se ela já tinha tido um namorado.

### **Original English**

"Didn't you ever have a beau, Miss Holmes?" said Wilhelmina laughingly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Naquele momento, a sala ficou em silêncio, e todos os presentes ouviram a pergunta de Wilhelmina.

### **Original English**

Just as it happened, a silence had fallen over the room for a moment, and everybody in it heard Wilhelmina's question.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora admitiu que não conseguia entender por que agiu daquela forma. Ela era normalmente honesta e não gostava de mentir, mas naquele momento, sentiu que não poderia recusar Wilhelmina diante de todas aquelas mulheres; teria sido muito constrangedor. Ela acreditava que anos de humilhação por nunca ter tido um amante haviam se acumulado e finalmente a dominado.

### **Original English**

I really do not know what got into me and possessed me. I have never been able to account for what I said and did, because I am naturally a truthful person and hate all deceit. It seemed to me that I simply could not say "No" to Wilhelmina before that whole roomful of women. It was TOO humiliating. I suppose all the prickles and stings and slurs I had endured for fifteen years on account of never having had a lover had what the new doctor calls "a cumulative effect" and came to a head then and there.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora disse calmamente que já teve um namorado uma vez.

### **Original English**

"Yes, I had one once, my dear," I said calmly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Pela primeira vez, a narradora causou alvoroço. Todas as mulheres na sala pararam de costurar e olharam para ela. Ela percebeu que a maioria duvidava dela, mas Wilhelmina era uma exceção; seu rosto bonito iluminou-se de curiosidade.

### **Original English**

For once in my life I made a sensation. Every woman in that room stopped sewing and stared at me. Most of them, I saw, didn't believe me, but

Wilhelmina did. Her pretty face lighted up with interest.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela convenceu a Srta. Holmes, pedindo-lhe que lhes contasse sobre o homem e por que ela não havia se casado com ele.

### **Original English**

"Oh, won't you tell us about him, Miss Holmes?" she coaxed, "and why didn't you marry him?"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Josephine Cameron concordou com a Srta. Mercer, dando uma risadinha desagradável. Ela disse que todos estavam interessados e que era novidade para eles que Charlotte alguma vez tivesse tido um namorado.

### **Original English**

"That is right, Miss Mercer," said Josephine Cameron, with a nasty little laugh. "Make her tell. We're all interested. It's news to us that Charlotte ever had a beau."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Se Josephine não tivesse dito aquilo, a narradora poderia ter parado. Mas Josephine disse, e a narradora também percebeu Mary Gillespie e Adella Gilbert trocando sorrisos significativos. Isso fez a narradora se sentir determinada e imprudente. Ela pensou que, já que havia começado, poderia muito bem terminar, então falou com um sorriso pensativo.

### **Original English**

If Josephine had not said that, I might not have gone on. But she did say it, and, moreover, I caught Mary Gillespie and Adella Gilbert exchanging significant smiles. That settled it, and made me quite reckless. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thought I, and I said with a pensive smile:

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela explicou que ninguém lá sabia nada sobre ele, e que tudo havia ocorrido há muito tempo.

**Original English**

"Nobody here knew anything about him, and it was all long, long ago."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Wilhelmina perguntou qual era o nome dele.

**Original English**

"What was his name?" asked Wilhelmina.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Respondi que o nome dele era Cecil Fenwick. Sempre gostei do nome Cecil e o escrevia frequentemente no meu caderno. Quanto ao sobrenome, aconteceu de eu estar segurando um pedaço de jornal com um anúncio dos Emplastros Porosos Fenwick enquanto media uma bainha, então combinei os dois nomes impulsivamente e permanentemente.

**Original English**

"Cecil Fenwick," I answered promptly. Cecil had always been my favorite name for a man; it figured quite frequently in the blank book. As for the Fenwick part of it, I had a bit of newspaper in my hand, measuring a hem, with "Try Fenwick's Porous Plasters" printed across it, and I simply joined the two in sudden and irrevocable matrimony.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Georgie indagou onde eu o tinha encontrado.

### **Original English**

"Where did you meet him?" asked Georgie.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador rapidamente refletiu sobre sua vida. Percebeu que Cecil Fenwick só poderia ser encontrado em um lugar. A viagem mais distante que já havia feito de Avonlea foi aos dezoito anos, quando visitou uma tia em New Brunswick.

### **Original English**

I hastily reviewed my past. There was only one place to locate Cecil Fenwick. The only time I had ever been far enough away from Avonlea in my life was when I was eighteen and had gone to visit an aunt in New Brunswick.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eu disse que o conheci em Blakely, New Brunswick, e eu quase acreditei nisso quando vi como eles aceitaram minha história com tanta confiança. Eu lhes disse que tinha dezoito anos e ele vinte e três.

### **Original English**

"In Blakely, New Brunswick," I said, almost believing that I had when I saw how they all took it in unsuspectingly. "I was just eighteen and he was twenty-three."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susette queria saber como ele era.

### **Original English**

"What did he look like?" Susette wanted to know.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela descreveu seu homem ideal como muito bonito. Ela confessou que realmente gostou da experiência ao ver o respeito surgir nos olhos das garotas, sabendo que finalmente havia escapado de sua reputação anterior. A partir daquele momento, ela seria vista como uma mulher com um passado romântico, fiel ao seu único amor verdadeiro — uma imagem muito diferente de uma solteirona que nunca conhecera um amante.

### **Original English**

"Oh, he was very handsome." I proceeded glibly to sketch my ideal. To tell the dreadful truth, I was enjoying myself; I could see respect dawning in those girls' eyes, and I knew that I had forever thrown off my reproach. Henceforth I should be a woman with a romantic past, faithful to the one love of her life—a very, very different thing from an old maid who had never had a lover.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele era alto e moreno, com cabelos pretos e cacheados atraentes, e olhos vivos e intensos. Tinha um queixo forte, um nariz bem feito e um sorriso extremamente encantador.

### **Original English**

"He was tall and dark, with lovely, curly black hair and brilliant, piercing eyes. He had a splendid chin, and a fine nose, and the most fascinating smile!"

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Maggie perguntou o que ele fazia para viver.

### **Original English**

"What was he?" asked Maggie.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador explicou que sua decisão de se tornar um jovem advogado foi influenciada por um retrato ampliado a giz do falecido irmão de Mary Gillespie, que estava em um cavalete à sua frente, porque aquele irmão havia sido advogado.

### **Original English**

"A young lawyer," I said, my choice of profession decided by an enlarged crayon portrait of Mary Gillespie's deceased brother on an easel before me. He had been a lawyer.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susette exigiu saber por que ela não havia se casado com ele.

### **Original English**

"Why didn't you marry him?" demanded Susette.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora respondeu tristemente, explicando que eles tiveram uma briga — uma terrivelmente amarga. Ela confessou que ambos eram jovens e tolos, e que a culpa era dela. Ela havia irritado Cecil ao flertar com outro homem, o que provocou seu ciúme e raiva. Ele foi para o Oeste e nunca mais voltou. Ela não o via desde então e nem sequer sabia se ele estava vivo. No entanto, ela insistiu que nunca poderia amar outro homem.

### **Original English**

"We quarreled," I answered sadly. "A terribly bitter quarrel. Oh, we were both so young and so foolish. It was my fault. I vexed Cecil by flirting with another man"—wasn't I coming on!—"and he was jealous and angry. He went out West and never came back. I have never seen him since, and I do not even know if he is alive. But—but—I could never care for any other man."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Wilhelmina suspirou e disse que achou muito interessante. Ela admitiu que amava histórias de amor tristes. Então sugeriu que talvez o amor perdido da Senhorita Holmes pudesse voltar um dia.

### **Original English**

"Oh, how interesting!" sighed Wilhelmina. "I do so love sad love stories. But perhaps he will come back some day yet, Miss Holmes."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora balançou a cabeça e afirmou que agora era impossível. Ela supôs que ele a tinha esquecido completamente ou, se não, nunca a havia perdoado.

### **Original English**

"Oh, no, never now," I said, shaking my head. "He has forgotten all about me, I dare say. Or if he hasn't, he has never forgiven me."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan Jane, de Mary Gillespie, anunciou que o chá estava pronto, o que aliviou a narradora porque sua imaginação estava falhando e ela temia quais perguntas as garotas fariam a seguir. Ela percebeu uma mudança na atmosfera mental e se sentiu secretamente emocionada durante o jantar. Ela não sentiu arrependimento nem vergonha; teria feito a mesma coisa novamente e só lamentou não ter feito antes.

## Original English

Mary Gillespie's Susan Jane announced tea at this moment, and I was thankful, for my imagination was giving out, and I didn't know what question those girls would ask next. But I felt already a change in the mental atmosphere surrounding me, and all through supper I was thrilled with a secret exultation. Repentant? Ashamed? Not a bit of it! I'd have done the same thing over again, and all I felt sorry for was that I hadn't done it long ago.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ao chegar em casa naquela noite, Nancy me olhou com uma expressão confusa e começou a falar.

## Original English

When I got home that night Nancy looked at me wonderingly, and said:

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## Pt/En

### Português

Ele comentou que a senhorita Charlotte parecia uma garota naquela noite.

## Original English

"You look like a girl to-night, Miss Charlotte."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Respondi que me sentia como tal, e ri. Corri para meu quarto e fiz algo que nunca tinha feito antes: escrevi um segundo poema no mesmo dia. Precisava de uma saída para meus sentimentos. Intitulei-o 'In Summer Days of Long Ago' e incluí as rosas de Mary Gillespie e os olhos de Cecil Fenwick nele. Fiz com que fosse tão triste, nostálgico e musical que me senti perfeitamente feliz.

## Original English

"I feel like one," I said laughing; and I ran to my room and did what I had never done before—wrote a second poem in the same day. I had to have some outlet for my feelings. I called it "In Summer Days of Long Ago," and I worked Mary Gillespie's roses and Cecil Fenwick's eyes into it, and made it so sad and reminiscent and minor-musicky that I felt perfectly happy.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Durante os dois meses seguintes, tudo transcorreu de forma tranquila e alegre. Não se falou mais de Cecil Fenwick, mas as outras garotas discutiam livremente seus envoltimentos românticos comigo, e eu me tornei uma espécie de confidente geral. Isso aqueceu meu coração consideravelmente, e comecei a realmente gostar do Círculo de Costura. Adquiri vários vestidos novos e bonitos e um chapéu encantador, aceitei todos os convites que recebi e me diverti muito.

### **Original English**

For the next two months all went well and merrily. Nobody ever said anything more to me about Cecil Fenwick, but the girls all chattered freely to me of their little love affairs, and I became a sort of general confidant for them. It just warmed up the cockles of my heart, and I began to enjoy the Sewing Circle famously. I got a lot of pretty new dresses and the dearest hat, and I went everywhere I was asked and had a good time.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Pode-se ter certeza disto: as más ações acabarão sendo punidas, de alguma forma e em algum momento. No meu caso, a punição chegou dois meses atrasada, mas quando veio, me sobrecarregou completamente.

### **Original English**

But there is one thing you can be perfectly sure of. If you do wrong you are going to be punished for it sometime, somehow and somewhere. My punishment was delayed for two months, and then it descended on my head and I was crushed to the very dust.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Outra família, os Maxwell, mudou-se para Avonlea naquela primavera, além dos Mercer. Eram um casal de meia-idade de considerável riqueza. O Sr. Maxwell comprou as serrarias locais, e eles se estabeleceram na antiga casa dos Spencer, há muito considerada a melhor casa de Avonlea. Viviam tranquilamente, e a Sra. Maxwell raramente saía devido à sua saúde frágil. O narrador ainda não a conhecera, pois cada um estava ausente quando o outro visitava.

### Original English

Another new family besides the Mercers had come to Avonlea in the spring—the Maxwells. There were just Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell; they were a middle-aged couple and very well off. Mr. Maxwell had bought the lumber mills, and they lived up at the old Spencer place which had always been "the" place of Avonlea. They lived quietly, and Mrs. Maxwell hardly ever went anywhere because she was delicate. She was out when I called and I was out when she returned my call, so that I had never met her.

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## Pt/En

### Português

O Círculo de Costura se reuniu novamente, desta vez na casa de Sarah Gardiner. A escritora chegou atrasada; todas as outras já haviam chegado. No momento em que a escritora entrou na sala, ela soube que algo tinha acontecido, embora não conseguisse adivinhar o quê. Todos olharam para a escritora de maneira estranha. Naturalmente, Wilhelmina Mercer foi a primeira a falar.

### Original English

It was the Sewing Circle day again—at Sarah Gardiner's this time. I was late; everybody else was there when I arrived, and the minute I entered the room I knew something had happened, although I couldn't imagine what. Everybody looked at me in the strangest way. Of course, Wilhelmina Mercer was the first to set her tongue going.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Wilhelmina Mercer perguntou ansiosamente a Miss Holmes se ela já o tinha visto.

**Original English**

"Oh, Miss Holmes, have you seen him yet?" she exclaimed.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Perguntei calmamente a quem ela se referia enquanto pegava meu dedal e moldes de costura.

**Original English**

"Seen whom?" I said non-excitedly, getting out my thimble and patterns.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Wilhelmina Mercer informou a eles que Cecil Fenwick estava em Avonlea, visitando sua irmã.

**Original English**

"Why, Cecil Fenwick. He's here—in Avonlea—visiting his sister,

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Era a Sra. Maxwell.

**Original English**

Mrs. Maxwell."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Suponho que fiz o que eles esperavam de mim. Eu deixei cair.

**Original English**

I suppose I did what they expected me to do. I dropped

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Tudo o que eu segurava, e depois Josephine Cameron disse que

**Original English**

everything I held, and Josephine Cameron said afterwards that

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Charlotte Holmes estava tão pálida que não poderia ter ficado mais branca nem se estivesse deitada em seu caixão.

**Original English**

Charlotte Holmes would never be paler when she was in her coffin.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O falante lamentou que os outros não tivessem compreendido o que a havia deixado tão pálida.

**Original English**

If they had just known why I turned so pale!

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu disse, pasmado, que era totalmente impossível.

**Original English**

"It's impossible!" I said blankly.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Wilhelmina declarou que era realmente verdade, e ela parecia encantada, acreditando que era um desenvolvimento no meu romance. Ela mencionou que havia visitado a Sra. Maxwell na noite anterior e o encontrado.

**Original English**

"It's really true," said Wilhelmina, delighted at this development, as she supposed it, of my romance. "I was up to see Mrs. Maxwell last night, and I met him."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Murmurei que não poderia ser o mesmo Cecil Fenwick.

**Original English**

"It—can't be—the same—Cecil Fenwick," I said faintly, because

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Senti que deveria dizer algo.

**Original English**

I had to say something.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Wilhelmina confirmou que realmente era ele. Ela explicou que ele era advogado de Blakely, Nova Brunswick, e que havia vivido no Oeste por vinte e dois anos. Ela o descreveu como muito bonito, exatamente como eu havia dito, exceto que seu cabelo agora estava grisalho. Ela observou que ele nunca havia se casado, o que ela perguntou à Sra. Maxwell, então parecia que ele nunca tinha me esquecido. Por fim, ela expressou sua crença de que tudo daria certo.

### Original English

"Oh, yes, it is. He belongs in Blakely, New Brunswick, and he's a lawyer, and he's been out West twenty-two years. He's oh! so handsome, and just as you described him, except that his hair is quite gray. He has never married—I asked Mrs. Maxwell—so you see he has never forgotten you, Miss Holmes. And, oh, I believe everything is going to come out all right."

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## Pt/En

### Português

A narradora não podia compartilhar sua crença alegre. Ela sentia que tudo estava dando terrivelmente errado. Estava tão confusa que não sabia o que fazer ou dizer. Sentia como se estivesse em um pesadelo — devia ser um sonho — porque não poderia realmente existir um Cecil Fenwick. Seus sentimentos eram indescritíveis. Felizmente, todos atribuíram sua agitação a uma causa diferente e gentilmente a deixaram sozinha para se recuperar. Ela nunca esqueceria aquela tarde horrível. Logo após o chá, ela se desculpou e foi para casa o mais rápido que pôde. Lá, trancou-se em seu quarto, mas não para escrever poesia em seu caderno. Não, de forma alguma; ela não estava com disposição para poesia.

### Original English

I couldn't exactly share her cheerful belief. Everything seemed to me to be coming out most horribly wrong. I was so mixed up I didn't know what to do or say. I felt as if I were in a bad dream—it MUST be a dream—there couldn't really be a Cecil Fenwick! My feelings were simply indescribable. Fortunately every one put my agitation down to quite a different cause, and they very kindly left me alone to recover myself. I shall never forget that awful afternoon. Right after tea I excused myself and went home as fast as I could go. There I shut myself up in my room, but NOT to write poetry in

my blank book. No, indeed! I felt in no poetical mood.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela forçou a si mesma a aceitar a situação honestamente. Apesar da estranheza da coincidência, Cecil Fenwick era uma pessoa real, e agora estava em Avonlea. Todos que ela conhecia, fossem amigos ou inimigos, acreditavam que ele era o antigo amante do qual ela havia se separado. Ela compreendeu que, se ele permanecesse em Avonlea por qualquer período de tempo, um dos dois desfechos era inevitável. Ou ele ficaria sabendo da história que ela havia inventado sobre ele e a negaria, levando-a a ser publicamente humilhada e ridicularizada pelo resto da vida, ou ele partiria sem nunca saber, e todos presumiriam que ele a havia esquecido, fazendo com que sentissem pena dela de uma forma insuportável. O segundo cenário era terrível, mas não se comparava ao primeiro. Ela rezou — ela realmente rezou — para que ele partisse imediatamente. No entanto, o destino tinha intenções diferentes para ela.

### **Original English**

I tried to look the facts squarely in the face. There was a Cecil Fenwick, extraordinary as the coincidence was, and he was here in Avonlea. All my friends—and foes—believed that he was the estranged lover of my youth. If he stayed long in Avonlea, one of two things was bound to happen. He would hear the story I had told about him and deny it, and I would be held up to shame and derision for the rest of my natural life; or else he would simply go away in ignorance, and everybody would suppose he had forgotten me and would pity me maddeningly. The latter possibility was bad enough, but it wasn't to be compared to the former; and oh, how I prayed—yes, I DID pray about it—that he would go right away. But Providence had other views for me.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Cecil Fenwick decidiu ficar em Avonlea. Os Maxwell tornaram-se mais sociáveis para homenageá-lo e tentaram entretê-lo. A Sra. Maxwell ofereceu uma festa para ele, e eu recebi um convite, mas certamente não compareci, embora Nancy achasse que eu era tolo por recusar. Então todos os outros deram festas para o Sr. Fenwick, e fui convidado para cada uma, mas nunca fui. Wilhelmina Mercer veio me ver, implorou e repreendeu, e disse que se eu continuasse a evitar o Sr. Fenwick, ele acreditaria que eu ainda guardava rancor dele e não tentaria se reconciliar. Wilhelmina tinha boas intenções, mas não tinha bom senso.

### **Original English**

Cecil Fenwick didn't go away. He stayed right on in Avonlea, and the Maxwells blossomed out socially in his honor and tried to give him a good time. Mrs. Maxwell gave a party for him. I got a card—but you may be very sure I didn't go, although Nancy thought I was crazy not to. Then every one else gave parties in honor of Mr. Fenwick and I was invited and never went. Wilhelmina Mercer came and pleaded and scolded and told me if I avoided Mr. Fenwick like that he would think I still cherished bitterness against him, and he wouldn't make any advances towards a reconciliation. Wilhelmina means well, but she hasn't a great deal of sense.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Cecil Fenwick era muito querido por todos, independentemente da idade. Ele também era muito rico, e Wilhelmina afirmou que muitas das garotas locais estavam tentando chamar sua atenção.

### **Original English**

Cecil Fenwick seemed to be a great favorite with everybody, young and old. He was very rich, too, and Wilhelmina declared that half the girls were after him.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Wilhelmina comentou que, se não fosse pela Srta. Holmes, ela mesma poderia tentar conquistar o Sr. Fenwick, apesar de seus cabelos grisalhos e temperamento explosivo. Ela acrescentou que a Sra. Maxwell disse que o temperamento dele era forte, mas durava pouco. Ela disse isso meio como uma brincadeira, mas na verdade estava falando sério.

### Original English

"If it wasn't for you, Miss Holmes, I believe I'd have a try for him myself, in spite of his gray hair and quick temper—for Mrs. Maxwell says he has a pretty quick temper, but it's all over in a minute," said Wilhelmina, half in jest and wholly in earnest.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Parei de sair completamente, até mesmo para ir à igreja. Sentia-me miserável, perdi o apetite e não escrevi nada no meu caderno. Nancy ficou muito chateada e insistiu que eu tomasse suas pílulas favoritas. Tomei-as sem discutir, mas elas não ajudaram em nada. Meu problema era profundo demais para pílulas curarem. Sentia como se estivesse sendo punido por contar uma mentira. Cancelei minha assinatura do Weekly Advocate porque ele ainda trazia aquele anúncio de emplastros porosos, que eu não suportava ver. Se não fosse por isso, nunca teria pensado no nome Fenwick, e todo esse problema teria sido evitado.

### Original English

As for me, I gave up going out at all, even to church. I fretted and pined and lost my appetite and never wrote a line in my blank book. Nancy was half frantic and insisted on dosing me with her favorite patent pills. I took them meekly, because it is a waste of time and energy to oppose Nancy, but, of course, they didn't do me any good. My trouble was too deep-seated for pills to cure. If ever a woman was punished for telling a lie I was that woman. I stopped my subscription to the Weekly Advocate because it still carried that wretched porous plaster advertisement, and I couldn't bear to see it. If it hadn't been for that I would never have thought of Fenwick for a name, and all this trouble would have been averted.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Uma noite, enquanto eu estava meditando no meu quarto, Nancy veio me ver.

**Original English**

One evening, when I was moping in my room, Nancy came up.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Nancy informou a narradora que um cavalheiro estava esperando na sala de visitas e desejava falar com ela.

**Original English**

"There's a gentleman in the parlor asking for you, Miss

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Nancy chamou Charlotte, informando-a de que um cavalheiro estava esperando na sala de estar e desejava falar com ela.

**Original English**

Charlotte."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O coração do narrador deu uma única batida horrível.

**Original English**

My heart gave just one horrible bounce.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Perguntei a Nancy que tipo de cavalheiro ele era, hesitando.

### **Original English**

"What—sort of a gentleman, Nancy?" I faltered.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nancy comentou que acreditava que o homem era o sujeito Fenwick sobre quem havia havido tanto alvoroço; estava claro que ele estava profundamente irritado com alguma coisa, pois ela nunca tinha visto uma carranca tão feia. Ela desconhecia as aventuras inventadas do interlocutor.

### **Original English**

"I think it's that Fenwick man that there's been such a time about," said Nancy, who didn't know anything about my imaginary escapades, "and he looks to be mad clean through about something, for such a scowl I never seen."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador calmamente instruiu Nancy a dizer ao cavalheiro que ela desceria imediatamente.

### **Original English**

"Tell him I'll be down directly, Nancy," I said quite calmly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Depois que Nancy desceu as escadas, a narradora colocou uma gola de renda e colocou dois lenços no cinto, esperando precisar de mais de um. Ela então encontrou um jornal velho chamado Advocate como prova e foi para a sala de estar. Ela sabia exatamente como um criminoso se sentia a caminho da execução, e desde então era contra a pena de morte.

## Original English

As soon as Nancy had clumped downstairs again I put on my lace fichu and put two hankies in my belt, for I thought I'd probably need more than one. Then I hunted up an old Advocate for proof, and down I went to the parlor. I know exactly how a criminal feels going to execution, and I've been opposed to capital punishment ever since.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Abri a porta da sala de estar e entrei, fechando-a cuidadosamente atrás de mim porque Nancy tinha o mau hábito de escutar no corredor. Então minhas pernas cederam completamente, e eu não poderia ter dado mais um passo. Fiquei ali parado, com a mão na maçaneta, tremendo como uma folha.

## Original English

I opened the parlor door and went in, carefully closing it behind me, for Nancy has a deplorable habit of listening in the hall. Then my legs gave out completely, and I couldn't have walked another step to save my life. I just stood there, my hand on the knob, trembling like a leaf.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Um homem estava junto à janela sul, olhando para fora. Quando entrei, ele se virou. Nancy tinha dito que ele estaria com uma expressão carrancuda, e de fato ele parecia completamente irritado. Ele era muito bonito, e seu cabelo grisalho lhe dava uma aparência distinta. Só me lembrei disso depois; naquele momento, não estava pensando nisso de jeito nenhum.

## Original English

A man was standing by the south window looking out; he wheeled around as I went in, and, as Nancy said, he had a scowl on and looked angry clear through. He was very handsome, and his gray hair gave him such a distinguished look. I recalled this afterward, but just at the moment you may be quite sure I wasn't thinking about it at all.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Então algo inesperado aconteceu. A carranca desapareceu de seu rosto, e a raiva deixou seus olhos. Ele parecia pasmo, depois tolo. Vi um rubor subir em suas bochechas. Quanto a mim, fiquei ali, olhando para ele, incapaz de dizer uma palavra.

### Original English

Then all at once a strange thing happened. The scowl went right off his face and the anger out of his eyes. He looked astonished, and then foolish. I saw the color creeping up into his cheeks. As for me, I still stood there staring at him, not able to say a single word.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Finalmente ele falou em uma voz profunda e comovente, dirigindo-se a ela como Srta. Holmes. Ele gaguejou, depois exclamou em frustração com sua própria tolice. Ele explicou que tinha vindo furioso depois de ouvir algumas histórias ridículas, mas agora percebia que eram falsas. Ele admitiu que tinha sido um tolo e pediu para ser desculpado para que pudesse sair e se punir.

### Original English

"Miss Holmes, I presume," he said at last, in a deep, thrilling voice. "I—I—oh, confound it! I have called—I heard some foolish stories and I came here in a rage. I've been a fool—I know now they weren't true. Just excuse me and I'll go away and kick myself."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Eu ofeguei e encontrei minha voz, insistindo que ele não deveria ir embora até ouvir a verdade. A situação era terrível, admiti, mas talvez não tão terrível quanto ele imaginava. Confessei que de fato contei aquelas histórias, mas não tinha conhecimento de que existia uma pessoa chamada Cecil Fenwick.

### Original English

"No," I said, finding my voice with a gasp, "you mustn't go until you've heard the truth. It's dreadful enough, but not as dreadful as you might otherwise think. Those—those stories—I have a confession to make. I did tell them, but I didn't know there was such a person as Cecil Fenwick in existence."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele parecia confuso, compreensivelmente. Então, com um sorriso, ele pegou minha mão e me afastou da porta, que eu ainda segurava firmemente, até o sofá.

### **Original English**

He looked puzzled, as well he might. Then he smiled, took my hand and led me away from the door—to the knob of which I was still holding with all my might—to the sofa.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele propôs que eles se sentassem e discutissem o assunto confortavelmente.

### **Original English**

"Let's sit down and talk it over 'comfy,'" he said.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela confessou toda a situação embaraçosa para ele. Foi muito humilhante, mas ela sentiu que merecia. Ela explicou como as pessoas constantemente a provocavam por nunca ter tido um namorado, então ela mentiu e disse a elas que tinha um. Então ela mostrou a ele o anúncio do emplastro poroso.

### **Original English**

I just confessed the whole shameful business. It was terribly humiliating, but it served me right. I told him how people were always twitting me for never having had a beau, and how I had told them I had; and then I showed him the porous plaster advertisement.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele a ouviu completamente sem dizer uma palavra, e então jogou sua cabeça grande, grisalha e encaracolada para trás e riu.

### **Original English**

He heard me right through without a word, and then he threw back his big, curly, gray head and laughed.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele explicou que isso esclareceu muitas dicas misteriosas que ele havia recebido desde que chegou a Avonlea. Ele acrescentou que uma Sra. Gilbert havia visitado sua irmã naquela tarde com uma longa e boba história sobre um caso de amor que ele tivera com uma Charlotte Holmes. A Sra. Gilbert afirmou que a mulher com quem ele estava falando tinha contado a ela sobre isso. Ele admitiu que ficou com raiva. Ele se descreveu como um homem de pavio curto e confessou que havia pensado que ela era uma solteirona magra se divertindo contando histórias ridículas sobre ele. No entanto, quando ela entrou na sala, ele percebeu que ela não era a culpada.

### **Original English**

"This clears up a great many mysterious hints I've been receiving ever since I came to Avonlea," he said, "and finally a Mrs. Gilbert came to my sister this afternoon with a long farrago of nonsense about the love affair I had once had with some Charlotte Holmes here. She declared you had told her about it yourself. I confess I flamed up. I'm a peppery chap, and I thought—I thought—oh, confound it, it might as well out: I thought you were some lank old maid who was amusing herself telling ridiculous stories about me. When you came into the room I knew that, whoever was to blame, you were not."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A falante confessou com pesar que era a culpada por contar tal história, reconhecendo que foi errado e muito bobo. Ela expressou incredulidade de que alguém pudesse ter previsto um Cecil Fenwick real morando em Blakely, pois nunca tinha encontrado uma coincidência assim.

**Original English**

"But I was," I said ruefully. "It wasn't right of me to tell such a story—and it was very silly, too. But who would ever have supposed that there could be a real Cecil Fenwick who had lived in Blakely? I never heard of such a coincidence."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O Sr. Fenwick afirmou firmemente que era mais do que coincidência e era predestinação. Ele então propôs que deixassem de lado esse pensamento e discutissem outra coisa.

**Original English**

"It's more than a coincidence," said Mr. Fenwick decidedly. "It's predestination; that is what it is. And now let's forget it and talk of something else."

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Discutimos então outros tópicos — ou melhor, o Sr. Fenwick discutiu, pois eu estava envergonhado demais para contribuir muito — por tanto tempo que Nancy ficou inquieta e passou pelo corredor ruidosamente a cada poucos minutos; no entanto, o Sr. Fenwick nunca percebeu a indireta. Quando ele finalmente foi embora, pediu permissão para visitar novamente.

**Original English**

We talked of something else—or at least Mr. Fenwick did, for I was too ashamed to say much—so long that Nancy got restive and clumped through the hall every five minutes; but Mr. Fenwick never took the hint. When he finally went away he asked if he might come again.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele sugeriu, rindo, que era hora de acabar com a velha briga.

### **Original English**

"It's time we made up that old quarrel, you know," he said, laughing.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora, uma mulher solteira de quarenta anos, percebeu-se corando como uma jovem garota. Ela se sentiu jovem novamente porque estava tão aliviada que a conversa difícil finalmente havia terminado. Ela não conseguia nem ficar zangada com Adella Gilbert, que era naturalmente uma encrenqueira e, portanto, mais digna de pena do que de culpa. Antes de dormir, ela escreveu um poema em seu caderno; não escrevia há um mês, e foi maravilhoso escrever novamente.

### **Original English**

And I, an old maid of forty, caught myself blushing like a girl. But I felt like a girl, for it was such a relief to have that explanation all over. I couldn't even feel angry with Adella Gilbert. She was always a mischief maker, and when a woman is born that way she is more to be pitied than blamed. I wrote a poem in the blank book before I went to sleep; I hadn't written anything for a month, and it was lovely to be at it once more.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

O Sr. Fenwick realmente voltou novamente—na noite após a próxima.

**Original English**

Mr. Fenwick did come again—the very next evening, but one. And

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele vinha tão frequentemente que até Nancy acabou se acostumando com ele.

**Original English**

he came so often after that that even Nancy got resigned to him.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Um dia eu tive que contar algo a ela. Hesitei, pois...

**Original English**

One day I had to tell her something. I shrank from doing it, for

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Eu estava preocupado que isso a faria sentir-se infeliz.

**Original English**

I feared it would make her feel badly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nancy disse que estava esperando a notícia. Ela sentiu que o homem trouxe problemas assim que chegou. Desejou felicidades à Srta. Charlotte, mas expressou incerteza sobre o clima da Califórnia, embora aceitasse que teria de tolerá-lo.

### **Original English**

"Oh, I've been expecting to hear it," she said grimly. "I felt the minute that man came into the house he brought trouble with him. Well, Miss Charlotte, I wish you happiness. I don't know how the climate of California will agree with me, but I suppose I'll have to put up with it."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O narrador disse a Nancy que ele não podia esperar que ela viajasse até lá com ele, pois era pedir demais a ela.

### **Original English**

"But, Nancy," I said, "I can't expect you to go away out there with me. It's too much to ask of you."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nancy perguntou com genuína surpresa para onde mais ela iria. Ela insistiu que a Srta. Charlotte não conseguiria cuidar da casa sem ela. Nancy declarou que não deixaria a Srta. Charlotte à mercê de um chinês com rabo de cavalo. Ela disse firmemente que iria para onde quer que a Srta. Charlotte fosse, e isso era definitivo.

### **Original English**

"And where else would I be going?" demanded Nancy in genuine astonishment. "How under the canopy could you keep house without me? I'm not going to trust you to the mercies of a yellow Chinnee with a pig-tail. Where you go I go, Miss Charlotte, and there's an end of it."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A narradora ficou aliviada, pois não suportava a ideia de se separar de Nancy, mesmo para acompanhar Cecil. Quanto ao livro em branco, ela ainda não havia revelado sua existência ao marido, mas pretendia fazê-lo um dia. Além disso, ela havia renovado sua assinatura do Weekly Advocate.

### **Original English**

I was very glad, for I hated to think of parting with Nancy even to go with Cecil. As for the blank book, I haven't told my husband about it yet, but I mean to some day. And I've subscribed for the Weekly Advocate again.

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# **Her Father's Daughter**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer insistiu que eles certamente tinham que convidar a Tia Jane.

### **Original English**

"We must invite your Aunt Jane, of course," said Mrs. Spencer.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel gesticulou em protesto, suas mãos grandes, brancas e bem modeladas se movendo em desacordo. Essas mãos contrastavam fortemente com as mãos finas, escuras e tortas apoiadas sobre a mesa à sua frente. Essa diferença não se devia ao trabalho duro ou à sua ausência, pois Rachel havia trabalhado duro a vida toda. Em vez disso, estava enraizada no temperamento. Os Spencers, independentemente do trabalho, sempre tinham mãos rechonchudas, lisas e brancas, com dedos firmes e flexíveis. Em contraste, os Chiswicks, mesmo aqueles que não trabalhavam, tinham mãos duras, nodosas e tortas. Além disso, o contraste ia além da aparência física e se estendia até as fibras mais profundas da vida, do pensamento e da ação.

### Original English

Rachel made a protesting movement with her large, white, shapely hands—hands which were so different from the thin, dark, twisted ones folded on the table opposite her. The difference was not caused by hard work or the lack of it; Rachel had worked hard all her life. It was a difference inherent in temperament. The Spencers, no matter what they did, or how hard they labored, all had plump, smooth, white hands, with firm, supple fingers; the Chiswicks, even those who toiled not, neither did they spin, had hard, knotted, twisted ones. Moreover, the contrast went deeper than externals, and twined itself with the innermost fibers of life, and thought, and action.

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### Pt/En

#### Português

Rachel perguntou com alguma impaciência por que eles tinham que convidar a tia Jane, explicando que ela e a tia Jane não gostavam uma da outra.

### Original English

"I don't see why we must invite Aunt Jane," said Rachel, with as much impatience as her soft, throaty voice could express. "Aunt Jane doesn't like me, and I don't like Aunt Jane."

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### Pt/En

#### Português

A Sra. Spencer disse que tinha bastante certeza de que não entendia por que a outra pessoa não gostava dela.

### Original English

"I'm sure I don't see why you don't like her," said Mrs. Spencer.

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## Pt/En

### Português

A Sra. Spencer disse que era ingrato, já que ela sempre foi muito gentil com eles.

### Original English

"It's ungrateful of you. She has always been very kind to you."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Rachel sorriu e comentou que a tia Jane sempre foi gentil com uma mão. Ela se lembrou da primeira vez que viu a tia Jane, quando tinha seis anos. A tia Jane deu a ela uma pequena almofada de veludo adornada com miçangas. No entanto, como Rachel não agradeceu prontamente devido à timidez, a tia Jane bateu em sua cabeça com o dedo coberto de dedal para lhe ensinar boas maneiras. Doeu terrivelmente, pois Rachel sempre teve a cabeça sensível. Esse tinha sido o jeito da tia Jane desde então. Quando Rachel ficou grande demais para o tratamento com dedal, a tia Jane usou a língua, e isso doeu ainda mais. Rachel também lembrou como a tia Jane costumava falar sobre seu noivado. Ela tinha a capacidade de estragar toda a atmosfera se chegasse de mau humor. Rachel não queria que a tia Jane viesse.

### Original English

"She has always been very kind with one hand," smiled Rachel. "I remember the first time I ever saw Aunt Jane. I was six years old. She held out to me a small velvet pincushion with beads on it. And then, because I did not, in my shyness, thank her quite as promptly as I should have done, she rapped my head with her bethimble finger to 'teach me better manners.' It hurt horribly—I've always had a tender head. And that has been Aunt Jane's way ever since. When I grew too big for the thimble treatment she used her tongue instead—and that hurt worse. And you know, mother, how she used to talk about my engagement. She is able to spoil the whole atmosphere if she happens to come in a bad humor. I don't want her."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer insistiu que a Tia Jane tinha que ser convidada, ou as pessoas iriam fofocar.

### **Original English**

"She must be invited. People would talk so if she wasn't."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel disse que não via por que as pessoas falariam, porque a mulher era apenas sua tia-avó por casamento. Ela acrescentou que não se importaria se as pessoas falassem, já que elas falariam de qualquer forma, e sua mãe deveria saber disso.

### **Original English**

"I don't see why they should. She's only my great-aunt by marriage. I wouldn't mind in the least if people did talk. They'll talk anyway—you know that, mother."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer insistiu que eles deviam incluí-la, falando com uma finalidade indiferente que caracterizava todas as suas declarações e escolhas. Essa finalidade raramente valia a pena ser questionada. Aqueles que conheciam a Sra. Spencer geralmente não tentavam; estranhos às vezes tentavam, enganados por aparências que eram enganosas.

### **Original English**

"Oh, we must have her," said Mrs. Spencer, with the indifferent finality that marked all her words and decisions—a finality against which it was seldom of any avail to struggle. People, who knew, rarely attempted it; strangers occasionally did, misled by the deceit of appearances.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Isabella Spencer parecia extremamente frágil, com um rosto pálido e bonito, olhos acinzentados com cílios longos e uma grande quantidade de cabelo macio e castanho. Suas feições eram delicadas e sua boca, pequena e infantil. Ela parecia como se uma brisa suave pudesse movê-la. Na realidade, porém, nem mesmo uma tempestade violenta a faria mudar de rumo.

### Original English

Isabella Spencer was a wisp of a woman, with a pale, pretty face, uncertainly-colored, long-lashed grayish eyes, and great masses of dull, soft, silky brown hair. She had delicate aquiline features and a small, babyish red mouth. She looked as if a breath would sway her. The truth was that a tornado would hardly have caused her to swerve an inch from her chosen path.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Rachel resistiu brevemente, mas cedeu, como fazia geralmente quando discordava de sua mãe. Não valia a pena brigar por algo tão pouco importante como o convite da tia Jane. Uma discussão maior poderia vir depois, e Rachel queria guardar suas forças para isso. Ela deu de ombros e adicionou o nome da tia Jane à lista de casamento com sua letra grande e desordenada. Essa letra sempre parecia irritar sua mãe. Rachel nunca conseguia entender por quê. Ela não sabia que sua escrita lembrava à mãe a letra de um antigo maço de cartas guardado no fundo de um baú. Essas cartas foram enviadas de portos ao redor do mundo. A Sra. Spencer nunca as leu ou olhou para elas, mas lembrava de cada traço da caligrafia.

### Original English

For a moment Rachel looked rebellious; then she yielded, as she generally did in all differences of opinion with her mother. It was not worth while to quarrel over the comparatively unimportant matter of Aunt Jane's invitation. A quarrel might be inevitable later on; Rachel wanted to save all her resources for that. She gave her shoulders a shrug, and wrote Aunt Jane's name down on the wedding list in her large, somewhat untidy handwriting—a handwriting which always seemed to irritate her mother. Rachel never could understand this irritation. She could never guess that it

was because her writing looked so much like that in a certain packet of faded letters which Mrs. Spencer kept at the bottom of an old horsehair trunk in her bedroom. They were postmarked from seaports all over the world. Mrs. Spencer never read them or looked at them; but she remembered every dash and curve of the handwriting.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Isabella Spencer havia triunfado sobre muitos obstáculos em sua vida através de pura determinação, mas não podia derrotar a hereditariedade. Rachel era totalmente filha de seu pai, e a única maneira de Isabella evitar odiá-la por isso era amá-la ainda mais ferozmente. Mesmo assim, houve inúmeras ocasiões em que ela teve que desviar o olhar do rosto de Rachel porque isso despertava memórias dolorosas. Além disso, desde o momento em que sua filha nasceu, Isabella nunca conseguiu suportar ver Rachel dormir.

### **Original English**

Isabella Spencer had overcome many things in her life by the sheer force and persistency of her will. But she could not get the better of heredity. Rachel was her father's daughter at all points, and Isabella Spencer escaped hating her for it only by loving her the more fiercely because of it. Even so, there were many times when she had to avert her eyes from Rachel's face because of the pang of the more subtle remembrances; and never, since her child was born, could Isabella Spencer bear to gaze on that child's face in sleep.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel se casaria com Frank Bell em duas semanas. A Sra. Spencer aprovou o casamento; ela gostava muito de Frank, e a fazenda dele ficava tão perto da dela que ela não perderia Rachel completamente. Rachel ingenuamente acreditava que sua mãe não sentiria falta dela, mas a Sra. Spencer, tendo aprendido com seu próprio passado, entendia o que o casamento de sua filha lhe custaria, e resolveu suportar isso com toda a força que pudesse reunir.

### **Original English**

Rachel was to be married to Frank Bell in a fortnight's time. Mrs. Spencer was pleased with the match. She was very fond of Frank, and his farm was so near to her own that she would not lose Rachel altogether. Rachel fondly believed that her mother would not lose her at all; but Isabella Spencer, wiser by olden experience, knew what her daughter's marriage must mean to her, and steeled her heart to bear it with what fortitude she might.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel e sua mãe estavam na sala de estar, decidindo sobre os convidados do casamento e outros detalhes. A luz do sol de setembro entrava pelos galhos ondulantes da macieira perto da janela baixa. A luz cintilava sobre o rosto de Rachel, que era branco como um lírio-da-floresta, com apenas um leve toque de rosa nas bochechas. Ela usava seu cabelo liso e dourado em um arco simples ao redor da cabeça. Sua testa era larga e branca. Ela parecia fresca, jovem e esperançosa. Enquanto sua mãe a olhava, sentiu uma dor aguda no coração. Pensou em como a garota se parecia com os Spencers — aquelas curvas fáceis, aqueles grandes olhos azuis alegres, aquele queixo bem moldado. Isabella Spencer apertou os lábios firmemente e afastou algumas lembranças indesejadas.

### **Original English**

They were in the sitting-room, deciding on the wedding guests and other details. The September sunshine was coming in through the waving boughs of the apple tree that grew close up to the low window. The glints wavered over Rachel's face, as white as a wood lily, with only a faint dream of rose in the cheeks. She wore her sleek, golden hair in a quaint arch around it. Her forehead was very broad and white. She was fresh and young and hopeful. The mother's heart contracted in a spasm of pain as she looked at her. How like the girl was to—to—to the Spencers! Those easy, curving outlines, those large, mirthful blue eyes, that finely molded chin! Isabella Spencer shut her lips firmly and crushed down some unbidden, unwelcome memories.

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## Pt/En

### Português

Isabella Spencer mencionou que haveria cerca de sessenta convidados no total. Ela falou como se isso fosse tudo em que pensava. Explicou que precisavam tirar os móveis da sala atual para montar a mesa de jantar lá, porque a sala de jantar era muito pequena. Eles teriam que pegar garfos e colheres emprestados da Sra. Bell, que se ofereceu para emprestá-los; Isabella admitiu que nunca teria tido coragem de pedir. As toalhas de damasco com padrão de fita precisavam ser branqueadas no dia seguinte, já que ninguém mais em Avonlea possuía toalhas de mesa como aquelas. A mesinha da sala de jantar seria colocada no patamar do corredor superior para exibir os presentes.

### Original English

"There will be about sixty guests, all told," she said, as if she were thinking of nothing else. "We must move the furniture out of this room and set the supper-table here. The dining-room is too small. We must borrow Mrs. Bell's forks and spoons. She offered to lend them. I'd never have been willing to ask her. The damask table cloths with the ribbon pattern must be bleached to-morrow. Nobody else in Avonlea has such tablecloths. And we'll put the little dining-room table on the hall landing, upstairs, for the presents."

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## Pt/En

### Português

Rachel não estava preocupada com os presentes ou com os preparativos domésticos do casamento. Sua respiração acelerou, e o leve rubor em suas bochechas se transformou em um vermelho profundo. Ela entendeu que um momento crucial estava próximo. Com mão firme, escreveu o último nome em sua lista e o sublinhou.

### Original English

Rachel was not thinking about the presents, or the housewifely details of the wedding. Her breath was coming quicker, and the faint blush on her smooth cheeks had deepened to crimson. She knew that a critical moment was approaching. With a steady hand she wrote the last name on her list and drew a line under it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sua mãe perguntou impacientemente se ela havia terminado e exigiu a lista para que pudesse revisá-la e garantir que ninguém tivesse sido omitido.

### **Original English**

"Well, have you finished?" asked her mother impatiently. "Hand it here and let me look over it to make sure that you haven't left anybody out that should be in."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel passou o papel silenciosamente sobre a mesa. O quarto parecia muito quieto. Ela podia ouvir as moscas zumbindo nas janelas, o vento soprando suavemente ao redor dos beirais e entre os galhos das macieiras, e seu próprio coração batendo de forma irregular. Ela estava assustada e nervosa, mas determinada.

### **Original English**

Rachel passed the paper across the table in silence. The room seemed to her to have grown very still. She could hear the flies buzzing on the panes, the soft purr of the wind about the low eaves and through the apple boughs, the jerky beating of her own heart. She felt frightened and nervous, but resolute.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer olhou para a lista e leu os nomes em voz baixa, balançando a cabeça em aprovação a cada um. Mas quando chegou ao último nome, não o pronunciou. Ela lançou um olhar sombrio para Rachel, e uma centelha de emoção apareceu em seus olhos pálidos. Seu rosto mostrava raiva, surpresa e descrença, sendo a descrença o sentimento mais forte.

### **Original English**

Mrs. Spencer glanced down the list, murmuring the names aloud and nodding approval at each. But when she came to the last name, she did not utter it. She cast a black glance at Rachel, and a spark leaped up in the depths of the pale eyes. On her face were anger, amazement, incredulity, the last predominating.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A última entrada na lista de convidados do casamento foi a de David Spencer.

**Original English**

The final name on the list of wedding guests was the name of

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

David Spencer morava sozinho em uma modesta casa de campo.

**Original English**

David Spencer. David Spencer lived alone in a little cottage

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ele era tanto marinheiro quanto pescador.

**Original English**

down at the Cove. He was a combination of sailor and fisherman.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Além de ser marido de Isabella Spencer, ele era pai de Rachel.

**Original English**

He was also Isabella Spencer's husband and Rachel's father.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

A Sra. Spencer perguntou a Rachel Spencer se ela havia perdido o juízo e o que queria dizer com aquela besteira.

**Original English**

"Rachel Spencer, have you taken leave of your senses? What do you mean by such nonsense as this?"

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Rachel respondeu calmamente que ela simplesmente pretendia convidar seu pai para o casamento.

**Original English**

"I simply mean that I am going to invite my father to my wedding," answered Rachel quietly.

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**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mrs. Spencer gritou que ele não podia entrar em sua casa. Seus lábios estavam tão pálidos como se suas palavras furiosas os tivessem queimado.

**Original English**

"Not in my house," cried Mrs. Spencer, her lips as white as if her fiery tone had scathed them.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel inclinou-se para frente, colocando suas mãos habilidosas deliberadamente sobre a mesa, e olhou fixamente para o rosto amargo de sua mãe. Ela não se sentia mais assustada ou nervosa. Agora que a discussão havia começado, ela se pegava quase aproveitando. Ela se perguntou sobre sua própria reação, pensando que talvez devesse ser má. Ela não estava acostumada a se analisar, ou poderia ter percebido que o que ela aproveitava era finalmente afirmar sua própria personalidade, que havia sido dominada por sua mãe por tanto tempo.

### **Original English**

Rachel leaned forward, folded her large, capable hands deliberately on the table, and gazed unflinchingly into her mother's bitter face. Her fright and nervousness were gone. Now that the conflict was actually on she found herself rather enjoying it. She wondered a little at herself, and thought that she must be wicked. She was not given to self-analysis, or she might have concluded that it was the sudden assertion of her own personality, so long dominated by her mother's, which she was finding so agreeable.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel informou sua mãe de que, se não pudesse convidar seu pai, não haveria casamento. Ela declarou que ela e Frank simplesmente iriam à casa do pastor, se casariam e voltariam para casa, e que, se seu pai não pudesse ser convidado, ninguém mais seria convidado também.

### **Original English**

"Then there will be no wedding, mother," she said. "Frank and I will simply go to the manse, be married, and go home. If I cannot invite my father to see me married, no one else shall be invited."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os lábios de Isabella Spencer se apertaram. Pela primeira vez, ela viu um reflexo de si mesma no rosto de sua filha, uma estranha semelhança de espírito, e não de corpo. Apesar de sua raiva, seu coração vibrou. Ela percebeu que Rachel era verdadeiramente filha dela e de seu marido, um vínculo vivo que reconciliava suas naturezas diferentes. Ela também entendeu que Rachel, que sempre tinha sido doce e obediente, pretendia fazer do seu jeito desta vez e teria sucesso.

### **Original English**

Her lips narrowed tightly. For the first time in her life Isabella Spencer saw a reflection of herself looking back at her from her daughter's face—a strange, indefinable resemblance that was more of soul and spirit than of flesh and blood. In spite of her anger her heart thrilled to it. As never before, she realized that this girl was her own and her husband's child, a living bond between them wherein their conflicting natures mingled and were reconciled. She realized too, that Rachel, so long sweetly meek and obedient, meant to have her own way in this case—and would have it.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Isabella observou com um sorriso amargo que não conseguia entender por que Rachel estava tão determinada a ter seu pai presente no casamento. Ela acrescentou que o pai dela nunca agiu como um pai e nunca se importou com Rachel.

### **Original English**

"I must say that I can't see why you are so set on having your father see you married," she said with a bitter sneer. "HE has never remembered that he is your father. He cares nothing about you—never did care."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel ignorou completamente a provocação. Isso não podia feri-la porque ela possuía um conhecimento particular que sua mãe desconhecia.

### **Original English**

Rachel took no notice of this taunt. It had no power to hurt her, its venom being neutralized by a secret knowledge of her own in which her mother had no share.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel reiterou sua decisão sem hesitar: ou seu pai seria convidado para o casamento, ou o casamento não aconteceria. Ela usou o método comprovado de sua mãe de repetição, recusando-se a ser levada a discussões.

### **Original English**

"Either I shall invite my father to my wedding, or I shall not have a wedding," she repeated steadily, adopting her mother's own effective tactics of repetition undistracted by argument.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Spencer concordou irritada em convidá-lo. Ela estava acostumada a sempre conseguir o que queria, e ser forçada a ceder a deixava irritada. Ela comentou que convidá-lo não seria nem benéfico nem prejudicial, como adicionar lascas ao mingau, e acreditava que ele não viria de qualquer forma.

### **Original English**

"Invite him then," snapped Mrs. Spencer, with the ungraceful anger of a woman, long accustomed to having her own way, compelled for once to yield. "It'll be like chips in porridge anyhow—neither good nor harm. He won't come."

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Rachel não disse nada. Agora que havia vencido a batalha, sentia-se trêmula e perto das lágrimas. Ela subiu rapidamente para seu próprio quarto, um espaço pequeno e escuro sombreado pelas bétulas brancas que cresciam densamente do lado de fora. Era um quarto de donzela, com tudo sugerindo uma jovem. Ela deitou-se na colcha de retalhos azul e branca em sua cama e chorou suave e amargamente.

### **Original English**

Rachel made no response. Now that the battle was over, and the victory won, she found herself tremulously on the verge of tears. She rose quickly and went upstairs to her own room, a dim little place shadowed by the white birches growing thickly outside—a virginal room, where everything bespoke the maiden. She lay down on the blue and white patchwork quilt on her bed, and cried softly and bitterly.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Neste momento crítico de sua vida, Rachel sentia uma profunda saudade de seu pai, embora mal o conhecesse. Ela pensou que sua mãe provavelmente estava certa de que ele não compareceria. Rachel acreditava que seus votos de casamento seriam de alguma forma menos sagrados se seu pai não estivesse lá para ouvi-los.

### **Original English**

Her heart, at this crisis in her life, yearned for her father, who was almost a stranger to her. She knew that her mother had probably spoken the truth when she said that he would not come. Rachel felt that her marriage vows would be lacking in some indefinable sacredness if her father were not by to hear them spoken.

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## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Vinte e cinco anos antes, David Spencer e Isabella Chiswick se casaram. Algumas pessoas maldosas disseram que não havia dúvida de que Isabella se casara com David por amor, já que ele não tinha terras nem dinheiro para atraí-la a um casamento de conveniência. David era um homem bonito, com sangue de uma família de navegadores nas veias.

### **Original English**

Twenty-five years before this, David Spencer and Isabella Chiswick had been married. Spiteful people said there could be no doubt that Isabella had married David for love, since he had neither lands nor money to tempt her into a match of bargain and sale. David was a handsome fellow, with the blood of a seafaring race in his veins.

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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.

## **acceptable** /ək'septəbl/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aceitável; admissível

**Simple English:** Agreed upon by most people in a society.

**Example:** *Wearing casual clothes is acceptable in many modern workplaces today.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She asked if the person ate only milk and if giving her mice would be acceptable. [Back to B1](#)

## **adventures** əd'ventʃərz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aventuras

**Simple English:** Exciting or unusual experiences.

**Example:** *The story is about jungle adventures.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She did not know about the speaker's made-up adventures. [Back to B1](#)

## **affect** ə'fekt (2 occurrences)

**Português:** afetar

**Simple English:** To change or influence something.

**Example:** *The medicine does not affect her other senses.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They did not affect her because she had a secret knowledge that her mother did not share. [Back to B1](#)

2. He felt bad when Sara refused to marry him, but he was glad she had not, because he was thankful his problems would not affect her.

**agreement** /ə'gri:mənt/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** acordo; contrato; concordância

**Simple English:** A promise, arrangement, or contract between two or more parties.

**Example:** *We have a written agreement about the terms of our partnership.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Max replied that his agreement depended on certain things. [Back to B1](#)

**annoying** /ə'nɔɪɪŋ/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** irritante; chato; enervante

**Simple English:** Causing slight irritation or anger.

**Example:** *The sound of the clock ticking was really annoying during the test.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They did like Aunt Cynthia, but she could be annoying, always finding fault until they felt angry, and then she would do something kind, making them feel they should love her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Aunt Cynthia replied in an annoying way that the narrator probably liked to pretend men were a nuisance, but no woman truly thought that. [Back to B1](#)
3. She found him annoying when he teased her for kisses.
4. She found Thyra's stillness by the window annoying.

**approach** /ə'proutʃ/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** abordagem; aproximação; aproximar

**Simple English:** To come close to a particular person, place, or situation.

**Example:** *As we approach the mountain, the view becomes more impressive.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. By this time, the speaker felt more confident and decided that telling a partial truth would be the best approach. [Back to B1](#)

### **approached** ə'prɒʊft (1 occurrence)

**Português:** abordado

**Simple English:** To have come near or dealt with something.

**Example:** *She approached the problem carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They rang the bell and were about to ask the maid for 'Persian' when Aunt Cynthia herself came through the hall and quickly approached them. [Back to B1](#)

### **area** 'ɛəriə (7 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. The woman said the cat had come to her house making loud noises and did not belong to anyone in her area. [Back to B1](#)

2. He believed the baby might belong to a family in the "Cove" area, a fishing village across the harbor.

3. Ralph described the area his new railroad passed through and the difficulties he had.

4. He was new to the area, from Lower Carmody, so he did not think that people from Meredith were better than others.

5. The narrator thought that the men in the area were not good enough for Betty.

### **assumed** ə'sju:md (2 occurrences)

**Português:** presumiu

**Simple English:** To believe something is true without proof.

**Example:** *She assumed he was at home, but he was not.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that Aunt Cynthia had assumed they would agree and that they could not have refused. [Back to B1](#)

2. He wrongly assumed she was like the women he knew, not understanding her background or racial differences.

### **attic** 'ætɪk (5 occurrences)

**Português:** sótão

**Simple English:** a room or space just below the roof of a house

**Example:** *He said heaven was in Simon Fletcher's attic.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Ismay had been in the attic, and a mouse had run over her foot. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said the attic was full of mice and she would not go up there again. [Back to B1](#)
3. She said she had watched Fatima all the time, except for three minutes when she went to the attic. [Back to B1](#)
4. Max told Sue he thought he saw Fatima, or perhaps her ghost, at the attic window. [Back to B1](#)
5. They went straight to the attic. [Back to B1](#)

### **bold** *bould* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** ousado

**Simple English:** brave and confident, not shy

**Example:** *His look was bold, not rude.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. This made her feel bold, and she thought that since she had started, she might as well finish. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rosetta felt Charlotte was being too bold to think she should have Jane's baby.
3. Thyra thought Damaris's beauty was a little bold, as if she showed it off too much.

### **boyfriend** 'bɔɪfrɛnd (11 occurrences)

**Português:** namorado

**Simple English:** A male partner in a romantic relationship.

**Example:** *She talked about her boyfriend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Wilhelmina asked, laughing, if Miss Holmes had ever had a boyfriend. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator calmly replied that she had had one boyfriend once. [Back to B1](#)

3. Josephine Cameron agreed with Miss Mercer, saying with a small, unpleasant laugh that they were all interested and that it was news to them that Charlotte had ever had a boyfriend. [Back to B1](#)

4. She explained that people often teased her because she never had a boyfriend, so she told them she did. [Back to B1](#)

5. The narrator was twenty-five years old before she had a boyfriend.

### **boyfriends** 'bɔɪfrɛndz (3 occurrences)

**Português:** namorados

**Simple English:** male partners in a romantic relationship

**Example:** *Ruby wanted many boyfriends and to have fun.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Young girls stopped talking about their boyfriends when she came near, thinking she would not understand. [Back to B1](#)

2. Georgie Hall said that Miss Charlotte was laughing at them and probably thought they were silly for talking about boyfriends. [Back to B1](#)

3. The narrator said they hoped Betty had not thought about boyfriends.

### **cancelled** 'kænsəld (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cancelou

**Simple English:** To stop something planned from happening.

**Example:** *She cancelled her flight because of the storm.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator cancelled her newspaper subscription because an advertisement reminded her of the lie and the name Fenwick, which she believed caused all her problems. [Back to B1](#)

### **celebrated** 'sɛləˌbreɪtɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** celebrado

**Simple English:** Showed happiness with a party or event.

**Example:** *They celebrated their victory all night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Her nurse, Nancy, still celebrated her birthdays like when she was a child, and the writer liked this attention. [Back to B1](#)

**check** /tʃɛk/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** verificar

**Simple English:** to look at something to be sure

**Example:** *He checked the time on his watch.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They advised to check the address on the next telegram. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked Rachel to give her the list so she could check it and make sure no one important was forgotten. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mrs. Jonas came to check if the rumor was true.
4. Caroline suggested to Sarah that she should check on Naomi.

**Chinese** /tʃaɪ'ni:z/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** chinês

**Simple English:** from China or related to China

**Example:** *Schneider saw the Chinese man.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She did not want to leave Miss Charlotte with a Chinese person. [Back to B1](#)

**combine** /kəm'baɪn/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** combinar; agrupar; conjugar

**Simple English:** To mix separate things together forming one single unit.

**Example:** *We can combine our ideas to create a better plan.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I decided to combine the two names. [Back to B1](#)

**confident** /kɒnfɪdənt/ (3 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. By this time, the speaker felt more confident and decided that telling a partial truth would be the best approach. [Back to B1](#)
2. She saw him clearly, walking with a confident step over the sandy areas and windy hills.
3. Betty was smart, funny, and confident, and the speaker thought she was perfect.

**confused** /kən'fju:zd/ (16 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. She was very confused and did not know what to do or say. [Back to B1](#)
2. He looked confused, which was understandable. [Back to B1](#)
3. Miss Rosetta was very confused.
4. Mr. Blair was confused because he did not understand why she needed these materials.
5. The narrator felt confused.

**confusing** /kən'fju:zɪŋ/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

**Simple English:** Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

**Example:** *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said that this explained many confusing hints he had received since coming to Avonlea. [Back to B1](#)

**contact** /'kɒntækt/ (3 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. The ad asked anyone who had a white Persian cat with a blue spot on its tail for sale to contact M. I. at the Enterprise newspaper. [Back to B1](#)
2. Charles Holland decided to speak to Christopher, breaking his rule of not having contact.
3. The storm damaged the communication lines between the Flats and Prince Albert, cutting off contact with the outside.

**decision** dɪ'sɪʒən (3 occurrences)

**Português:** decisão

**Simple English:** A choice made after thinking.

**Example:** *A decision was made after many letters and calls.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Rachel calmly repeated her decision: either her father would be invited to her wedding, or there would be no wedding at all. [Back to B1](#)
2. David decided he would go, and he told Isabella his decision.
3. Mark told Owen to wait until she had made her decision.

**definitely** 'dɛfɪntli (1 occurrence)

**Português:** definitivamente

**Simple English:** without any doubt

**Example:** *She definitely likes chocolate.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He told the girls that the cat had definitely been there for two weeks. [Back to B1](#)

**destiny** *'dɛstɪni* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** destino

**Simple English:** events that will happen in the future

**Example:** *They believed their destiny was to travel.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mr. Fenwick said firmly that it was not just a coincidence but destiny. [Back to B1](#)

**difficult** *'dɪfɪkəlt* (38 occurrences)

**Português:** difícil

**Simple English:** Not easy to do.

**Example:** *It was difficult to walk through the dense forest.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They ran quickly through the woods and fields, feeling thankful that Max was someone they could go to for help in this difficult situation. [Back to B1](#)

2. The speaker felt they would have gone crazy without Max's help during the difficult week that followed. [Back to B1](#)

3. Max said that the task was a difficult one. [Back to B1](#)

4. Georgie's words suddenly made her return to difficult reality. [Back to B1](#)

5. Isabella loved Rachel deeply, but sometimes she had to look away from her daughter's face because it brought back difficult memories. [Back to B1](#)

**disagreement** *ˌdɪzə'ɡri:mənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** discordância

**Simple English:** a situation where people have different opinions

**Example:** *He showed his disagreement by not obeying.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He then said, laughing, that it was time to end their old disagreement. [Back to B1](#)

**disbelief** ,dɪsbɪˈlɪf (2 occurrences)

**Português:** descrença

**Simple English:** Not able to believe what happens.

**Example:** *She looked at the surprise with disbelief.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Her eyes showed surprise and disbelief, with disbelief being the strongest feeling. [Back to B1](#)

**discover** dɪsˈkʌvər (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. She also said they would discover how lovely Fatima was. [Back to B1](#)
2. He believed she would discover it by the time she returned.

**discovering** dɪsˈkʌvərɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** descobrindo

**Simple English:** Finding something new or unknown.

**Example:** *They are discovering new facts about the past.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker reacted with surprise, feeling they were discovering more important information. [Back to B1](#)

**doorknob** ˈdɔːr.nɑːb (1 occurrence)

**Português:** maçaneta

**Simple English:** A round handle used to open a door.

**Example:** *She turned the doorknob to open the door.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She stood there, holding the doorknob and shaking. [Back to B1](#)

## **drank** *dræŋk* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** bebeu

**Simple English:** Past form of drink: to take liquid into the body.

**Example:** *White men drank the drink to become strong.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Adella Gilbert had a husband who drank too much. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lazarre MÃ©rimÃ©e was angry and drank too much.

## **earlier** *'ɜrlɪər* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** mais cedo

**Simple English:** before now or before another time

**Example:** *I arrived earlier than expected.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also remembered that Aunt Cynthia had always tried to push them together since Max arrived in Spencervale, and she would have married him earlier if that had not happened. [Back to B1](#)
2. Twenty-five years earlier, David Spencer and Isabella Chiswick got married. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mr. Patterson informed Miss Rosetta that Mrs. Roberts' husband had died about two months earlier.
4. This was the first time they had all been together since their mother died 30 years earlier.
5. He told Eunice she should have gone to bed earlier, and that waiting for him was silly.

## **Embarrassed** */ɪm 'bærəst/* (9 occurrences)

**Português:** envergonhado; embaraçado; constrangido

**Simple English:** Feeling ashamed or uncomfortable because of past events.

**Example:** *He felt embarrassed after tripping in front of everyone at the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, she would be very embarrassed for the rest of her life. [Back to B1](#)
2. They talked about other things, or at least Mr. Fenwick did because the narrator felt too embarrassed to speak much. [Back to B1](#)
3. She was sure his brothers and sisters were very embarrassed by him.

4. She was embarrassed and took her anger out on Jeanette.
5. She felt embarrassed because people were talking.

**executed** 'eksɪkju:tɪd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** executado

**Simple English:** To put a person to death as a legal punishment.

**Example:** *They feared being executed for their crimes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She then found an old newspaper for support and went down to the parlor, feeling like a criminal going to be executed. [Back to B1](#)

**expensive** ɪk'spɛnsɪv (2 occurrences)

**Português:** caro

**Simple English:** Costing a lot of money.

**Example:** *That is an expensive suit.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She would have preferred a normal cat, but the Persian cat was expensive and had a pedigree, which made Aunt Cynthia feel very proud and believe it was her favorite. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said Fatima was expensive and might die, so she had decided to sell her, even though she was fond of the cat. [Back to B1](#)

**eyesight** 'aɪsaɪt (1 occurrence)

**Português:** visão

**Simple English:** the ability to see

**Example:** *Because they had good eyesight, they saw many big pieces.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was unsure if Aunt Cynthia would be fooled, even if she had poor eyesight. [Back to B1](#)

### **forgave** *fər'geɪv* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** perdoou

**Simple English:** to stop being angry with someone who did wrong

**Example:** *Tarzan forgave them for trying to poison him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator told Max they forgave him and asked him to tell them everything about it. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rosetta never forgave her, and Charlotte never forgave the harsh things Rosetta said when they returned to live together.
3. Damaris forgave Thyra, but Thyra could not forgive herself.
4. Electa never forgave Naomi for this and took revenge on Naomi's children in many small ways.

### **funnier** *'fʌniər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** mais engraçado

**Simple English:** More funny or amusing.

**Example:** *The movie was even funnier than I thought.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She added that if she and Sue could understand the joke, it would be even funnier. [Back to B1](#)

### **goodbye** *ɡʊd'baɪ* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** adeus

**Simple English:** Words said when leaving.

**Example:** *He said goodbye before leaving.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. As Max turned to wave goodbye at the gate, he looked up and showed surprise. [Back to B1](#)
2. He gently told her to run along and said goodbye.
3. When Betty left, the speaker said goodbye.
4. She said goodbye to Stephen.
5. Then he said goodbye.

## handkerchiefs 'hæŋkətʃɪz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** lenços

**Simple English:** Small cloths used for wiping your nose or face.

**Example:** *She carried handkerchiefs in her bag.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After Nancy went downstairs, the speaker prepared herself by putting on a fichu and taking two handkerchiefs. [Back to B1](#)

## helpful 'helpfəl (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. She felt it would be a shame if another girl married him because he was very helpful with many tasks, like fixing the roof or driving them places. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator felt like a helpful god who was secretly controlling everything.

## hit hit (8 occurrences)

**Português:** atingir

**Simple English:** to strike or make contact with something

**Example:** *The arrow can hit the vital parts of the prey.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When Rachel was six, Aunt Jane gave her a pincushion but then hit her head because Rachel did not thank her fast enough. [Back to B1](#)

2. When the strong wind came up the river and hit the house, she got out of bed and dressed.

3. She stopped talking for a moment and hit the table with her hand.

4. One time, Electa hit Christopher.

5. Eunice told Electa, in a slow and angry voice, that if she ever hit her brother again, Eunice would slap her face every time.

### **hurtful** *'hɜ:rtfl* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** doloroso

**Simple English:** Causing emotional pain or sadness.

**Example:** *His hurtful words made her cry.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Rachel ignored her mother's hurtful words. [Back to B1](#)
2. Naomi Holland was not always a difficult patient, but she enjoyed saying hurtful and mean things.

### **ignored** *ɪg'nɔ:rd* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** ignorado

**Simple English:** did not pay attention to someone or something

**Example:** *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Rachel ignored her mother's hurtful words. [Back to B1](#)
2. If David sometimes missed the sea, he ignored the feeling and did not listen to its call.
3. Frank ignored the sarcastic tone and said they would all return there for supper.
4. She also ignored his silence as they went inside.
5. When Christopher openly ignored this old hatred, it caused great worry.

### **instructed** *ɪn'strʌktɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** instruiu

**Simple English:** Told someone what to do.

**Example:** *The teacher instructed the students to open their books.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She instructed the speaker to always warm Fatima's milk before giving it to her and to never let her go outside. [Back to B1](#)

## **involved** *ɪnˈvɑːlvd* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** envolvido

**Simple English:** To have taken part or been included in an activity or situation.

**Example:** *Several people must have been involved.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Rachel remembered that Aunt Jane's way of being kind often involved hurting her, first with her finger and later with her words. [Back to B1](#)
2. They declared they would not be involved anymore and told the listener to do as they wished, even offering the guests and the supper if they could manage them.
3. A chance came to make a lot of money, but it was dishonest and involved trickery.
4. Ralph mentioned that if it weren't for Robert, he would be poor or in prison like the other men involved in that deal.
5. The narrator thought about Frank, who was also involved.

## **job** *dʒɒb* (12 occurrences)

**Português:** trabalho

**Simple English:** a task or work to do

**Example:** *Tarzan did not understand why they were doing such a big job.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Maggie asked what his job was. [Back to B1](#)
2. I chose this job because I saw a large crayon picture of Mary Gillespie's dead brother, who had been a lawyer, on an easel nearby. [Back to B1](#)
3. She had planned to go to America for a job and take Harry.
4. He then found a job with a farmer who hired him for his work, not his reputation.
5. This job was not pleasant, but he took it because the man who believed in him urged him to.

## join *dʒɔɪn* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** participar

**Simple English:** To become part of a group or activity.

**Example:** *I want to join the basketball team.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Married women talked about their families, and the narrator could not join this talk. [Back to B1](#)
2. Captain Barrett, an old friend of David's, asked him to join a sea voyage as his mate.
3. She went outside to join them.
4. The next day, Frank went to Glenby without asking the narrator to join him.

## jumped *dʒʌmpt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** pulou

**Simple English:** moved quickly upwards or forwards

**Example:** *He jumped over the wall easily.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator's heart jumped with a sudden, strong feeling. [Back to B1](#)
2. Suddenly, she stood up, and the black cat on her lap jumped to the floor.

## link *lɪŋk* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** ligação

**Simple English:** Something that connects two people or things.

**Example:** *Her daughter was a link between her and her husband.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She felt a strong feeling, realizing her daughter was truly their child, a link between her and her husband. [Back to B1](#)
2. The person who was dying tried to connect to their last link with life.

### **Luckily** *'lʌkɪli* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** felizmente

**Simple English:** fortunately, by good chance

**Example:** *Luckily, no one was hurt.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Luckily, other people thought her worry was for a different reason. [Back to B1](#)
2. Luckily, a doctor was at the Flats that night.

### **main** *meɪn* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** principal

**Simple English:** the most important or biggest

**Example:** *They followed the main road to get there.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Max went to the newspaper office and put the notice in the main daily paper. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator was happy to be the main advisor for Sara and the protector of Betty.
3. However, Tannis's main heritage came from the prairie people.

### **medicine** *'mɛdɪsɪn* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** remédio

**Simple English:** A substance used to treat illness or pain.

**Example:** *The patient was waking up from the medicine.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Her friend Nancy tried to help her with medicine, but it did not work because the problem was too serious. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Eben also mentioned that Sara had been taking care of sick chickens for a week, giving them medicine.
3. The window was open, and the fresh, cool air felt good after breathing air filled with medicine for so long.

## **message** 'mɛsɪdʒ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** mensagem

**Simple English:** Information sent or received by people or animals.

**Example:** *Animals can send messages with smells.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She had sent a message telling them to send Fatima to Halifax by express train right away. [Back to B1](#)
2. They received a message saying everything was okay. [Back to B1](#)
3. The message system to the islands was broken, and no boats visited there in winter.

## **method** 'mɛθəd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** método

**Simple English:** A way of doing something.

**Example:** *His method was special for Tarzan.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She used her mother's method of repeating herself without getting angry. [Back to B1](#)

## **narrator** 'nærətər (262 occurrences)

**Português:** narrador

**Simple English:** The person who tells a story.

**Example:** *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

**Forms in this book:** narrator, narrator's

**Uses in this book:**

1. Max felt good about the animal later, and the narrator agreed that things ended well. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, the narrator remembered the great worry and unhappiness that she and Ismay felt because of the terrible cat. [Back to B1](#)
3. The narrator did not like cats very much. [Back to B1](#)
4. She believed that Ismay and the narrator secretly liked cats but refused to admit it. [Back to B1](#)
5. The narrator disliked Aunt Cynthia's white Persian cat the most. [Back to B1](#)

## nearby *ˌniərˈbaɪ* (11 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I chose this job because I saw a large crayon picture of Mary Gillespie's dead brother, who had been a lawyer, on an easel nearby. [Back to B1](#)
2. Nearby, there was a white boat and a small house by the sand.
3. There was a cradle nearby, and the baby was wearing new clothes that Miss Rosetta had given it.
4. Edith Monroe was on the porch and did not see Robert nearby.
5. He had bought a farm nearby.

## noises *ˈnɔɪzɪz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** barulhos

**Simple English:** Sounds, often loud or unpleasant.

**Example:** *The dog was making strange noises at night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The woman said the cat had come to her house making loud noises and did not belong to anyone in her area. [Back to B1](#)

## normal *ˈnɔrməl* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** normal

**Simple English:** usual or regular

**Example:** *It was a normal day at school.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She would have preferred a normal cat, but the Persian cat was expensive and had a pedigree, which made Aunt Cynthia feel very proud and believe it was her favorite. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that it would be part of his normal work. [Back to B1](#)
3. He tried to sound normal, but he felt a deep, cold fear.
4. During the day, she was normal.

5. His wife seemed to be back to her normal, happy self, enjoying being a mother.

**notebook** 'nəʊtbʊk (3 occurrences)

**Português:** caderno

**Simple English:** A small book for writing notes by hand.

**Example:** *She planned to write these thoughts in her notebook later.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She planned to write these thoughts in her notebook later. [Back to B1](#)
2. I liked the name Cecil and had often written it in my notebook. [Back to B1](#)
3. The book was small and thin, like a school notebook.

**number** 'nʌmbər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** número

**Simple English:** A quantity or amount.

**Example:** *It would change the total number.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was not sure if he had asked me to marry him on the day they dug up the garden, and if he had, it would change the total number. [Back to B1](#)

**okay** oʊ'keɪ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** tudo bem

**Simple English:** Everything is all right.

**Example:** *Is everything okay with the car?*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They received a message saying everything was okay. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought it was okay to take the baby because Jane had given her permission in a letter.
3. He asked who had upset her and said it was okay if he went to see Damaris.
4. He kept it in his pocketbook and wondered if it was okay for a future uncle to feel affection for his future niece.

**option** ˈɒpʃən (2 occurrences)

**Português:** opção

**Simple English:** A choice you can make.

**Example:** *His only option was to go back to get more money.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They felt it was the only option. [Back to B1](#)
2. The second option was bad, but not as bad as the first. [Back to B1](#)

**overwhelmed** ˌoʊvərˈwelmd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** sobrecarregados

**Simple English:** defeated completely or gave up due to too much pressure

**Example:** *They overwhelmed the guards.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, it happened, and I felt completely overwhelmed. [Back to B1](#)

**partial** ˈpɑːʃəl (1 occurrence)

**Português:** parcial

**Simple English:** Not complete or only a part of something.

**Example:** *Telling a partial truth would be the best approach.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. By this time, the speaker felt more confident and decided that telling a partial truth would be the best approach. [Back to B1](#)

**plan** plæn (11 occurrences)

**Português:** plano

**Simple English:** A decision about what to do in the future.

**Example:** *He was worried about Aunt Cynthia discovering the plan.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought buying a cat as a joke was risky, and he would be in trouble if Aunt Cynthia discovered the plan. [Back to B1](#)
2. Isabella strongly disagreed with the plan.
3. He told Robert his plan.
4. She did not plan to let the dog in.

5. She did not plan to invite August inside, but he entered cheerfully without waiting.

### **planned** *plænd* (19 occurrences)

**Português:** planejado

**Simple English:** decided what to do before acting

**Example:** *They planned the trip carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She planned to write these thoughts in her notebook later. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator had not yet told her husband about a blank book but planned to do so later. [Back to B1](#)
3. Rachel answered calmly that she planned to invite her father to her wedding. [Back to B1](#)
4. She had thought he would, and she had planned to forgive him after he had shown he was sorry enough.
5. The wedding ceremony was planned for eight in the evening.

### **popular** *'papjələr* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** popular

**Simple English:** Liked or admired by many people.

**Example:** *He is popular with his friends.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Cecil Fenwick was popular with everyone, both young and old. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sara remembered that when she was seventeen, she was very popular and had received many marriage proposals.
3. Sara was very happy because Betty was finally popular.
4. Naomi was not a popular person, and few people liked her.

### **preparing** *prɪ'pɛəɪŋ* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** preparando

**Simple English:** getting ready for something

**Example:** *She was preparing the table for dinner.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Many people came to the Sewing Circle that day because they were preparing for a sale. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer asked who she meant, in a calm voice, while preparing her sewing materials. [Back to B1](#)
3. Outside, as it became dark, Caroline Holland and Sarah Spencer were in the dairy preparing milk.
4. The rest of the house was busy preparing for the funeral.

**pressure** ˈprɛʃər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pressão

**Simple English:** Stress caused by problems or duties.

**Example:** *The pressure had finally become too much.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought that after fifteen years of feeling bad about never having had a lover, the pressure had finally become too much. [Back to B1](#)

**purchase** /ˈpɜːrtʃəs/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** compra; comprar; adquirir

**Simple English:** To buy goods or services by paying money.

**Example:** *I went to the store to purchase some groceries for dinner.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker wished them good luck with their purchase. [Back to B1](#)

**reacted** riˈæktɪd (2 occurrences)

**Português:** reagiu

**Simple English:** behaved in response to something

**Example:** *She reacted immediately to the loud noise.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker reacted with surprise, feeling they were discovering more important information. [Back to B1](#)
2. When the doctor suggested sending her to a special hospital, the speaker reacted very strongly, and the doctor did not bring it up again.

**repeating** *ri'pi:tiŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** repetindo

**Simple English:** saying or doing something again

**Example:** *She is repeating the question loudly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She used her mother's method of repeating herself without getting angry.

[Back to B1](#)

**risky** *'ɾiski* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** arriscado

**Simple English:** Dangerous or uncertain

**Example:** *It was a risky adventure.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He thought buying a cat as a joke was risky, and he would be in trouble if Aunt Cynthia discovered the plan. [Back to B1](#)

**similar** *'similɚ* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** semelhante

**Simple English:** Almost the same but not exactly.

**Example:** *They looked very similar.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator told Max to buy the cat if it looked like Fatima and take it to Aunt Cynthia, believing it would look similar. [Back to B1](#)

2. People who are similar often go to each other.

3. She walked with a waddle, similar to Mrs. Rachel Lynde, and often felt out of breath.

4. The moonlight made them look very similar, but Chester had a softer face.

5. Many people shared their stories, which were often short and similar.

**size** saɪz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** tamanho

**Simple English:** how big or small something is

**Example:** *He thought about the size of the boy before fighting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The blue spot might be in the wrong place, or the wrong size. [Back to B1](#)

**solve** səlv (2 occurrences)

**Português:** resolver

**Simple English:** to find an answer to a problem

**Example:** *We need to solve the math problem.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They asked Max if he could find a way to solve their problem. [Back to B1](#)
2. She seemed happier when she saw him, perhaps expecting him to solve the problem.

**sore** sɔːr (1 occurrence)

**Português:** dolorido

**Simple English:** Painful or hurting

**Example:** *His legs were sore after running.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Also, Huldah Jane, their nurse and cook, had a sore shoulder. [Back to B1](#)

**speaker** 'spi:kə (3 occurrences)

**Português:** falante

**Simple English:** A person who talks to others.

**Example:** *The speaker explained the journey.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She did not know about the speaker's made-up adventures. [Back to B1](#)
2. This last image stayed in the speaker's memory, making it hard to recall the person's usual kindness.
3. The speaker's guess about Betty having many admirers was correct.

**suggest** sə'dʒɛst (2 occurrences)

**Português:** sugerir

**Simple English:** to offer an idea or plan

**Example:** *I suggest we leave early.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Max did not seem ready to suggest something, which was unusual. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said she would not let anyone suggest that Lige Baxter was a swindler.

**suitable** /'su:təbəl/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** adequado; apropriado; indicado

**Simple English:** Appropriate and fitting for a particular purpose.

**Example:** *This dress is suitable for the wedding next week.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said the cat might not be suitable. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt that when she learned about love, he, as her old friend and advisor, should be there to make sure her partner was suitable, like he had chosen her teachers for French and botany.
3. He thought Tannis, though good and beautiful, was not a suitable wife for a white Englishman.

**traveled** 'trævəld (3 occurrences)

**Português:** viajou

**Simple English:** Went to different places.

**Example:** *The two men traveled deep into the mountains.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The only time I had ever traveled far from Avonlea was when I was eighteen and visited an aunt in New Brunswick. [Back to B1](#)
2. Malcolm Monroe traveled from his university where he was president.
3. A group of young people from White Sands were singing songs as they traveled to a church meeting.

### **troublemaker** *'trʌbl,mɛɪkər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** criador de problemas

**Simple English:** a person who causes problems

**Example:** *The other troublemaker was Anthony Pye.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She could not even be angry with Adella Gilbert, whom she saw as a troublemaker who was more to be pitied than blamed. [Back to B1](#)

### **truly** */'tru:lɪ/* (11 occurrences)

**Português:** verdadeiramente; realmente; sinceramente

**Simple English:** In a sincere and genuine manner; with heartfelt honesty.

**Example:** *She truly believes that everyone deserves a second chance.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Aunt Cynthia replied in an annoying way that the narrator probably liked to pretend men were a nuisance, but no woman truly thought that. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator thought it was possible but asked if Max had truly fallen in love with the person. [Back to B1](#)

3. She felt a strong feeling, realizing her daughter was truly their child, a link between her and her husband. [Back to B1](#)

4. For the first time since Charlotte married Jacob Wheeler, Miss Rosetta felt truly happy.

5. He said that everyone present had found some success, but only one person had been truly successful in the most important things: kindness, unselfishness, and sacrifice.

### **typical** *'tɪpɪkəl* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** típico

**Simple English:** Normal or usual for someone or something.

**Example:** *It is typical for cats to sleep a lot.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator was surprised by Max's response, as it was not typical behavior for him. [Back to B1](#)

2. She knew this was typical of Rachel.

3. She felt it was typical of Charlotte to play such a trick.

4. She was very still and patient, which was typical for her.
5. He thought that Joe starting a trip down the shore in November was typical of his usual behaviour.

**unable** ʌn'eɪbəl (2 occurrences)

**Português:** incapaz

**Simple English:** not able to do something

**Example:** *She was unable to open the door.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I just stood there looking at him, unable to speak. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator felt unable to ask the mother to spare her this task, knowing it would be useless.

**understandable** ʌndər'stændəbl (1 occurrence)

**Português:** compreensível

**Simple English:** Easy to understand or accept.

**Example:** *Her sadness is understandable after what happened.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He looked confused, which was understandable. [Back to B1](#)

**unsure** ʌn'ʃʊər (2 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not sure or confident about something

**Example:** *I was unsure about which road to take.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was unsure if Aunt Cynthia would be fooled, even if she had poor eyesight. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker asked Nancy what kind of gentleman it was, sounding unsure. [Back to B1](#)

**untrue** *ʌn'tru:* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** falso

**Simple English:** not true or incorrect

**Example:** *He said untrue things about his friend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He explained that he had heard some untrue stories and had come in anger. [Back to B1](#)
2. Writing these untrue things made the writer feel very sad, but she did it for Paul's happiness.

**unusual** *ʌn'ju:ʒuəl* (8 occurrences)

**Português:** incomum

**Simple English:** Not common or normal.

**Example:** *He saw many unusual things that night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Max did not seem ready to suggest something, which was unusual. [Back to B1](#)
2. As soon as the writer entered, they knew something unusual had happened, but they did not know what. [Back to B1](#)
3. She liked him and did not feel shy or nervous, which was unusual for her with strangers.
4. Instead, he told her interesting stories about the places he had visited and the unusual things he had seen.
5. It was full of interesting and unusual items from his travels.

**unwanted** *ʌn'wɒntɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** indesejado

**Simple English:** not wanted or liked

**Example:** *She gave an unwanted smile during the meeting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The mother pushed away some unwanted memories. [Back to B1](#)

### **using** 'ju:zɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** usando

**Simple English:** Doing something with an object.

**Example:** *She is using a rope to climb.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. I chose the last name Fenwick because I saw an advertisement for "Try Fenwick's Porous Plasters" on a piece of newspaper I was using. [Back to B1](#)

### **weather** 'wɛðər (8 occurrences)

**Português:** clima

**Simple English:** the condition of the air outside, such as rain or sunshine

**Example:** *The weather is sunny today.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained she had not come in the bad weather to talk about Max.

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2. Then she would follow it, even in bad weather.

3. She said only one man was brave enough to sail to the lighthouse in the dangerous weather to see what was wrong.

4. She was especially afraid in November because the weather could change suddenly and become stormy.

5. The Nora Lee was able to leave because the weather was unusually good.

### **wherever** wɛr'ɛvər (1 occurrence)

**Português:** onde quer que

**Simple English:** In every place or any place that.

**Example:** *People bring trouble and change wherever they go.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Nancy stated that she would go wherever Miss Charlotte went, and that was final. [Back to B1](#)

**windowsill** *'windousɪl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** parapeito da janela

**Simple English:** The bottom part of a window inside or outside.

**Example:** *She put the flower pot on the windowsill.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The narrator was thinking happy thoughts about roses growing on Mary Gillespie's windowsill. [Back to B1](#)