



MicMac

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1

Kilmeny of the Orchard

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE LEITURA

B2



TEXTO ORIGINAL EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

AZ

NOTAS E GLOSSÁRIO DE VOCABULÁRIO

KILMENY DO POMAR

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Kilmeny of the Orchard

Kilmeny do Pomar

L. M. Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

L. M. Montgomery (1874–1942)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

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

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

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

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

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

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

Como usar as notas

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

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

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

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

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

Como usar o glossário

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

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

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

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

Sobre este livro

Ambientado na zona rural da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo no início do século XX, **Kilmeny of the Orchard**, de L. M. Montgomery, narra a história de Eric Marshall, um jovem educado que viaja para a ilha para administrar uma escola enquanto se recupera de uma decepção. Lá, ele descobre o pomar isolado da família Gordon e conhece Kilmeny, uma bela garota muda que se comunica através de seu violino e olhos expressivos. O mutismo de Kilmeny decorre de um trauma infantil, e ela vive sob os cuidados protetores de seu tio e tia, que temem o mundo exterior. Eric fica cativado por sua pureza e talento, e decide entender sua condição e conquistar sua confiança. O conflito central surge dos preconceitos sociais contra a deficiência de Kilmeny e do segredo sobre sua ascendência, que ameaçam o romance nascente. A persistência e gentileza de Eric gradualmente rompem o isolamento de Kilmeny, mas ele precisa enfrentar a oposição de sua família e a revelação de um passado oculto. O romance progride através de descrições líricas do pomar e das estações, refletindo a jornada emocional dos personagens.

O tom de Montgomery é romântico e sentimental, enfatizando temas de amor, redenção e o poder da arte para transcender barreiras. A história se encaminha para um clímax onde Eric deve escolher entre sua própria felicidade e a verdade sobre as origens de Kilmeny, deixando a resolução em aberto.

Nota editorial

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

Em caso de dúvida ou observações, fale conosco.

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The Thoughts of Youth

Pt/En The sun shone brightly on the red brick buildings of Queenslea College and the area around them. It was early spring, and the light made pretty patterns on the paths through the trees. Daffodils were starting to grow near the windows of the students' dressing room.

Pt/En A fresh spring wind blew through the trees and over the ivy on the main building. The wind seemed to whisper different things to different people. For the college students who had just received their diplomas from the president, "Old Charlie," in front of their families and friends, the wind might have sung of future success and dreams. It was a wind that reminded people of the hopes of youth, which are valuable even if they are not all achieved.

Pt/En People left the entrance hall and spread out across the campus and into the streets. Eric Marshall and David Baker walked away together. Eric had finished his studies at the top of his class that day. David had come to watch the graduation and was very proud of Eric's success.

Pt/En Eric and David were close friends, even though David was ten years older than Eric. David had much more life experience and had faced many difficulties, which made him seem much older than his years.

Pt/En Eric Marshall and David Baker looked very different, though they were cousins. Eric was tall and strong, with an easy way of walking that showed his power. He was handsome, clever, and had a special charm. He had blue-grey eyes, dark hair that shone in the sun, and a strong chin. Eric came from a rich family, had a good character, and a bright future. People thought he was practical and not someone who had romantic dreams.

Pt/En A professor from Queenslea, who often spoke in mysterious ways, said he was worried Eric Marshall would never do anything unexpected. However, the professor also said that if Eric ever did something unusual, it would be the only thing he needed to be perfect.

Pt/En David Baker was a short, strong man with a face that was not perfectly handsome but was attractive. His eyes were brown, sharp, and seemed to hide things. His mouth could look funny, and he could make it

look sarcastic, teasing, or charming when he wanted. His voice was usually soft and pleasant like a woman's. But, some people who had seen David Baker when he was very angry heard a different, frightening tone in his voice and did not want to experience it again.

Pt/En He was a doctor who specialized in problems with the throat and voice. He was becoming well-known across the country. He worked at the Queenslea Medical College, and people thought he might soon get an important job at McGill University.

Pt/En He had achieved success despite many difficulties that would have stopped most people. When Eric was born, David Baker was a delivery boy at Marshall & Company. Thirteen years later, he finished medical school with excellent grades. Mr. Marshall had helped David as much as David's pride would allow. Now, Mr. Marshall wanted to pay for David to study further in London and Germany. David Baker eventually paid back all the money Mr. Marshall had spent on him. But he always felt very thankful to Mr. Marshall, who was kind and generous. He loved Mr. Marshall's son like a brother.

Pt/En He had watched Eric's time at college with great interest. He had hoped Eric would study law or medicine after finishing his arts degree. He was very disappointed when Eric decided to work in the family business with his father.

Pt/En As they walked home from college, a man grumbled that his friend was wasting his talents. He thought his friend's speaking ability was perfect for being a lawyer and that using it for business was wrong. He asked where his friend's ambition was.

Pt/En Eric answered that his ambition was in the right place. He explained that their country needed all kinds of people and jobs. He said he was going into business because his father wanted him to. His father believed everyone should get a good education, and now that Eric had finished his studies, he wanted him to join the family business.

Pt/En The other man said that Eric's father would not stop him if he truly wanted to do something else.

Pt/En Eric replied that he did not really want to do something else, and that was the main point. He told his friend David that David hated business so much he could not understand that someone else might like

it. Eric believed there was a need for good business people who did honest, important work to help the country and humanity. He felt this was as honorable as being a lawyer or discovering diseases. He was full of ambition and wanted to make his father's department store, Marshall & Company, famous across Canada. His father started as a poor boy and built a successful business, and Eric intended to continue and expand it greatly.

Pt/En David said that when Eric started making jokes, it was time to stop arguing. He accepted that Eric would do what he decided. David then complained about the steep street and how difficult it was to walk up. He remembered that Eric's class had many women students, about twenty. David recalled that when he graduated ten years earlier, there were only two older, serious women in his class. He noted that times had changed a lot, seeing one very young and beautiful girl in Eric's class.

Pt/En Eric laughed and said that the oracle spoke in poetry. He explained that Florence Percival, who was the best student in mathematics, was speaking. Many people thought she was the most beautiful girl in their class. However, Eric did not agree. He did not like her style, which he described as blonde and childish. He preferred Agnes Campion, a tall, dark girl with long hair and a healthy colour on her face. Agnes had won prizes in philosophy.

Pt/En David replied that he had noticed Agnes Campion very carefully. He explained that someone had told him her name and also that Miss Campion was expected to marry Eric Marshall. Because of this interesting information, David had looked at her very closely.

Pt/En Eric sounded annoyed and said that the report was not true. He explained that Agnes was his best friend, but they were only friends. He liked and admired her more than any other woman he knew. He added that he had not yet met the woman who would become Mrs. Eric Marshall. He also said he was not looking for her and did not plan to for several years because he had other things to think about. He spoke with contempt, which suggested he might be punished later by Cupid, who is often depicted as deaf and blind.

Pt/En David said dryly that Eric would meet the right woman someday. He predicted that even if fate did not bring her soon, Eric would start

looking for her. David gave Eric advice: when he goes to find a girlfriend, he should take his common sense with him.

Pt/En Eric asked, sounding amused, if David thought he would forget his common sense.

Pt/En David told Eric he did not trust him completely. He explained that Eric had a wild side from his grandmother, which could cause him to make bad choices in love. David worried Eric might marry someone unsuitable just because she looked nice, and then be unhappy. David also said he would give his opinion about any woman Eric wanted to marry.

Pt/En Eric replied that David could have all the opinions he wanted, but only Eric's own opinion would be important for his future.

Pt/En David called Eric a stubborn person, but he looked at him with kindness. David said he would not feel relaxed about Eric until he married the right girl. He believed most girls were good, but one out of ten could cause problems.

Pt/En Eric told David that he was worrying too much, like Clever Alice in the fairy tale who worried about her future children.

Pt/En David said that Clever Alice was right in her worries. He explained that if people thought more about providing a good life for their future children before they were born, and then stopped worrying about them after they were born, the world would be a better place.

Pt/En Eric told David he did not want to argue about family history. He asked David why he wanted him to marry quickly. Eric thought about asking David to marry a good girl himself to show him how. But he stopped because David had a sad past. Eric then asked David why he did not leave the matter to fate, reminding him that he believed in predestination.

Pt/En David said he believed that what was meant to happen would happen, but sometimes things that were not meant to happen also occurred. He felt these unexpected events caused problems. David told Eric that he knew more about the world and believed that a woman's strong desire for a man was very powerful. He wanted Eric to find a good woman to love soon. David liked Miss Campion, saying she was good, strong, and true, with eyes that showed she could love deeply. He also

noted she was well-born, well-bred, and well-educated, which he thought were important qualities for someone to take a mother's place.

Pt/En Eric agreed that he would only marry a woman who met those standards. However, he said he was not in love with Agnes Campion, and it would not matter if he were. He explained that she was already almost engaged to Larry West.

Pt/En David asked if Eric meant the thin, tall person he had been good friends with during their first two years at Queenslea, and asked what had happened to him.

Pt/En Eric explained that Larry West had to leave college after his second year because he did not have enough money. Larry was working to pay for his studies. For the last two years, he had been teaching in a distant place in Prince Edward Island. Eric mentioned that Larry was not very healthy and had studied too much. He had not heard from Larry since February, when Larry said he was worried he could not finish the school year. Eric hoped Larry would not get sick, as he was a good person and worthy of Agnes Campion. Eric then asked David if he was coming inside.

Pt/En The speaker said they were busy that afternoon. They had to go to the North End to see a man. The man had a throat problem that doctors could not understand. The speaker thought they could find out what was wrong if the man stayed alive.

A Letter of Destiny

Pt/En Eric's father had not returned from college. Eric went to the library and sat down. He started to read a letter he found on the hall table. The letter was from Larry West. Eric's face changed from looking thoughtful to looking interested after he read the first few lines.

Pt/En Larry West wrote to Eric asking for a favour. He explained he had fallen into the hands of doctors. He had not been feeling well all winter but had tried to continue. He hoped to finish the school year.

Pt/En Last week, his landlady, who was a kind woman, gently told him that he must go to town the next day to see a doctor about his health.

Pt/En He went to see the doctor immediately. Mrs. Williamson, his landlady, was very important. She had a way of making people understand she was right. People felt that what she thought today, they would think tomorrow.

Pt/En A doctor in Charlottetown examined the speaker. He told the speaker that they must stop working immediately and go to a place without the cold winds of Prince Edward Island in spring. The doctor also said that the speaker should not work until autumn. Mrs. Williamson is making sure this happens.

Pt/En The speaker will teach for one more week, then there is a three-week spring holiday. They asked Marshall to come and teach at the Lindsay school for the last week of May and all of June. The speaker needs a substitute because they cannot find anyone else. They have students preparing for important exams and do not want to leave them with a bad teacher. The speaker thinks this job will be good for Marshall, who comes from a rich background, and will teach him the value of earning money.

Pt/En The speaker seriously hopes Marshall can help because they do not know anyone else to ask. The work is not difficult but might be boring. The farming area is quiet, with the sunrise and sunset being the most exciting parts of the day. However, the people are friendly and welcoming. Prince Edward Island in June is very beautiful. There are fish in the pond, and people can go fishing for cod or lobsters.

Pt/En The speaker offered Marshall their boarding house, which is close to the school and comfortable. Mrs. Williamson is described as a very kind person and an excellent cook who provides delicious meals.

Pt/En Mrs. Williamson's husband, Robert (or Bob), is about sixty years old and interesting. He likes to talk and share news, and he knows a lot about everyone in Lindsay and their families from many years ago.

Pt/En Old Bob has no children, but he has a black cat that he loves very much. The cat is named Timothy, and he wants everyone to call him by his full name. He does not want anyone to call the cat "the cat" or "Tim". If they do, he will be very angry and will not think they are suitable to be in charge of the school.

Pt/En You will have my room, which is a small place above the kitchen. The ceiling slopes down on one side, so you will hit your head many times until you remember it is there. There is also a mirror that makes one eye look very small and the other look very big.

Pt/En However, there are many clean towels, which is good. There is also a window where you can see a beautiful view of Lindsay Harbour and the sea. The sun is setting, making the sea look like glass and fire. A ship is sailing towards the horizon, and the lighthouse on the headland has just been lit and is flashing.

Pt/En The text mentions sailing over the foam

Pt/En and across dangerous seas to faraway, magical lands.

Pt/En He asked to be sent a message if he could come, and to start work on May 23rd if he was able to.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall Senior entered as Eric was folding his letter. Mr. Marshall looked like a kind old priest or helper, not like the smart, strong, and fair businessman he was. He had a round, red face, white hair, and a small mouth. His blue eyes twinkled, warning anyone who wanted to trick him in a deal.

Pt/En It was clear that Eric got his good looks and shape from his mother, whose picture was on the wall. She had died when Eric was ten. Her husband and son loved her very much. The picture showed her beautiful face, proving she deserved their love. Eric looked like her, with

the same hair and eyes. When he was serious, his eyes had a thoughtful and kind look.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall was happy about his son's success at college, but he did not want Eric to know. He loved his son, who had his dead wife's eyes, more than anything. All his hopes were for his son.

Pt/En He said, thankfully, that the difficult situation was finished, and sat down in his favourite chair.

Pt/En Eric asked absently if his father had found the programme interesting.

Pt/En His father said most of it was nonsense. He only liked Charlie's Latin prayer and the pretty girls getting their diplomas. He believed Latin was suitable for prayers, especially with Charlie's deep voice. He also thought the girls were very pretty, and he asked Eric if it was true that he was dating Agnes, whom he considered the most beautiful.

Pt/En Eric replied, half annoyed and half amused, asking his father if he and David Baker had planned to force him into marriage.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall denied ever speaking to David Baker about such a topic.

Pt/En Eric told his father that he was just as bad as David Baker, who had pressured him about marriage all the way home from college. Eric then asked his father why he was so eager for him to get married.

Pt/En The father explained that he wanted a homemaker for the house as soon as possible.

Pt/En He said there had not been anyone to manage the house since Eric's mother had died, and he was tired of

Pt/En housekeepers. He also wanted to see Eric's children before he died.

Pt/En He mentioned he was an old man now.

Pt/En Eric gently replied that his father's wish was natural, but he could not quickly find someone to marry. He also thought it would not be appropriate to look for a wife in an advertisement.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall asked if he liked anyone. He spoke patiently, as if he knew young people often joked.

Pt/En The young man answered that he had not yet met a woman who made his heart beat faster.

Pt/En His father grumbled that he didn't understand young men today. He said he had been in love many times before he was the young man's age.

Pt/En The young man told his father that he might have been in love, but he never truly loved anyone until he met his mother. He also said this happened when his father was already quite old.

Pt/En Someone said that the young man was too hard to please.

Pt/En She said she might be like that. She explained that her mother had set a very high standard for what a sweet woman should be. She asked her father to stop talking about it and to read a letter she had received from Larry.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall grunted after reading the letter. He said that Larry had finally been defeated, which he had always expected. He also said he was sorry because Larry was a decent person. Then he asked if she was leaving.

Pt/En She replied that she thought she would leave, if her father did not mind.

Pt/En He commented that her time there would probably be boring, based on what Larry had written about Lindsay.

Pt/En She agreed that it would probably be boring. However, she explained that she was not going there to find excitement. She was going to help Larry by visiting the Island.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall agreed that the island was worth visiting at certain times. He told Eric that he could go, as he needed a rest after his exams. He also warned him to be careful and not get into any mischief.

Pt/En Eric laughed and said he did not think there would be much trouble in a place like Lindsay.

Pt/En Mr. Marshall replied that mischief could happen anywhere. He added that he expected Eric to behave well. He joked that the worst thing

that might happen was a woman putting him to sleep in a spare room bed.

The Master of Lindsay School

Pt/En A month later, one evening, Eric Marshall left the old, white schoolhouse in Lindsay and locked the door. The door was strong and had many initials carved into it.

Pt/En Eric's students had already gone home an hour before. He had stayed late to work on some algebra problems and to correct Latin homework for his more advanced students.

Pt/En Warm yellow sunlight came through the many maple trees to the west of the building. The air under the trees was green and bright. Some sheep were eating the green grass in a corner of the yard. A cow-bell made a soft, nice sound from the maple woods. The air was still and clear. It felt like a calm but real Canadian spring. The whole world seemed to be in a peaceful, quiet dream.

Pt/En The place looked very peaceful and simple, perhaps too much so, the young man thought. He stood on the old steps and looked around. He wondered how he would spend a whole month there, smiling a little at himself.

Pt/En He thought his father would laugh if he knew he was already tired of the place. He walked across the yard to the long red road near the school. He noted that one week was finished. He had earned his own money for five days, which was new for him in his twenty-four years. He found this exciting. However, teaching at the Lindsay school was not exciting. The students were very well-behaved, so there was no fun in punishing naughty boys. Everything at the school seemed to run perfectly, like clockwork. He felt like a small part of a well-organized machine. He hoped that some students who had not arrived yet might make things more interesting. He also thought that a few more compositions, like one written by John Reid, would add some excitement to his job.

Pt/En Eric laughed as he went down the hill onto the road. He had let his fourth-grade students choose their own topics for writing that morning. John Reid, a serious boy with no sense of humor, had written about "Courting" after a friend whispered the idea to him. Eric remembered the first sentence of John's writing, which made him smile unhappily

whenever he thought about it. John had written, "Courting is a very pleasant thing which a great many people go too far with."

Pt/En The hills in the distance looked soft and colorful in the light of spring. Young maple trees grew thickly along both sides of the road. Beyond them, green fields lay in the sun, with shadows moving across them. Far below the fields, a calm blue ocean slept and made a soft sound, a sound that people born near it heard always.

Pt/En Eric met some young boys on horses and farmers in carts. They smiled and said hello. A pretty girl with a round face and dark eyes also passed him. She seemed shy but interested in meeting the new teacher.

Pt/En Further down the hill, Eric met an old gray horse pulling a worn-out wagon. The driver was a woman who looked serious and seemed to have never felt happy. She stopped her horse and called Eric to her with her umbrella.

Pt/En The woman asked Eric if he was the new teacher.

Pt/En Eric said that he was.

Pt/En She told him she was glad to meet him and offered him her hand, which was covered by a worn, black glove.

Pt/En The speaker said she was sad to see Mr. West leave because he was a good and kind teacher. She had always thought he had a lung illness called consumption. She told Eric he looked healthy, but added that people can sometimes look healthy even if they are not. She mentioned she had a brother who looked like Eric, but he died young in a railroad accident.

Pt/En The speaker informed the teacher that she would send her son to school the following week. She explained that he could not go this week because he needed to help her plant potatoes. She also mentioned that his father did not work.

Pt/En The speaker's son, whose full name is Edward Alexander, hates the idea of going to school. She insisted he must go because she wanted him to learn more. She warned the teacher that he would be difficult to teach, describing him as unintelligent and very stubborn. However, she promised to support the teacher and said she would punish her son again if the teacher sent him home with a note after punishing him.

Pt/En The speaker stated that some parents always support their children when there are problems at school. She said she did not agree with this and could always be trusted by the teacher.

Pt/En Eric replied politely, saying he was sure he could do the job.

Pt/En Eric waited until it was safe to relax his face. Mrs. Reid continued driving, feeling a little softer inside. Her heart had become hard from many years of poverty, hard work, and having a husband who did not want to work. Because of this, she did not easily feel emotions for men.

Pt/En Mrs. Reid thought that the young man had a special way of behaving.

Pt/En Eric already recognized most of the people from Lindsay. But at the bottom of the hill, he met a man and a boy he did not know. They were sitting in an old, worn-out wagon and were giving water to their horse from the brook. The brook made a soft sound as it flowed under a small wooden bridge.

Pt/En Eric looked at them with interest. They did not seem like the usual people from Lindsay. The boy looked especially different, even though he wore the common clothes of a farmer's son. He had a slim, flexible body, sloping shoulders, and a smooth, dark neck above his shirt. His head had thick, soft, black curly hair. His hand, hanging by the wagon, was long and thin. His face had strong features and was olive-colored, except for his cheeks, which had a deep red color. His mouth was as red and attractive as a girl's, and his eyes were large, dark, and bold. He was very handsome, but he looked unhappy. He gave Eric the impression of a graceful, cat-like animal, resting lazily but ready to move quickly.

Pt/En The other person in the wagon was a man, about sixty-five to seventy years old. He had gray hair, a long gray beard, a hard face, and deep-set hazel eyes under thick eyebrows. He seemed tall with a thin, awkward body and bent shoulders. His mouth was closed tightly and looked serious, as if it had never smiled. It was hard to imagine this man smiling. However, his face was not unpleasant, and something about it caught Eric's attention.

Pt/En He believed he was good at understanding people by looking at their faces. He was sure this man was not a normal, friendly, and talkative farmer from Lindsay, like the ones he knew.

Pt/En After the old wagon, with the unusual pair of people, had slowly gone up the hill, Eric continued to think about the serious man with a heavy brow and the boy with black eyes and red lips.

A Tea Table Conversation

Pt/En Eric stayed at the Williamson farm, which was on top of the next hill. He liked it there, just as Larry West had said he would. The Williamsons and other people in Lindsay thought he was a poor college student working to pay for his studies, like Larry West had done. Eric did not correct them, but he also did not agree with them.

Pt/En When Eric entered, the Williamsons were eating tea in the kitchen. Mrs. Williamson was the kind woman Larry West had described. Eric liked her a lot. She was a small woman with gray hair and a thin, pretty, well-bred face, showing many lines from past sadness. She usually spoke little, but when she did, her country words were always meaningful. Eric often wondered how such a woman had married Robert Williamson.

Pt/En Mrs. Williamson smiled at Eric like a mother as he hung his hat on the wall and sat at the table. Behind him, outside the window, was a grove of birch trees. In the setting sun, they looked beautiful and moved like waves of gold in the wind.

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The Thoughts of Youth

PT The sunshine of a day in early spring, honey pale and honey sweet, was showering over the red brick buildings of Queenslea College and the grounds about them, throwing through the bare, budding maples and elms, delicate, evasive etchings of gold and brown on the paths, and coaxing into life the daffodils that were peering greenly and perkily up under the windows of the co-eds' dressing-room.

PT A young April wind, as fresh and sweet as if it had been blowing over the fields of memory instead of through dingy streets, was purring in the tree-tops and whipping the loose tendrils of the ivy network which covered the front of the main building. It was a wind that sang of many things, but what it sang to each listener was only what was in that listener's heart. To the college students who had just been capped and diplomad by "Old Charlie," the grave president of Queenslea, in the presence of an admiring throng of parents and sisters, sweethearts and friends, it sang, perchance, of glad hope and shining success and high achievement. It sang of the dreams of youth that may never be quite fulfilled, but are well worth the dreaming for all that. God help the man who has never known such dreams—who, as he leaves his alma mater, is not already rich in aerial castles, the proprietor of many a spacious estate in Spain. He has missed his birthright.

PT The crowd streamed out of the entrance hall and scattered over the campus, fraying off into the many streets beyond. Eric Marshall and David Baker walked away together. The former had graduated in Arts that day at the head of his class; the latter had come to see the graduation, nearly bursting with pride in Eric's success.

PT Between these two was an old and tried and enduring friendship, although David was ten years older than Eric, as the mere tale of years goes, and a hundred years older in knowledge of the struggles and difficulties of life which age a man far more quickly and effectually than the passing of time.

PT Physically the two men bore no resemblance to one another, although they were second cousins. Eric Marshall, tall, broad-shouldered, sinewy, walking with a free, easy stride, which was somehow suggestive of reserve strength and power, was one of those men regarding whom

less-favoured mortals are tempted seriously to wonder why all the gifts of fortune should be showered on one individual. He was not only clever and good to look upon, but he possessed that indefinable charm of personality which is quite independent of physical beauty or mental ability. He had steady, grayish-blue eyes, dark chestnut hair with a glint of gold in its waves when the sunlight struck it, and a chin that gave the world assurance of a chin. He was a rich man's son, with a clean young manhood behind him and splendid prospects before him. He was considered a practical sort of fellow, utterly guiltless of romantic dreams and visions of any sort.

PT "I am afraid Eric Marshall will never do one quixotic thing," said a Queenslea professor, who had a habit of uttering rather mysterious epigrams, "but if he ever does it will supply the one thing lacking in him."

PT David Baker was a short, stocky fellow with an ugly, irregular, charming face; his eyes were brown and keen and secretive; his mouth had a comical twist which became sarcastic, or teasing, or winning, as he willed. His voice was generally as soft and musical as a woman's; but some few who had seen David Baker righteously angry and heard the tones which then issued from his lips were in no hurry to have the experience repeated.

PT He was a doctor—a specialist in troubles of the throat and voice—and he was beginning to have a national reputation. He was on the staff of the Queenslea Medical College and it was whispered that before long he would be called to fill an important vacancy at McGill.

PT He had won his way to success through difficulties and drawbacks which would have daunted most men. In the year Eric was born David Baker was an errand boy in the big department store of Marshall & Company. Thirteen years later he graduated with high honors from Queenslea Medical College. Mr. Marshall had given him all the help which David's sturdy pride could be induced to accept, and now he insisted on sending the young man abroad for a post-graduate course in London and Germany. David Baker had eventually repaid every cent Mr. Marshall had expended on him; but he never ceased to cherish a passionate gratitude to the kind and generous man; and he loved that man's son with a love surpassing that of brothers.

PT He had followed Eric's college course with keen, watchful interest. It was his wish that Eric should take up the study of law or medicine now that he was through Arts; and he was greatly disappointed that Eric should have finally made up his mind to go into business with his father.

PT "It's a clean waste of your talents," he grumbled, as they walked home from the college. "You'd win fame and distinction in law—that glib tongue of yours was meant for a lawyer and it is sheer flying in the face of Providence to devote it to commercial uses—a flat crossing of the purposes of destiny. Where is your ambition, man?"

PT "In the right place," answered Eric, with his ready laugh. "It is not your kind, perhaps, but there is room and need for all kinds in this lusty young country of ours. Yes, I am going into the business. In the first place, it has been father's cherished desire ever since I was born, and it would hurt him pretty badly if I backed out now. He wished me to take an Arts course because he believed that every man should have as liberal an education as he can afford to get, but now that I have had it he wants me in the firm."

PT "He wouldn't oppose you if he thought you really wanted to go in for something else."

PT "Not he. But I don't really want to—that's the point, David, man. You hate a business life so much yourself that you can't get it into your blessed noddle that another man might like it. There are many lawyers in the world—too many, perhaps—but there are never too many good honest men of business, ready to do clean big things for the betterment of humanity and the upbuilding of their country, to plan great enterprises and carry them through with brain and courage, to manage and control, to aim high and strike one's aim. There, I'm waxing eloquent, so I'd better stop. But ambition, man! Why, I'm full of it—it's bubbling in every pore of me. I mean to make the department store of Marshall & Company famous from ocean to ocean. Father started in life as a poor boy from a Nova Scotian farm. He has built up a business that has a provincial reputation. I mean to carry it on. In five years it shall have a maritime reputation, in ten, a Canadian. I want to make the firm of Marshall & Company stand for something big in the commercial interests of Canada. Isn't that as honourable an ambition as trying to make black seem white in a court of law, or discovering some new disease with a harrowing name to torment

poor creatures who might otherwise die peacefully in blissful ignorance of what ailed them?"

PT "When you begin to make poor jokes it is time to stop arguing with you," said David, with a shrug of his fat shoulders. "Go your own gait and dree your own weird. I'd as soon expect success in trying to storm the citadel single-handed as in trying to turn you from any course about which you had once made up your mind. Whew, this street takes it out of a fellow! What could have possessed our ancestors to run a town up the side of a hill? I'm not so slim and active as I was on MY graduation day ten years ago. By the way, what a lot of co-eds were in your class—twenty, if I counted right. When I graduated there were only two ladies in our class and they were the pioneers of their sex at Queenslea. They were well past their first youth, very grim and angular and serious; and they could never have been on speaking terms with a mirror in their best days. But mark you, they were excellent females—oh, very excellent. Times have changed with a vengeance, judging from the line-up of co-eds to-day. There was one girl there who can't be a day over eighteen—and she looked as if she were made out of gold and roseleaves and dewdrops."

PT "The oracle speaks in poetry," laughed Eric. "That was Florence Percival, who led the class in mathematics, as I'm a living man. By many she is considered the beauty of her class. I can't say that such is my opinion. I don't greatly care for that blonde, babyish style of loveliness—I prefer Agnes Campion. Did you notice her—the tall, dark girl with the ropes of hair and a sort of crimson, velvety bloom on her face, who took honours in philosophy?"

PT "I DID notice her," said David emphatically, darting a keen side glance at his friend. "I noticed her most particularly and critically—for someone whispered her name behind me and coupled it with the exceedingly interesting information that Miss Campion was supposed to be the future Mrs. Eric Marshall. Whereupon I stared at her with all my eyes."

PT "There is no truth in that report," said Eric in a tone of annoyance. "Agnes and I are the best of friends and nothing more. I like and admire her more than any woman I know; but if the future Mrs. Eric Marshall exists in the flesh I haven't met her yet. I haven't even started out to look for her—and don't intend to for some years to come. I have something

else to think of," he concluded, in a tone of contempt, for which anyone might have known he would be punished sometime if Cupid were not deaf as well as blind.

PT "You'll meet the lady of the future some day," said David dryly. "And in spite of your scorn I venture to predict that if fate doesn't bring her before long you'll very soon start out to look for her. A word of advice, oh, son of your mother. When you go courting take your common sense with you."

PT "Do you think I shall be likely to leave it behind?" asked Eric amusedly.

PT "Well, I mistrust you," said David, sagely wagging his head. "The Lowland Scotch part of you is all right, but there's a Celtic streak in you, from that little Highland grandmother of yours, and when a man has that there's never any knowing where it will break out, or what dance it will lead him, especially when it comes to this love-making business. You are just as likely as not to lose your head over some little fool or shrew for the sake of her outward favour and make yourself miserable for life. When you pick you a wife please remember that I shall reserve the right to pass a candid opinion on her."

PT "Pass all the opinions you like, but it is MY opinion, and mine only, which will matter in the long run," retorted Eric.

PT "Confound you, yes, you stubborn offshoot of a stubborn breed," growled David, looking at him affectionately. "I know that, and that is why I'll never feel at ease about you until I see you married to the right sort of a girl. She's not hard to find. Nine out of ten girls in this country of ours are fit for kings' palaces. But the tenth always has to be reckoned with."

PT "You are as bad as Clever Alice in the fairy tale who worried over the future of her unborn children," protested Eric.

PT "Clever Alice has been very unjustly laughed at," said David gravely. "We doctors know that. Perhaps she overdid the worrying business a little, but she was perfectly right in principle. If people worried a little more about their unborn children—at least, to the extent of providing a proper heritage, physically, mentally, and morally, for them—and then stopped worrying about them after they ARE born, this world would be a very much pleasanter place to live in, and the human

race would make more progress in a generation than it has done in recorded history."

PT "Oh, if you are going to mount your dearly beloved hobby of heredity I am not going to argue with you, David, man. But as for the matter of urging me to hasten and marry me a wife, why don't you"—It was on Eric's lips to say, "Why don't you get married to a girl of the right sort yourself and set me a good example?" But he checked himself. He knew that there was an old sorrow in David Baker's life which was not to be unduly jarred by the jests even of privileged friendship. He changed his question to, "Why don't you leave this on the knees of the gods where it properly belongs? I thought you were a firm believer in predestination, David."

PT "Well, so I am, to a certain extent," said David cautiously. "I believe, as an excellent old aunt of mine used to say, that what is to be will be and what isn't to be happens sometimes. And it is precisely such unchancy happenings that make the scheme of things go wrong. I dare say you think me an old foggy, Eric; but I know something more of the world than you do, and I believe, with Tennyson's Arthur, that 'there's no more subtle master under heaven than is the maiden passion for a maid.' I want to see you safely anchored to the love of some good woman as soon as may be, that's all. I'm rather sorry Miss Campion isn't your lady of the future. I liked her looks, that I did. She is good and strong and true—and has the eyes of a woman who could love in a way that would be worth while. Moreover, she's well-born, well-bred, and well-educated—three very indispensable things when it comes to choosing a woman to fill your mother's place, friend of mine!"

PT "I agree with you," said Eric carelessly. "I could not marry any woman who did not fulfill those conditions. But, as I have said, I am not in love with Agnes Campion—and it wouldn't be of any use if I were. She is as good as engaged to Larry West. You remember West?"

PT "That thin, leggy fellow you chummed with so much your first two years in Queenslea? Yes, what has become of him?"

PT "He had to drop out after his second year for financial reasons. He is working his own way through college, you know. For the past two years he has been teaching school in some out-of-the-way place over in Prince Edward Island. He isn't any too well, poor fellow—never was very strong

and has studied remorselessly. I haven't heard from him since February. He said then that he was afraid he wasn't going to be able to stick it out till the end of the school year. I hope Larry won't break down. He is a fine fellow and worthy even of Agnes Campion. Well, here we are. Coming in, David?"

PT "Not this afternoon—haven't got time. I must mosey up to the North End to see a man who has got a lovely throat. Nobody can find out what is the matter. He has puzzled all the doctors. He has puzzled me, but I'll find out what is wrong with him if he'll only live long enough."

A Letter of Destiny

PT Eric, finding that his father had not yet returned from the college, went into the library and sat down to read a letter he had picked up from the hall table. It was from Larry West, and after the first few lines Eric's face lost the absent look it had worn and assumed an expression of interest.

PT "I am writing to ask a favour of you, Marshall," wrote West. "The fact is, I've fallen into the hands of the Philistines—that is to say, the doctors. I've not been feeling very fit all winter but I've held on, hoping to finish out the year.

PT "Last week my landlady—who is a saint in spectacles and calico—looked at me one morning at the breakfast table and said, VERY gently, 'You must go to town to-morrow, Master, and see a doctor about yourself.'

PT "I went and did not stand upon the order of my going. Mrs. Williamson is She-Who-Must-Be-Obeded. She has an inconvenient habit of making you realize that she is exactly right, and that you would be all kinds of a fool if you didn't take her advice. You feel that what she thinks to-day you will think to-morrow.

PT "In Charlottetown I consulted a doctor. He punched and pounded me, and poked things at me and listened at the other end of them; and finally he said I must stop work 'immejutly and to onct' and hie me straightway to a climate not afflicted with the north-east winds of Prince Edward Island in the spring. I am not to be allowed to do any work until the fall. Such was his dictum and Mrs. Williamson enforces it.

PT "I shall teach this week out and then the spring vacation of three weeks begins. I want you to come over and take my place as pedagogue in the Lindsay school for the last week in May and the month of June. The school year ends then and there will be plenty of teachers looking for the place, but just now I cannot get a suitable substitute. I have a couple of pupils who are preparing to try the Queen's Academy entrance examinations, and I don't like to leave them in the lurch or hand them over to the tender mercies of some third-class teacher who knows little Latin and less Greek. Come over and take the school till the end of the term, you petted son of luxury. It will do you a world of good to learn how

rich a man feels when he is earning twenty-five dollars a month by his own unaided efforts!

PT "Seriously, Marshall, I hope you can come, for I don't know any other fellow I can ask. The work isn't hard, though you'll likely find it monotonous. Of course, this little north-shore farming settlement isn't a very lively place. The rising and setting of the sun are the most exciting events of the average day. But the people are very kind and hospitable; and Prince Edward Island in the month of June is such a thing as you don't often see except in happy dreams. There are some trout in the pond and you'll always find an old salt at the harbour ready and willing to take you out cod-fishing or lobstering.

PT "I'll bequeath you my boarding house. You'll find it comfortable and not further from the school than a good constitutional. Mrs. Williamson is the dearest soul alive; and she is one of those old-fashioned cooks who feed you on feasts of fat things and whose price is above rubies.

PT "Her husband, Robert, or Bob, as he is commonly called despite his sixty years, is quite a character in his way. He is an amusing old gossip, with a turn for racy comment and a finger in everybody's pie. He knows everything about everybody in Lindsay for three generations back.

PT "They have no living children, but Old Bob has a black cat which is his especial pride and darling. The name of this animal is Timothy and as such he must always be called and referred to. Never, as you value Robert's good opinion, let him hear you speaking of his pet as 'the cat,' or even as 'Tim.' You will never be forgiven and he will not consider you a fit person to have charge of the school.

PT "You shall have my room, a little place over the kitchen, with a ceiling that follows the slant of the roof down one side, against which you will bump your head times innumerable until you learn to remember that it is there, and a looking glass which will make one of your eyes as small as a pea and the other as big as an orange.

PT "But to compensate for these disadvantages the supply of towels is generous and unexceptionable; and there is a window whence you will daily behold an occidental view over Lindsay Harbour and the gulf beyond which is an unspeakable miracle of beauty. The sun is setting over it as I write and I see such a sea of glass mingled with fire as might have figured in the visions of the Patmian seer. A vessel is sailing away

into the gold and crimson and pearl of the horizon; the big revolving light on the tip of the headland beyond the harbour has just been lighted and is winking and flashing like a beacon,

PT "O'er the foam

PT Of perilous seas in faerie lands forlorn."

PT "Wire me if you can come; and if you can, report for duty on the twenty-third of May."

PT Mr. Marshall, Senior, came in, just as Eric was thoughtfully folding up his letter. The former looked more like a benevolent old clergyman or philanthropist than the keen, shrewd, somewhat hard, although just and honest, man of business that he really was. He had a round, rosy face, fringed with white whiskers, a fine head of long white hair, and a pursed-up mouth. Only in his blue eyes was a twinkle that would have made any man who designed getting the better of him in a bargain think twice before he made the attempt.

PT It was easily seen that Eric must have inherited his personal beauty and distinction of form from his mother, whose picture hung on the dark wall between the windows. She had died while still young, when Eric was a boy of ten. During her lifetime she had been the object of the passionate devotion of both her husband and son; and the fine, strong, sweet face of the picture was a testimony that she had been worthy of their love and reverence. The same face, cast in a masculine mold, was repeated in Eric; the chestnut hair grew off his forehead in the same way; his eyes were like hers, and in his grave moods they held a similar expression, half brooding, half tender, in their depths.

PT Mr. Marshall was very proud of his son's success in college, but he had no intention of letting him see it. He loved this boy of his, with the dead mother's eyes, better than anything on earth, and all his hopes and ambitions were bound up in him.

PT "Well, that fuss is over, thank goodness," he said testily, as he dropped into his favourite chair.

PT "Didn't you find the programme interesting?" asked Eric absently.

PT "Most of it was tommyrot," said his father. "The only things I liked were Charlie's Latin prayer and those pretty little girls trotting up to get

their diplomas. Latin IS the language for praying in, I do believe,—at least, when a man has a voice like Old Charlie's. There was such a sonorous roll to the words that the mere sound of them made me feel like getting down on my marrow bones. And then those girls were as pretty as pinks, now weren't they? Agnes was the finest-looking of the lot in my opinion. I hope it's true that you're courting her, Eric?"

PT "Confound it, father," said Eric, half irritably, half laughingly, "have you and David Baker entered into a conspiracy to hound me into matrimony whether I will or no?"

PT "I've never said a word to David Baker on such a subject," protested Mr. Marshall.

PT "Well, you are just as bad as he is. He hectored me all the way home from the college on the subject. But why are you in such a hurry to have me married, dad?"

PT "Because I want a homemaker in this house as soon as may be.

PT There has never been one since your mother died. I am tired of

PT housekeepers. And I want to see your children at my knees before

PT I die, Eric, and I'm an old man now."

PT "Well, your wish is natural, father," said Eric gently, with a glance at his mother's picture. "But I can't rush out and marry somebody off-hand, can I? And I fear it wouldn't exactly do to advertise for a wife, even in these days of commercial enterprise."

PT "Isn't there ANYBODY you're fond of?" queried Mr. Marshall, with the patient air of a man who overlooks the frivolous jests of youth.

PT "No. I never yet saw the woman who could make my heart beat any faster."

PT "I don't know what you young men are made of nowadays," growled his father. "I was in love half a dozen times before I was your age."

PT "You might have been 'in love.' But you never LOVED any woman until you met my mother. I know that, father. And it didn't happen till you were pretty well on in life either."

PT "You're too hard to please. That's what's the matter, that's what's the matter!"

PT "Perhaps I am. When a man has had a mother like mine his standard of womanly sweetness is apt to be pitched pretty high. Let's drop the subject, father. Here, I want you to read this letter—it's from Larry."

PT "Humph!" grunted Mr. Marshall, when he had finished with it. "So Larry's knocked out at last—always thought he would be—always expected it. Sorry, too. He was a decent fellow. Well, are you going?"

PT "Yes, I think so, if you don't object."

PT "You'll have a pretty monotonous time of it, judging from his account of Lindsay."

PT "Probably. But I am not going over in search of excitement. I'm going to oblige Larry and have a look at the Island."

PT "Well, it's worth looking at, some parts of the year," conceded Mr. Marshall. "When I'm on Prince Edward Island in the summer I always understand an old Scotch Islander I met once in Winnipeg. He was always talking of 'the Island.' Somebody once asked him, 'What island do you mean?' He simply LOOKED at that ignorant man. Then he said, 'Why, Prince Edward Island, mon. WHAT OTHER ISLAND IS THERE?' Go if you'd like to. You need a rest after the grind of examinations before settling down to business. And mind you don't get into any mischief, young sir."

PT "Not much likelihood of that in a place like Lindsay, I fancy," laughed Eric.

PT "Probably the devil finds as much mischief for idle hands in Lindsay as anywhere else. The worst tragedy I ever heard of happened on a backwoods farm, fifteen miles from a railroad and five from a store. However, I expect your mother's son to behave himself in the fear of God and man. In all likelihood the worst thing that will happen to you over there will be that some misguided woman will put you to sleep in a spare room bed. And if that does happen may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The Master of Lindsay School

PT One evening, a month later, Eric Marshall came out of the old, white-washed schoolhouse at Lindsay, and locked the door—which was carved over with initials innumerable, and built of double plank in order that it might withstand all the assaults and batteries to which it might be subjected.

PT Eric's pupils had gone home an hour before, but he had stayed to solve some algebra problems, and correct some Latin exercises for his advanced students.

PT The sun was slanting in warm yellow lines through the thick grove of maples to the west of the building, and the dim green air beneath them burst into golden bloom. A couple of sheep were nibbling the lush grass in a far corner of the play-ground; a cow-bell, somewhere in the maple woods, tinkled faintly and musically, on the still crystal air, which, in spite of its blandness, still retained a touch of the wholesome austerity and poignancy of a Canadian spring. The whole world seemed to have fallen, for the time being, into a pleasant untroubled dream.

PT The scene was very peaceful and pastoral—almost too much so, the young man thought, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he stood in the worn steps and gazed about him. How was he going to put in a whole month here, he wondered, with a little smile at his own expense.

PT "Father would chuckle if he knew I was sick of it already," he thought, as he walked across the play-ground to the long red road that ran past the school. "Well, one week is ended, at any rate. I've earned my own living for five whole days, and that is something I could never say before in all my twenty-four years of existence. It is an exhilarating thought. But teaching the Lindsay district school is distinctly NOT exhilarating—at least in such a well-behaved school as this, where the pupils are so painfully good that I haven't even the traditional excitement of thrashing obstreperous bad boys. Everything seems to go by clock work in Lindsay educational institution. Larry must certainly have possessed a marked gift for organizing and drilling. I feel as if I were merely a big cog in an orderly machine that ran itself. However, I understand that there are some pupils who haven't shown up yet, and who, according to all reports, have not yet had the old Adam totally drilled

out of them. They may make things more interesting. Also a few more compositions, such as John Reid's, would furnish some spice to professional life."

PT Eric's laughter wakened the echoes as he swung into the road down the long sloping hill. He had given his fourth grade pupils their own choice of subjects in the composition class that morning, and John Reid, a sober, matter-of-fact little urchin, with not the slightest embryonic development of a sense of humour, had, acting upon the whispered suggestion of a roguish desk-mate, elected to write upon "Courting." His opening sentence made Eric's face twitch mutinously whenever he recalled it during the day. "Courting is a very pleasant thing which a great many people go too far with."

PT The distant hills and wooded uplands were tremulous and aerial in delicate spring-time gauzes of pearl and purple. The young, green-leafed maples crowded thickly to the very edge of the road on either side, but beyond them were emerald fields basking in sunshine, over which cloud shadows rolled, broadened, and vanished. Far below the fields a calm ocean slept blue, and sighed in its sleep, with the murmur that rings for ever in the ear of those whose good fortune it is to have been born within the sound of it.

PT Now and then Eric met some callow, check-shirted, bare-legged lad on horseback, or a shrewd-faced farmer in a cart, who nodded and called out cheerily, "Howdy, Master?" A young girl, with a rosy, oval face, dimpled cheeks, and pretty dark eyes filled with shy coquetry, passed him, looking as if she would not be at all averse to a better acquaintance with the new teacher.

PT Half way down the hill Eric met a shambling, old gray horse drawing an express wagon which had seen better days. The driver was a woman: she appeared to be one of those drab-tinted individuals who can never have felt a rosy emotion in all their lives. She stopped her horse, and beckoned Eric over to her with the knobby handle of a faded and bony umbrella.

PT "Reckon you're the new Master, ain't you?" she asked.

PT Eric admitted that he was.

PT "Well, I'm glad to see you," she said, offering him a hand in a much darned cotton glove that had once been black.

PT "I was right sorry to see Mr. West go, for he was a right good teacher, and as harmless, inoffensive a creetur as ever lived. But I always told him every time I laid eyes on him that he was in consumption, if ever a man was. YOU look real healthy—though you can't always tell by looks, either. I had a brother complected like you, but he was killed in a railroad accident out west when he was real young.

PT "I've got a boy I'll be sending to school to you next week. He'd oughter gone this week, but I had to keep him home to help me put the pertaters in; for his father won't work and doesn't work and can't be made to work.

PT "Sandy—his full name is Edward Alexander—called after both his grandfathers—hates the idee of going to school worse 'n pisen— always did. But go he shall, for I'm determined he's got to have more larning hammered into his head yet. I reckon you'll have trouble with him, Master, for he's as stupid as an owl, and as stubborn as Solomon's mule. But mind this, Master, I'll back you up. You just lick Sandy good and plenty when he needs it, and send me a scrape of the pen home with him, and I'll give him another dose.

PT "There's people that always sides in with their young ones when there's any rumpus kicked up in the school, but I don't hold to that, and never did. You can depend on Rebecca Reid every time, Master."

PT "Thank you. I am sure I can," said Eric, in his most winning tones.

PT He kept his face straight until it was safe to relax, and Mrs. Reid drove on with a soft feeling in her leathery old heart, which had been so toughened by long endurance of poverty and toil, and a husband who wouldn't work and couldn't be made to work, that it was no longer a very susceptible organ where members of the opposite sex were concerned.

PT Mrs. Reid reflected that this young man had a way with him.

PT Eric already knew most of the Lindsay folks by sight; but at the foot of the hill he met two people, a man and a boy, whom he did not know. They were sitting in a shabby, old-fashioned wagon, and were watering their horse at the brook, which gurgled limpidly under the little plank bridge in the hollow.

PT Eric surveyed them with some curiosity. They did not look in the least like the ordinary run of Lindsay people. The boy, in particular, had a distinctly foreign appearance, in spite of the gingham shirt and homespun trousers, which seemed to be the regulation, work-a-day outfit for the Lindsay farmer lads. He had a lithe, supple body, with sloping shoulders, and a lean, satiny brown throat above his open shirt collar. His head was covered with thick, silky, black curls, and the hand that hung down by the side of the wagon was unusually long and slender. His face was richly, though somewhat heavily featured, olive tinted, save for the cheeks, which had a dusky crimson bloom. His mouth was as red and beguiling as a girl's, and his eyes were large, bold and black. All in all, he was a strikingly handsome fellow; but the expression of his face was sullen, and he somehow gave Eric the impression of a sinuous, feline creature basking in lazy grace, but ever ready for an unexpected spring.

PT The other occupant of the wagon was a man between sixty-five and seventy, with iron-gray hair, a long, full, gray beard, a harsh-featured face, and deep-set hazel eyes under bushy, bristling brows. He was evidently tall, with a spare, ungainly figure, and stooping shoulders. His mouth was close-lipped and relentless, and did not look as if it had ever smiled. Indeed, the idea of smiling could not be connected with this man—it was utterly incongruous. Yet there was nothing repellent about his face; and there was something in it that compelled Eric's attention.

PT He rather prided himself on being a student of physiognomy, and he felt quite sure that this man was no ordinary Lindsay farmer of the genial, garrulous type with which he was familiar.

PT Long after the old wagon, with its oddly assorted pair, had gone lumbering up the hill, Eric found himself thinking of the stern, heavy browed man and the black-eyed, red-lipped boy.

A Tea Table Conversation

PT The Williamson place, where Eric boarded, was on the crest of the succeeding hill. He liked it as well as Larry West had prophesied that he would. The Williamsons, as well as the rest of the Lindsay people, took it for granted that he was a poor college student working his way through as Larry West had been doing. Eric did not disturb this belief, although he said nothing to contribute to it.

PT The Williamsons were at tea in the kitchen when Eric went in. Mrs. Williamson was the "saint in spectacles and calico" which Larry West had termed her. Eric liked her greatly. She was a slight, gray-haired woman, with a thin, sweet, high-bred face, deeply lined with the records of outlived pain. She talked little as a rule; but, in the pungent country phrase she never spoke but she said something. The one thing that constantly puzzled Eric was how such a woman ever came to marry Robert Williamson.

PT She smiled in a motherly fashion at Eric, as he hung his hat on the white-washed wall and took his place at the table. Outside of the window behind him was a birch grove which, in the westering sun, was a tremulous splendour, with a sea of undergrowth wavered into golden billows by every passing wind.

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Os Pensamentos da Juventude

En Em um dia do início da primavera, a luz do sol caía como mel dourado pálido sobre os edifícios de tijolos vermelhos do Queenslea College e os terrenos ao redor. A luz lançava padrões delicados nos caminhos através das árvores nuas, e os narcisos começavam a crescer perto das janelas do vestiário das estudantes.

En Um vento fresco de abril, tão doce como se viesse de campos lembrados em vez de ruas sujas, soprava pelas copas das árvores e mexia a hera na frente do edifício principal. O vento parecia cantar canções diferentes para cada ouvinte, refletindo o que estava em seu coração. Para os alunos que acabavam de se formar, ele cantava talvez de esperança, sucesso e realização. Cantava de sonhos juvenis que podem nunca se realizar completamente, mas que ainda valem a pena ser sonhados. A pessoa que sai da universidade sem tais sonhos perdeu algo importante.

En A multidão fluiu para fora do saguão de entrada e se espalhou pelo campus, depois pelas ruas. Eric Marshall e David Baker saíram juntos. Eric havia se formado no topo de sua classe naquele dia em Artes. David tinha vindo para assistir à cerimônia e estava muito orgulhoso do sucesso de Eric.

En Os dois homens tinham uma amizade longa e leal, embora David fosse dez anos mais velho que Eric, e muito mais velho em termos das dificuldades que havia enfrentado, que envelhecem uma pessoa mais rapidamente do que o tempo sozinho.

En Os dois homens, embora primos, pareciam muito diferentes. Eric Marshall era alto e forte, com um andar confiante que sugeria força e poder ocultos. Ele parecia ter recebido todos os dons da fortuna: era inteligente, bonito e tinha uma personalidade encantadora que não dependia da aparência ou inteligência. Seus olhos eram cinza-azulados, seu cabelo era castanho-escuro com reflexos dourados, e seu queixo era firme. Ele era filho de um homem rico, com um bom passado e um futuro brilhante. As pessoas o consideravam prático e não dado a sonhos românticos.

En Um professor de Queenslea, conhecido por seus ditos enigmáticos, expressou dúvida de que Eric Marshall algum dia agiria

impulsivamente. No entanto, acrescentou que, se Eric o fizesse, isso compensaria sua única deficiência.

En David Baker era baixo e robusto, com um rosto pouco atraente, porém encantador. Seus olhos castanhos eram afiados e cautelosos, e sua boca tinha um toque humorístico que ele podia tornar sarcástico, provocador ou cativante à vontade. Sua voz era geralmente suave e melodiosa, como a de uma mulher, mas aqueles que o viram verdadeiramente irritado ouviram tons que não desejavam ouvir novamente.

En Ele era um médico especializado em condições de garganta e voz, e sua reputação estava se espalhando pelo país. Ele fazia parte do corpo docente do Queenslea Medical College, e os boatos sugeriam que em breve ocuparia uma importante vaga na McGill.

En Ele havia superado grandes obstáculos para alcançar o sucesso. Quando Eric nasceu, David trabalhava como mensageiro na Marshall & Company. Treze anos depois, ele se formou no topo de sua turma no Queenslea Medical College. O Sr. Marshall forneceu toda a assistência que o orgulho de David permitia, e depois insistiu em financiar seu treinamento de pós-graduação em Londres e na Alemanha. Baker eventualmente pagou cada centavo, mas sua gratidão ao homem generoso nunca diminuiu, e ele amava o filho do Sr. Marshall com um afeto fraternal.

En Ele acompanhara o progresso universitário de Eric com intenso interesse. Esperava que Eric cursasse direito ou medicina após terminar seu bacharelado em artes, e ficou muito decepcionado quando Eric finalmente optou por entrar nos negócios com seu pai.

En Ao voltar da faculdade para casa, um homem resmungou que seu amigo estava desperdiçando seus talentos. Ele disse que a língua afiada do amigo era naturalmente adequada para um advogado, e que usá-la para negócios era como desafiar o destino. Ele perguntou onde estava a ambição do amigo.

En Eric respondeu rindo que sua ambição estava exatamente no lugar certo. Ele reconheceu que seu amigo David talvez não valorizasse os negócios, mas argumentou que seu jovem país precisava de todos os tipos de pessoas. Ele explicou que estava entrando nos negócios porque era o sonho de toda a vida de seu pai; seu pai queria que ele fizesse

uma educação liberal, mas agora esperava que ele se juntasse à empresa.

En David destacou que o pai de Eric não se oporia a ele se ele realmente quisesse fazer outra coisa.

En Eric respondeu que seu pai não se oporia a ele, mas o ponto principal era que ele próprio não queria uma carreira diferente. Ele disse a David que David odiava tanto os negócios que não conseguia entender que outro homem pudesse gostar disso. Eric argumentou que havia muitos advogados, mas nunca pessoas de negócios honestas o suficiente que pudessem fazer grandes coisas pela humanidade e pelo seu país. Ele declarou que sua ambição borbulhava dentro dele; ele pretendia tornar a loja de departamentos Marshall & Company famosa em todo o Canadá. Seu pai havia começado como um menino pobre de fazenda e construído uma reputação provincial; Eric planejava expandi-la para uma reputação marítima em cinco anos e canadense em dez. Ele perguntou se isso não era tão honroso quanto fazer o preto parecer branco no tribunal ou inventar doenças terríveis para atormentar as pessoas.

En David deu de ombros e disse que, quando Eric começou a fazer piadas ruins, era hora de parar de discutir. Ele aceitou que Eric seguiria seu próprio caminho e sofreria seu próprio destino. Então David reclamou que a rua íngreme era cansativa, especialmente porque ele não era mais tão magro e ativo quanto no dia de sua formatura dez anos atrás. Ele observou que a turma de Eric tinha cerca de vinte alunas, enquanto quando ele se formou havia apenas duas senhoras, mais velhas, austeras e angulares, mas excelentes mulheres. Ele comentou que os tempos mudaram, a julgar pela fileira de alunas hoje — havia uma garota que parecia não ter mais de dezoito anos, como se fosse feita de ouro, pétalas de rosa e gotas de orvalho.

En Eric riu e comentou que o oráculo falava em poesia. Ele apontou que era Florence Percival, a melhor aluna em matemática. Muitos a consideravam a beleza da turma, mas Eric não concordava. Ele não gostava daquele estilo loiro e infantil de beleza e preferia Agnes Champion, uma garota alta, de cabelos escuros e tez rosada, que havia ganhado honras em filosofia.

En David respondeu enfaticamente que de fato havia notado Agnes Campion e a observado de forma muito crítica. Ele explicou que alguém atrás dele sussurrou seu nome e acrescentou a informação interessante de que ela seria a futura esposa de Eric Marshall. Ao ouvir isso, David a encarou com todos os seus olhos.

En Eric respondeu com irritação que não havia verdade naquele relato. Ele e Agnes eram os melhores amigos e nada mais. Ele a admirava mais do que qualquer outra mulher, mas ainda não havia conhecido a mulher que se tornaria a Sra. Eric Marshall. Ele nem sequer havia começado a procurá-la e não pretendia fazê-lo por vários anos, pois tinha outras coisas em que pensar. Ele falou com um desdém que mais tarde poderia ser punido por Cupido.

En David disse secamente que Eric encontraria a senhora do seu futuro um dia. Ele previu que, se o destino não a trouxesse logo, Eric começaria a procurá-la muito rapidamente. Então deu um conselho a Eric: quando ele for cortejar, deve levar seu bom senso consigo.

En Eric perguntou, divertido, se David achava que ele provavelmente deixaria seu bom senso para trás.

En David expressou sua desconfiança em relação a Eric, observando que seu lado escocês das terras baixas era confiável, mas a herança celta de sua avó das terras altas tornava seu comportamento imprevisível, especialmente em questões amorosas. Ele alertou que Eric poderia perder a cabeça por uma mulher de mau caráter simplesmente por causa de sua aparência, e depois se arrepender. David insistiu que manteria o direito de julgar qualquer mulher que Eric escolhesse para se casar.

En Eric rebateu que David poderia expressar quaisquer opiniões que desejasse, mas, no final, apenas o próprio julgamento de Eric determinaria seu futuro.

En David chamou Eric carinhosamente de um rebento teimoso de uma raça teimosa e admitiu que nunca se sentiria seguro em relação a Eric até que o visse casado com o tipo certo de mulher. Ele acreditava que nove em cada dez garotas da região eram excelentes, mas a décima sempre representava um risco.

En Eric protestou que David era tão ruim quanto a Alice Esperta do conto de fadas, que se preocupava excessivamente com o futuro de crianças ainda não nascidas.

En David respondeu seriamente que Alice Esperta havia sido injustamente ridicularizada, mas os médicos entendiam sua sabedoria. Ele argumentou que, se as pessoas se preocupassem mais em garantir uma herança física, mental e moral adequada para seus filhos ainda não nascidos, e depois parassem de se preocupar após o nascimento, o mundo seria muito melhor e o progresso humano avançaria significativamente.

En Eric optou por não discutir sobre hereditariedade com David. Pensou em perguntar a David por que ele não se casava e dava o exemplo, mas parou porque David tinha uma velha tristeza que não deveria ser perturbada por brincadeiras. Em vez disso, Eric perguntou por que ele não deixava o assunto para o destino, já que David acreditava em predestinação.

En David disse que acreditava até certo ponto que o que será será, mas acrescentou que o que não deveria acontecer às vezes ocorre, e esses eventos inesperados causam problemas. Ele citou Tennyson, dizendo que o desejo de uma donzela é a força mais sutil. Ele queria que Eric encontrasse logo uma boa mulher para amar. Lamentou que a Srta. Champion não fosse a escolhida, porque ela parecia boa, forte, verdadeira e capaz de amar profundamente. Ele também observou que ela era de boa origem, bem-educada e bem-instruída, o que era importante para alguém ocupar o lugar da mãe de Eric.

En Eric concordou, mas disse descuidadamente que não poderia se casar com uma mulher que não atendesse a essas condições. No entanto, ele não estava apaixonado por Agnes Champion, e não importaria se estivesse, porque ela estava praticamente noiva de Larry West.

En David perguntou se ele se referia ao amigo magro e alto com quem passara muito tempo durante os dois primeiros anos em Queenslea, e se perguntou o que havia acontecido com ele.

En Eric explicou que Larry teve que sair da faculdade após o segundo ano por problemas financeiros. Ele estava pagando seus próprios estudos. Por dois anos, ele lecionou em um lugar distante na Ilha do

Príncipe Eduardo. Ele não era muito saudável e havia estudado demais. Eric não tinha notícias dele desde fevereiro, quando Larry disse que temia não conseguir terminar o ano letivo. Eric esperava que ele não desmoronasse, pois era uma boa pessoa digna de Agnes. Então Eric perguntou se David ia entrar.

En O médico disse que não tinha tempo naquela tarde; ele tinha que ir ao North End para ver um homem com uma condição misteriosa na garganta. O homem tinha intrigado todos os médicos, incluindo ele mesmo, mas ele estava confiante de que poderia descobrir a causa se o homem sobrevivesse.

Uma Carta do Destino

En Eric notou que seu pai ainda não tinha voltado da faculdade, então entrou na biblioteca e sentou-se para ler uma carta que havia pegado da mesa do hall. Era de Larry West. Após as primeiras linhas, a expressão distante de Eric deu lugar a um grande interesse.

En Larry West escreveu para Eric, pedindo um favor. Ele disse que havia caído nas mãos dos médicos; não se sentira bem durante todo o inverno, mas perseverara, esperando terminar o ano.

En Na semana passada, sua senhoria, uma mulher santa de óculos e chita, insistiu gentilmente que ele fosse à cidade no dia seguinte para consultar um médico.

En Ele foi sem demora, pois a Sra. Williamson era uma pessoa que devia ser obedecida. Ela tinha um jeito de fazer você ver que ela estava exatamente certa, e que você seria um tolo se não seguisse seu conselho. O que quer que ela pensasse hoje, você inevitavelmente pensaria amanhã.

En O interlocutor consultou um médico em Charlottetown que o examinou minuciosamente e aconselhou-o a parar de trabalhar imediatamente e ir para um lugar sem os ventos nordeste da primavera da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ele não podia fazer nenhum trabalho até o outono. A Sra. Williamson estava fazendo cumprir essa instrução médica.

En O interlocutor disse que terminaria de dar aulas na semana, após a qual começariam as férias de primavera de três semanas. Ele pediu a Marshall que viesse assumir como professor na escola de Lindsay na última semana de maio e no mês de junho. Precisava de um substituto porque alguns alunos estavam se preparando para os exames de admissão da Queen's Academy e não queria deixá-los com um professor ruim. Ele acreditava que a experiência de ganhar vinte e cinco dólares por mês com seus próprios esforços seria boa para Marshall.

En O interlocutor esperava seriamente que Marshall pudesse vir, pois não conhecia mais ninguém a quem pedir. O trabalho não era difícil, mas podia ser monótono. O povoado agrícola da costa norte era tranquilo, com o nascer e o pôr do sol sendo os principais eventos do dia. No

entanto, as pessoas eram gentis e hospitaleiras, e a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo em junho era linda. Havia trutas no lago, e no porto era possível encontrar alguém para levá-los para pescar bacalhau ou lagosta.

En O interlocutor disse que deixaria sua pensão para Marshall. Era confortável e não ficava longe da escola. A Sra. Williamson era uma pessoa muito gentil e uma cozinheira à moda antiga que preparava refeições excelentes.

En O marido da Sra. Williamson, Robert, conhecido como Bob apesar de ter sessenta anos, era um personagem. Ele era um velho fofoqueiro divertido que sabia tudo sobre todos em Lindsay, remontando a três gerações.

En Old Bob não tinha filhos vivos, mas tinha um gato preto que era seu grande orgulho. O gato se chamava Timothy, e era essencial chamá-lo pelo nome completo. Se alguém se referisse ao gato como "o gato" ou mesmo "Tim", perderia a boa opinião de Bob. Ele nunca os perdoaria e não os consideraria aptos a estar encarregados da escola.

En O quarto oferecido era um pequeno espaço acima da cozinha, com um teto que descia em declive de um lado, de modo que o ocupante bateria a cabeça muitas vezes antes de aprender a lembrar disso. Havia também um espelho que distorcia os reflexos, fazendo um olho parecer minúsculo e o outro enorme.

En No entanto, para compensar essas desvantagens, havia um generoso suprimento de toalhas e uma janela que oferecia uma vista diária do porto e do golfo. O pôr do sol sobre a água era um milagre de beleza, com o mar brilhando como vidro misturado com fogo. Um navio navegava para longe no horizonte colorido, enquanto o farol no promontório começava a piscar.

En O poema continuava com um verso sobre navegar sobre a espuma.

En Descrevia mares perigosos em terras de fadas esquecidas.

En Ele pediu que lhe enviassem um telegrama se pudesse vir e, em caso afirmativo, que se apresentasse ao trabalho no dia vinte e três de maio.

En O Sr. Marshall Sênior entrou enquanto Eric dobrava sua carta. Ele parecia mais um velho clérigo bondoso do que o empresário astuto e rígido que realmente era. Tinha um rosto redondo e rosado, com costeletas brancas, uma bela cabeleira longa e branca e uma boca franzida. Apenas seus olhos azuis tinham um brilho que avisava a quem planejasse enganá-lo nos negócios que pensasse duas vezes.

En Estava claro que Eric herdou sua beleza e forma de sua mãe, cujo retrato estava pendurado na parede. Ela morreu jovem quando Eric tinha dez anos. Tanto seu pai quanto ele a amavam profundamente, e seu retrato mostrava um rosto digno desse amor. Eric se parecia com ela, com o mesmo cabelo castanho e olhos; em momentos sérios, seus olhos tinham uma expressão semelhante, terna e pensativa.

En O Sr. Marshall estava orgulhoso do sucesso universitário de seu filho, mas escondia isso. Ele amava seu filho, que tinha os olhos de sua mãe, mais do que qualquer coisa, e todas as suas esperanças estavam concentradas nele.

En Ele disse irritado que estava feliz que a confusão tinha acabado e sentou-se em sua cadeira favorita.

En Eric perguntou distraidamente se seu pai havia achado o programa interessante.

En Seu pai disse que a maior parte era bobagem. Ele só gostou da oração em latim do Charlie e das garotas bonitas recebendo seus diplomas. Comentou que o latim é a língua adequada para orações, especialmente quando falada em uma voz profunda e ressonante como a do Charlie. Ele também observou que as garotas eram muito bonitas e perguntou a Eric se era verdade que ele estava cortejando Agnes, a quem considerava a mais bonita de todas.

En Eric, meio irritado e meio divertido, perguntou ao pai se ele e David Baker haviam conspirado para pressioná-lo ao casamento contra sua vontade.

En O Sr. Marshall protestou que nunca havia discutido tal assunto com David Baker.

En Eric disse que seu pai era tão ruim quanto David Baker, que o havia repreendido sobre o assunto o caminho todo desde a faculdade.

Ele então perguntou ao pai por que estava com tanta pressa para que ele se casasse.

En O pai explicou que queria uma dona de casa o mais rápido possível.

En Não havia dona de casa desde que a mãe de Eric morreu, e o pai estava cansado de

En Ele estava cansado de governantas e queria ver os filhos de Eric antes de morrer.

En Ele disse que agora era um homem velho.

En Eric respondeu gentilmente que o desejo do pai era natural, mas que não poderia encontrar uma esposa imediatamente. Ele também achava que não seria apropriado anunciar uma esposa, mesmo nos tempos modernos.

En O Sr. Marshall perguntou se havia alguém por quem ele se importasse, falando com o tom paciente de alguém que tolera brincadeiras juvenis.

En Ele respondeu que nunca havia conhecido uma mulher que fizesse seu coração bater mais rápido.

En Seu pai resmungou que não entendia os jovens modernos, acrescentando que ele próprio havia se apaixonado várias vezes antes de chegar à idade do filho.

En O jovem disse ao pai que ele poderia ter se encantado, mas nunca amou verdadeiramente alguém até conhecer sua mãe, e isso não aconteceu até que seu pai estivesse consideravelmente mais velho.

En Disseram-lhe que ele era muito difícil de satisfazer, e esse era o problema.

En Ela admitiu que poderia de fato ser assim, explicando que um homem com uma mãe como a sua naturalmente estabeleceria um padrão muito alto para a doçura feminina. Em seguida, sugeriu que mudassem de assunto e pediu ao pai que lesse uma carta de Larry.

En O Sr. Marshall resmungou após ler a carta, comentando que Larry finalmente havia sido derrotado, o que ele sempre esperara. Ele

expressou pesar, chamando Larry de um homem decente, e então perguntou se ela iria embora.

En Ela respondeu que achava que iria, a menos que ele se opusesse.

En Ele observou que o tempo dela lá provavelmente seria bastante monótono, baseado na descrição que Larry fizera de Lindsay.

En Ela concordou que provavelmente seria monótono, mas esclareceu que não estava em busca de emoção. Seu objetivo era fazer um favor a Larry e conhecer a Ilha.

En O Sr. Marshall admitiu que a ilha valia a pena ser visitada em algumas épocas. Ele lembrou de um antigo ilhéu da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo que conheceu em Winnipeg e que sempre falava de "a Ilha" como se não houvesse outra. Ele disse a Eric que ele poderia ir, pois precisava de um descanso após os exames antes de começar a trabalhar, e o alertou para não se meter em enrascadas.

En Eric riu, dizendo que enrascadas pareciam improváveis em um lugar tranquilo como Lindsay.

En O Sr. Marshall rebateu dizendo que problemas poderiam encontrar alguém em qualquer lugar, relatando uma tragédia em uma fazenda remota. Ele expressou confiança de que Eric se comportaria adequadamente, então brincou que o pior destino que o aguardava poderia ser ser colocado para dormir em uma cama de quarto de hóspedes por uma mulher equivocada, o que, segundo ele, exigiria misericórdia divina.

O Mestre da Escola de Lindsay

En Um mês depois, numa noite, Eric Marshall saiu da velha escola caída em Lindsay e trancou a porta, que estava coberta de iniciais gravadas e construída com tábuas duplas para resistir a maus-tratos.

En Seus alunos tinham ido para casa uma hora antes, mas Eric permaneceu para trabalhar em problemas de álgebra e corrigir exercícios de latim para seus alunos avançados.

En O sol projetava linhas amarelas e quentes através do bosque de bordos a oeste do prédio, transformando o ar verde e escuro embaixo em luz dourada. Algumas ovelhas pastavam em um canto distante do playground, e um sino de vaca vindo do bosque produzia um tilintar musical e fraco no ar parado e nítido — ainda tocado pela austeridade robusta de uma primavera canadense. O mundo inteiro parecia ter caído em um sonho agradável e tranquilo.

En A cena era pacífica e pastoril – quase excessivamente, pensou o jovem, enquanto parava nos degraus gastos e examinava os arredores. Perguntou-se, com um leve sorriso autocrítico, como conseguiria suportar um mês inteiro ali.

En Ele imaginou que seu pai riria se soubesse que ele já estava cansado disso. Atravessando o pátio da escola até a longa estrada vermelha, ele refletiu que uma semana havia terminado: ele havia ganhado seu próprio sustento por cinco dias inteiros, algo que nunca havia feito em seus vinte e quatro anos. Isso foi emocionante, mas dar aulas na escola do distrito de Lindsay não era—pelo menos não em uma escola tão bem-comportada, onde os alunos eram tão dolorosamente bons que ele não tinha nem mesmo a emoção tradicional de disciplinar garotos rebeldes. Tudo funcionava como um relógio. Ele se sentia como uma mera engrenagem em uma máquina que funcionava sozinha. No entanto, ele entendeu que alguns alunos que ainda não haviam aparecido eram conhecidos por ainda terem um pouco de travessura, o que poderia tornar as coisas mais interessantes. Além disso, mais algumas redações como a de John Reid adicionariam um pouco de tempero à vida profissional.

En A risada de Eric ecoou enquanto ele entrava na estrada descendo a longa colina inclinada. Naquela manhã, ele havia permitido que seus

alunos do quarto ano escolhessem seus próprios temas de redação. John Reid, um garoto sério e literal, sem nenhum senso de humor, seguiu a sugestão sussurrada de um colega travesso e escreveu sobre "Namoro." Sua frase de abertura, que fazia o rosto de Eric se contrair involuntariamente sempre que ele se lembrava dela, afirmava que namorar é uma coisa muito agradável com a qual muitas pessoas vão longe demais.

En Ao longe, colinas e planaltos arborizados pareciam trêmulos e aéreos nas delicadas brumas primaveris de pérola e púrpura. Jovens bordos de folhas verdes aglomeravam-se densamente até a beira da estrada em ambos os lados, enquanto além deles campos esmeralda se banhavam ao sol, com sombras de nuvens rolando, alargando-se e desaparecendo. Muito abaixo dos campos, um oceano calmo dormia azulado, suspirando em seu sono com um murmúrio que ressoa para sempre nos ouvidos daqueles afortunados o suficiente para terem nascido ao seu alcance.

En Eric ocasionalmente encontrava garotos jovens a cavalo, fazendeiros em carroças que o cumprimentavam alegremente, e uma garota bonita com rosto rosado e olhos escuros que parecia interessada nele.

En Na metade da descida da colina, Eric encontrou um velho cavalo cinza puxando uma carroça desgastada. A condutora era uma mulher que parecia nunca ter experimentado alegria. Ela parou e fez sinal para Eric se aproximar com seu guarda-chuva.

En Ela perguntou a Eric se ele era o novo professor.

En Eric confirmou que sim.

En Ela expressou suas boas-vindas e ofereceu a mão, que estava coberta por uma luva preta muito remendada.

En A mulher expressou pesar pela partida do Sr. West, descrevendo-o como um bom professor e inofensivo. Ela sempre acreditou que ele sofria de tuberculose. Ela comentou que Eric parecia saudável, embora as aparências possam enganar, e mencionou que seu irmão, que se parecia com Eric, morreu jovem em um acidente de trem.

En A mulher disse que enviaria seu filho para a escola na semana seguinte. Ele havia perdido esta semana porque ela precisava de sua ajuda para plantar batatas, já que seu marido se recusava a trabalhar.

En Ela explicou que seu filho, Edward Alexander, odiava a ideia de ir à escola. Ela estava determinada a que ele frequentasse e aprendesse mais. Descrevendo-o como pouco inteligente e muito teimoso, ela avisou o professor que ele seria difícil. No entanto, ela prometeu apoiar o professor e puniria o filho ainda mais se o professor enviasse um bilhete para casa após discipliná-lo.

En Ela afirmou que alguns pais sempre tomam o lado dos filhos em problemas escolares, mas ela não concordava com isso. O professor poderia contar com o apoio dela.

En Eric agradeceu e disse que estava confiante de que poderia lidar com a situação.

En Eric manteve a compostura até que fosse seguro relaxar. A Sra. Reid continuou dirigindo, sentindo uma rara suavidade em seu coração. Aquele coração havia sido endurecido por anos de pobreza, trabalho pesado e um marido que não podia ser feito trabalhar, deixando-o já não facilmente comovido por homens.

En A Sra. Reid refletiu que o jovem possuía um certo charme.

En Eric reconhecia a maioria dos moradores de Lindsay de vista, mas ao pé da colina encontrou um homem e um menino que nunca vira. Eles estavam sentados em uma carroça velha e desgastada, dando água ao cavalo no riacho que gorgolejava claramente sob a pequena ponte de tábuas na depressão.

En Eric os estudou com curiosidade. Eles eram diferentes dos típicos habitantes de Lindsay. O menino, apesar de suas roupas de fazendeiro, tinha uma aparência distintamente estrangeira. Ele tinha um corpo esguio e flexível, um pescoço moreno, cabelos pretos e crespos e grossos, e mãos excepcionalmente longas e delgadas. Seu rosto era de tom oliva com um carmesim escuro nas bochechas, sua boca vermelha e atraente, seus olhos grandes, audaciosos e negros. Ele era bonito, mas usava uma expressão sombria, dando a Eric a impressão de uma criatura graciosa, felina, languidamente postada, mas pronta para saltar.

En O outro ocupante era um homem entre sessenta e cinco e setenta anos, com cabelos grisalhos, uma longa barba grisalha, traços duros e olhos castanho-avelã profundos sob sobrancelhas espessas. Ele era alto, com uma figura magra e desajeitada e ombros curvados. Sua boca era apertada e sem sorriso; parecia impossível imaginá-lo sorrindo. No entanto, seu rosto não era repulsivo; algo nele prendeu a atenção de Eric.

En Ele se orgulhava de sua capacidade de ler rostos e tinha certeza de que aquele homem não era o típico fazendeiro de Lindsay, afável e falante como ele os conhecia.

En Muito depois de a velha carroça com seu par descombinado ter subido a colina com estrondo, Eric continuava pensando no homem severo de sobrancelhas grossas e no menino de olhos negros e lábios vermelhos.

Uma Conversa à Mesa de Chá

En A fazenda dos Williamson, onde Eric estava hospedado, ficava no topo da próxima colina. Ele gostava de estar lá, exatamente como Larry West havia previsto. Os Williamson e o resto de Lindsay presumiam que ele era um estudante pobre que estava se sustentando, como Larry havia feito. Eric não corrigiu essa impressão, embora não dissesse nada para incentivá-la.

En Os Williamson estavam tomando chá quando Eric entrou. A Sra. Williamson era a 'santa de óculos e chita' como Larry West a chamara. Eric gostava muito dela. Ela era uma mulher esbelta, de cabelos grisalhos, com um rosto fino, doce e refinado, profundamente marcado por sofrimentos passados. Falava pouco, mas quando falava, suas palavras sempre valiam a pena ouvir. Eric frequentemente se perguntava como uma mulher assim havia se casado com Robert Williamson.

En Ela sorriu para Eric maternalmente enquanto ele pendurava o chapéu e se sentava. Do lado de fora da janela, um bosque de bétulas brilhava ao sol poente, sua vegetação rasteira ondulando como ondas douradas ao vento.

The Thoughts of Youth

Pt/En

Português

Em um dia do início da primavera, a luz do sol caía como mel dourado pálido sobre os edifícios de tijolos vermelhos do Queenslea College e os terrenos ao redor. A luz lançava padrões delicados nos caminhos através das árvores nuas, e os narcisos começavam a crescer perto das janelas do vestiário das estudantes.

Original English

The sunshine of a day in early spring, honey pale and honey sweet, was showering over the red brick buildings of Queenslea College and the grounds about them, throwing through the bare, budding maples and elms, delicate, evasive etchings of gold and brown on the paths, and coaxing into life the daffodils that were peering greenly and perkily up under the windows of the co-eds' dressing-room.

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Pt/En

Português

Um vento fresco de abril, tão doce como se viesse de campos lembrados em vez de ruas sujas, soprava pelas copas das árvores e mexia a hera na frente do edifício principal. O vento parecia cantar canções diferentes para cada ouvinte, refletindo o que estava em seu coração. Para os alunos que acabavam de se formar, ele cantava talvez de esperança, sucesso e realização. Cantava de sonhos juvenis que podem nunca se realizar completamente, mas que ainda valem a pena ser sonhados. A pessoa que sai da universidade sem tais sonhos perdeu algo importante.

Original English

A young April wind, as fresh and sweet as if it had been blowing over the fields of memory instead of through dingy streets, was purring in the tree-tops and whipping the loose tendrils of the ivy network which covered the front of the main building. It was a wind that sang of many things, but what it sang to each listener was only what was in that listener's heart. To the college students who had just been capped and diplomad by "Old Charlie," the grave president of Queenslea, in the presence of an admiring throng of parents and sisters, sweethearts and friends, it sang, perchance,

of glad hope and shining success and high achievement. It sang of the dreams of youth that may never be quite fulfilled, but are well worth the dreaming for all that. God help the man who has never known such dreams—who, as he leaves his alma mater, is not already rich in aerial castles, the proprietor of many a spacious estate in Spain. He has missed his birthright.

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Pt/En

Português

A multidão fluiu para fora do saguão de entrada e se espalhou pelo campus, depois pelas ruas. Eric Marshall e David Baker saíram juntos. Eric havia se formado no topo de sua classe naquele dia em Artes. David tinha vindo para assistir à cerimônia e estava muito orgulhoso do sucesso de Eric.

Original English

The crowd streamed out of the entrance hall and scattered over the campus, fraying off into the many streets beyond. Eric Marshall and David Baker walked away together. The former had graduated in Arts that day at the head of his class; the latter had come to see the graduation, nearly bursting with pride in Eric's success.

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Pt/En

Português

Os dois homens tinham uma amizade longa e leal, embora David fosse dez anos mais velho que Eric, e muito mais velho em termos das dificuldades que havia enfrentado, que envelhecem uma pessoa mais rapidamente do que o tempo sozinho.

Original English

Between these two was an old and tried and enduring friendship, although David was ten years older than Eric, as the mere tale of years goes, and a hundred years older in knowledge of the struggles and difficulties of life which age a man far more quickly and effectually than the passing of time.

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Pt/En

Português

Os dois homens, embora primos, pareciam muito diferentes. Eric Marshall era alto e forte, com um andar confiante que sugeria força e poder ocultos. Ele parecia ter recebido todos os dons da fortuna: era inteligente, bonito e tinha uma personalidade encantadora que não dependia da aparência ou inteligência. Seus olhos eram cinza-azulados, seu cabelo era castanho-escuro com reflexos dourados, e seu queixo era firme. Ele era filho de um homem rico, com um bom passado e um futuro brilhante. As pessoas o consideravam prático e não dado a sonhos românticos.

Original English

Physically the two men bore no resemblance to one another, although they were second cousins. Eric Marshall, tall, broad-shouldered, sinewy, walking with a free, easy stride, which was somehow suggestive of reserve strength and power, was one of those men regarding whom less-favoured mortals are tempted seriously to wonder why all the gifts of fortune should be showered on one individual. He was not only clever and good to look upon, but he possessed that indefinable charm of personality which is quite independent of physical beauty or mental ability. He had steady, grayish-blue eyes, dark chestnut hair with a glint of gold in its waves when the sunlight struck it, and a chin that gave the world assurance of a chin. He was a rich man's son, with a clean young manhood behind him and splendid prospects before him. He was considered a practical sort of fellow, utterly guiltless of romantic dreams and visions of any sort.

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Pt/En

Português

Um professor de Queenslea, conhecido por seus ditos enigmáticos, expressou dúvida de que Eric Marshall algum dia agiria impulsivamente. No entanto, acrescentou que, se Eric o fizesse, isso compensaria sua única deficiência.

Original English

"I am afraid Eric Marshall will never do one quixotic thing," said a Queenslea professor, who had a habit of uttering rather mysterious epigrams, "but if he ever does it will supply the one thing lacking in him."

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Pt/En

Português

David Baker era baixo e robusto, com um rosto pouco atraente, porém encantador. Seus olhos castanhos eram afiados e cautelosos, e sua boca tinha um toque humorístico que ele podia tornar sarcástico, provocador ou cativante à vontade. Sua voz era geralmente suave e melodiosa, como a de uma mulher, mas aqueles que o viram verdadeiramente irritado ouviram tons que não desejavam ouvir novamente.

Original English

David Baker was a short, stocky fellow with an ugly, irregular, charming face; his eyes were brown and keen and secretive; his mouth had a comical twist which became sarcastic, or teasing, or winning, as he willed. His voice was generally as soft and musical as a woman's; but some few who had seen David Baker righteously angry and heard the tones which then issued from his lips were in no hurry to have the experience repeated.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele era um médico especializado em condições de garganta e voz, e sua reputação estava se espalhando pelo país. Ele fazia parte do corpo docente do Queenslea Medical College, e os boatos sugeriam que em breve ocuparia uma importante vaga na McGill.

Original English

He was a doctor—a specialist in troubles of the throat and voice—and he was beginning to have a national reputation. He was on the staff of the Queenslea Medical College and it was whispered that before long he would be called to fill an important vacancy at McGill.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele havia superado grandes obstáculos para alcançar o sucesso. Quando Eric nasceu, David trabalhava como mensageiro na Marshall & Company. Treze anos depois, ele se formou no topo de sua turma no Queenslea Medical College. O Sr. Marshall forneceu toda a assistência que o orgulho de David permitia, e depois insistiu em financiar seu treinamento de

pós-graduação em Londres e na Alemanha. Baker eventualmente pagou cada centavo, mas sua gratidão ao homem generoso nunca diminuiu, e ele amava o filho do Sr. Marshall com um afeto fraternal.

Original English

He had won his way to success through difficulties and drawbacks which would have daunted most men. In the year Eric was born David Baker was an errand boy in the big department store of Marshall & Company. Thirteen years later he graduated with high honors from Queenslea Medical College. Mr. Marshall had given him all the help which David's sturdy pride could be induced to accept, and now he insisted on sending the young man abroad for a post-graduate course in London and Germany. David Baker had eventually repaid every cent Mr. Marshall had expended on him; but he never ceased to cherish a passionate gratitude to the kind and generous man; and he loved that man's son with a love surpassing that of brothers.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele acompanhara o progresso universitário de Eric com intenso interesse. Esperava que Eric cursasse direito ou medicina após terminar seu bacharelado em artes, e ficou muito decepcionado quando Eric finalmente optou por entrar nos negócios com seu pai.

Original English

He had followed Eric's college course with keen, watchful interest. It was his wish that Eric should take up the study of law or medicine now that he was through Arts; and he was greatly disappointed that Eric should have finally made up his mind to go into business with his father.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao voltar da faculdade para casa, um homem resmungou que seu amigo estava desperdiçando seus talentos. Ele disse que a língua afiada do amigo era naturalmente adequada para um advogado, e que usá-la para negócios era como desafiar o destino. Ele perguntou onde estava a ambição do amigo.

Original English

"It's a clean waste of your talents," he grumbled, as they walked home from the college. "You'd win fame and distinction in law— that glib tongue of yours was meant for a lawyer and it is sheer flying in the face of Providence to devote it to commercial uses—a flat crossing of the purposes of destiny. Where is your ambition, man?"

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Pt/En

Português

Eric respondeu rindo que sua ambição estava exatamente no lugar certo. Ele reconheceu que seu amigo David talvez não valorizasse os negócios, mas argumentou que seu jovem país precisava de todos os tipos de pessoas. Ele explicou que estava entrando nos negócios porque era o sonho de toda a vida de seu pai; seu pai queria que ele fizesse uma educação liberal, mas agora esperava que ele se juntasse à empresa.

Original English

"In the right place," answered Eric, with his ready laugh. "It is not your kind, perhaps, but there is room and need for all kinds in this lusty young country of ours. Yes, I am going into the business. In the first place, it has been father's cherished desire ever since I was born, and it would hurt him pretty badly if I backed out now. He wished me to take an Arts course because he believed that every man should have as liberal an education as he can afford to get, but now that I have had it he wants me in the firm."

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Pt/En

Português

David destacou que o pai de Eric não se oporia a ele se ele realmente quisesse fazer outra coisa.

Original English

"He wouldn't oppose you if he thought you really wanted to go in for something else."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric respondeu que seu pai não se oporia a ele, mas o ponto principal era que ele próprio não queria uma carreira diferente. Ele disse a David que David odiava tanto os negócios que não conseguia entender que outro homem pudesse gostar disso. Eric argumentou que havia muitos advogados, mas nunca pessoas de negócios honestas o suficiente que pudessem fazer grandes coisas pela humanidade e pelo seu país. Ele declarou que sua ambição borbulhava dentro dele; ele pretendia tornar a loja de departamentos Marshall & Company famosa em todo o Canadá. Seu pai havia começado como um menino pobre de fazenda e construído uma reputação provincial; Eric planejava expandi-la para uma reputação marítima em cinco anos e canadense em dez. Ele perguntou se isso não era tão honroso quanto fazer o preto parecer branco no tribunal ou inventar doenças terríveis para atormentar as pessoas.

Original English

"Not he. But I don't really want to—that's the point, David, man. You hate a business life so much yourself that you can't get it into your blessed noddle that another man might like it. There are many lawyers in the world—too many, perhaps—but there are never too many good honest men of business, ready to do clean big things for the betterment of humanity and the upbuilding of their country, to plan great enterprises and carry them through with brain and courage, to manage and control, to aim high and strike one's aim. There, I'm waxing eloquent, so I'd better stop. But ambition, man! Why, I'm full of it—it's bubbling in every pore of me. I mean to make the department store of Marshall & Company famous from ocean to ocean. Father started in life as a poor boy from a Nova Scotian farm. He has built up a business that has a provincial reputation. I mean to carry it on. In five years it shall have a maritime reputation, in ten, a Canadian. I want to make the firm of Marshall & Company stand for something big in the commercial interests of Canada. Isn't that as honourable an ambition as trying to make black seem white in a court of law, or discovering some new disease with a harrowing name to torment poor creatures who might otherwise die peacefully in blissful ignorance of what ailed them?"

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Pt/En

Português

David deu de ombros e disse que, quando Eric começou a fazer piadas ruins, era hora de parar de discutir. Ele aceitou que Eric seguiria seu próprio caminho e sofreria seu próprio destino. Então David reclamou que a rua íngreme era cansativa, especialmente porque ele não era mais tão magro e ativo quanto no dia de sua formatura dez anos atrás. Ele observou que a turma de Eric tinha cerca de vinte alunas, enquanto quando ele se formou havia apenas duas senhoras, mais velhas, austeras e angulares, mas excelentes mulheres. Ele comentou que os tempos mudaram, a julgar pela fileira de alunas hoje — havia uma garota que parecia não ter mais de dezoito anos, como se fosse feita de ouro, pétalas de rosa e gotas de orvalho.

Original English

"When you begin to make poor jokes it is time to stop arguing with you," said David, with a shrug of his fat shoulders. "Go your own gait and dree your own weird. I'd as soon expect success in trying to storm the citadel single-handed as in trying to turn you from any course about which you had once made up your mind. Whew, this street takes it out of a fellow! What could have possessed our ancestors to run a town up the side of a hill? I'm not so slim and active as I was on MY graduation day ten years ago. By the way, what a lot of co-eds were in your class—twenty, if I counted right. When I graduated there were only two ladies in our class and they were the pioneers of their sex at Queenslea. They were well past their first youth, very grim and angular and serious; and they could never have been on speaking terms with a mirror in their best days. But mark you, they were excellent females—oh, very excellent. Times have changed with a vengeance, judging from the line-up of co-eds to-day. There was one girl there who can't be a day over eighteen—and she looked as if she were made out of gold and roseleaves and dewdrops."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric riu e comentou que o oráculo falava em poesia. Ele apontou que era Florence Percival, a melhor aluna em matemática. Muitos a consideravam a beleza da turma, mas Eric não concordava. Ele não gostava daquele estilo loiro e infantil de beleza e preferia Agnes Champion, uma garota alta, de cabelos escuros e tez rosada, que havia ganhado honras em filosofia.

Original English

"The oracle speaks in poetry," laughed Eric. "That was Florence Percival, who led the class in mathematics, as I'm a living man. By many she is considered the beauty of her class. I can't say that such is my opinion. I don't greatly care for that blonde, babyish style of loveliness—I prefer Agnes Champion. Did you notice her—the tall, dark girl with the ropes of hair and a sort of crimson, velvety bloom on her face, who took honours in philosophy?"

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Pt/En

Português

David respondeu enfaticamente que de fato havia notado Agnes Champion e a observado de forma muito crítica. Ele explicou que alguém atrás dele sussurrou seu nome e acrescentou a informação interessante de que ela seria a futura esposa de Eric Marshall. Ao ouvir isso, David a encarou com todos os seus olhos.

Original English

"I DID notice her," said David emphatically, darting a keen side glance at his friend. "I noticed her most particularly and critically—for someone whispered her name behind me and coupled it with the exceedingly interesting information that Miss Champion was supposed to be the future Mrs. Eric Marshall. Whereupon I stared at her with all my eyes."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric respondeu com irritação que não havia verdade naquele relato. Ele e Agnes eram os melhores amigos e nada mais. Ele a admirava mais do que qualquer outra mulher, mas ainda não havia conhecido a mulher que se tornaria a Sra. Eric Marshall. Ele nem sequer havia começado a procurá-la e não pretendia fazê-lo por vários anos, pois tinha outras coisas em que pensar. Ele falou com um desdém que mais tarde poderia ser punido por Cupido.

Original English

"There is no truth in that report," said Eric in a tone of annoyance. "Agnes and I are the best of friends and nothing more. I like and admire her more

than any woman I know; but if the future Mrs. Eric Marshall exists in the flesh I haven't met her yet. I haven't even started out to look for her—and don't intend to for some years to come. I have something else to think of," he concluded, in a tone of contempt, for which anyone might have known he would be punished sometime if Cupid were not deaf as well as blind.

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Pt/En

Português

David disse secamente que Eric encontraria a senhora do seu futuro um dia. Ele previu que, se o destino não a trouxesse logo, Eric começaria a procurá-la muito rapidamente. Então deu um conselho a Eric: quando ele for cortejar, deve levar seu bom senso consigo.

Original English

"You'll meet the lady of the future some day," said David dryly. "And in spite of your scorn I venture to predict that if fate doesn't bring her before long you'll very soon start out to look for her. A word of advice, oh, son of your mother. When you go courting take your common sense with you."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric perguntou, divertido, se David achava que ele provavelmente deixaria seu bom senso para trás.

Original English

"Do you think I shall be likely to leave it behind?" asked Eric amusedly.

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Pt/En

Português

David expressou sua desconfiança em relação a Eric, observando que seu lado escocês das terras baixas era confiável, mas a herança celta de sua avó das terras altas tornava seu comportamento imprevisível, especialmente em questões amorosas. Ele alertou que Eric poderia perder a cabeça por uma mulher de mau caráter simplesmente por causa de sua aparência, e depois se arrependeu. David insistiu que manteria o direito de

julgar qualquer mulher que Eric escolhesse para se casar.

Original English

"Well, I mistrust you," said David, sagely wagging his head. "The Lowland Scotch part of you is all right, but there's a Celtic streak in you, from that little Highland grandmother of yours, and when a man has that there's never any knowing where it will break out, or what dance it will lead him, especially when it comes to this love-making business. You are just as likely as not to lose your head over some little fool or shrew for the sake of her outward favour and make yourself miserable for life. When you pick you a wife please remember that I shall reserve the right to pass a candid opinion on her."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric rebateu que David poderia expressar quaisquer opiniões que desejasse, mas, no final, apenas o próprio julgamento de Eric determinaria seu futuro.

Original English

"Pass all the opinions you like, but it is MY opinion, and mine only, which will matter in the long run," retorted Eric.

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Pt/En

Português

David chamou Eric carinhosamente de um rebento teimoso de uma raça teimosa e admitiu que nunca se sentiria seguro em relação a Eric até que o visse casado com o tipo certo de mulher. Ele acreditava que nove em cada dez garotas da região eram excelentes, mas a décima sempre representava um risco.

Original English

"Confound you, yes, you stubborn offshoot of a stubborn breed," growled David, looking at him affectionately. "I know that, and that is why I'll never feel at ease about you until I see you married to the right sort of a girl. She's not hard to find. Nine out of ten girls in this country of ours are fit for kings' palaces. But the tenth always has to be reckoned with."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric protestou que David era tão ruim quanto a Alice Esperta do conto de fadas, que se preocupava excessivamente com o futuro de crianças ainda não nascidas.

Original English

"You are as bad as Clever Alice in the fairy tale who worried over the future of her unborn children," protested Eric.

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Pt/En

Português

David respondeu seriamente que Alice Esperta havia sido injustamente ridicularizada, mas os médicos entendiam sua sabedoria. Ele argumentou que, se as pessoas se preocupassem mais em garantir uma herança física, mental e moral adequada para seus filhos ainda não nascidos, e depois parassem de se preocupar após o nascimento, o mundo seria muito melhor e o progresso humano avançaria significativamente.

Original English

"Clever Alice has been very unjustly laughed at," said David gravely. "We doctors know that. Perhaps she overdid the worrying business a little, but she was perfectly right in principle. If people worried a little more about their unborn children—at least, to the extent of providing a proper heritage, physically, mentally, and morally, for them—and then stopped worrying about them after they ARE born, this world would be a very much pleasanter place to live in, and the human race would make more progress in a generation than it has done in recorded history."

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric optou por não discutir sobre hereditariedade com David. Pensou em perguntar a David por que ele não se casava e dava o exemplo, mas parou porque David tinha uma velha tristeza que não deveria ser perturbada por brincadeiras. Em vez disso, Eric perguntou por que ele não deixava o assunto para o destino, já que David acreditava em predestinação.

Original English

"Oh, if you are going to mount your dearly beloved hobby of heredity I am not going to argue with you, David, man. But as for the matter of urging me to hasten and marry me a wife, why don't you"—It was on Eric's lips to say, "Why don't you get married to a girl of the right sort yourself and set me a good example?" But he checked himself. He knew that there was an old sorrow in David Baker's life which was not to be unduly jarred by the jests even of privileged friendship. He changed his question to, "Why don't you leave this on the knees of the gods where it properly belongs? I thought you were a firm believer in predestination, David."

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

Pt/En

Português

David disse que acreditava até certo ponto que o que será será, mas acrescentou que o que não deveria acontecer às vezes ocorre, e esses eventos inesperados causam problemas. Ele citou Tennyson, dizendo que o desejo de uma donzela é a força mais sutil. Ele queria que Eric encontrasse logo uma boa mulher para amar. Lamentou que a Srta. Champion não fosse a escolhida, porque ela parecia boa, forte, verdadeira e capaz de amar profundamente. Ele também observou que ela era de boa origem, bem-educada e bem-instruída, o que era importante para alguém ocupar o lugar da mãe de Eric.

Original English

"Well, so I am, to a certain extent," said David cautiously. "I believe, as an excellent old aunt of mine used to say, that what is to be will be and what isn't to be happens sometimes. And it is precisely such unchancy happenings that make the scheme of things go wrong. I dare say you think me an old foggy, Eric; but I know something more of the world than you do, and I believe, with Tennyson's Arthur, that 'there's no more subtle master under heaven than is the maiden passion for a maid.' I want to see you safely anchored to the love of some good woman as soon as may be, that's all. I'm rather sorry Miss Champion isn't your lady of the future. I liked her looks, that I did. She is good and strong and true—and has the eyes of a woman who could love in a way that would be worth while. Moreover, she's well-born, well-bred, and well-educated—three very indispensable things when it comes to choosing a woman to fill your mother's place, friend of mine!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric concordou, mas disse descuidadamente que não poderia se casar com uma mulher que não atendesse a essas condições. No entanto, ele não estava apaixonado por Agnes Campion, e não importaria se estivesse, porque ela estava praticamente noiva de Larry West.

Original English

"I agree with you," said Eric carelessly. "I could not marry any woman who did not fulfill those conditions. But, as I have said, I am not in love with Agnes Campion—and it wouldn't be of any use if I were. She is as good as engaged to Larry West. You remember West?"

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

Pt/En

Português

David perguntou se ele se referia ao amigo magro e alto com quem passara muito tempo durante os dois primeiros anos em Queenslea, e se perguntou o que havia acontecido com ele.

Original English

"That thin, leggy fellow you chummed with so much your first two years in Queenslea? Yes, what has become of him?"

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Pt/En

Português

Eric explicou que Larry teve que sair da faculdade após o segundo ano por problemas financeiros. Ele estava pagando seus próprios estudos. Por dois anos, ele lecionou em um lugar distante na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ele não era muito saudável e havia estudado demais. Eric não tinha notícias dele desde fevereiro, quando Larry disse que temia não conseguir terminar o ano letivo. Eric esperava que ele não desmoronasse, pois era uma boa pessoa digna de Agnes. Então Eric perguntou se David ia entrar.

Original English

"He had to drop out after his second year for financial reasons. He is working his own way through college, you know. For the past two years he

has been teaching school in some out-of-the-way place over in Prince Edward Island. He isn't any too well, poor fellow—never was very strong and has studied remorselessly. I haven't heard from him since February. He said then that he was afraid he wasn't going to be able to stick it out till the end of the school year. I hope Larry won't break down. He is a fine fellow and worthy even of Agnes Campion. Well, here we are. Coming in, David?"

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Pt/En

Português

O médico disse que não tinha tempo naquela tarde; ele tinha que ir ao North End para ver um homem com uma condição misteriosa na garganta. O homem tinha intrigado todos os médicos, incluindo ele mesmo, mas ele estava confiante de que poderia descobrir a causa se o homem sobrevivesse.

Original English

"Not this afternoon—haven't got time. I must mosey up to the North End to see a man who has got a lovely throat. Nobody can find out what is the matter. He has puzzled all the doctors. He has puzzled me, but I'll find out what is wrong with him if he'll only live long enough."

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A Letter of Destiny

Pt/En

Português

Eric notou que seu pai ainda não tinha voltado da faculdade, então entrou na biblioteca e sentou-se para ler uma carta que havia pegado da mesa do hall. Era de Larry West. Após as primeiras linhas, a expressão distante de Eric deu lugar a um grande interesse.

Original English

Eric, finding that his father had not yet returned from the college, went into the library and sat down to read a letter he had picked up from the hall table. It was from Larry West, and after the first few lines Eric's face lost the absent look it had worn and assumed an expression of interest.

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Pt/En

Português

Larry West escreveu para Eric, pedindo um favor. Ele disse que havia caído nas mãos dos médicos; não se sentira bem durante todo o inverno, mas perseverara, esperando terminar o ano.

Original English

"I am writing to ask a favour of you, Marshall," wrote West. "The fact is, I've fallen into the hands of the Philistines—that is to say, the doctors. I've not been feeling very fit all winter but I've held on, hoping to finish out the year.

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Pt/En

Português

Na semana passada, sua senhoria, uma mulher santa de óculos e chita, insistiu gentilmente que ele fosse à cidade no dia seguinte para consultar um médico.

Original English

"Last week my landlady—who is a saint in spectacles and calico—looked at me one morning at the breakfast table and said, VERY gently, 'You must go to town to-morrow, Master, and see a doctor about yourself.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ele foi sem demora, pois a Sra. Williamson era uma pessoa que devia ser obedecida. Ela tinha um jeito de fazer você ver que ela estava exatamente certa, e que você seria um tolo se não seguisse seu conselho. O que quer que ela pensasse hoje, você inevitavelmente pensaria amanhã.

Original English

"I went and did not stand upon the order of my going. Mrs. Williamson is She-Who-Must-Be-Obedyed. She has an inconvenient habit of making you realize that she is exactly right, and that you would be all kinds of a fool if you didn't take her advice. You feel that what she thinks to-day you will think to-morrow.

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor consultou um médico em Charlottetown que o examinou minuciosamente e aconselhou-o a parar de trabalhar imediatamente e ir para um lugar sem os ventos nordeste da primavera da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Ele não podia fazer nenhum trabalho até o outono. A Sra. Williamson estava fazendo cumprir essa instrução médica.

Original English

"In Charlottetown I consulted a doctor. He punched and pounded me, and poked things at me and listened at the other end of them; and finally he said I must stop work 'immejtuly and to onct' and hie me straightway to a climate not afflicted with the north-east winds of Prince Edward Island in the spring. I am not to be allowed to do any work until the fall. Such was his dictum and Mrs. Williamson enforces it.

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor disse que terminaria de dar aulas na semana, após a qual começariam as férias de primavera de três semanas. Ele pediu a Marshall que viesse assumir como professor na escola de Lindsay na última semana de maio e no mês de junho. Precisava de um substituto porque alguns alunos estavam se preparando para os exames de admissão da Queen's Academy e não queria deixá-los com um professor ruim. Ele acreditava que a experiência de ganhar vinte e cinco dólares por mês com seus próprios esforços seria boa para Marshall.

Original English

"I shall teach this week out and then the spring vacation of three weeks begins. I want you to come over and take my place as pedagogue in the Lindsay school for the last week in May and the month of June. The school year ends then and there will be plenty of teachers looking for the place, but just now I cannot get a suitable substitute. I have a couple of pupils who are preparing to try the Queen's Academy entrance examinations, and I don't like to leave them in the lurch or hand them over to the tender mercies of some third-class teacher who knows little Latin and less Greek. Come over and take the school till the end of the term, you petted son of luxury. It will do you a world of good to learn how rich a man feels when he is

earning twenty-five dollars a month by his own unaided efforts!

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor esperava seriamente que Marshall pudesse vir, pois não conhecia mais ninguém a quem pedir. O trabalho não era difícil, mas podia ser monótono. O povoado agrícola da costa norte era tranquilo, com o nascer e o pôr do sol sendo os principais eventos do dia. No entanto, as pessoas eram gentis e hospitaleiras, e a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo em junho era linda. Havia trutas no lago, e no porto era possível encontrar alguém para levá-los para pescar bacalhau ou lagosta.

Original English

"Seriously, Marshall, I hope you can come, for I don't know any other fellow I can ask. The work isn't hard, though you'll likely find it monotonous. Of course, this little north-shore farming settlement isn't a very lively place. The rising and setting of the sun are the most exciting events of the average day. But the people are very kind and hospitable; and Prince Edward Island in the month of June is such a thing as you don't often see except in happy dreams. There are some trout in the pond and you'll always find an old salt at the harbour ready and willing to take you out cod-fishing or lobstering.

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor disse que deixaria sua pensão para Marshall. Era confortável e não ficava longe da escola. A Sra. Williamson era uma pessoa muito gentil e uma cozinheira à moda antiga que preparava refeições excelentes.

Original English

"I'll bequeath you my boarding house. You'll find it comfortable and not further from the school than a good constitutional. Mrs. Williamson is the dearest soul alive; and she is one of those old-fashioned cooks who feed you on feasts of fat things and whose price is above rubies.

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Pt/En

Português

O marido da Sra. Williamson, Robert, conhecido como Bob apesar de ter sessenta anos, era um personagem. Ele era um velho fofoqueiro divertido que sabia tudo sobre todos em Lindsay, remontando a três gerações.

Original English

"Her husband, Robert, or Bob, as he is commonly called despite his sixty years, is quite a character in his way. He is an amusing old gossip, with a turn for racy comment and a finger in everybody's pie. He knows everything about everybody in Lindsay for three generations back.

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Pt/En

Português

Old Bob não tinha filhos vivos, mas tinha um gato preto que era seu grande orgulho. O gato se chamava Timothy, e era essencial chamá-lo pelo nome completo. Se alguém se referisse ao gato como "o gato" ou mesmo "Tim", perderia a boa opinião de Bob. Ele nunca os perdoaria e não os consideraria aptos a estar encarregados da escola.

Original English

"They have no living children, but Old Bob has a black cat which is his especial pride and darling. The name of this animal is Timothy and as such he must always be called and referred to. Never, as you value Robert's good opinion, let him hear you speaking of his pet as 'the cat,' or even as 'Tim.' You will never be forgiven and he will not consider you a fit person to have charge of the school.

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Pt/En

Português

O quarto oferecido era um pequeno espaço acima da cozinha, com um teto que descia em declive de um lado, de modo que o ocupante bateria a cabeça muitas vezes antes de aprender a lembrar disso. Havia também um espelho que distorcia os reflexos, fazendo um olho parecer minúsculo e o outro enorme.

Original English

"You shall have my room, a little place over the kitchen, with a ceiling that follows the slant of the roof down one side, against which you will bump your head times innumerable until you learn to remember that it is there, and a looking glass which will make one of your eyes as small as a pea and the other as big as an orange.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, para compensar essas desvantagens, havia um generoso suprimento de toalhas e uma janela que oferecia uma vista diária do porto e do golfo. O pôr do sol sobre a água era um milagre de beleza, com o mar brilhando como vidro misturado com fogo. Um navio navegava para longe no horizonte colorido, enquanto o farol no promontório começava a piscar.

Original English

"But to compensate for these disadvantages the supply of towels is generous and unexceptionable; and there is a window whence you will daily behold an occidental view over Lindsay Harbour and the gulf beyond which is an unspeakable miracle of beauty. The sun is setting over it as I write and I see such a sea of glass mingled with fire as might have figured in the visions of the Patmian seer. A vessel is sailing away into the gold and crimson and pearl of the horizon; the big revolving light on the tip of the headland beyond the harbour has just been lighted and is winking and flashing like a beacon,

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Pt/En

Português

O poema continuava com um verso sobre navegar sobre a espuma.

Original English

"O'er the foam

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Pt/En

Português

Descrevia mares perigosos em terras de fadas esquecidas.

Original English

Of perilous seas in faerie lands forlorn."

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Pt/En

Português

Ele pediu que lhe enviassem um telegrama se pudesse vir e, em caso afirmativo, que se apresentasse ao trabalho no dia vinte e três de maio.

Original English

"Wire me if you can come; and if you can, report for duty on the twenty-third of May."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall Sênior entrou enquanto Eric dobrava sua carta. Ele parecia mais um velho clérigo bondoso do que o empresário astuto e rígido que realmente era. Tinha um rosto redondo e rosado, com costeletas brancas, uma bela cabeleira longa e branca e uma boca franzida. Apenas seus olhos azuis tinham um brilho que avisava a quem planejasse enganá-lo nos negócios que pensasse duas vezes.

Original English

Mr. Marshall, Senior, came in, just as Eric was thoughtfully folding up his letter. The former looked more like a benevolent old clergyman or philanthropist than the keen, shrewd, somewhat hard, although just and honest, man of business that he really was. He had a round, rosy face, fringed with white whiskers, a fine head of long white hair, and a pursed-up mouth. Only in his blue eyes was a twinkle that would have made any man who designed getting the better of him in a bargain think twice before he made the attempt.

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Pt/En

Português

Estava claro que Eric herdou sua beleza e forma de sua mãe, cujo retrato estava pendurado na parede. Ela morreu jovem quando Eric tinha dez anos. Tanto seu pai quanto ele a amavam profundamente, e seu retrato mostrava um rosto digno desse amor. Eric se parecia com ela, com o mesmo cabelo castanho e olhos; em momentos sérios, seus olhos tinham uma expressão semelhante, terna e pensativa.

Original English

It was easily seen that Eric must have inherited his personal beauty and distinction of form from his mother, whose picture hung on the dark wall between the windows. She had died while still young, when Eric was a boy of ten. During her lifetime she had been the object of the passionate devotion of both her husband and son; and the fine, strong, sweet face of the picture was a testimony that she had been worthy of their love and reverence. The same face, cast in a masculine mold, was repeated in Eric; the chestnut hair grew off his forehead in the same way; his eyes were like hers, and in his grave moods they held a similar expression, half brooding, half tender, in their depths.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall estava orgulhoso do sucesso universitário de seu filho, mas escondia isso. Ele amava seu filho, que tinha os olhos de sua mãe, mais do que qualquer coisa, e todas as suas esperanças estavam concentradas nele.

Original English

Mr. Marshall was very proud of his son's success in college, but he had no intention of letting him see it. He loved this boy of his, with the dead mother's eyes, better than anything on earth, and all his hopes and ambitions were bound up in him.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse irritado que estava feliz que a confusão tinha acabado e sentou-se em sua cadeira favorita.

Original English

"Well, that fuss is over, thank goodness," he said testily, as he dropped into his favourite chair.

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Pt/En

Português

Eric perguntou distraidamente se seu pai havia achado o programa interessante.

Original English

"Didn't you find the programme interesting?" asked Eric absently.

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Pt/En

Português

Seu pai disse que a maior parte era bobagem. Ele só gostou da oração em latim do Charlie e das garotas bonitas recebendo seus diplomas. Comentou que o latim é a língua adequada para orações, especialmente quando falada em uma voz profunda e ressonante como a do Charlie. Ele também observou que as garotas eram muito bonitas e perguntou a Eric se era verdade que ele estava cortejando Agnes, a quem considerava a mais bonita de todas.

Original English

"Most of it was tommyrot," said his father. "The only things I liked were Charlie's Latin prayer and those pretty little girls trotting up to get their diplomas. Latin IS the language for praying in, I do believe,—at least, when a man has a voice like Old Charlie's. There was such a sonorous roll to the words that the mere sound of them made me feel like getting down on my marrow bones. And then those girls were as pretty as pinks, now weren't they? Agnes was the finest-looking of the lot in my opinion. I hope it's true that you're courting her, Eric?"

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Pt/En

Português

Eric, meio irritado e meio divertido, perguntou ao pai se ele e David Baker haviam conspirado para pressioná-lo ao casamento contra sua vontade.

Original English

"Confound it, father," said Eric, half irritably, half laughingly, "have you and David Baker entered into a conspiracy to hound me into matrimony whether I will or no?"

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall protestou que nunca havia discutido tal assunto com David Baker.

Original English

"I've never said a word to David Baker on such a subject," protested Mr. Marshall.

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Pt/En

Português

Eric disse que seu pai era tão ruim quanto David Baker, que o havia repreendido sobre o assunto o caminho todo desde a faculdade. Ele então perguntou ao pai por que estava com tanta pressa para que ele se casasse.

Original English

"Well, you are just as bad as he is. He hectored me all the way home from the college on the subject. But why are you in such a hurry to have me married, dad?"

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Pt/En

Português

O pai explicou que queria uma dona de casa o mais rápido possível.

Original English

"Because I want a homemaker in this house as soon as may be.

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Pt/En

Português

Não havia dona de casa desde que a mãe de Eric morreu, e o pai estava cansado de

Original English

There has never been one since your mother died. I am tired of

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Pt/En

Português

Ele estava cansado de governantas e queria ver os filhos de Eric antes de morrer.

Original English

housekeepers. And I want to see your children at my knees before

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que agora era um homem velho.

Original English

I die, Eric, and I'm an old man now."

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Pt/En

Português

Eric respondeu gentilmente que o desejo do pai era natural, mas que não poderia encontrar uma esposa imediatamente. Ele também achava que não seria apropriado anunciar uma esposa, mesmo nos tempos modernos.

Original English

"Well, your wish is natural, father," said Eric gently, with a glance at his mother's picture. "But I can't rush out and marry somebody off-hand, can I? And I fear it wouldn't exactly do to advertise for a wife, even in these days of commercial enterprise."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall perguntou se havia alguém por quem ele se importasse, falando com o tom paciente de alguém que tolera brincadeiras juvenis.

Original English

"Isn't there ANYBODY you're fond of?" queried Mr. Marshall, with the patient air of a man who overlooks the frivolous jests of youth.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que nunca havia conhecido uma mulher que fizesse seu coração bater mais rápido.

Original English

"No. I never yet saw the woman who could make my heart beat any faster."

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Pt/En

Português

Seu pai resmungou que não entendia os jovens modernos, acrescentando que ele próprio havia se apaixonado várias vezes antes de chegar à idade do filho.

Original English

"I don't know what you young men are made of nowadays," growled his father. "I was in love half a dozen times before I was your age."

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Pt/En

Português

O jovem disse ao pai que ele poderia ter se encantado, mas nunca amou verdadeiramente alguém até conhecer sua mãe, e isso não aconteceu até que seu pai estivesse consideravelmente mais velho.

Original English

"You might have been 'in love.' But you never LOVED any woman until you met my mother. I know that, father. And it didn't happen till you were pretty well on in life either."

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Pt/En

Português

Disseram-lhe que ele era muito difícil de satisfazer, e esse era o problema.

Original English

"You're too hard to please. That's what's the matter, that's what's the matter!"

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Pt/En

Português

Ela admitiu que poderia de fato ser assim, explicando que um homem com uma mãe como a sua naturalmente estabeleceria um padrão muito alto para a doçura feminina. Em seguida, sugeriu que mudassem de assunto e pediu ao pai que lesse uma carta de Larry.

Original English

"Perhaps I am. When a man has had a mother like mine his standard of womanly sweetness is apt to be pitched pretty high. Let's drop the subject, father. Here, I want you to read this letter—it's from Larry."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall resmungou após ler a carta, comentando que Larry finalmente havia sido derrotado, o que ele sempre esperara. Ele expressou pesar, chamando Larry de um homem decente, e então perguntou se ela iria embora.

Original English

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Marshall, when he had finished with it. "So Larry's knocked out at last—always thought he would be—always expected it. Sorry, too. He was a decent fellow. Well, are you going?"

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Pt/En

Português

Ela respondeu que achava que iria, a menos que ele se opusesse.

Original English

"Yes, I think so, if you don't object."

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Pt/En

Português

Ele observou que o tempo dela lá provavelmente seria bastante monótono, baseado na descrição que Larry fizera de Lindsay.

Original English

"You'll have a pretty monotonous time of it, judging from his account of Lindsay."

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Pt/En

Português

Ela concordou que provavelmente seria monótono, mas esclareceu que não estava em busca de emoção. Seu objetivo era fazer um favor a Larry e conhecer a Ilha.

Original English

"Probably. But I am not going over in search of excitement. I'm going to oblige Larry and have a look at the Island."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall admitiu que a ilha valia a pena ser visitada em algumas épocas. Ele lembrou de um antigo ilhéu da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo que conheceu em Winnipeg e que sempre falava de "a Ilha" como se não houvesse outra. Ele disse a Eric que ele poderia ir, pois precisava de um descanso após os exames antes de começar a trabalhar, e o alertou para não se meter em enrascadas.

Original English

"Well, it's worth looking at, some parts of the year," conceded Mr. Marshall. "When I'm on Prince Edward Island in the summer I always understand an old Scotch Islander I met once in Winnipeg. He was always talking of 'the Island.' Somebody once asked him, 'What island do you mean?' He simply LOOKED at that ignorant man. Then he said, 'Why, Prince Edward Island, mon. WHAT OTHER ISLAND IS THERE?' Go if you'd like to. You need a rest after the grind of examinations before settling down to business. And mind you don't get into any mischief, young sir."

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric riu, dizendo que enrascadas pareciam improváveis em um lugar tranquilo como Lindsay.

Original English

"Not much likelihood of that in a place like Lindsay, I fancy," laughed Eric.

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

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Marshall rebateu dizendo que problemas poderiam encontrar alguém em qualquer lugar, relatando uma tragédia em uma fazenda remota. Ele expressou confiança de que Eric se comportaria adequadamente, então brincou que o pior destino que o aguardava poderia ser ser colocado para dormir em uma cama de quarto de hóspedes por uma mulher equivocada, o que, segundo ele, exigiria misericórdia divina.

Original English

"Probably the devil finds as much mischief for idle hands in Lindsay as anywhere else. The worst tragedy I ever heard of happened on a backwoods farm, fifteen miles from a railroad and five from a store. However, I expect your mother's son to behave himself in the fear of God and man. In all likelihood the worst thing that will happen to you over there will be that some misguided woman will put you to sleep in a spare room bed. And if that does happen may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

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The Master of Lindsay School

Pt/En

Português

Um mês depois, numa noite, Eric Marshall saiu da velha escola caiada em Lindsay e trancou a porta, que estava coberta de iniciais gravadas e construída com tábuas duplas para resistir a maus-tratos.

Original English

One evening, a month later, Eric Marshall came out of the old, white-washed schoolhouse at Lindsay, and locked the door—which was carved over with initials innumerable, and built of double plank in order that it might withstand all the assaults and batteries to which it might be subjected.

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

Pt/En

Português

Seus alunos tinham ido para casa uma hora antes, mas Eric permaneceu para trabalhar em problemas de álgebra e corrigir exercícios de latim para seus alunos avançados.

Original English

Eric's pupils had gone home an hour before, but he had stayed to solve some algebra problems, and correct some Latin exercises for his advanced students.

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

Pt/En

Português

O sol projetava linhas amarelas e quentes através do bosque de bordos a oeste do prédio, transformando o ar verde e escuro embaixo em luz dourada. Algumas ovelhas pastavam em um canto distante do playground, e um sino de vaca vindo do bosque produzia um tilintar musical e fraco no ar parado e nítido — ainda tocado pela austeridade robusta de uma primavera canadense. O mundo inteiro parecia ter caído em um sonho agradável e tranquilo.

Original English

The sun was slanting in warm yellow lines through the thick grove of maples to the west of the building, and the dim green air beneath them

burst into golden bloom. A couple of sheep were nibbling the lush grass in a far corner of the play-ground; a cow-bell, somewhere in the maple woods, tinkled faintly and musically, on the still crystal air, which, in spite of its blandness, still retained a touch of the wholesome austerity and poignancy of a Canadian spring. The whole world seemed to have fallen, for the time being, into a pleasant untroubled dream.

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

Pt/En

Português

A cena era pacífica e pastoril – quase excessivamente, pensou o jovem, enquanto parava nos degraus gastos e examinava os arredores. Perguntou-se, com um leve sorriso autocrítico, como conseguiria suportar um mês inteiro ali.

Original English

The scene was very peaceful and pastoral—almost too much so, the young man thought, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he stood in the worn steps and gazed about him. How was he going to put in a whole month here, he wondered, with a little smile at his own expense.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele imaginou que seu pai riria se soubesse que ele já estava cansado disso. Atravessando o pátio da escola até a longa estrada vermelha, ele refletiu que uma semana havia terminado: ele havia ganhado seu próprio sustento por cinco dias inteiros, algo que nunca havia feito em seus vinte e quatro anos. Isso foi emocionante, mas dar aulas na escola do distrito de Lindsay não era—pelo menos não em uma escola tão bem-comportada, onde os alunos eram tão dolorosamente bons que ele não tinha nem mesmo a emoção tradicional de disciplinar garotos rebeldes. Tudo funcionava como um relógio. Ele se sentia como uma mera engrenagem em uma máquina que funcionava sozinha. No entanto, ele entendeu que alguns alunos que ainda não haviam aparecido eram conhecidos por ainda terem um pouco de travessura, o que poderia tornar as coisas mais interessantes. Além disso, mais algumas redações como a de John Reid adicionariam um pouco de tempero à vida profissional.

Original English

"Father would chuckle if he knew I was sick of it already," he thought, as he walked across the play-ground to the long red road that ran past the school. "Well, one week is ended, at any rate. I've earned my own living for five whole days, and that is something I could never say before in all my twenty-four years of existence. It is an exhilarating thought. But teaching the Lindsay district school is distinctly NOT exhilarating—at least in such a well-behaved school as this, where the pupils are so painfully good that I haven't even the traditional excitement of thrashing obstreperous bad boys. Everything seems to go by clock work in Lindsay educational institution. Larry must certainly have possessed a marked gift for organizing and drilling. I feel as if I were merely a big cog in an orderly machine that ran itself. However, I understand that there are some pupils who haven't shown up yet, and who, according to all reports, have not yet had the old Adam totally drilled out of them. They may make things more interesting. Also a few more compositions, such as John Reid's, would furnish some spice to professional life."

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

Pt/En

Português

A risada de Eric ecoou enquanto ele entrava na estrada descendo a longa colina inclinada. Naquela manhã, ele havia permitido que seus alunos do quarto ano escolhessem seus próprios temas de redação. John Reid, um garoto sério e literal, sem nenhum senso de humor, seguiu a sugestão sussurrada de um colega travesso e escreveu sobre "Namoro." Sua frase de abertura, que fazia o rosto de Eric se contrair involuntariamente sempre que ele se lembrava dela, afirmava que namorar é uma coisa muito agradável com a qual muitas pessoas vão longe demais.

Original English

Eric's laughter wakened the echoes as he swung into the road down the long sloping hill. He had given his fourth grade pupils their own choice of subjects in the composition class that morning, and John Reid, a sober, matter-of-fact little urchin, with not the slightest embryonic development of a sense of humour, had, acting upon the whispered suggestion of a roguish desk-mate, elected to write upon "Courting." His opening sentence made Eric's face twitch mutinously whenever he recalled it during the day. "Courting is a very pleasant thing which a great many people go too far with."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ao longe, colinas e planaltos arborizados pareciam trêmulos e aéreos nas delicadas brumas primaveris de pérola e púrpura. Jovens bordos de folhas verdes aglomeravam-se densamente até a beira da estrada em ambos os lados, enquanto além deles campos esmeralda se banhavam ao sol, com sombras de nuvens rolando, alargando-se e desaparecendo. Muito abaixo dos campos, um oceano calmo dormia azulado, suspirando em seu sono com um murmúrio que ressoa para sempre nos ouvidos daqueles afortunados o suficiente para terem nascido ao seu alcance.

Original English

The distant hills and wooded uplands were tremulous and aerial in delicate spring-time gauzes of pearl and purple. The young, green-leafed maples crowded thickly to the very edge of the road on either side, but beyond them were emerald fields basking in sunshine, over which cloud shadows rolled, broadened, and vanished. Far below the fields a calm ocean slept bluely, and sighed in its sleep, with the murmur that rings for ever in the ear of those whose good fortune it is to have been born within the sound of it.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric ocasionalmente encontrava garotos jovens a cavalo, fazendeiros em carroças que o cumprimentavam alegremente, e uma garota bonita com rosto rosado e olhos escuros que parecia interessada nele.

Original English

Now and then Eric met some callow, check-shirted, bare-legged lad on horseback, or a shrewd-faced farmer in a cart, who nodded and called out cheerily, "Howdy, Master?" A young girl, with a rosy, oval face, dimpled cheeks, and pretty dark eyes filled with shy coquetry, passed him, looking as if she would not be at all averse to a better acquaintance with the new teacher.

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

Pt/En

Português

Na metade da descida da colina, Eric encontrou um velho cavalo cinza puxando uma carroça desgastada. A condutora era uma mulher que parecia nunca ter experimentado alegria. Ela parou e fez sinal para Eric se aproximar com seu guarda-chuva.

Original English

Half way down the hill Eric met a shambling, old gray horse drawing an express wagon which had seen better days. The driver was a woman: she appeared to be one of those drab-tinted individuals who can never have felt a rosy emotion in all their lives. She stopped her horse, and beckoned Eric over to her with the knobby handle of a faded and bony umbrella.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou a Eric se ele era o novo professor.

Original English

"Reckon you're the new Master, ain't you?" she asked.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric confirmou que sim.

Original English

Eric admitted that he was.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela expressou suas boas-vindas e ofereceu a mão, que estava coberta por uma luva preta muito remendada.

Original English

"Well, I'm glad to see you," she said, offering him a hand in a much darned cotton glove that had once been black.

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

Pt/En

Português

A mulher expressou pesar pela partida do Sr. West, descrevendo-o como um bom professor e inofensivo. Ela sempre acreditou que ele sofria de tuberculose. Ela comentou que Eric parecia saudável, embora as aparências possam enganar, e mencionou que seu irmão, que se parecia com Eric, morreu jovem em um acidente de trem.

Original English

"I was right sorry to see Mr. West go, for he was a right good teacher, and as harmless, inoffensive a creetur as ever lived. But I always told him every time I laid eyes on him that he was in consumption, if ever a man was. YOU look real healthy—though you can't aways tell by looks, either. I had a brother complected like you, but he was killed in a railroad accident out west when he was real young.

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

Pt/En

Português

A mulher disse que enviaria seu filho para a escola na semana seguinte. Ele havia perdido esta semana porque ela precisava de sua ajuda para plantar batatas, já que seu marido se recusava a trabalhar.

Original English

"I've got a boy I'll be sending to school to you next week. He'd oughter gone this week, but I had to keep him home to help me put the pertaters in; for his father won't work and doesn't work and can't be made to work.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela explicou que seu filho, Edward Alexander, odiava a ideia de ir à escola. Ela estava determinada a que ele frequentasse e aprendesse mais. Descrevendo-o como pouco inteligente e muito teimoso, ela avisou o professor que ele seria difícil. No entanto, ela prometeu apoiar o professor e puniria o filho ainda mais se o professor enviasse um bilhete para casa após discipliná-lo.

Original English

"Sandy—his full name is Edward Alexander—called after both his grandfathers—hates the idee of going to school worse 'n pisen— always did. But go he shall, for I'm determined he's got to have more larning hammered into his head yet. I reckon you'll have trouble with him, Master, for he's as stupid as an owl, and as stubborn as Solomon's mule. But mind this, Master, I'll back you up. You just lick Sandy good and plenty when he needs it, and send me a scrape of the pen home with him, and I'll give him another dose.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela afirmou que alguns pais sempre tomam o lado dos filhos em problemas escolares, mas ela não concordava com isso. O professor poderia contar com o apoio dela.

Original English

"There's people that always sides in with their young ones when there's any rumpus kicked up in the school, but I don't hold to that, and never did. You can depend on Rebecca Reid every time, Master."

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric agradeceu e disse que estava confiante de que poderia lidar com a situação.

Original English

"Thank you. I am sure I can," said Eric, in his most winning tones.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric manteve a compostura até que fosse seguro relaxar. A Sra. Reid continuou dirigindo, sentindo uma rara suavidade em seu coração. Aquele coração havia sido endurecido por anos de pobreza, trabalho pesado e um marido que não podia ser feito trabalhar, deixando-o já não facilmente comovido por homens.

Original English

He kept his face straight until it was safe to relax, and Mrs. Reid drove on with a soft feeling in her leathery old heart, which had been so toughened by long endurance of poverty and toil, and a husband who wouldn't work and couldn't be made to work, that it was no longer a very susceptible organ where members of the opposite sex were concerned.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Reid refletiu que o jovem possuía um certo charme.

Original English

Mrs. Reid reflected that this young man had a way with him.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric reconhecia a maioria dos moradores de Lindsay de vista, mas ao pé da colina encontrou um homem e um menino que nunca vira. Eles estavam sentados em uma carroça velha e desgastada, dando água ao cavalo no riacho que gorgolejava claramente sob a pequena ponte de tábuas na depressão.

Original English

Eric already knew most of the Lindsay folks by sight; but at the foot of the hill he met two people, a man and a boy, whom he did not know. They were sitting in a shabby, old-fashioned wagon, and were watering their horse at the brook, which gurgled limpidly under the little plank bridge in the hollow.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eric os estudou com curiosidade. Eles eram diferentes dos típicos habitantes de Lindsay. O menino, apesar de suas roupas de fazendeiro, tinha uma aparência distintamente estrangeira. Ele tinha um corpo esguio e flexível, um pescoço moreno, cabelos pretos e crespos e grossos, e mãos excepcionalmente longas e delgadas. Seu rosto era de tom oliva com um carmesim escuro nas bochechas, sua boca vermelha e atraente, seus olhos grandes, audaciosos e negros. Ele era bonito, mas usava uma expressão sombria, dando a Eric a impressão de uma criatura graciosa, felina, languidamente postada, mas pronta para saltar.

Original English

Eric surveyed them with some curiosity. They did not look in the least like the ordinary run of Lindsay people. The boy, in particular, had a distinctly foreign appearance, in spite of the gingham shirt and homespun trousers, which seemed to be the regulation, work-a-day outfit for the Lindsay farmer lads. He had a lithe, supple body, with sloping shoulders, and a lean, satiny brown throat above his open shirt collar. His head was covered with thick, silky, black curls, and the hand that hung down by the side of the wagon was unusually long and slender. His face was richly, though somewhat heavily featured, olive tinted, save for the cheeks, which had a dusky crimson bloom. His mouth was as red and beguiling as a girl's, and his eyes were large, bold and black. All in all, he was a strikingly handsome fellow; but the expression of his face was sullen, and he somehow gave Eric the impression of a sinuous, feline creature basking in lazy grace, but ever ready for an unexpected spring.

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Pt/En

Português

O outro ocupante era um homem entre sessenta e cinco e setenta anos, com cabelos grisalhos, uma longa barba grisalha, traços duros e olhos castanho-avelã profundos sob sobranceiras espessas. Ele era alto, com uma figura magra e desajeitada e ombros curvados. Sua boca era apertada e sem sorriso; parecia impossível imaginá-lo sorrindo. No entanto, seu rosto não era repulsivo; algo nele prendeu a atenção de Eric.

Original English

The other occupant of the wagon was a man between sixty-five and seventy, with iron-gray hair, a long, full, gray beard, a harsh-featured face, and deep-set hazel eyes under bushy, bristling brows. He was evidently tall, with a spare, ungainly figure, and stooping shoulders. His mouth was close-lipped and relentless, and did not look as if it had ever smiled. Indeed, the idea of smiling could not be connected with this man—it was utterly incongruous. Yet there was nothing repellent about his face; and there was something in it that compelled Eric's attention.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele se orgulhava de sua capacidade de ler rostos e tinha certeza de que aquele homem não era o típico fazendeiro de Lindsay, afável e falante como ele os conhecia.

Original English

He rather prided himself on being a student of physiognomy, and he felt quite sure that this man was no ordinary Lindsay farmer of the genial, garrulous type with which he was familiar.

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

Pt/En

Português

Muito depois de a velha carroça com seu par descombinado ter subido a colina com estrondo, Eric continuava pensando no homem severo de sobrancelhas grossas e no menino de olhos negros e lábios vermelhos.

Original English

Long after the old wagon, with its oddly assorted pair, had gone lumbering up the hill, Eric found himself thinking of the stern, heavy browed man and the black-eyed, red-lipped boy.

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A Tea Table Conversation

Pt/En

Português

A fazenda dos Williamson, onde Eric estava hospedado, ficava no topo da próxima colina. Ele gostava de estar lá, exatamente como Larry West havia previsto. Os Williamson e o resto de Lindsay presumiam que ele era um estudante pobre que estava se sustentando, como Larry havia feito. Eric não corrigiu essa impressão, embora não dissesse nada para incentivá-la.

Original English

The Williamson place, where Eric boarded, was on the crest of the succeeding hill. He liked it as well as Larry West had prophesied that he would. The Williamsons, as well as the rest of the Lindsay people, took it for granted that he was a poor college student working his way through as Larry West had been doing. Eric did not disturb this belief, although he said nothing to contribute to it.

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

Pt/En

Português

Os Williamson estavam tomando chá quando Eric entrou. A Sra. Williamson era a 'santa de óculos e chita' como Larry West a chamara. Eric gostava muito dela. Ela era uma mulher esbelta, de cabelos grisalhos, com um rosto fino, doce e refinado, profundamente marcado por sofrimentos passados. Falava pouco, mas quando falava, suas palavras sempre valiam a pena ouvir. Eric frequentemente se perguntava como uma mulher assim havia se casado com Robert Williamson.

Original English

The Williamsons were at tea in the kitchen when Eric went in. Mrs. Williamson was the "saint in spectacles and calico" which Larry West had termed her. Eric liked her greatly. She was a slight, gray-haired woman, with a thin, sweet, high-bred face, deeply lined with the records of outlived pain. She talked little as a rule; but, in the pungent country phrase she never spoke but she said something. The one thing that constantly puzzled Eric was how such a woman ever came to marry Robert Williamson.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela sorriu para Eric maternalmente enquanto ele pendurava o chapéu e se sentava. Do lado de fora da janela, um bosque de bétulas brilhava ao sol poente, sua vegetação rasteira ondulando como ondas douradas ao vento.

Original English

She smiled in a motherly fashion at Eric, as he hung his hat on the white-washed wall and took his place at the table. Outside of the window behind him was a birch grove which, in the westering sun, was a tremulous splendour, with a sea of undergrowth wavered into golden billows by every passing wind.

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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.

achieved ə'tʃi:vɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: alcançado

Simple English: To succeed in doing something important.

Example: *She achieved her goal of graduating.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was a wind that reminded people of the hopes of youth, which are valuable even if they are not all achieved. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had achieved success despite many difficulties that would have stopped most people. [Back to B1](#)

advertisement ,ædvər'taɪzmənt (1 occurrence)

Português: anúncio

Simple English: a public message that tries to sell something

Example: *He told the agent to use attractive colors in the advertisement.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also thought it would not be appropriate to look for a wife in an advertisement. [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 sun shone brightly on the red brick buildings of Queenslea College and the area around them. [Back to B1](#)
2. The farming area is quiet, with the sunrise and sunset being the most exciting parts of the day. [Back to B1](#)
3. He remembered that many Italian peddlers were in the area at that time.

4. Eric walked southwest from the Williamson house, in an area he had not explored before.

5. But near where Eric stood, there was a square area without trees.

attractive ə'træktɪv (4 occurrences)

Português: atraente

Simple English: Nice or good looking, causing interest.

Example: *The promises were attractive to young men.*

Uses in this book:

1. David Baker was a short, strong man with a face that was not perfectly handsome but was attractive. [Back to B1](#)
2. His mouth was as red and attractive as a girl's, and his eyes were large, dark, and bold. [Back to B1](#)
3. He recalled there were four attractive ones in the area: Florrie Woods, Melissa Palmer, Emma Scott, and Jennie May Ferguson.
4. She also said Kilmeny was smart, clever, and attractive.

autumn 'ɔ:təm (1 occurrence)

Português: outono

Simple English: The season between summer and winter.

Example: *He kept his books until the autumn.*

Uses in this book:

1. The doctor also said that the speaker should not work until autumn. [Back to B1](#)

background 'bækgraʊnd (2 occurrences)

Português: origem

Simple English: The past or experience of a person or family.

Example: *He was not from a poor background.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker thinks this job will be good for Marshall, who comes from a rich background, and will teach him the value of earning money. [Back to B1](#)
2. Gordon had not spoken about Eric because he thought Eric wanted to keep his background private.

based *beɪst* (1 occurrence)

Português: baseado

Simple English: Using information to make a decision.

Example: *The story is based on real events.*

Uses in this book:

1. He commented that her time there would probably be boring, based on what Larry had written about Lindsay. [Back to B1](#)

businessman *'biznɪsmən* (1 occurrence)

Português: empresário

Simple English: A man who works in business and makes money.

Example: *He was a rich businessman.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Marshall looked like a kind old priest or helper, not like the smart, strong, and fair businessman he was. [Back to B1](#)

childish *'tʃaɪldɪʃ* (1 occurrence)

Português: infantil

Simple English: like a child in a negative way; immature

Example: *He described her style as blonde and childish.*

Uses in this book:

1. He did not like her style, which he described as blonde and childish. [Back to B1](#)

clockwork *'klɒkwɜːrk* (1 occurrence)

Português: relógio

Simple English: working very regularly and exactly

Example: *Everything at the school ran perfectly, like clockwork.*

Uses in this book:

1. Everything at the school seemed to run perfectly, like clockwork. [Back to B1](#)

color 'kʌlər (3 occurrences)

Português: cor

Simple English: What something looks like, for example red or blue.

Example: *Her dress has a bright color.*

Uses in this book:

1. His face had strong features and was olive-colored, except for his cheeks, which had a deep red color. [Back to B1](#)
2. He admired the sky, calling it divine, with its clear blue color in the east and soft white clouds like lace.
3. It was white with a soft pink color near its yellow center, like the sunrise.

colored 'kʌlərd (1 occurrence)

Português: colorido

Simple English: having color or showing color

Example: *The sky was still colored by the setting sun, but the moon was rising.*

Uses in this book:

1. His face had strong features and was olive-colored, except for his cheeks, which had a deep red color. [Back to B1](#)

colorful 'kʌlərfəl (1 occurrence)

Português: colorido

Simple English: having many bright colors

Example: *The forest was full of colorful birds.*

Uses in this book:

1. The hills in the distance looked soft and colorful in the light of spring. [Back to B1](#)

curly 'kɜ:rlɪ (1 occurrence)

Português: cacheado

Simple English: Having hair with round shapes or loops.

Example: *She has black curly hair.*

Uses in this book:

1. His head had thick, soft, black curly hair. [Back to B1](#)

degree *dɪ'ɡri:* (1 occurrence)

Português: diploma

Simple English: a qualification from a university

Example: *She has a degree in biology.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had hoped Eric would study law or medicine after finishing his arts degree. [Back to B1](#)

delivery *dɪ'livəri* (1 occurrence)

Português: entrega

Simple English: the act of bringing goods to a place

Example: *Phil opened it, expecting a delivery.*

Uses in this book:

1. When Eric was born, David Baker was a delivery boy at Marshall & Company. [Back to B1](#)

denied *dɪ'naɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: negou

Simple English: said something was not true

Example: *Anne denied this, saying she never thought about his money.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Marshall denied ever speaking to David Baker about such a topic. [Back to B1](#)

depicted *dɪ'pɪktɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: representado

Simple English: shown or described in a picture or story

Example: *Cupid is often depicted as deaf and blind.*

Uses in this book:

1. He spoke with contempt, which suggested he might be punished later by Cupid, who is often depicted as deaf and blind. [Back to B1](#)

described *dɪ'skraɪbd* (9 occurrences)

Português: descreveram

Simple English: Told details about something or someone.

Example: *They described the strange animal they saw.*

Uses in this book:

1. He did not like her style, which he described as blonde and childish. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Williamson is described as a very kind person and an excellent cook who provides delicious meals. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mrs. Williamson was the kind woman Larry West had described. [Back to B1](#)
4. He described Mr. Tracy as a tall man with gray hair and a dark, serious face.
5. The husband thought this was not surprising, as living with the Gordons was difficult, and he described the Gordons as all being very strange.

eager *'i:gər* (1 occurrence)

Português: ansioso

Simple English: very excited and interested to do something

Example: *They were very eager to learn new things.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric then asked his father why he was so eager for him to get married. [Back to B1](#)

exams *ɪg'zæmz* (3 occurrences)

Português: exames

Simple English: tests to check knowledge or skills

Example: *Students are preparing for important exams.*

Uses in this book:

1. They have students preparing for important exams and do not want to leave them with a bad teacher. [Back to B1](#)
2. He told Eric that he could go, as he needed a rest after his exams. [Back to B1](#)
3. Margaret passed her exams and went to Queen's Academy to become a teacher.

expand /ɪk'spænd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: expandir; ampliar; aumentar

Simple English: To grow larger in size amount or importance overall.

Example: *The company plans to expand its operations into new markets next year.*

Uses in this book:

1. His father started as a poor boy and built a successful business, and Eric intended to continue and expand it greatly. [Back to B1](#)

fish fɪʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: peixes

Simple English: animals that live in water and can swim

Example: *There are many fish in the lake.*

Uses in this book:

1. There are fish in the pond, and people can go fishing for cod or lobsters. [Back to B1](#)

flexible /'fleksɪbl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: flexível

Simple English: Capable of bending easily without breaking.

Example: *The yoga class is great for improving flexibility and reducing stress.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had a slim, flexible body, sloping shoulders, and a smooth, dark neck above his shirt. [Back to B1](#)

fun fʌn (2 occurrences)

Português: diversão

Simple English: Enjoyment and pleasure.

Example: *He sometimes killed for fun.*

Uses in this book:

1. The students were very well-behaved, so there was no fun in punishing naughty boys. [Back to B1](#)

2. Occasionally, she would use a few clever written words to gently make fun of a young man's pride or feeling of being superior.

funny *'fʌni* (3 occurrences)

Português: engraçado

Simple English: Causing laughter or amusement.

Example: *The joke was really funny and made everyone laugh.*

Uses in this book:

1. His mouth could look funny, and he could make it look sarcastic, teasing, or charming when he wanted. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, he also found it funny that such a beautiful girl believed she was ugly.
3. He thought it was funny to imagine Kilmeny going to a boarding school.

girlfriend *'gɜːlfrɛnd* (2 occurrences)

Português: namorada

Simple English: a female partner in a romantic relationship

Example: *Jason told Thoar's girlfriend he loved her.*

Uses in this book:

1. David gave Eric advice: when he goes to find a girlfriend, he should take his common sense with him. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker thought Neil and old Thomas might have argued and asked Eric if he knew anything about it, suggesting Eric might have been too busy with his girlfriend to notice.

grey *greɪ* (1 occurrence)

Português: cinza

Simple English: a colour between black and white

Example: *She had grey hair.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had blue-grey eyes, dark hair that shone in the sun, and a strong chin. [Back to B1](#)

hello *hə'loʊ* (2 occurrences)

Português: olá

Simple English: a greeting when meeting someone

Example: *She said hello to the warrior.*

Uses in this book:

1. They smiled and said hello. [Back to B1](#)
2. Kilmeny shyly offered her hand and said hello.

holiday *'hɒlədeɪ* (1 occurrence)

Português: férias

Simple English: time off work or usual duties

Example: *The minister was on holiday.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker will teach for one more week, then there is a three-week spring holiday. [Back to B1](#)

homework *'həʊm,wɜrk* (1 occurrence)

Português: lição de casa

Simple English: work done at home for school

Example: *I have to finish my homework today.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had stayed late to work on some algebra problems and to correct Latin homework for his more advanced students. [Back to B1](#)

honorable *'ɒnərəbl* (1 occurrence)

Português: honrado

Simple English: Having good morals and doing the right thing.

Example: *She is an honorable person who always tells the truth.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt this was as honorable as being a lawyer or discovering diseases. [Back to B1](#)

humor 'hju:mər (2 occurrences)

Português: humor

Simple English: The ability to laugh and see what is funny.

Example: *She had a good sense of humor.*

Uses in this book:

1. John Reid, a serious boy with no sense of humor, had written about "Courting" after a friend whispered the idea to him. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sometimes she showed flashes of wit and humor.

illness 'ɪlnəs (1 occurrence)

Português: doença

Simple English: a state of being sick or unwell

Example: *People forget their illness during emergencies.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had always thought he had a lung illness called consumption. [Back to B1](#)

inside ɪn'saɪd (7 occurrences)

Português: por dentro

Simple English: In your feelings or heart.

Example: *She was very angry and hurt inside.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric then asked David if he was coming inside. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Reid continued driving, feeling a little softer inside. [Back to B1](#)
3. He said it was not a good way to punish children by keeping them inside, as it was hard for them and the teacher.
4. George was smoking inside and reading books late at night.
5. She stayed inside until she died three years later and was carried out in her coffin.

job *dʒɒb* (6 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. He worked at the Queenslea Medical College, and people thought he might soon get an important job at McGill University. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker thinks this job will be good for Marshall, who comes from a rich background, and will teach him the value of earning money. [Back to B1](#)
3. He also thought that a few more compositions, like one written by John Reid, would add some excitement to his job. [Back to B1](#)
4. Eric replied politely, saying he was sure he could do the job. [Back to B1](#)
5. He thought it would be his special job to teach her what love means, and he believed she was a very good and pure student.

jobs *dʒɒbz* (1 occurrence)

Português: empregos

Simple English: Work or tasks someone does to earn money.

Example: *He saw this as a step to more important jobs.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that their country needed all kinds of people and jobs. [Back to B1](#)

join *dʒɔɪn* (1 occurrence)

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. His father believed everyone should get a good education, and now that Eric had finished his studies, he wanted him to join the family business. [Back to B1](#)

joked *dʒoukt* (3 occurrences)

Português: brincou

Simple English: To say something funny or make a joke.

Example: *He joked that nobody would mind facing death.*

Uses in this book:

1. He spoke patiently, as if he knew young people often joked. [Back to B1](#)
2. He joked that the worst thing that might happen was a woman putting him to sleep in a spare room bed. [Back to B1](#)
3. He joked that he might wake up one day as an old man, like in a fairy tale.

kindness *'kaɪndnəs* (4 occurrences)

Português: bondade

Simple English: Being nice and caring to others.

Example: *She showed kindness to the poor children.*

Uses in this book:

1. David called Eric a stubborn person, but he looked at him with kindness. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought her eyes looked like they should only show kindness and trust.
3. She looked at him with kindness.
4. Her serious mouth became soft, and her cold eyes showed much kindness.

lazily *'leɪzli* (1 occurrence)

Português: preguiçosamente

Simple English: in a slow and relaxed way

Example: *He stretched lazily on the sofa.*

Uses in this book:

1. He gave Eric the impression of a graceful, cat-like animal, resting lazily but ready to move quickly. [Back to B1](#)

lighthouse *'laɪt,haʊs* (1 occurrence)

Português: farol

Simple English: a tall building that shines light to help ships

Example: *The lighthouse guides ships at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. A ship is sailing towards the horizon, and the lighthouse on the headland has just been lit and is flashing. [Back to B1](#)

lit *lɪt* (5 occurrences)

Português: iluminado

Simple English: made light or made something bright

Example: *Fires lit up their bodies during the dances.*

Uses in this book:

1. A ship is sailing towards the horizon, and the lighthouse on the headland has just been lit and is flashing. [Back to B1](#)

2. Across a long valley filled with shadow, there were hills lit by the sunset.

3. Eric got up and lit the lamp.

4. Above the fireplace, a sunset glow from the window lit up one picture.

5. Janet lit the lamp and left the room.

lobsters *'lə:bstəz* (1 occurrence)

Português: lagostas

Simple English: large sea animals with claws used for food

Example: *People caught lobsters for dinner.*

Uses in this book:

1. There are fish in the pond, and people can go fishing for cod or lobsters. [Back to B1](#)

lung /lʌŋ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: pulmão

Simple English: Organ in chest responsible for breathing and oxygen exchange.

Example: *Smoking can damage your lung health and reduce breathing capacity.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had always thought he had a lung illness called consumption. [Back to B1](#)

magical 'mædʒɪkəl (2 occurrences)

Português: mágico

Simple English: related to magic or a special power

Example: *The story told about magical creatures.*

Uses in this book:

1. and across dangerous seas to faraway, magical lands. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt Kilmeny made time disappear, like a magical girl from a poem.

meals mi:lz (1 occurrence)

Português: refeições

Simple English: times when you eat food

Example: *We have three meals each day.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Williamson is described as a very kind person and an excellent cook who provides delicious meals. [Back to B1](#)

meaningful 'mi:nɪfəl (1 occurrence)

Português: significativo

Simple English: Showing a clear and important feeling or idea.

Example: *He looked at Gefasto in a meaningful way.*

Uses in this book:

1. She usually spoke little, but when she did, her country words were always meaningful. [Back to B1](#)

message 'mɛsɪdʒ (2 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. He asked to be sent a message if he could come, and to start work on May 23rd if he was able to. [Back to B1](#)
2. Finally, she put her violin down and wrote a message.

money 'mʌni (6 occurrences)

Português: dinheiro

Simple English: a thing used to buy things

Example: *Mbonga received money from the witch-doctor's fees.*

Uses in this book:

1. David Baker eventually paid back all the money Mr. Marshall had spent on him. [Back to B1](#)
2. Eric explained that Larry West had to leave college after his second year because he did not have enough money. [Back to B1](#)
3. The speaker thinks this job will be good for Marshall, who comes from a rich background, and will teach him the value of earning money. [Back to B1](#)
4. He had earned his own money for five days, which was new for him in his twenty-four years. [Back to B1](#)
5. The school board hoped he would stay longer and planned to offer him more money at a meeting the next day.

naughty 'nɔ:ti (1 occurrence)

Português: travesso

Simple English: behaving badly or not following rules

Example: *The next day, a naughty sparrow spilled ink on the white peacock.*

Uses in this book:

1. The students were very well-behaved, so there was no fun in punishing naughty boys. [Back to B1](#)

onto 'antu (2 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric laughed as he went down the hill onto the road. [Back to B1](#)
2. Their petals fell onto the paths and grass.

organized /'ɔ:rgənəɪzd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: organizado

Simple English: Managing tasks or life efficiently without disorder.

Example: *He is very organized and keeps all his notes in order.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt like a small part of a well-organized machine. [Back to B1](#)

patterns 'pætərnz (1 occurrence)

Português: padrões

Simple English: regular shapes or designs

Example: *The sunlight made patterns on the floor.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was early spring, and the light made pretty patterns on the paths through the trees. [Back to B1](#)

plant plænt (1 occurrence)

Português: planta

Simple English: a living thing that grows in soil

Example: *There is a beautiful plant in the garden.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that he could not go this week because he needed to help her plant potatoes. [Back to B1](#)

politely *pə'laɪtli* (1 occurrence)

Português: educadamente

Simple English: in a kind and respectful way

Example: *He asked politely for help.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric replied politely, saying he was sure he could do the job. [Back to B1](#)

potatoes *pə'tetəʊz* (1 occurrence)

Português: batatas

Simple English: A type of vegetable, round and brown on the outside.

Example: *She hurried to finish preparing the potatoes for the night.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that he could not go this week because he needed to help her plant potatoes. [Back to B1](#)

pressured *'preʃəd* (1 occurrence)

Português: pressionada

Simple English: Made to do something by others.

Example: *Leslie's mother pressured her.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric told his father that he was just as bad as David Baker, who had pressured him about marriage all the way home from college. [Back to B1](#)

Priest *'pri:st/* (1 occurrence)

Português: padre; sacerdote

Simple English: A man who leads religious ceremonies and serves a religious community.

Example: *The priest delivered a powerful sermon during the Sunday service.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Marshall looked like a kind old priest or helper, not like the smart, strong, and fair businessman he was. [Back to B1](#)

provides *prə'vaɪdz* (1 occurrence)

Português: fornece

Simple English: gives what someone needs

Example: *He provides food for his family.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mrs. Williamson is described as a very kind person and an excellent cook who provides delicious meals. [Back to B1](#)

proving *'pru:vɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: provando

Simple English: Showing that something is true.

Example: *The test is proving that the theory is correct.*

Uses in this book:

1. The picture showed her beautiful face, proving she deserved their love. [Back to B1](#)

pulling *'pulɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: puxando

Simple English: using force to move something towards you

Example: *They were pulling and hitting each other.*

Uses in this book:

1. Further down the hill, Eric met an old gray horse pulling a worn-out wagon. [Back to B1](#)

Punish */'pʌnɪʃ/* (2 occurrences)

Português: punir; castigar; puna

Simple English: To cause suffering for someone breaking a law.

Example: *The judge decided to punish the thief with community service instead of jail.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she promised to support the teacher and said she would punish her son again if the teacher sent him home with a note after punishing him. [Back to B1](#)

2. He said it was not a good way to punish children by keeping them inside, as it was hard for them and the teacher.

qualities 'kwɒlətɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: qualidades

Simple English: features or characteristics of a person or thing

Example: *She has many good qualities like kindness and honesty.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also noted she was well-born, well-bred, and well-educated, which he thought were important qualities for someone to take a mother's place. [Back to B1](#)

reminded rɪ'maɪn.dɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: lembrar

Simple English: to make someone remember something

Example: *He reminded her that it was her own fault she was there.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was a wind that reminded people of the hopes of youth, which are valuable even if they are not all achieved. [Back to B1](#)

2. She reminded him that she could not speak and asked if he was sorry.

reminding rɪ'maɪndɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: lembrando

Simple English: making you remember something

Example: *The smell is reminding me of my childhood.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric then asked David why he did not leave the matter to fate, reminding him that he believed in predestination. [Back to B1](#)

sadness 'sædnəs (10 occurrences)

Português: tristeza

Simple English: A feeling of being unhappy or sorrowful.

Example: *This made the sadness stronger because it showed he was tired and without hope after much pain.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was a small woman with gray hair and a thin, pretty, well-bred face, showing many lines from past sadness. [Back to B1](#)
2. He remembered she was just a child, different from others because of her sadness.
3. Eric replied, with some sadness, that Kilmeny's mother had told her she was ugly.
4. Janet tried her best but worried she might not be able to protect Margaret, or Kilmeny, from sadness.
5. However, she worried that he might be the reason for Kilmeny's sadness in the end.

Ship /ʃɪp/ (1 occurrence)

Português: navio; nave; barco

Simple English: A large boat.

Example: *The ship crossed the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. A ship is sailing towards the horizon, and the lighthouse on the headland has just been lit and is flashing. [Back to B1](#)

situation ,sɪtu'eɪʃən (10 occurrences)

Português: situação

Simple English: a set of conditions at a specific time

Example: *He understood his difficult situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said, thankfully, that the difficult situation was finished, and sat down in his favourite chair. [Back to B1](#)
2. Kilmeny's situation was very strange, and the more he thought about it, the stranger it became.
3. The townspeople talked a lot about the situation.
4. He told her not to be afraid, and that he would only tell Dr. Baker what was needed to understand the situation.
5. He was surprised and worried that Eric had fallen in love with a girl who could not speak and had an unclear past, but the unusual situation interested him professionally.

slopes *sloups* (1 occurrence)

Português: declives

Simple English: multiple inclined surfaces or hills

Example: *They climbed long, gentle slopes.*

Uses in this book:

1. The ceiling slopes down on one side, so you will hit your head many times until you remember it is there. [Back to B1](#)

someday *'sʌmdeɪ* (2 occurrences)

Português: algum dia

Simple English: at some time in the future

Example: *Someday I want to visit Europe.*

Uses in this book:

1. David said dryly that Eric would meet the right woman someday. [Back to B1](#)
2. He mentioned he would like to teach it to her someday.

speaker *'spi:kə* (1 occurrence)

Português: falante

Simple English: A person who talks to others.

Example: *The speaker explained the journey.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker's son, whose full name is Edward Alexander, hates the idea of going to school. [Back to B1](#)

specialized *'speʃəlaɪzd* (1 occurrence)

Português: especializou-se

Simple English: Focused on one area or subject

Example: *He specialized in throat problems.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was a doctor who specialized in problems with the throat and voice. [Back to B1](#)

successful *sək'ɛsfəl* (2 occurrences)

Português: bem-sucedido

Simple English: Having a good result or achieving a goal.

Example: *She was successful in passing the exam.*

Uses in this book:

1. His father started as a poor boy and built a successful business, and Eric intended to continue and expand it greatly. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was a young widower who had opened a successful shop.

sung *sʌŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: cantado

Simple English: Made music with the voice.

Example: *She has sung many wonderful songs.*

Uses in this book:

1. For the college students who had just received their diplomas from the president, "Old Charlie," in front of their families and friends, the wind might have sung of future success and dreams. [Back to B1](#)

support *sə'pɔ:rt* (3 occurrences)

Português: apoio

Simple English: help by holding or giving strength

Example: *She put her hands on his shoulders for support.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she promised to support the teacher and said she would punish her son again if the teacher sent him home with a note after punishing him. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker stated that some parents always support their children when there are problems at school. [Back to B1](#)
3. He said it was just a vague thought without any facts to support it.

text *tɛkst* (2 occurrences)

Português: texto

Simple English: a written message or piece of writing

Example: *The text said someone was more wonderful than the warriors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The text mentions sailing over the foam [Back to B1](#)
2. The text then mentioned a poem.

thoughtful *'θɔ:tfəl* (4 occurrences)

Português: pensativo

Simple English: Thinking carefully or showing care for others.

Example: *He looked thoughtful while reading the letter.*

Uses in this book:

1. Eric's face changed from looking thoughtful to looking interested after he read the first few lines. [Back to B1](#)
2. When he was serious, his eyes had a thoughtful and kind look. [Back to B1](#)
3. Sometimes she was serious, sometimes happy, sometimes calm, sometimes thoughtful.
4. She explained that Mr. Marshall was a good young man, but sometimes not very thoughtful.

today *tə'deɪ* (2 occurrences)

Português: hoje

Simple English: on this day

Example: *Today is a good day for a walk.*

Uses in this book:

1. People felt that what she thought today, they would think tomorrow. [Back to B1](#)
2. His father grumbled that he didn't understand young men today. [Back to B1](#)

tomorrow tə'mɒrəʊ (2 occurrences)

Português: amanhã

Simple English: the day after today

Example: *We will meet tomorrow at noon.*

Uses in this book:

1. People felt that what she thought today, they would think tomorrow. [Back to B1](#)
2. Kilmeny said she would love to come tomorrow evening if the weather was good.

topic 'tɒpɪk (2 occurrences)

Português: tópico

Simple English: The subject that is being talked about.

Example: *The topic of the lesson was animals.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Marshall denied ever speaking to David Baker about such a topic. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked simply and without embarrassment, feeling that love was a topic she could discuss with Eric like music or books.

topics 'tɒpɪks (1 occurrence)

Português: tópicos

Simple English: Subjects to talk or write about.

Example: *They discuss serious topics in class.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had let his fourth-grade students choose their own topics for writing that morning. [Back to B1](#)

trick /trɪk/ (2 occurrences)

Português: truque; enganar; engane

Simple English: Act performed to amuse or seem magical for spectators.

Example: *He did a magic trick that amazed the children at the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. His blue eyes twinkled, warning anyone who wanted to trick him in a deal.

[Back to B1](#)

2. He exclaimed that it was an extraordinary thing and asked Eric if he was serious or if he was trying to trick the old man.

unintelligent ˌʌnɪn'telɪdʒənt (1 occurrence)

Português: pouco inteligente

Simple English: Not smart or clever.

Example: *The teacher said the answer was unintelligent.*

Uses in this book:

1. She warned the teacher that he would be difficult to teach, describing him as unintelligent and very stubborn. [Back to B1](#)

university ˌjuːnɪ'vɜːrsɪti (1 occurrence)

Português: universidade

Simple English: A school for higher education after high school.

Example: *She will study at the university next year.*

Uses in this book:

1. He worked at the Queenslea Medical College, and people thought he might soon get an important job at McGill University. [Back to B1](#)

using 'juːzɪŋ (3 occurrences)

Português: usando

Simple English: Doing something with an object.

Example: *She is using a rope to climb.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought his friend's speaking ability was perfect for being a lawyer and that using it for business was wrong. [Back to B1](#)

2. However, she listened with interest when Thomas and Eric debated using facts and opinions.

3. She wanted to see herself again in the mirror using a small candle.

valuable /'væljuəbəl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: valioso; precioso

Simple English: Worth a lot of money or importance significantly.

Example: *Her advice was very valuable for my career development.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was a wind that reminded people of the hopes of youth, which are valuable even if they are not all achieved. [Back to B1](#)