

# ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

**B1**



MicMac

## Rainbow Valley

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE  
LEITURA

**B2**



TEXTO  
ORIGINAL  
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO  
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E  
GLOSSÁRIO  
DE VOCABULÁRIO

### VALE DO ARCO-ÍRIS

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

# **Rainbow Valley**

## **Vale do Arco-Íris**

**L. M. Montgomery**

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português  
Support

**SAMPLE**

# Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Reading Comprehension B1](#)

[Original English Text](#)

[Versão em Português](#)

[Glossary: New Words](#)

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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**

Rainbow Valley é o sétimo livro da série Anne de Green Gables, deslocando o foco de Anne Shirley para seus seis filhos e suas interações com os filhos do novo ministro presbiteriano, John Meredith. Ambientado na idílica vila canadense de Glen St. Mary, a história centra-se na amizade entre os filhos Blythe—Jem, Walter, Nan, Di, Shirley e Rilla—e os filhos Meredith—Jerry, Faith, Una e Carl. O conflito central surge da criação não convencional das crianças Meredith devido à distração do pai viúvo, gerando fofocas e mal-entendidos na comunidade. As crianças encontram refúgio e aventura em um vale escondido chamado Rainbow Valley, onde brincam e formam laços profundos. A narrativa progride através de uma série de episódios que destacam a travessura, bondade e crescente maturidade das crianças, enquanto aborda temas como perda, fé e o impacto da Primeira Guerra Mundial, que se avizinha. O tom literário é caloroso, nostálgico e levemente humorístico, com a característica atenção de Montgomery à natureza, à inocência infantil e ao crescimento moral. O romance explora

os desafios da parentalidade e a importância da comunidade, à medida que as famílias Blythe e Meredith aprendem a apoiar-se mutuamente. Personagens-chave incluem Anne, agora uma mãe sábia e amorosa, e seu marido Gilbert, que oferecem orientação. A história se encaminha para um clímax comovente envolvendo uma doença perigosa e um ato heroico, mas a resolução final é deixada em aberto, preparando o cenário para o próximo livro, Rilla de Ingleside.

### **Nota editorial**

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# Index - Reading Comprehension B1

[Home Again](#)

[Sheer Gossip](#)

[The Ingleside Children](#)

[The Manse Children](#)

[The Advent of Mary Vance](#)

# Home Again

**Pt/En** It was a pleasant evening in May. The sea was making a sad sound on the shore. A cheerful wind blew down the road. Miss Cornelia was walking towards the village of Glen St. Mary. Her full name was Mrs. Marshall Elliott, and she had been married for thirteen years. However, most people still called her Miss Cornelia. Her old friends liked this name. But Susan Baker, a loyal servant at Ingleside, never missed a chance to call her "Mrs. Marshall Elliott" with a strong, pointed tone. It seemed Susan wanted to emphasize that she was married, perhaps with a hint of disapproval.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia was on her way to visit Dr. and Mrs. Blythe. They had just returned home from Europe. They had been away for three months, attending an important medical meeting in London. While they were gone, some things had happened in the Glen that Miss Cornelia wanted to talk about. For example, a new family had moved into the manse. Miss Cornelia thought about this new family and shook her head as she walked quickly.

**Pt/En** Susan Baker and Anne Shirley saw Miss Cornelia approaching. They were sitting on the large porch at Ingleside. They were enjoying the soft light, the sound of robins singing, and the sight of daffodils moving in the wind near the old brick wall.

**Pt/En** Anne was sitting on the steps, holding her knee. In the dim evening light, she looked as young as a mother of many children could. Her beautiful gray-green eyes looked down the harbour road, still full of bright dreams. Behind her, Rilla Blythe was resting in a hammock. Rilla was six years old, the youngest of the children at Ingleside. She had curly red hair and hazel eyes, which were closed in sleep in her usual wrinkled way.

**Pt/En** Shirley, called "the little brown boy" by his family, was sleeping in Susan's arms. He had brown hair, brown eyes, and brown skin, with very red cheeks. He was Susan's favorite. After he was born, Anne had been very sick for a long time. Susan took care of the baby with great love, more than she had shown to her other children. Dr. Blythe had said that the baby would not have survived without Susan's care.

**Pt/En** Susan often said that Shirley was as much her baby as he was Mrs. Dr. Blythe's. Shirley always went to Susan for comfort, like when he got hurt, or to be protected from being punished. Susan had punished the other Blythe children when she thought it was necessary, but she would not punish Shirley, and she did not let his mother punish him either. She was very upset one time when Dr. Blythe spanked Shirley.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. Blythe that the doctor was too strict and would even spank an angel. After this, she refused to bake a pie for the doctor for many weeks.

**Pt/En** Susan took Shirley with her to her brother's house while his parents were away. The other children went to Avonlea. Susan had three happy months with just Shirley. However, Susan was happy to return to Ingleside and have all her children with her again. Ingleside was her home, and she was in charge. Even Anne rarely disagreed with her. Mrs. Rachel Lynde from Green Gables was unhappy about this. She told Anne that Susan was becoming too bossy and that Anne would regret it later.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. Blythe that Cornelia Bryant was coming. She said Cornelia would arrive soon and bring three months of news and gossip.

**Pt/En** Anne said she hoped so and that she was very eager for news from Glen St. Mary. She wanted Miss Cornelia to tell her everything that had happened while they were away, like who was born, married, or died. Anne said it was wonderful to be home with the people from Glen St. Mary and she wanted to know all about them. She admitted she suspected she really loved gossip.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed that most women enjoy hearing news. She said she was interested in Millicent Drew's situation. Susan mentioned she never had a boyfriend, but she was fine with being an old maid now. She thought Millicent's hair looked messy, as if she had swept it with a broom, but men did not seem to mind this.

**Pt/En** The other woman replied that men only noticed Millicent's pretty, lively, and teasing face.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed that beauty might not be important, but she would have liked to find out for herself if she had had the chance. She then changed the subject to gossip, saying that Mrs. Harrison Miller, who lived

across the harbour, had apparently tried to hang herself the previous week.

**Pt/En** The other woman expressed shock at this news.

**Pt/En** Susan told her to calm down, explaining that Mrs. Harrison Miller had not succeeded in hanging herself. Susan said she understood why she might try, as her husband was a terrible man. However, Susan thought it was foolish to try and hang herself, as it would allow her husband to marry someone else. Susan added that if she were in that situation, she would have tried to make her husband so unhappy that he would want to hang himself instead, though she did not support suicide in any situation.

**Pt/En** Anne asked impatiently what was wrong with Harrison Miller. She said he always made people go too far.

**Pt/En** Someone explained that people were not sure if Harrison Miller's actions were due to religion or bad temper. Some days he was angry, thinking he would be punished forever. Other days he drank alcohol. The speaker thought he was not mentally well, like his grandfather who thought he was covered in spiders. The speaker hoped she would not become insane, as it was not common for her family, the Bakers. She also mentioned that Mrs. Miller might have married Harrison to annoy Richard Taylor, which seemed like a strange reason for marriage. Then, Cornelia Bryant arrived at the gate.

# Sheer Gossip

**Pt/En** After greetings, Miss Cornelia asked where the other children were.

**Pt/En** Anne replied that Shirley was in bed. Jem, Walter, and the twins had just returned that afternoon and had immediately gone to their *favorite* place, Rainbow Valley. She said they loved it more than anywhere else, even more than the maple grove.

**Pt/En** Susan said she was worried they loved Rainbow Valley too much. She recalled that little Jem had once said he would prefer to go to Rainbow Valley than to heaven when he died, which she thought was an improper thing to say.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia asked if they had a good time in Avonlea.

**Pt/En** The speaker answered that they had a very good time. They said Marilla spoiled them a lot, and that Jem was always seen as perfect by Marilla.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia *commented* that Miss Cuthbert must be an old lady now. She started knitting because she believed that a person who is *busy* with their hands has an advantage over someone who is not.

**Pt/En** Anne replied with a sigh that Marilla was eighty-five and had white hair. She also mentioned that Marilla's eyesight was *surprisingly* better than when she was sixty.

**Pt/En** The speaker said they were glad everyone was back because they had been very lonely. They also mentioned that the spring had been very exciting, especially regarding church matters, and that they had finally found a minister.

**Pt/En** Susan spoke to Mrs. Dr. Meredith. She wanted to share the news herself and not let Miss Cornelia speak first.

**Pt/En** Anne asked if Mr. Meredith was a nice person.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia sighed, and Susan groaned.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia said that Mr. Meredith was very nice and learned, but he had no common sense.

**Pt/En** Anne then asked how they had called him.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia said that the preacher was the best they had ever had in their church. She thought he was a bit dreamy and *forgetful*, and this might be why he never got a job in a larger town. She added that his first sermon was amazing, and everyone really liked it, as well as his looks.

**Pt/En** She also said that he was very good-looking.

**Pt/En** She liked to see a handsome man in the pulpit.

**Pt/En** Susan thought it was her turn to speak.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia also explained that they wanted to settle down. Mr. Meredith was the first candidate they all agreed on because people had objections to the others. They had thought about calling Mr. Folsom, who was also a good preacher, but people did not like his appearance; he was too dark and smooth.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that a man looked just like a big black cat. She added that she did not like having such a man in the pulpit every Sunday.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia continued, saying that Mr. Rogers was not very good or bad. She explained that even if he had preached very well, it would not have helped him. This was because old Caleb Ramsay's sheep came into the church and made a loud noise just as he started his sermon. Everyone laughed, and Mr. Rogers could not *recover* after that. Some people thought they should ask Mr. Stewart to preach because he was very educated and could read the New Testament in five languages.

**Pt/En** Susan interrupted, saying she did not think Mr. Stewart was more likely to go to heaven just because he knew many languages.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia *ignored* Susan and said that most of them did not like Mr. Stewart's way of speaking. She explained that he spoke in grunts. She also said that Mr. Arnett could not preach at all and *chose* a very bad Bible text, 'Curse ye Meroz'.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that whenever Mr. Arnett could not think of what to say, he would hit the Bible and shout angrily, 'Curse ye Meroz.' She felt that Meroz was cursed a lot that day, no matter who he was.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia explained that a minister must be very careful about the Bible text he chooses. She believed Mr. Pierson might have been selected if he had picked a different text. When he announced, "I will lift my eyes to the hills," everyone understood he was not suitable. People smiled because they knew the two Hill girls had been interested in every minister who came to the area for the past fifteen years. She also added that Mr. Newman had too many children.

**Pt/En** Susan said that a minister stayed with her brother-in-law, James Clow. She asked him how many children he had. He replied that he had nine boys and a sister for each of them, making eighteen children in total. Susan thought eighteen children was a very large family and could not understand why he laughed. She was sure that eighteen children would be too many for any minister's home.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia told Susan that the minister only had ten children. She explained that ten good children would not be much worse for the church and its members than the four children they currently had. Miss Cornelia liked the children and thought they were nice. She felt they would be good children if someone taught them manners and what is right. Although their teacher said they were model children at school, they behaved very differently at home and were not supervised.

**Pt/En** Anne asked about Mrs. Meredith.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia explained that there was no Mrs. Meredith, which was the problem. Mr. Meredith was a widower whose wife had died four years earlier. She said they probably would not have invited him if they had known he was a widower, as a widower was considered more difficult for a congregation than a single man. They had assumed he had a wife because he spoke of his children. When he arrived, only his wife's elderly cousin, Aunt Martha, was there to help. Aunt Martha was seventy-five years old, partially blind, very deaf, and quite bad-tempered.

**Pt/En** Someone said that Mrs. Dr. was a very poor cook.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia said bitterly that Mr. Meredith was the worst manager for the manse. She explained that Mr. Meredith would not hire another housekeeper because he thought it would upset Aunt Martha. Miss Cornelia told Anne that the house was in a terrible state,

very dusty and messy, even though it had been recently painted and *decorated*.

**Pt/En** Anne asked if there were four children, and she already felt like a mother to them.

**Pt/En** The speaker *confirmed* there were four children, who were like steps on a stair. The oldest was Gerald, called Jerry, who was twelve and clever. Faith was eleven, a tomboy, but very pretty.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Dr. that Faith looked like an angel but was very *mischievous*. Susan explained that Faith had taken a dozen eggs and a small pail of milk down to the cellar. Faith fell down the stairs with the milk and eggs. She came up laughing and said she felt like a custard pie. Mrs. James Millison was angry and said she would not bring anything else to the manse if it was going to be wasted.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia said that Maria Millison did not get hurt when she brought things to the manse. She explained that Maria used it as an excuse to be curious. However, Miss Cornelia added that Faith often got into trouble because she was careless and acted without thinking.

**Pt/En** Anne said that she was similar to Faith and was sure she would like her.

**Pt/En** Susan agreed that Faith had a lot of spirit, and she liked that quality.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia admitted that Faith was interesting. She said Faith was always laughing, which made others want to laugh too, and she could not even stay serious in church. Miss Cornelia also mentioned Una, who was ten, sweet, and not pretty. Their brother, Thomas Carlyle, called Carl, was nine and loved collecting toads, bugs, and frogs to bring inside the house.

**Pt/En** Susan thought Carl might have been responsible for a dead rat found in the parlour, which surprised Mrs. Grant. She felt that manse parlours were not places for dead rats. Susan also mentioned the manse cat, saying it was very naughty and looked untidy. She added that the cat often walked on the roof in the evening, which she thought was not proper behaviour for a manse cat.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia complained that the children were never dressed properly. She added that they went to school without shoes after the snow melted, which she felt was not suitable for children from the manse, especially when the Methodist minister's daughter always wore nice boots. Miss Cornelia also expressed her wish that they would not play in the old Methodist graveyard.

**Pt/En** Anne replied that it was tempting to play there because it was so close to the manse. She mentioned that she had always thought graveyards seemed like delightful places to play.

**Pt/En** Susan, wanting to protect Anne, told Mrs. Dr. that Anne did not think that. Susan insisted Anne had too much good sense and good behaviour.

**Pt/En** Anne asked why the manse was built next to the graveyard in the first place. She explained that the lawn was so small that the children had no other place to play except in the graveyard.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia agreed that building the manse there was a mistake, but mentioned they bought the land cheaply. She noted that no other manse children had ever thought of playing there and that Mr. Meredith should not allow it. She explained that Mr. Meredith was often lost in thought or reading books. While he remembered to go to church on Sundays, he had forgotten about the prayer-meeting twice and once about Fanny Cooper's wedding, rushing over in his slippers. Miss Cornelia added that although the Methodists laughed about these incidents, they could not criticize his sermons, as he was very awake when preaching. She also mentioned that people said the Methodist minister could not preach well.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia did not dislike men as much as before because she was married. However, she still strongly disliked Methodists and was not kind to them. Susan smiled in a clever way.

**Pt/En** Susan told Mrs. Marshall Elliott that some people were saying the Methodists and

**Pt/En** Presbyterians were planning to join together.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia strongly disagreed. She said she hoped she would be dead if that happened. She stated that she would never work with Methodists, and that Mr. Meredith should also avoid them. She

thought he was too friendly with them. She explained that he had gone to the Jacob Drews' wedding anniversary supper and got into trouble because of it.

Pt/En Mrs. Marshall Elliott asked what the trouble was.

Pt/En Mr. Meredith was asked to carve a roast goose because Jacob Drew could not. While carving, Mr. Meredith accidentally knocked the goose off the platter and onto Mrs. Reese's lap. He then asked her to return the goose. Mrs. Reese did so quietly, but she was likely very angry because she was wearing her new silk dress. She was also a Methodist.

Pt/En Susan thought it was better that Mrs. Reese was a Methodist than a Presbyterian. She explained that if Mrs. Reese had been Presbyterian, she might have left the church, and they needed to keep their members. Susan also mentioned that Mrs. Reese was not well-liked in her own church because she acted superior. Therefore, the other Methodists might have been pleased that Mr. Meredith spoiled her dress.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia stated stiffly that the main problem was that Mr. Meredith made himself look foolish in front of the Methodists. She believed that if he had been married, this accident would not have happened.

Pt/En Susan stubbornly replied that she did not understand how having many wives would have stopped Mrs. Drew from using her old goose for the wedding feast.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia mentioned that some people said it was Mrs. Drew's husband who decided to use that particular goose.

Pt/En Someone said that Jacob Drew was a proud, selfish, and bossy person.

Pt/En Susan mentioned that Jacob Drew and his wife seemed to dislike each other, which she thought was not good for a married couple. She also said Mrs. Drew was mean. She told a story about Mrs. Drew giving butter made from cream a rat had fallen into to a church social, and people only found out about the rat later.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said it was lucky that the Merediths had only offended Methodists so far. She explained that Jerry had spoken to William Marsh at a prayer meeting, asking if he felt better after testifying.

Mr. Marsh thought Jerry was rude and was angry with him, even though Jerry meant to be kind. Miss Cornelia added that Jerry should not have been at a Methodist meeting, but people can go where they want.

**Pt/En** Susan hoped the Merediths would not upset Mrs. Alec Davis, who lived at Harbour Head. Susan understood that Mrs. Davis was easily offended but was wealthy and paid a lot for salaries. Susan had heard that Mrs. Davis thought the Meredith children were the worst behaved she had ever seen.

**Pt/En** Mistress Anne stated firmly that everything said convinced her the Merediths were from a certain group of people.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia agreed that certain people acted in a certain way, and this made things equal. She said they had the people now and must do their best for them and support them with the Methodists. She thought she should go down to the harbour because Marshall would be home soon and would need his supper. She was sorry she had not seen the other children and asked where the doctor was.

**Pt/En** The doctor was at Harbour Head. In the three days since they had returned home, he had only slept in his own bed for three hours and eaten two meals at his own house.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia explained that everyone who had been sick for the past six weeks had been waiting for the doctor to come home, and she understood why. People had been suspicious of the doctor from over the harbour when he married the undertaker's daughter in Lowbridge, as it did not seem right. She invited the other person and the doctor to visit soon and tell her about their trip, assuming they had a wonderful time.

**Pt/En** Anne agreed that they had a wonderful time, saying it was the fulfillment of many years of dreams. She found the old world very beautiful and amazing. However, she added that they had returned home feeling very happy with their own country, and told Miss Cornelia that Canada was the best country in the world.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia replied with satisfaction that no one had ever doubted that.

**Pt/En** Anne laughed and said that Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.) was the most beautiful province, and Four Winds was the most beautiful place in P.E.I. She looked happily at the beautiful sunset over the land and sea.

Anne told Miss Cornelia that she had not seen anything as beautiful as this in Europe. She asked if Miss Cornelia had to leave and mentioned that the children would be sad they had missed her.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia said that the children should visit her soon and that her doughnut jar was always full for them.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia explained that the children had planned to visit Anne at supper. She added that they would visit soon but needed to *focus* on school now. She also mentioned that the twins were going to start music lessons.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia asked anxiously if the children's visit was not from the Methodist minister's wife.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia asked anxiously if the children's visit was not from the Methodist minister's wife.

**Pt/En** The speaker said they had arranged something with Rosemary West the previous evening and thought she was a very pretty girl.

**Pt/En** The speaker *commented* that Rosemary West is strong and capable, but she is not as young as she was in the past.

**Pt/En** The speaker found Rosemary West charming, but explained they did not know her well because her house was far away and they only saw her at church sometimes.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia mentioned that people liked Rosemary West even if they did not understand her. She explained that Rosemary's mother, Ellen, had controlled her life but also allowed her many things. Rosemary was once engaged to young Martin Crawford, but he drowned when his ship was wrecked. Rosemary was only seventeen and was never the same after that. Since their mother died, Rosemary and Ellen have stayed home a lot. Ellen did not approve of going to the Presbyterian church too often, and never went to the Methodist church. The West family were always strong Episcopalians. Rosemary and Ellen have enough money, and Rosemary gives music lessons because she likes it, not because she needs the money. They are related to Leslie. Miss Cornelia then asked if the Fords were coming to the harbour that summer.

**Pt/En** The Fords would not be coming to the harbour that summer because they were going on a year-long trip to Japan. Owen's new novel would be set in Japan. This would be the first summer the "House of Dreams" would be empty since the speaker's family left it.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia grumbled that Owen Ford had enough *topics* to write about in Canada. She did not think he should take his wife and children to Japan, calling it a heathen country. She also said that "The Life Book" was his best work and that he found the ideas for it in Four Winds.

**Pt/En** She explained that Captain Jim had given Owen Ford much of the information for his books, and that he had gathered more from around the world. However, she thought all of Owen's books were delightful.

**Pt/En** Miss Cornelia told Anne that while she read all of Owen Ford's books, she believed reading novels was a waste of time. She planned to write to him and share her opinion about his move to Japan, asking if he wanted his children, Kenneth and Persis, to become pagans.

**Pt/En** After Miss Cornelia left, Susan put Rilla to bed. Anne sat on the veranda steps and watched the stars. She enjoyed the beautiful moonlight shining on Four Winds Harbour, a sight she loved to see again and again.

# The Ingleside Children

**Pt/En** During the day, the Blythe children enjoyed playing in the green maple grove near Ingleside and the Glen St. Mary pond. For evening fun, they preferred the small valley behind the grove, which felt like a magical place. Once, they saw a rainbow from the attic windows of Ingleside. One end of the rainbow seemed to go straight down into the valley, near the pond.

**Pt/En** Walter happily suggested calling the place "Rainbow Valley".

**Pt/En** From that time on, it was known as Rainbow Valley.

**Pt/En** Inside Rainbow Valley, the wind was always gentle, unlike outside. Small, winding paths covered with moss went over spruce roots. Wild cherry trees were mixed with dark spruces. A small brook with amber water flowed through the valley from Glen village. The village houses were far away. At the upper end of the valley, there was a small, old, broken cottage called "the old Bailey house." It had not been lived in for many years, but it had a grass-covered wall around it. Inside, an old garden still had violets, daisies, and June lilies blooming in season. The rest of the garden was covered with caraway plants that looked like silver seas in the summer moonlight.

**Pt/En** Beyond the pond, the distance turned into purple woods. Only a single old gray house on a high hill looked down on the glen and harbour. Rainbow Valley felt wild and quiet, even though it was close to the village. This made the Ingleside children love it.

**Pt/En** The valley had many friendly hollows, and the children liked to play in the largest one. In this hollow, there was a group of young spruces with a small, grassy clearing in the middle, next to the brook. A young, straight silver birch tree grew by the brook, which Walter had named the "White Lady." In the clearing, two trees, a spruce and a maple, grew so close together that their branches were tangled. Jem had hung an old string of sleigh-bells on these "Tree Lovers," and the breeze made them tinkle.

**Pt/En** Nan said that she was happy to be back.

**Pt/En** She thought that places in Avonlea were not as nice as Rainbow Valley.

**Pt/En** Even though they liked Rainbow Valley best, they also liked visiting Avonlea. A visit to Green Gables was a special treat. Aunt Marilla and Mrs. Rachel Lynde were kind to them. Mrs. Lynde was knitting things for Anne's daughters. They had friends there, like Uncle Davy's and Aunt Diana's children. They knew the places their mother loved when she was young, such as Lover's Lane, the yard, the Dryad's Bubble, the Lake of Shining Waters, and Willowmere. The twins slept in their mother's old room, and Aunt Marilla liked to watch them sleep, but she seemed to love Jem the most.

**Pt/En** Jem was *busy* cooking small trout he had caught. He used a fire made with stones and simple *tools* like a tin can and a broken fork, but he had made good meals before with them.

**Pt/En** Jem was born in the House of Dreams, *unlike* his *siblings* who were born at Ingleside. He had red hair like his mother and hazel eyes like his father. He had his mother's nose and his father's mouth. Susan thought his ears were nice, but Jem did not like that she called him 'Little Jem'. He was thirteen and thought it was silly, believing his mother understood him better.

**Pt/En** On his eighth birthday, Jem told his mother indignantly that he was not little *anymore* and was very big.

**Pt/En** His mother sighed and laughed. After that, she stopped calling him Little Jem when he could hear her.

**Pt/En** Jem was a strong and *dependable* boy who always kept his promises. He was not a big talker. His teachers thought he was a good student, but not brilliant. He liked to find out the truth for himself instead of just believing things. For *example*, he touched his tongue to a frosty latch to see if it was true that the skin would tear off, which it did, making his tongue sore for days. Jem did not mind the pain because he wanted to learn. Through experiments and watching things, he learned a lot. His brothers and sisters thought he knew a lot about their world. Jem knew where the best berries and flowers grew, how many eggs were in robin nests, and could tell fortunes with daisy petals. He knew how to find edible roots and where to get spruce gum and nuts. He also knew the best places for fishing and could *copy* the sounds of wild birds and animals.

**Pt/En** Walter Blythe sat by the pond, not reading his book of poems. He looked at the green willow trees and at the clouds that looked like little silver sheep. His eyes were wide and full of wonder as he watched the clouds move across Rainbow Valley. Walter's eyes were special because they seemed to show all the feelings of many people who had lived before.

**Pt/En** Walter did not look like his relatives. He was the most handsome of the Ingleside children, with black hair and nice *facial* features. However, he had his mother's strong imagination and love for beauty. He felt deeply about the different seasons, like winter, spring, summer, and autumn.

**Pt/En** Walter was not *popular* at school. Other boys thought he was weak because he did not fight or play sports. Instead, he liked to read books, especially poetry. He dreamed of becoming a poet himself. He admired his Uncle Paul, who lived far away in "the States" and was already a famous poet. The other boys at school did not know about Walter's dreams. However, they respected him because he spoke very well, using words like a preacher. This made them leave him alone and not bully him.

**Pt/En** The ten-year-old Ingleside twins did not look alike. One twin, Anne, who was called Nan, was very pretty. She had brown eyes and brown hair. Her teachers said she was cheerful and delicate. Her mother was happy with her perfect skin.

**Pt/En** Mrs. Blythe was happy that she had one daughter who could wear pink clothes.

**Pt/En** Diana Blythe, known as Di, looked a lot like her mother. She had *grey*-green eyes that shone brightly and red hair. She was her father's favourite. Di and Walter were good friends. Walter only read his own poems to Di. She was the only one who knew he was writing a long poem. Di kept all his secrets, even from Nan, and told him all her secrets.

**Pt/En** Nan asked Jem if the fish would be ready soon. She said that the smell made her very hungry.

**Pt/En** Jem said that they were almost ready and *skillfully* turned one of them.

**Pt/En** Jem asked the girls to get the bread and plates and told Walter to wake up.

**Pt/En** Walter dreamily said that the air was shining that night. He felt that a flower angel had visited the world and called to the flowers, and he thought he could see its blue wings on a hill near the woods. Walter cared more about spiritual things than food.

**Pt/En** Nan replied that any angel wings she had seen were white.

**Pt/En** He explained that the flower angel's wings were not white but a pale, misty blue, like the haze in the valley. He wished he could fly, thinking it must be wonderful.

**Pt/En** Di said that people sometimes fly in their dreams.

**Pt/En** Walter explained that he did not dream of flying exactly. He often dreamed he could rise from the ground and float over fences and trees. He found it delightful and thought it was real, but then he would wake up, which was sad.

**Pt/En** Jem told Nan to hurry up.

**Pt/En** Nan prepared a long board as a table, using newspapers as a tablecloth and old dishes. She brought bread and salt from a hidden tin box. The water from the brook was very clear. The food tasted wonderful because they were young, hungry, and in the beautiful Rainbow Valley. They sat among wild strawberry flowers, smelling the pine trees, listening to the wind and bells in the trees, and eating fried trout and dry bread. It was a meal that rich people might have envied.

**Pt/En** Nan invited them to sit down as Jem put his plate of trout on the table. She asked Jem to say grace.

**Pt/En** Jem said he had fried the trout and did not want to say grace. He asked Walter to say it instead, because Walter liked it. Jem also asked Walter to make it short, as he was very hungry.

**Pt/En** Walter did not say grace at that moment. Something happened to interrupt them.

**Pt/En** Di asked who was coming down the hill from the manse.

# The Manse Children

**Pt/En** The manse in Glen St. Mary was not tidy because Aunt Martha was not a good housekeeper and Mr. Meredith was an absent-minded man. However, the house felt warm and friendly. Even the women in the Glen liked it. The vines on the walls, the trees, and the views from the windows added to its charm. But the house had been neat and dull before. The new people living there made it special. There was a happy and friendly feeling, and the doors were always open. Love was the main rule in the manse.

**Pt/En** People thought Mr. Meredith spoiled his children because he did not like to scold them. He felt sad for them because they did not have a mother. He was a dreamer and often thought about important things, like the soul's immortality. He did not notice his children playing loudly in the graveyard. He knew his children were not looked after as well as before his wife died, and that the house and meals were different with Aunt Martha. He lived mostly with books and ideas. Even though his clothes were not clean and the Glen women thought he did not eat enough, he was a happy man.

**Pt/En** The old Methodist graveyard in Glen St. Mary was a pleasant place. It was different from the new graveyard, which was sad. People thought the old graveyard was cheerful because it had been left alone by nature for a long time.

**Pt/En** The graveyard was surrounded by a low wall made of stones and grass on three sides. Tall fir trees grew outside the wall. The wall, built by the first people in the [area](#), was old and beautiful. Moss, green [plants](#), violets, asters, and golden-rod grew on it. Small ferns and larger bracken [plants](#) also grew there.

**Pt/En** On the east side, there was no fence. The graveyard went into a young fir forest that was getting closer to the graves and led into a thick wood. The air was filled with the sound of the sea and old trees. In the spring mornings, birds sang in the elms near the churches, singing about life. The Meredith children liked the old graveyard.

**Pt/En** [Plants](#) like ivy, spruce, and mint grew everywhere over the old graves. Blueberry bushes grew well in a sandy [area](#) near the fir wood. There were many different kinds of tombstones from different times.

Some were flat stones from early settlers. Others had pictures of weeping willows or clasped hands. The newest ones were tall monuments with urns. One large, ugly monument was for Alec Davis. He was born Methodist but married a Presbyterian woman. She made him become Presbyterian. When he died, she buried him in the Methodist graveyard with his family. To remember him, she built a monument that cost more than other Methodists could pay. The Meredith children disliked this monument, but they liked the old, flat stones where tall grasses grew. They used these stones as seats. The children were sitting on one now. Jerry was playing a jew's-harp. Carl was looking closely at a beetle he found. Una was making a doll's dress. Faith was swinging her feet to the music.

**Pt/En** Jerry had his father's dark hair and eyes, but his eyes were bright, not dreamy. Faith, who was next, was very pretty and cheerful. She had golden-brown eyes, curly hair, and red cheeks. She laughed a lot, which sometimes surprised her father's church members. She once told an older woman, Mrs. Taylor, that the world was not sad but full of laughter.

**Pt/En** Una was a quiet girl who did not laugh much. She had dark hair and sad, thoughtful eyes. Her mouth sometimes opened to show her small teeth, and a shy smile appeared on her face. She worried more about what people thought than Faith did. She felt their way of life was a little strange and wanted to fix it, but she didn't know how. She sometimes tried to help with chores, like dusting or sewing a button on her father's suit. However, she wasn't very good at these tasks, and a poorly sewn button on her father's coat caused a lot of talk at church.

**Pt/En** Carl had dark-blue eyes like his mother, who was no longer alive. He also had her brown hair. He understood insects and seemed to be friends with bees and beetles. Una did not like sitting near Carl because she was afraid he might have strange creatures with him. Jerry did not want to share a bed with Carl because Carl once brought a small snake to bed. So, Carl slept in a short cot that he could not stretch out in, and he had unusual sleeping companions. It was probably good that Aunt Martha, who could not see very well, made his bed. They were a happy, lovable group of children, and Cecilia Meredith must have been very sad knowing she had to leave them.

**Pt/En** Faith asked a cheerful question about where someone would want to be buried if they were a Methodist.

**Pt/En** This question started an interesting discussion.

**Pt/En** Jerry said there was not much choice for *burial* places because they were full. He thought he would like to be buried in a corner near the road. He said he could hear the *carts* and people talking if he were there.

**Pt/En** Una said she would like to be buried in the small hollow under the weeping birch tree. She explained that many birds go there and sing very loudly in the mornings.

**Pt/En** Faith said she would choose the Porter lot because many children were buried there, and she liked having company. She then asked Carl where he wanted to be buried.

**Pt/En** Carl said he would prefer not to be buried at all, but if he had to be,

**Pt/En** he would like to be buried near the ant-bed because he found ants very interesting.

**Pt/En** Una *commented* that everyone buried there must have been very good, as she had read the old *inscriptions* and found no mention of bad people. She thought that perhaps Methodists were better than Presbyterians.

**Pt/En** Carl suggested that perhaps Methodists buried their bad people differently, maybe like cats, and did not bring them to the graveyard.

**Pt/En** Faith *disagreed*, saying that people buried there were not better than others. She explained that her Aunt Martha had told her that one should only say good things about dead people, or they would return to haunt you. When she asked her father if this was true, he just muttered about the meaning of truth, which made Faith believe it was true.

**Pt/En** Jerry wondered if Mr. Alec Davis would come back to haunt him if he threw a stone at the urn on top of his tombstone.

**Pt/En** Faith giggled and said that Mrs. Davis would certainly come back. She described Mrs. Davis as watching people in church like a cat watches mice. Faith mentioned that she had made a face at Mrs. Davis's

nephew, and Mrs. Davis had glared at her. Faith also recalled that Mrs. Marshall Elliott had warned her not to upset Mrs. Davis.

**Pt/En** Jerry said that Jem Blythe had once stuck out his tongue at Mrs. Davis, and she had refused to let his father visit her again, even when her husband was dying. Jerry then wondered what the Blythe family would be like.

**Pt/En** Faith said she liked the way the Blythe children looked when they arrived at the station. She liked Jem's appearance the most.

**Pt/En** Jerry mentioned that people at school said Walter was a sissy.

**Pt/En** Una did not agree with Jerry. She thought Walter was very handsome.

**Pt/En** Bertie Shakespeare Drew told Una that Walter wrote poetry and won a prize from the teacher. Bertie's mother thought he should have won because of his name, but Bertie said he could not write poetry.

**Pt/En** Faith thought they would get to know the Blythe children when they started school. She hoped the girls were nice, as she did not like most girls in the area, finding them boring. She thought the Blythe twins looked cheerful and did not look alike, and she liked the red-haired twin best.

**Pt/En** Una said she liked the mother's appearance. She felt sad because she wished she had a mother like other children. Una's own mother died when she was six years old. She remembered her mother very well, thinking of cuddles in the evening, playing in the morning, her kind eyes, soft voice, and happy laugh.

**Pt/En** Jerry said that people say the mother is not like other people.

**Pt/En** Faith said that Mrs. Elliot explained this was because the mother never really grew up.

**Pt/En** Faith

**Pt/En** She is taller than Mrs. Elliott.

**Pt/En** The speaker agreed and explained that Mrs. Elliot said Mrs. Blythe had stayed like a little girl on the inside.

**Pt/En** Carl interrupted and asked what he could smell, while sniffing the air.

**Pt/En** Everyone could smell it now. A very pleasant smell was coming through the quiet evening air from a small, wooded valley below the hill.

**Pt/En** Jerry said that the smell made him feel hungry.

**Pt/En** Una said sadly that they had only eaten bread with molasses for supper and the same food cold for dinner.

**Pt/En** Aunt Martha usually cooked a big piece of mutton at the beginning of the week. She served it every day until it was finished. The meat was cold and oily. Faith thought of a name for it: "ditto". Everyone at the manse called it by this name.

**Pt/En** Jerry suggested that they should go and find out where a particular smell was coming from.

**Pt/En** They all quickly got up and ran happily across the grass. They climbed over a fence and went down a slope covered in moss. They followed the good smell, which became stronger. A few minutes later, they arrived out of breath at the Blythe children's home. The children were just about to say a prayer before eating.

**Pt/En** They stopped, feeling a little shy. Una wished they had not come so quickly. But Di Blythe was confident and friendly. She walked towards them with a smile, like a good friend.

**Pt/En** Di Blythe said that she thought she knew who they were and asked if they lived at the manse.

**Pt/En** Faith agreed with a *nod*, and her face showed dimples.

**Pt/En** They explained that they had smelled the trout cooking and wanted to know what it was.

**Pt/En** Di invited them to sit down and eat with them.

**Pt/En** Jerry looked at the food hungrily and asked if they did not have enough for themselves.

**Pt/En** Jem replied that they had plenty, three fish for each person, and told them to sit down.

**Pt/En** The children sat down to eat together on mossy stones. They had a long and happy meal. Nan and Di did not know that Carl had two mice in his pocket. If they had known, they would have been very scared. But because they did not know, they were not hurt. Eating together helped them get to know each other better. After the meal, the children from the manse and the children from Ingleside became good friends. They felt like they had always known each other and always would.

**Pt/En** The children told each other stories about their lives. The manse children spoke about Avonlea, Green Gables, Rainbow Valley traditions, and the small house by the sea where Jem was born. The Ingleside children talked about Maywater, where their family lived before coming to the Glen. They also mentioned Una's favourite doll, which had only one eye, and Faith's pet rooster.

**Pt/En** Faith felt a little annoyed that people laughed at her for keeping a rooster as a pet. She liked the Blythe family because they accepted her pet without asking questions.

**Pt/En** Faith explained that a handsome rooster like Adam was a nice pet, just like a dog or cat. She thought people would not find it strange if he were a canary. She had raised him from a small yellow *chick*. A woman named Mrs. Johnson from Maywater had given him to her after a weasel killed his brothers and sisters. Faith had named the rooster after Mrs. Johnson's husband. She said she never liked dolls because they were not alive, and she did not like cats because they were too sneaky.

**Pt/En** Jerry asked who lived in the house that was far up on the hill.

**Pt/En** Nan explained that the Miss Wests were Rosemary and Ellen. She added that she and Di would take music lessons from Miss Rosemary during the summer.

**Pt/En** Una looked at the twins. She wished she could have music lessons too. It was a secret dream for her, but nobody thought about it.

**Pt/En** Di said that Miss Rosemary was very nice and always dressed beautifully. Di also mentioned that Miss Rosemary's hair was the colour of molasses taffy, and she felt sad about her own red hair.

**Pt/En** Nan said she liked Miss Ellen too, because Miss Ellen used to give her sweets at church. Nan also mentioned that Di was scared of Miss Ellen.

**Pt/En** Di explained that Miss Ellen had dark eyebrows and a deep voice. She told a story about how Kenneth Ford used to be very scared of Miss Ellen when he was a child. When Mrs. Ford first brought Kenneth to church, Miss Ellen was there, and Kenneth screamed until his mother had to take him away.

**Pt/En** Una asked, sounding curious, who Mrs. Ford was.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained that the Fords did not live there. They only visited in the summer and would not be coming this year. Their home was a small house by the harbour shore, where the speaker's parents had once lived. The speaker thought Persis Ford was very beautiful, like a picture.

**Pt/En** Faith interrupted, saying she had heard about Mrs. Ford from Bertie Shakespeare Drew. Faith mentioned that Mrs. Ford had been married for fourteen years to a man who was thought to be dead, but then he came back to life.

**Pt/En** Nan *disagreed*, calling the story nonsense. She said Bertie Shakespeare Drew often made mistakes. Nan knew the full story and offered to tell it later, but not now because it was too long. She also said it was time to go home as their mother did not like them to be out late on damp evenings.

**Pt/En** No one at home was worried about the minister's children being out late. Aunt Martha was already in bed, and the minister was *busy* thinking about important ideas. However, the children went home, thinking about future fun.

**Pt/En** Una thought Rainbow Valley was even nicer than the graveyard. She said she really liked the Blythe family. She explained that it is good to be able to love people, but it is not always possible. She remembered her father saying in a sermon that everyone should be loved, but she wondered how that was possible, asking how they could love Mrs. Alec Davis.

**Pt/En** Faith replied that her father only said that when he was speaking in church.

**Pt/En** She added that he had more sense than to actually believe it outside of church.

**Pt/En** The Blythe children went up to Ingleside. Jem, however, went alone for a short time to a quiet part of Rainbow Valley. Mayflowers grew there, and Jem always picked a bouquet for his mother as long as the flowers lasted.

# The Advent of Mary Vance

**Pt/En** Faith felt that the day was perfect for exciting things to happen. She was happy about the clear air and blue hills. She hugged herself and danced on an old tombstone belonging to Hezekiah Pollock. Two older women driving past were very surprised to see Faith hopping on one foot around the stone and waving her arms.

**Pt/En** One old woman groaned and said that the person they were looking at was the minister's daughter.

**Pt/En** The other old woman groaned and asked what else could be expected from a widower's family. Then, both women shook their heads.

**Pt/En** It was Saturday morning, and the Meredith children were happy because it was a holiday. **Unlike** other girls who had chores, the minister's daughters had no tasks and could play all day. Faith was happy, but Una felt ashamed because she did not know how to do **useful** things like cooking or sewing, **unlike** her **classmates**.

**Pt/En** Jerry suggested they go exploring. They walked through the fir trees and picked up Carl, who was looking at ants. After the grove, they **entered** Mr. Taylor's field, which had many dandelions. In a corner, there was an old, broken barn where Mr. Taylor kept hay. The Meredith children went inside the barn and looked around the ground floor.

**Pt/En** Suddenly, Una whispered and asked what that sound was.

**Pt/En** They listened carefully. They heard a quiet but clear noise, like something moving, in the hayloft above. The Meredith family looked at one another.

**Pt/En** Faith whispered that she thought there was something in the hayloft.

**Pt/En** Jerry said he would go up to find out what it was.

**Pt/En** Una begged him not to go and held his arm.

**Pt/En** Jerry repeated that he was going.

**Pt/En** Faith said that they would all go too.

**Pt/En** All four of them climbed the wobbly ladder. Jerry and Faith were brave, Una was scared, and Carl was thinking about whether they might find a bat in the attic. He wanted to see a bat in the daytime.

**Pt/En** When they got off the ladder, they saw what had made the noise. They were so surprised that they were silent for a few moments.

**Pt/En** In a small nest in the hay, a girl was sleeping. When she saw them, she stood up, looking a little unsteady. The sunlight came through a dusty window behind her. They saw her thin, tanned face was very pale. She had two braids of dull, thick, light-brown hair. Her eyes were very strange, almost white, as she looked at them with a mix of defiance and sadness. They were actually a very pale blue, which looked almost white next to the dark rings around them. She had no shoes or hat and wore an old, faded, torn plaid dress that was too short and tight. Her face looked old, but she was about twelve years old.

**Pt/En** Jerry asked who she was.

**Pt/En** The girl looked around, trying to find a way to leave. Then, she seemed to accept her situation, shaking a little with sadness.

**Pt/En** She said her name was Mary Vance.

**Pt/En** Jerry asked her where she came from.

**Pt/En** Instead of answering, Mary suddenly sat down on the hay and started to cry. Immediately, Faith went to her side, put her arm around Mary's thin, shaking shoulders.

**Pt/En** Faith told Jerry to stop bothering Mary. She then hugged Mary and told her not to cry, asking her to explain what was wrong because they were friends.

**Pt/En** Mary cried that she was very, very hungry. She explained that she had not eaten anything since Thursday morning, except for a little water from the nearby brook.

**Pt/En** The children from the manse looked at each other with shock. Faith quickly stood up.

**Pt/En** Faith told Mary to come straight to the manse and eat something before she said anything else.

**Pt/En** Mary seemed to shrink back.

**Pt/En** Mary said she could not come. She worried about what her parents would say and thought they would send her back.

**Pt/En** Faith told Mary that she had no mother, and that her father and Aunt Martha would not help her. Faith was *impatient* and asked Mary to come with them. She wondered if Mary would rather starve than go with them.

**Pt/En** Mary agreed. She was very weak and could barely climb down the ladder, but they managed to get her to the manse kitchen. Aunt Martha was *busy* cooking and did not notice Mary. Faith and Una found food in the pantry, including bread, butter, milk, and a pie. Mary ate the food very quickly. The children watched her. Jerry thought she had a nice mouth and white teeth. Faith saw that Mary only had a torn dress to wear. Una felt very sorry for her, Carl was curious, and they were all interested.

**Pt/En** When Mary had eaten enough, Faith told her to come to the graveyard to talk about herself. Mary was happy to do this because the food had made her feel better and more energetic. She was ready to speak.

**Pt/En** Mary sat on a tombstone and asked the children if they would promise not to tell her father or anyone else what she said. The manse children sat on another tombstone opposite her. They felt there was a mystery and something exciting had happened.

**Pt/En** The children promised they would not tell.

**Pt/En** Did they promise to be truthful?

**Pt/En** They promised to be truthful.

**Pt/En** The speaker said she had run away and had been living with Mrs. Wiley near the harbour.

**Pt/En** She asked if the other person knew Mrs. Wiley.

**Pt/En** The other person said they did not know her.

**Pt/En** Mary told them that the woman was terrible and that she hated her. She explained that the woman made her work too much, did not give her enough food, and often hit her. She asked them to look at her arms.

**Pt/En** Mary showed her thin, rough arms and hands, which were covered in bruises. The children listening felt cold. Faith became very angry, and Una started to cry.

**Pt/En** Mary said that the woman had hit her with a stick the previous Wednesday. She explained it was because she let the cow spill a pail of milk, and she did not know the cow would kick.

**Pt/En** The children were a little excited to hear Mary talk like this. They would never use such words themselves, but they found it interesting to hear someone else, especially a girl, use them. They thought Mary Vance was an interesting person.

**Pt/En** Faith told Mary that she understood why she had run away.

**Pt/En** The speaker explained that they did not run away because they were licked, as this was normal for them. They had planned to run away for a week because Mrs. Wiley was going to rent her farm and move to Lowbridge. Mrs. Wiley also planned to give the speaker to a cousin in Charlottetown. The speaker felt this cousin was worse than Mrs. Wiley, remembering a month spent with her the previous summer and saying they would rather live with the devil.

**Pt/En** This was the second surprising thing. However, Una looked unsure.

**Pt/En** The speaker decided to leave. They had saved seventy cents, given by Mrs. John Crawford for planting potatoes. Mrs. Wiley did not know about this money because she was away visiting her cousin when the potatoes were planted. The speaker planned to go to the Glen, buy a train ticket to Charlottetown, and find work there, stating they were a hard worker. They left early on Thursday morning before Mrs. Wiley woke up and walked six miles to the Glen. Upon arriving at the station, they discovered the money was lost. They did not know how or where it was lost. Fearing Mrs. Wiley's anger if they returned, the speaker hid in an old barn.

**Pt/En** Jerry asked the speaker what they would do next.

**Pt/En** The speaker did not know what to do. They supposed they would have to go back and face the consequences. Now that they had eaten something, they felt they could handle it.

**Pt/En** Mary looked brave, but she was actually scared. Una quickly moved between the tombstones and put her arm around Mary.

**Pt/En** Una asked Mary not to go back and to stay with them.

**Pt/En** Mary said that Mrs. Wiley would probably look for her and might already be searching. She thought she might stay there until Mrs. Wiley found her, if the others did not mind. Mary felt she had been foolish to think of running away, because Mrs. Wiley was very determined to find people. She said she had been very unhappy.

**Pt/En** Mary's voice shook a little, but she felt embarrassed to show she was weak.

**Pt/En** She explained in a determined way that she had not had a good life for the past four years.

**Pt/En** Someone asked if she had lived with Mrs. Wiley for four years.

**Pt/En** She said yes, and that Mrs. Wiley had taken her from an asylum in Hopetown when she was eight years old.

**Pt/En** Faith said that was the same place Mrs. Blythe had come from.

**Pt/En** She explained that she had been in the asylum for two years, having been sent there when she was six.

**Pt/En** She added that her mother had died by suicide and her father had killed himself.

**Pt/En** Jerry asked why, sounding surprised.

**Pt/En** Mary answered briefly that it was alcohol.

**Pt/En** Mary was asked if she had any family.

**Pt/En** Mary explained she had no known relatives. She said her full name was Mary Martha Lucilla Moore Ball Vance. She mentioned her grandfather was rich, but her father drank all the money. She also said her parents used to hit her, and she had been hit so much that she almost liked it.

**Pt/En** Mary felt the children in the house were feeling sorry for her because she had been punished many times. She did not want their pity; she wanted them to be jealous of her. She looked around happily. Her

eyes were bright now that she was not hungry. She decided she would show these children how important she was.

# Index - Original English Text

[Home Again](#)

[Sheer Gossip](#)

[The Ingleside Children](#)

[The Manse Children](#)

[The Advent of Mary Vance](#)

## Home Again

**PT** It was a clear, apple-green evening in May, and Four Winds Harbour was mirroring back the clouds of the golden west between its softly dark shores. The sea moaned eerily on the sand-bar, sorrowful even in spring, but a sly, jovial wind came piping down the red harbour road along which Miss Cornelia's comfortable, matronly figure was making its way towards the village of Glen St. Mary. Miss Cornelia was rightfully Mrs. Marshall Elliott, and had been Mrs. Marshall Elliott for thirteen years, but even yet more people referred to her as Miss Cornelia than as Mrs. Elliott. The old name was dear to her old friends, only one of them contemptuously dropped it. Susan Baker, the gray and grim and faithful handmaiden of the Blythe family at Ingleside, never lost an opportunity of calling her "Mrs. Marshall Elliott," with the most killing and pointed emphasis, as if to say "You wanted to be Mrs. and Mrs. you shall be with a vengeance as far as I am concerned."

**PT** Miss Cornelia was going up to Ingleside to see Dr. and Mrs. Blythe, who were just home from Europe. They had been away for three months, having left in February to attend a famous medical congress in London; and certain things, which Miss Cornelia was anxious to discuss, had taken place in the Glen during their absence. For one thing, there was a new family in the manse. And such a family! Miss Cornelia shook her head over them several times as she walked briskly along.

**PT** Susan Baker and the Anne Shirley of other days saw her coming, as they sat on the big veranda at Ingleside, enjoying the charm of the cat's light, the sweetness of sleepy robins whistling among the twilit maples, and the dance of a gusty group of daffodils blowing against the old, mellow, red brick wall of the lawn.

**PT** Anne was sitting on the steps, her hands clasped over her knee, looking, in the kind dusk, as girlish as a mother of many has any right to be; and the beautiful gray-green eyes, gazing down the harbour road, were as full of unquenchable sparkle and dream as ever. Behind her, in the hammock, Rilla Blythe was curled up, a fat, roly-poly little creature of six years, the youngest of the Ingleside children. She had curly red hair and hazel eyes that were now buttoned up after the funny, wrinkled fashion in which Rilla always went to sleep.

**PT** Shirley, "the little brown boy," as he was known in the family "Who's Who," was asleep in Susan's arms. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed and brown-skinned, with very rosy cheeks, and he was Susan's especial love. After his birth Anne had been very ill for a long time, and Susan "mothered" the baby with a passionate tenderness which none of the other children, dear as they were to her, had ever called out. Dr. Blythe had said that but for her he would never have lived.

**PT** "I gave him life just as much as you did, Mrs. Dr. dear," Susan was wont to say. "He is just as much my baby as he is yours." And, indeed, it was always to Susan that Shirley ran, to be kissed for bumps, and rocked to sleep, and protected from well-deserved spankings. Susan had conscientiously spanked all the other Blythe children when she thought they needed it for their souls' good, but she would not spank Shirley nor allow his mother to do it. Once, Dr. Blythe had spanked him and Susan had been stormily indignant.

**PT** "That man would spank an angel, Mrs. Dr. dear, that he would," she had declared bitterly; and she would not make the poor doctor a pie for weeks.

**PT** She had taken Shirley with her to her brother's home during his parents' absence, while all the other children had gone to Avonlea, and she had three blessed months of him all to herself. Nevertheless, Susan was very glad to find herself back at Ingleside, with all her darlings around her again. Ingleside was her world and in it she reigned supreme. Even Anne seldom questioned her decisions, much to the disgust of Mrs. Rachel Lynde of Green Gables, who gloomily told Anne, whenever she visited Four Winds, that she was letting Susan get to be entirely too much of a boss and would live to rue it.

**PT** "Here is Cornelia Bryant coming up the harbour road, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "She will be coming up to unload three months' gossip on us."

**PT** "I hope so," said Anne, hugging her knees. "I'm starving for Glen St. Mary gossip, Susan. I hope Miss Cornelia can tell me everything that has happened while we've been away—EVERYTHING—who has got born, or married, or drunk; who has died, or gone away, or come, or fought, or lost a cow, or found a beau. It's so delightful to be home again with all the dear Glen folks, and I want to know all about them. Why, I

remember wondering, as I walked through Westminster Abbey which of her two especial beaux Millicent Drew would finally marry. Do you know, Susan, I have a dreadful suspicion that I love gossip."

**PT** "Well, of course, Mrs. Dr. dear," admitted Susan, "every proper woman likes to hear the news. I am rather interested in Millicent Drew's case myself. I never had a beau, much less two, and I do not mind now, for being an old maid does not hurt when you get used to it. Millicent's hair always looks to me as if she had swept it up with a broom. But the men do not seem to mind that."

**PT** "They see only her pretty, piquant, mocking, little face, Susan."

**PT** "That may very well be, Mrs. Dr. dear. The Good Book says that favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but I should not have minded finding that out for myself, if it had been so ordained. I have no doubt we will all be beautiful when we are angels, but what good will it do us then? Speaking of gossip, however, they do say that poor Mrs. Harrison Miller over harbour tried to hang herself last week."

**PT** "Oh, Susan!"

**PT** "Calm yourself, Mrs. Dr. dear. She did not succeed. But I really do not blame her for trying, for her husband is a terrible man. But she was very foolish to think of hanging herself and leaving the way clear for him to marry some other woman. If I had been in her shoes, Mrs. Dr. dear, I would have gone to work to worry him so that he would try to hang himself instead of me. Not that I hold with people hanging themselves under any circumstances, Mrs. Dr. dear."

**PT** "What is the matter with Harrison Miller, anyway?" said Anne impatiently. "He is always driving some one to extremes."

**PT** "Well, some people call it religion and some call it cussedness, begging your pardon, Mrs. Dr. dear, for using such a word. It seems they cannot make out which it is in Harrison's case. There are days when he growls at everybody because he thinks he is fore-ordained to eternal punishment. And then there are days when he says he does not care and goes and gets drunk. My own opinion is that he is not sound in his intellect, for none of that branch of the Millers were. His grandfather went out of his mind. He thought he was surrounded by big black spiders. They crawled over him and floated in the air about him. I hope I shall never go

insane, Mrs. Dr. dear, and I do not think I will, because it is not a habit of the Bakers. But, if an all-wise Providence should decree it, I hope it will not take the form of big black spiders, for I loathe the animals. As for Mrs. Miller, I do not know whether she really deserves pity or not. There are some who say she just married Harrison to spite Richard Taylor, which seems to me a very peculiar reason for getting married. But then, of course, I am no judge of things matrimonial, Mrs. Dr. dear. And there is Cornelia Bryant at the gate, so I will put this blessed brown baby on his bed and get my knitting."

## Sheer Gossip

**PT** "Where are the other children?" asked Miss Cornelia, when the first greetings—cordial on her side, rapturous on Anne's, and dignified on Susan's—were over.

**PT** "Shirley is in bed and Jem and Walter and the twins are down in their beloved Rainbow Valley," said Anne. "They just came home this afternoon, you know, and they could hardly wait until supper was over before rushing down to the valley. They love it above every spot on earth. Even the maple grove doesn't rival it in their affections."

**PT** "I am afraid they love it too well," said Susan gloomily. "Little Jem said once he would rather go to Rainbow Valley than to heaven when he died, and that was not a proper remark."

**PT** "I suppose they had a great time in Avonlea?" said Miss Cornelia.

**PT** "Enormous. Marilla does spoil them terribly. Jem, in particular, can do no wrong in her eyes."

**PT** "Miss Cuthbert must be an old lady now," said Miss Cornelia, getting out her knitting, so that she could hold her own with Susan. Miss Cornelia held that the woman whose hands were employed always had the advantage over the woman whose hands were not.

**PT** "Marilla is eighty-five," said Anne with a sigh. "Her hair is snow-white. But, strange to say, her eyesight is better than it was when she was sixty."

**PT** "Well, dearie, I'm real glad you're all back. I've been dreadful lonesome. But we haven't been dull in the Glen, believe ME. There hasn't been such an exciting spring in my time, as far as church matters go. We've got settled with a minister at last, Anne dearie."

**PT** "The Reverend John Knox Meredith, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan, resolved not to let Miss Cornelia tell all the news.

**PT** "Is he nice?" asked Anne interestedly.

**PT** Miss Cornelia sighed and Susan groaned.

**PT** "Yes, he's nice enough if that were all," said the former. "He is VERY nice—and very learned—and very spiritual. But, oh Anne dearie, he has no common sense!

**PT** "How was it you called him, then?"

**PT** "Well, there's no doubt he is by far the best preacher we ever had in Glen St. Mary church," said Miss Cornelia, veering a tack or two. "I suppose it is because he is so moony and absent-minded that he never got a town call. His trial sermon was simply wonderful, believe ME. Every one went mad about it— and his looks."

**PT** "He is VERY comely, Mrs. Dr. dear, and when all is said and done,

**PT** I DO like to see a well-looking man in the pulpit," broke in

**PT** Susan, thinking it was time she asserted herself again.

**PT** "Besides," said Miss Cornelia, "we were anxious to get settled. And Mr. Meredith was the first candidate we were all agreed on. Somebody had some objection to all the others. There was some talk of calling Mr. Folsom. He was a good preacher, too, but somehow people didn't care for his appearance. He was too dark and sleek."

**PT** "He looked exactly like a great black tomcat, that he did, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "I never could abide such a man in the pulpit every Sunday."

**PT** "Then Mr. Rogers came and he was like a chip in porridge—neither harm nor good," resumed Miss Cornelia. "But if he had preached like Peter and Paul it would have profited him nothing, for that was the day old Caleb Ramsay's sheep strayed into church and gave a loud 'ba-a-a' just as he announced his text. Everybody laughed, and poor Rogers had no chance after that. Some thought we ought to call Mr. Stewart, because he was so well educated. He could read the New Testament in five languages."

**PT** "But I do not think he was any surer than other men of getting to heaven because of that," interjected Susan.

**PT** "Most of us didn't like his delivery," said Miss Cornelia, ignoring Susan. "He talked in grunts, so to speak. And Mr. Arnett couldn't preach AT ALL. And he picked about the worst candidating text there is in the Bible—'Curse ye Meroz.'"

**PT** "Whenever he got stuck for an idea, he would bang the Bible and shout very bitterly, 'Curse ye Meroz.' Poor Meroz got thoroughly cursed that day, whoever he was, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan.

**PT** "The minister who is candidating can't be too careful what text he chooses," said Miss Cornelia solemnly. "I believe Mr. Pierson would have got the call if he had picked a different text. But when he announced 'I will lift my eyes to the hills' HE was done for. Every one grinned, for every one knew that those two Hill girls from the Harbour Head have been setting their caps for every single minister who came to the Glen for the last fifteen years. And Mr. Newman had too large a family."

**PT** "He stayed with my brother-in-law, James Clow," said Susan. "'How many children have you got?' I asked him. 'Nine boys and a sister for each of them,' he said. 'Eighteen!' said I. 'Dear me, what a family!' And then he laughed and laughed. But I do not know why, Mrs. Dr. dear, and I am certain that eighteen children would be too many for any manse."

**PT** "He had only ten children, Susan," explained Miss Cornelia, with contemptuous patience. "And ten good children would not be much worse for the manse and congregation than the four who are there now. Though I wouldn't say, Anne dearie, that they are so bad, either. I like them—everybody likes them. It's impossible to help liking them. They would be real nice little souls if there was anyone to look after their manners and teach them what is right and proper. For instance, at school the teacher says they are model children. But at home they simply run wild."

**PT** "What about Mrs. Meredith?" asked Anne.

**PT** "There's NO Mrs. Meredith. That is just the trouble. Mr. Meredith is a widower. His wife died four years ago. If we had known that I don't suppose we would have called him, for a widower is even worse in a congregation than a single man. But he was heard to speak of his children and we all supposed there was a mother, too. And when they came there was nobody but old Aunt Martha, as they call her. She's a cousin of Mr. Meredith's mother, I believe, and he took her in to save her from the poorhouse. She is seventy-five years old, half blind, and very deaf and very cranky."

**PT** "And a very poor cook, Mrs. Dr. dear."

**PT** "The worst possible manager for a manse," said Miss Cornelia bitterly. "Mr. Meredith won't get any other housekeeper because he says it would hurt Aunt Martha's feelings. Anne dearie, believe me, the state of that manse is something terrible. Everything is thick with dust and nothing is ever in its place. And we had painted and papered it all so nice before they came."

**PT** "There are four children, you say?" asked Anne, beginning to mother them already in her heart.

**PT** "Yes. They run up just like the steps of a stair. Gerald's the oldest. He's twelve and they call him Jerry. He's a clever boy. Faith is eleven. She is a regular tomboy but pretty as a picture, I must say."

**PT** "She looks like an angel but she is a holy terror for mischief, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan solemnly. "I was at the manse one night last week and Mrs. James Millison was there, too. She had brought them up a dozen eggs and a little pail of milk—a VERY little pail, Mrs. Dr. dear. Faith took them and whisked down the cellar with them. Near the bottom of the stairs she caught her toe and fell the rest of the way, milk and eggs and all. You can imagine the result, Mrs. Dr. dear. But that child came up laughing. 'I don't know whether I'm myself or a custard pie,' she said. And Mrs. James Millison was very angry. She said she would never take another thing to the manse if it was to be wasted and destroyed in that fashion."

**PT** "Maria Millison never hurt herself taking things to the manse," sniffed Miss Cornelia. "She just took them that night as an excuse for curiosity. But poor Faith is always getting into scrapes. She is so heedless and impulsive."

**PT** "Just like me. I'm going to like your Faith," said Anne decidedly.

**PT** "She is full of spunk—and I do like spunk, Mrs. Dr. dear," admitted Susan.

**PT** "There's something taking about her," conceded Miss Cornelia. "You never see her but she's laughing, and somehow it always makes you want to laugh too. She can't even keep a straight face in church. Una is ten—she's a sweet little thing—not pretty, but sweet. And Thomas Carlyle is nine. They call him Carl, and he has a regular mania for collecting toads and bugs and frogs and bringing them into the house."

**PT** "I suppose he was responsible for the dead rat that was lying on a chair in the parlour the afternoon Mrs. Grant called. It gave her a turn," said Susan, "and I do not wonder, for manse parlours are no places for dead rats. To be sure it may have been the cat who left it, there. HE is as full of the old Nick as he can be stuffed, Mrs. Dr. dear. A manse cat should at least LOOK respectable, in my opinion, whatever he really is. But I never saw such a rakish-looking beast. And he walks along the ridgepole of the manse almost every evening at sunset, Mrs. Dr. dear, and waves his tail, and that is not becoming."

**PT** "The worst of it is, they are NEVER decently dressed," sighed Miss Cornelia. "And since the snow went they go to school barefooted. Now, you know Anne dearie, that isn't the right thing for manse children—especially when the Methodist minister's little girl always wears such nice buttoned boots. And I DO wish they wouldn't play in the old Methodist graveyard."

**PT** "It's very tempting, when it's right beside the manse," said Anne. "I've always thought graveyards must be delightful places to play in."

**PT** "Oh, no, you did not, Mrs. Dr. dear," said loyal Susan, determined to protect Anne from herself. "You have too much good sense and decorum."

**PT** "Why did they ever build that manse beside the graveyard in the first place?" asked Anne. "Their lawn is so small there is no place for them to play except in the graveyard."

**PT** "It WAS a mistake," admitted Miss Cornelia. "But they got the lot cheap. And no other manse children ever thought of playing there. Mr. Meredith shouldn't allow it. But he has always got his nose buried in a book, when he is home. He reads and reads, or walks about in his study in a day-dream. So far he hasn't forgotten to be in church on Sundays, but twice he has forgotten about the prayer-meeting and one of the elders had to go over to the manse and remind him. And he forgot about Fanny Cooper's wedding. They rang him up on the 'phone and then he rushed right over, just as he was, carpet slippers and all. One wouldn't mind if the Methodists didn't laugh so about it. But there's one comfort—they can't criticize his sermons. He wakes up when he's in the pulpit, believe ME. And the Methodist minister can't preach at all—so they tell me. I have never heard him, thank goodness."

**PT** Miss Cornelia's scorn of men had abated somewhat since her marriage, but her scorn of Methodists remained untinged of charity. Susan smiled slyly.

**PT** "They do say, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that the Methodists and

**PT** Presbyterians are talking of uniting," she said.

**PT** "Well, all I hope is that I'll be under the sod if that ever comes to pass," retorted Miss Cornelia. "I shall never have truck or trade with Methodists, and Mr. Meredith will find that he'd better steer clear of them, too. He is entirely too sociable with them, believe ME. Why, he went to the Jacob Drews' silver-wedding supper and got into a nice scrape as a result."

**PT** "What was it?"

**PT** "Mrs. Drew asked him to carve the roast goose—for Jacob Drew never did or could carve. Well, Mr. Meredith tackled it, and in the process he knocked it clean off the platter into Mrs. Reese's lap, who was sitting next him. And he just said dreamily. 'Mrs. Reese, will you kindly return me that goose?' Mrs. Reese 'returned' it, as meek as Moses, but she must have been furious, for she had on her new silk dress. The worst of it is, she was a Methodist."

**PT** "But I think that is better than if she was a Presbyterian," interjected Susan. "If she had been a Presbyterian she would mostly likely have left the church and we cannot afford to lose our members. And Mrs. Reese is not liked in her own church, because she gives herself such great airs, so that the Methodists would be rather pleased that Mr. Meredith spoiled her dress."

**PT** "The point is, he made himself ridiculous, and I, for one, do not like to see my minister made ridiculous in the eyes of the Methodists," said Miss Cornelia stiffly. "If he had had a wife it would not have happened."

**PT** "I do not see if he had a dozen wives how they could have prevented Mrs. Drew from using up her tough old gander for the wedding-feast," said Susan stubbornly.

**PT** "They say that was her husband's doing," said Miss Cornelia.

**PT** "Jacob Drew is a conceited, stingy, domineering creature."

**PT** "And they do say he and his wife detest each other—which does not seem to me the proper way for married folks to get along. But then, of course, I have had no experience along that line," said Susan, tossing her head. "And I am not one to blame everything on the men. Mrs. Drew is mean enough herself. They say that the only thing she was ever known to give away was a crock of butter made out of cream a rat had fell into. She contributed it to a church social. Nobody found out about the rat until afterwards."

**PT** "Fortunately, all the people the Merediths have offended so far are Methodists," said Miss Cornelia. "That Jerry went to the Methodist prayer-meeting one night about a fortnight ago and sat beside old William Marsh who got up as usual and testified with fearful groans. 'Do you feel any better now?' whispered Jerry when William sat down. Poor Jerry meant to be sympathetic, but Mr. Marsh thought he was impertinent and is furious at him. Of course, Jerry had no business to be in a Methodist prayer-meeting at all. But they go where they like."

**PT** "I hope they will not offend Mrs. Alec Davis of the Harbour Head," said Susan. "She is a very touchy woman, I understand, but she is very well off and pays the most of any one to the salary. I have heard that she says the Merediths are the worst brought up children she ever saw."

**PT** "Every word you say convinces me more and more that the Merediths belong to the race that knows Joseph," said Mistress Anne decidedly.

**PT** "When all is said and done, they DO," admitted Miss Cornelia. "And that balances everything. Anyway, we've got them now and we must just do the best we can by them and stick up for them to the Methodists. Well, I suppose I must be getting down harbour. Marshall will soon be home—he went over-harbour to-day—and wanting his super, man-like. I'm sorry I haven't seen the other children. And where's the doctor?"

**PT** "Up at the Harbour Head. We've only been home three days and in that time he has spent three hours in his own bed and eaten two meals in his own house."

**PT** "Well, everybody who has been sick for the last six weeks has been waiting for him to come home—and I don't blame them. When that over-harbour doctor married the undertaker's daughter at Lowbridge people felt suspicious of him. It didn't look well. You and the doctor must

come down soon and tell us all about your trip. I suppose you've had a splendid time."

**PT** "We had," agreed Anne. "It was the fulfilment of years of dreams. The old world is very lovely and very wonderful. But we have come back very well satisfied with our own land. Canada is the finest country in the world, Miss Cornelia."

**PT** "Nobody ever doubted that," said Miss Cornelia, complacently.

**PT** "And old P.E.I. is the loveliest province in it and Four Winds the loveliest spot in P.E.I.," laughed Anne, looking adoringly out over the sunset splendour of glen and harbour and gulf. She waved her hand at it. "I saw nothing more beautiful than that in Europe, Miss Cornelia. Must you go? The children will be sorry to have missed you."

**PT** "They must come and see me soon. Tell them the doughnut jar is always full."

**PT** "Oh, at supper they were planning a descent on you. They'll go soon; but they must settle down to school again now. And the twins are going to take music lessons."

**PT** "Not from the Methodist minister's wife, I hope?" said Miss

**PT** Cornelia anxiously.

**PT** "No—from Rosemary West. I was up last evening to arrange it with her. What a pretty girl she is!"

**PT** "Rosemary holds her own well. She isn't as young as she once was."

**PT** "I thought her very charming. I've never had any real acquaintance with her, you know. Their house is so out of the way, and I've seldom ever seen her except at church."

**PT** "People always have liked Rosemary West, though they don't understand her," said Miss Cornelia, quite unconscious of the high tribute she was paying to Rosemary's charm. "Ellen has always kept her down, so to speak. She has tyrannized over her, and yet she has always indulged her in a good many ways. Rosemary was engaged once, you know—to young Martin Crawford. His ship was wrecked on the Magdalens and all the crew were drowned. Rosemary was just a

child—only seventeen. But she was never the same afterwards. She and Ellen have stayed very close at home since their mother's death. They don't often get to their own church at Lowbridge and I understand Ellen doesn't approve of going too often to a Presbyterian church. To the Methodist she NEVER goes, I'll say that much for her. That family of Wests have always been strong Episcopalians. Rosemary and Ellen are pretty well off. Rosemary doesn't really need to give music lessons. She does it because she likes to. They are distantly related to Leslie, you know. Are the Fords coming to the harbour this summer?"

**PT** "No. They are going on a trip to Japan and will probably be away for a year. Owen's new novel is to have a Japanese setting. This will be the first summer that the dear old House of Dreams will be empty since we left it."

**PT** "I should think Owen Ford might find enough to write about in Canada without dragging his wife and his innocent children off to a heathen country like Japan," grumbled Miss Cornelia. "The Life Book was the best book he's ever written and he got the material for that right here in Four Winds."

**PT** "Captain Jim gave him the most of that, you know. And he collected it all over the world. But Owen's books are all delightful, I think."

**PT** "Oh, they're well enough as far as they go. I make it a point to read every one he writes, though I've always held, Anne dearie, that reading novels is a sinful waste of time. I shall write and tell him my opinion of this Japanese business, believe ME. Does he want Kenneth and Persis to be converted into pagans?"

**PT** With which unanswerable conundrum Miss Cornelia took her departure. Susan proceeded to put Rilla in bed and Anne sat on the veranda steps under the early stars and dreamed her incorrigible dreams and learned all over again for the hundredth happy time what a moonrise splendour and sheen could be on Four Winds Harbour.

# The Ingleside Children

**PT** In daytime the Blythe children liked very well to play in the rich, soft greens and glooms of the big maple grove between Ingleside and the Glen St. Mary pond; but for evening revels there was no place like the little valley behind the maple grove. It was a fairy realm of romance to them. Once, looking from the attic windows of Ingleside, through the mist and aftermath of a summer thunderstorm, they had seen the beloved spot arched by a glorious rainbow, one end of which seemed to dip straight down to where a corner of the pond ran up into the lower end of the valley.

**PT** "Let us call it Rainbow Valley," said Walter delightedly, and

**PT** Rainbow Valley thenceforth it was.

**PT** Outside of Rainbow Valley the wind might be rollicking and boisterous. Here it always went gently. Little, winding, fairy paths ran here and there over spruce roots cushioned with moss. Wild cherry trees, that in blossom time would be misty white, were scattered all over the valley, mingling with the dark spruces. A little brook with amber waters ran through it from the Glen village. The houses of the village were comfortably far away; only at the upper end of the valley was a little tumble-down, deserted cottage, referred to as "the old Bailey house." It had not been occupied for many years, but a grass-grown dyke surrounded it and inside was an ancient garden where the Ingleside children could find violets and daisies and June lilies still blooming in season. For the rest, the garden was overgrown with caraway that swayed and foamed in the moonshine of summer eves like seas of silver.

**PT** To the south lay the pond and beyond it the ripened distance lost itself in purple woods, save where, on a high hill, a solitary old gray homestead looked down on glen and harbour. There was a certain wild woodsiness and solitude about Rainbow Valley, in spite of its nearness to the village, which endeared it to the children of Ingleside.

**PT** The valley was full of dear, friendly hollows and the largest of these was their favourite stamping ground. Here they were assembled on this particular evening. There was a grove of young spruces in this hollow, with a tiny, grassy glade in its heart, opening on the bank of the brook. By the brook grew a silver birch-tree, a young, incredibly straight thing which

Walter had named the "White Lady." In this glade, too, were the "Tree Lovers," as Walter called a spruce and maple which grew so closely together that their boughs were inextricably intertwined. Jem had hung an old string of sleigh-bells, given him by the Glen blacksmith, on the Tree Lovers, and every visitant breeze called out sudden fairy tinkles from it.

**PT** "How nice it is to be back!" said Nan. "After all, none of the

**PT** Avonlea places are quite as nice as Rainbow Valley."

**PT** But they were very fond of the Avonlea places for all that. A visit to Green Gables was always considered a great treat. Aunt Marilla was very good to them, and so was Mrs. Rachel Lynde, who was spending the leisure of her old age in knitting cotton-warp quilts against the day when Anne's daughters should need a "setting-out." There were jolly playmates there, too—"Uncle" Davy's children and "Aunt" Diana's children. They knew all the spots their mother had loved so well in her girlhood at old Green Gables—the long Lover's Lane, that was pink-hedged in wild-rose time, the always neat yard, with its willows and poplars, the Dryad's Bubble, lucent and lovely as of yore, the Lake of Shining Waters, and Willowmere. The twins had their mother's old porch-gable room, and Aunt Marilla used to come in at night, when she thought they were asleep, to gloat over them. But they all knew she loved Jem the best.

**PT** Jem was at present busily occupied in frying a mess of small trout which he had just caught in the pond. His stove consisted of a circle of red stones, with a fire kindled in it, and his culinary utensils were an old tin can, hammered out flat, and a fork with only one tine left. Nevertheless, ripping good meals had before now been thus prepared.

**PT** Jem was the child of the House of Dreams. All the others had been born at Ingleside. He had curly red hair, like his mother's, and frank hazel eyes, like his father's; he had his mother's fine nose and his father's steady, humorous mouth. And he was the only one of the family who had ears nice enough to please Susan. But he had a standing feud with Susan because she would not give up calling him Little Jem. It was outrageous, thought thirteen-year-old Jem. Mother had more sense.

**PT** "I'm NOT little any more, Mother," he had cried indignantly, on his eighth birthday. "I'm AWFUL big."

**PT** Mother had sighed and laughed and sighed again; and she never called him Little Jem again—in his hearing at least.

**PT** He was and always had been a sturdy, reliable little chap. He never broke a promise. He was not a great talker. His teachers did not think him brilliant, but he was a good, all-round student. He never took things on faith; he always liked to investigate the truth of a statement for himself. Once Susan had told him that if he touched his tongue to a frosty latch all the skin would tear off it. Jem had promptly done it, "just to see if it was so." He found it was "so," at the cost of a very sore tongue for several days. But Jem did not grudge suffering in the interests of science. By constant experiment and observation he learned a great deal and his brothers and sisters thought his extensive knowledge of their little world quite wonderful. Jem always knew where the first and ripest berries grew, where the first pale violets shyly awakened from their winter's sleep, and how many blue eggs were in a given robin's nest in the maple grove. He could tell fortunes from daisy petals and suck honey from red clovers, and grub up all sorts of edible roots on the banks of the pond, while Susan went in daily fear that they would all be poisoned. He knew where the finest spruce-gum was to be found, in pale amber knots on the lichened bark, he knew where the nuts grew thickest in the beechwoods around the Harbour Head, and where the best trouting places up the brooks were. He could mimic the call of any wild bird or beast in Four Winds and he knew the haunt of every wild flower from spring to autumn.

**PT** Walter Blythe was sitting under the White Lady, with a volume of poems lying beside him, but he was not reading. He was gazing now at the emerald-misted willows by the pond, and now at a flock of clouds, like little silver sheep, herded by the wind, that were drifting over Rainbow Valley, with rapture in his wide splendid eyes. Walter's eyes were very wonderful. All the joy and sorrow and laughter and loyalty and aspiration of many generations lying under the sod looked out of their dark gray depths.

**PT** Walter was a "hop out of kin," as far as looks went. He did not resemble any known relative. He was quite the handsomest of the Ingleside children, with straight black hair and finely modelled features. But he had all his mother's vivid imagination and passionate love of beauty. Frost of winter, invitation of spring, dream of summer and glamour of autumn, all meant much to Walter.

**PT** In school, where Jem was a chieftain, Walter was not thought highly of. He was supposed to be "girly" and milk-soppish, because he never fought and seldom joined in the school sports, preferring to herd by himself in out of the way corners and read books—especially "po'try books." Walter loved the poets and pored over their pages from the time he could first read. Their music was woven into his growing soul—the music of the immortals. Walter cherished the ambition to be a poet himself some day. The thing could be done. A certain Uncle Paul—so called out of courtesy—who lived now in that mysterious realm called "the States," was Walter's model. Uncle Paul had once been a little school boy in Avonlea and now his poetry was read everywhere. But the Glen schoolboys did not know of Walter's dreams and would not have been greatly impressed if they had. In spite of his lack of physical prowess, however, he commanded a certain unwilling respect because of his power of "talking book talk." Nobody in Glen St. Mary school could talk like him. He "sounded like a preacher," one boy said; and for this reason he was generally left alone and not persecuted, as most boys were who were suspected of disliking or fearing fisticuffs.

**PT** The ten year old Ingleside twins violated twin tradition by not looking in the least alike. Anne, who was always called Nan, was very pretty, with velvety nut-brown eyes and silky nut-brown hair. She was a very blithe and dainty little maiden—Blythe by name and blithe by nature, one of her teachers had said. Her complexion was quite faultless, much to her mother's satisfaction.

**PT** "I'm so glad I have one daughter who can wear pink," Mrs. Blythe was wont to say jubilantly.

**PT** Diana Blythe, known as Di, was very like her mother, with gray-green eyes that always shone with a peculiar lustre and brilliancy in the dusk, and red hair. Perhaps this was why she was her father's favourite. She and Walter were especial chums; Di was the only one to whom he would ever read the verses he wrote himself—the only one who knew that he was secretly hard at work on an epic, strikingly resembling "Marmion" in some things, if not in others. She kept all his secrets, even from Nan, and told him all hers.

**PT** "Won't you soon have those fish ready, Jem?" said Nan, sniffing with her dainty nose. "The smell makes me awfully hungry."

**PT** "They're nearly ready," said Jem, giving one a dexterous turn.

**PT** "Get out the bread and the plates, girls. Walter, wake up."

**PT** "How the air shines to-night," said Walter dreamily. Not that he despised fried trout either, by any means; but with Walter food for the soul always took first place. "The flower angel has been walking over the world to-day, calling to the flowers. I can see his blue wings on that hill by the woods."

**PT** "Any angels' wings I ever saw were white," said Nan.

**PT** "The flower angel's aren't. They are a pale misty blue, just like the haze in the valley. Oh, how I wish I could fly. It must be glorious."

**PT** "One does fly in dreams sometimes," said Di.

**PT** "I never dream that I'm flying exactly," said Walter. "But I often dream that I just rise up from the ground and float over the fences and the trees. It's delightful—and I always think, 'This ISN'T a dream like it's always been before. THIS is real'—and then I wake up after all, and it's heart-breaking."

**PT** "Hurry up, Nan," ordered Jem.

**PT** Nan had produced the banquet-board—a board literally as well as figuratively—from which many a feast, seasoned as no viands were elsewhere, had been eaten in Rainbow Valley. It was converted into a table by propping it on two large, mossy stones. Newspapers served as tablecloth, and broken plates and handleless cups from Susan's discard furnished the dishes. From a tin box secreted at the root of a spruce tree Nan brought forth bread and salt. The brook gave Adam's ale of unsurpassed crystal. For the rest, there was a certain sauce, compounded of fresh air and appetite of youth, which gave to everything a divine flavour. To sit in Rainbow Valley, steeped in a twilight half gold, half amethyst, rife with the odours of balsam-fir and woody growing things in their springtime prime, with the pale stars of wild strawberry blossoms all around you, and with the sigh of the wind and tinkle of bells in the shaking tree tops, and eat fried trout and dry bread, was something which the mighty of earth might have envied them.

**PT** "Sit in," invited Nan, as Jem placed his sizzling tin platter of trout on the table. "It's your turn to say grace, Jem."

**PT** "I've done my part frying the trout," protested Jem, who hated saying grace. "Let Walter say it. He LIKES saying grace. And cut it short, too, Walt. I'm starving."

**PT** But Walter said no grace, short or long, just then. An interruption occurred.

**PT** "Who's coming down from the manse hill?" said Di.

## The Manse Children

**PT** Aunt Martha might be, and was, a very poor housekeeper; the Rev. John Knox Meredith might be, and was, a very absent-minded, indulgent man. But it could not be denied that there was something very homelike and lovable about the Glen St. Mary manse in spite of its untidiness. Even the critical housewives of the Glen felt it, and were unconsciously mellowed in judgment because of it. Perhaps its charm was in part due to accidental circumstances—the luxuriant vines clustering over its gray, clap-boarded walls, the friendly acacias and balm-of-gileads that crowded about it with the freedom of old acquaintance, and the beautiful views of harbour and sand-dunes from its front windows. But these things had been there in the reign of Mr. Meredith's predecessor, when the manse had been the primmest, neatest, and dreariest house in the Glen. So much of the credit must be given to the personality of its new inmates. There was an atmosphere of laughter and comradeship about it; the doors were always open; and inner and outer worlds joined hands. Love was the only law in Glen St. Mary manse.

**PT** The people of his congregation said that Mr. Meredith spoiled his children. Very likely he did. It is certain that he could not bear to scold them. "They have no mother," he used to say to himself, with a sigh, when some unusually glaring peccadillo forced itself upon his notice. But he did not know the half of their goings-on. He belonged to the sect of dreamers. The windows of his study looked out on the graveyard but, as he paced up and down the room, reflecting deeply on the immortality of the soul, he was quite unaware that Jerry and Carl were playing leap-frog hilariously over the flat stones in that abode of dead Methodists. Mr. Meredith had occasional acute realizations that his children were not so well looked after, physically or morally, as they had been before his wife died, and he had always a dim sub-consciousness that house and meals were very different under Aunt Martha's management from what they had been under Cecilia's. For the rest, he lived in a world of books and abstractions; and, therefore, although his clothes were seldom brushed, and although the Glen housewives concluded, from the ivory-like pallor of his clear-cut features and slender hands, that he never got enough to eat, he was not an unhappy man.

**PT** If ever a graveyard could be called a cheerful place, the old Methodist graveyard at Glen St. Mary might be so called. The new graveyard, at the other side of the Methodist church, was a neat and proper and doleful spot; but the old one had been left so long to Nature's kindly and gracious ministries that it had become very pleasant.

**PT** It was surrounded on three sides by a dyke of stones and sod, topped by a gray and uncertain paling. Outside the dyke grew a row of tall fir trees with thick, balsamic boughs. The dyke, which had been built by the first settlers of the Glen, was old enough to be beautiful, with mosses and green things growing out of its crevices, violets purpling at its base in the early spring days, and asters and golden-rod making an autumnal glory in its corners. Little ferns clustered companionably between its stones, and here and there a big bracken grew.

**PT** On the eastern side there was neither fence nor dyke. The graveyard there straggled off into a young fir plantation, ever pushing nearer to the graves and deepening eastward into a thick wood. The air was always full of the harp-like voices of the sea, and the music of gray old trees, and in the spring mornings the choruses of birds in the elms around the two churches sang of life and not of death. The Meredith children loved the old graveyard.

**PT** Blue-eyed ivy, "garden-spruce," and mint ran riot over the sunken graves. Blueberry bushes grew lavishly in the sandy corner next to the fir wood. The varying fashions of tombstones for three generations were to be found there, from the flat, oblong, red sandstone slabs of old settlers, down through the days of weeping willows and clasped hands, to the latest monstrosities of tall "monuments" and draped urns. One of the latter, the biggest and ugliest in the graveyard, was sacred to the memory of a certain Alec Davis who had been born a Methodist but had taken to himself a Presbyterian bride of the Douglas clan. She had made him turn Presbyterian and kept him toeing the Presbyterian mark all his life. But when he died she did not dare to doom him to a lonely grave in the Presbyterian graveyard over-harbour. His people were all buried in the Methodist cemetery; so Alec Davis went back to his own in death and his widow consoled herself by erecting a monument which cost more than any of the Methodists could afford. The Meredith children hated it, without just knowing why, but they loved the old, flat, bench-like stones with the tall grasses growing rankly about them. They made jolly seats for one

thing. They were all sitting on one now. Jerry, tired of leap frog, was playing on a jew's-harp. Carl was lovingly poring over a strange beetle he had found; Una was trying to make a doll's dress, and Faith, leaning back on her slender brown wrists, was swinging her bare feet in lively time to the jew's-harp.

**PT** Jerry had his father's black hair and large black eyes, but in him the latter were flashing instead of dreamy. Faith, who came next to him, wore her beauty like a rose, careless and glowing. She had golden-brown eyes, golden-brown curls and crimson cheeks. She laughed too much to please her father's congregation and had shocked old Mrs. Taylor, the disconsolate spouse of several departed husbands, by saucily declaring—in the church-porch at that—"The world ISN'T a vale of tears, Mrs. Taylor. It's a world of laughter."

**PT** Little dreamy Una was not given to laughter. Her braids of straight, dead-black hair betrayed no lawless kinks, and her almond-shaped, dark-blue eyes had something wistful and sorrowful in them. Her mouth had a trick of falling open over her tiny white teeth, and a shy, meditative smile occasionally crept over her small face. She was much more sensitive to public opinion than Faith, and had an uneasy consciousness that there was something askew in their way of living. She longed to put it right, but did not know how. Now and then she dusted the furniture—but it was so seldom she could find the duster because it was never in the same place twice. And when the clothes-brush was to be found she tried to brush her father's best suit on Saturdays, and once sewed on a missing button with coarse white thread. When Mr. Meredith went to church next day every female eye saw that button and the peace of the Ladies' Aid was upset for weeks.

**PT** Carl had the clear, bright, dark-blue eyes, fearless and direct, of his dead mother, and her brown hair with its glints of gold. He knew the secrets of bugs and had a sort of freemasonry with bees and beetles. Una never liked to sit near him because she never knew what uncanny creature might be secreted about him. Jerry refused to sleep with him because Carl had once taken a young garter snake to bed with him; so Carl slept in his old cot, which was so short that he could never stretch out, and had strange bed-fellows. Perhaps it was just as well that Aunt Martha was half blind when she made that bed. Altogether they were a

jolly, lovable little crew, and Cecilia Meredith's heart must have ached bitterly when she faced the knowledge that she must leave them.

**PT** "Where would you like to be buried if you were a Methodist?" asked Faith cheerfully.

**PT** This opened up an interesting field of speculation.

**PT** "There isn't much choice. The place is full," said Jerry. "I'd like that corner near the road, I guess. I could hear the teams going past and the people talking."

**PT** "I'd like that little hollow under the weeping birch," said Una. "That birch is such a place for birds and they sing like mad in the mornings."

**PT** "I'd take the Porter lot where there's so many children buried. I like lots of company," said Faith. "Carl, where'd you?"

**PT** "I'd rather not be buried at all," said Carl, "but if I had to be

**PT** I'd like the ant-bed. Ants are AWF'LY int'resting."

**PT** "How very good all the people who are buried here must have been," said Una, who had been reading the laudatory old epitaphs. "There doesn't seem to be a single bad person in the whole graveyard. Methodists must be better than Presbyterians after all."

**PT** "Maybe the Methodists bury their bad people just like they do cats," suggested Carl. "Maybe they don't bother bringing them to the graveyard at all."

**PT** "Nonsense," said Faith. "The people that are buried here weren't any better than other folks, Una. But when anyone is dead you mustn't say anything of him but good or he'll come back and ha'nt you. Aunt Martha told me that. I asked father if it was true and he just looked through me and muttered, 'True? True? What is truth? What IS truth, O jesting Pilate?' I concluded from that it must be true."

**PT** "I wonder if Mr. Alec Davis would come back and ha'nt me if I threw a stone at the urn on top of his tombstone," said Jerry.

**PT** "Mrs. Davis would," giggled Faith. "She just watches us in church like a cat watching mice. Last Sunday I made a face at her nephew and he made one back at me and you should have seen her glare. I'll bet she

boxed HIS ears when they got out. Mrs. Marshall Elliott told me we mustn't offend her on any account or I'd have made a face at her, too!"

**PT** "They say Jem Blythe stuck out his tongue at her once and she would never have his father again, even when her husband was dying," said Jerry. "I wonder what the Blythe gang will be like."

**PT** "I liked their looks," said Faith. The manse children had been at the station that afternoon when the Blythe small fry had arrived. "I liked Jem's looks ESPECIALLY."

**PT** "They say in school that Walter's a sissy," said Jerry.

**PT** "I don't believe it," said Una, who had thought Walter very handsome.

**PT** "Well, he writes poetry, anyhow. He won the prize the teacher offered last year for writing a poem, Bertie Shakespeare Drew told me. Bertie's mother thought HE should have got the prize because of his name, but Bertie said he couldn't write poetry to save his soul, name or no name."

**PT** "I suppose we'll get acquainted with them as soon as they begin going to school," mused Faith. "I hope the girls are nice. I don't like most of the girls round here. Even the nice ones are poky. But the Blythe twins look jolly. I thought twins always looked alike, but they don't. I think the red-haired one is the nicest."

**PT** "I liked their mother's looks," said Una with a little sigh. Una envied all children their mothers. She had been only six when her mother died, but she had some very precious memories, treasured in her soul like jewels, of twilight cuddlings and morning frolics, of loving eyes, a tender voice, and the sweetest, gayest laugh.

**PT** "They say she isn't like other people," said Jerry.

**PT** "Mrs. Elliot says that is because she never really grew up," said

**PT** Faith.

**PT** "She's taller than Mrs. Elliott."

**PT** "Yes, yes, but it is inside—Mrs. Elliot says Mrs. Blythe just stayed a little girl inside."

**PT** "What do I smell?" interrupted Carl, sniffing.

**PT** They all smelled it now. A most delectable odour came floating up on the still evening air from the direction of the little woody dell below the manse hill.

**PT** "That makes me hungry," said Jerry.

**PT** "We had only bread and molasses for supper and cold ditto for dinner," said Una plaintively.

**PT** Aunt Martha's habit was to boil a large slab of mutton early in the week and serve it up every day, cold and greasy, as long as it lasted. To this Faith, in a moment of inspiration, had give the name of "ditto", and by this it was invariably known at the manse.

**PT** "Let's go and see where that smell is coming from," said Jerry.

**PT** They all sprang up, frolicked over the lawn with the abandon of young puppies, climbed a fence, and tore down the mossy slope, guided by the savory lure that ever grew stronger. A few minutes later they arrived breathlessly in the sanctum sanctorum of Rainbow Valley where the Blythe children were just about to give thanks and eat.

**PT** They halted shyly. Una wished they had not been so precipitate: but Di Blythe was equal to that and any occasion. She stepped forward, with a comrade's smile.

**PT** "I guess I know who you are," she said. "You belong to the manse, don't you?"

**PT** Faith nodded, her face creased by dimples.

**PT** "We smelled your trout cooking and wondered what it was."

**PT** "You must sit down and help us eat them," said Di.

**PT** "Maybe you haven't more than you want yourselves," said Jerry, looking hungrily at the tin platter.

**PT** "We've heaps—three apiece," said Jem. "Sit down."

**PT** No more ceremony was necessary. Down they all sat on mossy stones. Merry was that feast and long. Nan and Di would probably have died of horror had they known what Faith and Una knew perfectly well—that Carl had two young mice in his jacket pocket. But they never

knew it, so it never hurt them. Where can folks get better acquainted than over a meal table? When the last trout had vanished, the manse children and the Ingleside children were sworn friends and allies. They had always known each other and always would. The race of Joseph recognized its own.

**PT** They poured out the history of their little pasts. The manse children heard of Avonlea and Green Gables, of Rainbow Valley traditions, and of the little house by the harbour shore where Jem had been born. The Ingleside children heard of Maywater, where the Merediths had lived before coming to the Glen, of Una's beloved, one-eyed doll and Faith's pet rooster.

**PT** Faith was inclined to resent the fact that people laughed at her for petting a rooster. She liked the Blythes because they accepted it without question.

**PT** "A handsome rooster like Adam is just as nice a pet as a dog or cat, I think," she said. "If he was a canary nobody would wonder. And I brought him up from a little, wee, yellow chicken. Mrs. Johnson at Maywater gave him to me. A weasel had killed all his brothers and sisters. I called him after her husband. I never liked dolls or cats. Cats are too sneaky and dolls are DEAD."

**PT** "Who lives in that house away up there?" asked Jerry.

**PT** "The Miss Wests—Rosemary and Ellen," answered Nan. "Di and I are going to take music lessons from Miss Rosemary this summer."

**PT** Una gazed at the lucky twins with eyes whose longing was too gentle for envy. Oh, if she could only have music lessons! It was one of the dreams of her little hidden life. But nobody ever thought of such a thing.

**PT** "Miss Rosemary is so sweet and she always dresses so pretty," said Di. "Her hair is just the colour of new molasses taffy," she added wistfully—for Di, like her mother before her, was not resigned to her own ruddy tresses.

**PT** "I like Miss Ellen, too," said Nan. "She always used to give me candies when she came to church. But Di is afraid of her."

**PT** "Her brows are so black and she has such a great deep voice," said Di. "Oh, how scared of her Kenneth Ford used to be when he was little! Mother says the first Sunday Mrs. Ford brought him to church Miss Ellen happened to be there, sitting right behind them. And the minute Kenneth saw her he just screamed and screamed until Mrs. Ford had to carry him out."

**PT** "Who is Mrs. Ford?" asked Una wonderingly.

**PT** "Oh, the Fords don't live here. They only come here in the summer. And they're not coming this summer. They live in that little house 'way, 'way down on the harbour shore where father and mother used to lie. I wish you could see Persis Ford. She is just like a picture."

**PT** "I've heard of Mrs. Ford," broke in Faith. "Bertie Shakespeare Drew told me about her. She was married fourteen years to a dead man and then he came to life."

**PT** "Nonsense," said Nan. "That isn't the way it goes at all. Bertie Shakespeare can never get anything straight. I know the whole story and I'll tell it to you some time, but not now, for it's too long and it's time for us to go home. Mother doesn't like us to be out late these damp evenings."

**PT** Nobody cared whether the manse children were out in the damp or not. Aunt Martha was already in bed and the minister was still too deeply lost in speculations concerning the immortality of the soul to remember the mortality of the body. But they went home, too, with visions of good times coming in their heads.

**PT** "I think Rainbow Valley is even nicer than the graveyard," said Una. "And I just love those dear Blythes. It's SO nice when you can love people because so often you CAN'T. Father said in his sermon last Sunday that we should love everybody. But how can we? How could we love Mrs. Alec Davis?"

**PT** "Oh, father only said that in the pulpit," said Faith airily.

**PT** "He has more sense than to really think it outside."

**PT** The Blythe children went up to Ingleside, except Jem, who slipped away for a few moments on a solitary expedition to a remote corner of Rainbow Valley. Mayflowers grew there and Jem never forgot to take his mother a bouquet as long as they lasted.

## The Advent of Mary Vance

**PT** "This is just the sort of day you feel as if things might happen," said Faith, responsive to the lure of crystal air and blue hills. She hugged herself with delight and danced a hornpipe on old Hezekiah Pollock's bench tombstone, much to the horror of two ancient maidens who happened to be driving past just as Faith hopped on one foot around the stone, waving the other and her arms in the air.

**PT** "And that," groaned one ancient maiden, "is our minister's daughter."

**PT** "What else could you expect of a widower's family?" groaned the other ancient maiden. And then they both shook their heads.

**PT** It was early on Saturday morning and the Merediths were out in the dew-drenched world with a delightful consciousness of the holiday. They had never had anything to do on a holiday. Even Nan and Di Blythe had certain household tasks for Saturday mornings, but the daughters of the manse were free to roam from blushing morn to dewy eve if so it pleased them. It DID please Faith, but Una felt a secret, bitter humiliation because they never learned to do anything. The other girls in her class at school could cook and sew and knit; she only was a little ignoramus.

**PT** Jerry suggested that they go exploring; so they went lingeringly through the fir grove, picking up Carl on the way, who was on his knees in the dripping grass studying his darling ants. Beyond the grove they came out in Mr. Taylor's pasture field, sprinkled over with the white ghosts of dandelions; in a remote corner was an old tumbledown barn, where Mr. Taylor sometimes stored his surplus hay crop but which was never used for any other purpose. Thither the Meredith children trooped, and prowled about the ground floor for several minutes.

**PT** "What was that?" whispered Una suddenly.

**PT** They all listened. There was a faint but distinct rustle in the hayloft above. The Merediths looked at each other.

**PT** "There's something up there," breathed Faith.

**PT** "I'm going up to see what it is," said Jerry resolutely.

**PT** "Oh, don't," begged Una, catching his arm.

**PT** "I'm going."

**PT** "We'll all go, too, then," said Faith.

**PT** The whole four climbed the shaky ladder, Jerry and Faith quite dauntless, Una pale from fright, and Carl rather absent-mindedly speculating on the possibility of finding a bat up in the loft. He longed to see a bat in daylight.

**PT** When they stepped off the ladder they saw what had made the rustle and the sight struck them dumb for a few moments.

**PT** In a little nest in the hay a girl was curled up, looking as if she had just wakened from sleep. When she saw them she stood up, rather shakily, as it seemed, and in the bright sunlight that streamed through the cobwebbed window behind her, they saw that her thin, sunburned face was very pale under its tan. She had two braids of lank, thick, tow-coloured hair and very odd eyes—"white eyes," the manse children thought, as she stared at them half defiantly, half piteously. They were really of so pale a blue that they did seem almost white, especially when contrasted with the narrow black ring that circled the iris. She was barefooted and bareheaded, and was clad in a faded, ragged, old plaid dress, much too short and tight for her. As for years, she might have been almost any age, judging from her wizened little face, but her height seemed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of twelve.

**PT** "Who are you?" asked Jerry.

**PT** The girl looked about her as if seeking a way of escape. Then she seemed to give in with a little shiver of despair.

**PT** "I'm Mary Vance," she said.

**PT** "Where'd you come from?" pursued Jerry.

**PT** Mary, instead of replying, suddenly sat, or fell, down on the hay and began to cry. Instantly Faith had flung herself down beside her and put her arm around the thin, shaking shoulders.

**PT** "You stop bothering her," she commanded Jerry. Then she hugged the waif. "Don't cry, dear. Just tell us what's the matter. WE'RE friends."

**PT** "I'm so—so—hungry," wailed Mary. "I—I hain't had a thing to eat since Thursday morning, 'cept a little water from the brook out there."

**PT** The manse children gazed at each other in horror. Faith sprang up.

**PT** "You come right up to the manse and get something to eat before you say another word."

**PT** Mary shrank.

**PT** "Oh—I can't. What will your pa and ma say? Besides, they'd send me back."

**PT** "We've no mother, and father won't bother about you. Neither will Aunt Martha. Come, I say." Faith stamped her foot impatiently. Was this queer girl going to insist on starving to death almost at their very door?

**PT** Mary yielded. She was so weak that she could hardly climb down the ladder, but somehow they got her down and over the field and into the manse kitchen. Aunt Martha, muddling through her Saturday cooking, took no notice of her. Faith and Una flew to the pantry and ransacked it for such eatables as it contained—some "ditto," bread, butter, milk and a doubtful pie. Mary Vance attacked the food ravenously and uncritically, while the manse children stood around and watched her. Jerry noticed that she had a pretty mouth and very nice, even, white teeth. Faith decided, with secret horror, that Mary had not one stitch on her except that ragged, faded dress. Una was full of pure pity, Carl of amused wonder, and all of them of curiosity.

**PT** "Now come out to the graveyard and tell us about yourself," ordered Faith, when Mary's appetite showed signs of failing her. Mary was now nothing loath. Food had restored her natural vivacity and unloosed her by no means reluctant tongue.

**PT** "You won't tell your pa or anybody if I tell you?" she stipulated, when she was enthroned on Mr. Pollock's tombstone. Opposite her the manse children lined up on another. Here was spice and mystery and adventure. Something HAD happened.

**PT** "No, we won't."

**PT** "Cross your hearts?"

**PT** "Cross our hearts."

**PT** "Well, I've run away. I was living with Mrs. Wiley over-harbour.

**PT** Do you know Mrs. Wiley?"

**PT** "No."

**PT** "Well, you don't want to know her. She's an awful woman. My, how I hate her! She worked me to death and wouldn't give me half enough to eat, and she used to larrup me 'most every day. Look a-here."

**PT** Mary rolled up her ragged sleeves, and held up her scrawny arms and thin hands, chapped almost to rawness. They were black with bruises. The manse children shivered. Faith flushed crimson with indignation. Una's blue eyes filled with tears.

**PT** "She licked me Wednesday night with a stick," said Mary, indifferently. "It was 'cause I let the cow kick over a pail of milk. How'd I know the darn old cow was going to kick?"

**PT** A not unpleasant thrill ran over her listeners. They would never dream of using such dubious words, but it was rather titivating to hear someone else use them—and a girl, at that. Certainly this Mary Vance was an interesting creature.

**PT** "I don't blame you for running away," said Faith.

**PT** "Oh, I didn't run away 'cause she licked me. A licking was all in the day's work with me. I was darn well used to it. Nope, I'd meant to run away for a week 'cause I'd found out that Mrs. Wiley was going to rent her farm and go to Lowbridge to live and give me to a cousin of hers up Charlottetown way. I wasn't going to stand for THAT. She was a worse sort than Mrs. Wiley even. Mrs. Wiley lent me to her for a month last summer and I'd rather live with the devil himself."

**PT** Sensation number two. But Una looked doubtful.

**PT** "So I made up my mind I'd beat it. I had seventy cents saved up that Mrs. John Crawford give me in the spring for planting potatoes for her. Mrs. Wiley didn't know about it. She was away visiting her cousin when I planted them. I thought I'd sneak up here to the Glen and buy a ticket to Charlottetown and try to get work there. I'm a hustler, let me tell you. There ain't a lazy bone in MY body. So I lit out Thursday morning 'fore Mrs. Wiley was up and walked to the Glen—six miles. And when I got to the station I found I'd lost my money. Dunno how—dunno where. Anyhow, it was gone. I didn't know what to do. If I went back to old Lady Wiley she'd take the hide off me. So I went and hid in that old barn."

**PT** "And what will you do now?" asked Jerry.

**PT** "Dunno. I s'pose I'll have to go back and take my medicine. Now that I've got some grub in my stomach I guess I can stand it."

**PT** But there was fear behind the bravado in Mary's eyes. Una suddenly slipped from the one tombstone to the other and put her arm about Mary.

**PT** "Don't go back. Just stay here with us."

**PT** "Oh, Mrs. Wiley'll hunt me up," said Mary. "It's likely she's on my trail before this. I might stay here till she finds me, I s'pose, if your folks don't mind. I was a darn fool ever to think of skipping out. She'd run a weasel to earth. But I was so misrebul."

**PT** Mary's voice quivered, but she was ashamed of showing her weakness.

**PT** "I hain't had the life of a dog for these four years," she explained defiantly.

**PT** "You've been four years with Mrs. Wiley?"

**PT** "Yip. She took me out of the asylum over in Hopetown when I was eight."

**PT** "That's the same place Mrs. Blythe came from," exclaimed Faith.

**PT** "I was two years in the asylum. I was put there when I was six.

**PT** My ma had hung herself and my pa had cut his throat."

**PT** "Holy cats! Why?" said Jerry.

**PT** "Booze," said Mary laconically.

**PT** "And you've no relations?"

**PT** "Not a darn one that I know of. Must have had some once, though. I was called after half a dozen of them. My full name is Mary Martha Lucilla Moore Ball Vance. Can you beat that? My grandfather was a rich man. I'll bet he was richer than YOUR grandfather. But pa drunk it all up and ma, she did her part. THEY used to beat me, too. Laws, I've been licked so much I kind of like it."

**PT** Mary tossed her head. She divined that the manse children were pitying her for her many stripes and she did not want pity. She wanted to be envied. She looked gaily about her. Her strange eyes, now that the dullness of famine was removed from them, were brilliant. She would show these youngsters what a personage she was.

# Índice - Versão em Português

[1 - De Volta ao Lar](#)

[2 - Pura Fofoca](#)

[3 - As Crianças de Ingleside](#)

[4 - As Crianças do Presbitério](#)

[5 - O Advento de Mary Vance](#)

## De Volta ao Lar

**En** Era uma tarde clara de maio, e o porto refletia as nuvens douradas entre suas margens escuras. O mar gemia tristemente na barra de areia, mas um vento vivo soprava pela estrada vermelha do porto, por onde a figura confortável de Miss Cornelia caminhava em direção a Glen St. Mary. Miss Cornelia era na verdade Sra. Marshall Elliott, e já estava casada há treze anos, mas a maioria das pessoas ainda a chamava de Miss Cornelia. Suas velhas amigas adoravam esse nome. Apenas Susan Baker, a fiel serva da família Blythe em Ingleside, sempre a chamava de Sra. Marshall Elliott com ênfase pontual, como se quisesse garantir que todos lembrassem que Miss Cornelia era casada.

**En** Miss Cornelia estava indo para Ingleside visitar o Dr. e a Sra. Blythe, que acabavam de voltar da Europa. Eles tinham estado fora por três meses, tendo partido em fevereiro para assistir a um congresso médico em Londres. Durante sua ausência, certas coisas haviam acontecido no Glen que Miss Cornelia estava ansiosa para discutir. Por exemplo, uma nova família havia se mudado para a residência pastoral. Miss Cornelia balançou a cabeça várias vezes enquanto caminhava rapidamente, pensando neles.

**En** Susan Baker e a Anne Shirley dos dias anteriores a viram chegando enquanto se sentavam no grande terraço em Ingleside. Estavam desfrutando do encanto da luz suave, dos doces cantos dos tordos sonolentos entre os bordos escurecidos e dos narcisos dançando contra o velho muro de tijolos vermelhos do gramado.

**En** Anne estava sentada nos degraus, com as mãos entrelaçadas ao redor do joelho; na luz crepuscular, ela parecia tão jovem quanto uma mãe de muitos poderia ser. Seus belos olhos cinza-esverdeados, olhando pela estrada do porto, ainda brilhavam com sonhos. Atrás dela, Rilla Blythe estava enrolada na rede, uma garotinha gorducha de seis anos, a mais nova das crianças de Ingleside. Ela tinha cabelos ruivos crespos e olhos castanho-avelã que estavam fechados no sono, enrugados de seu jeito engraçado habitual.

**En** Shirley, conhecido como o pequeno menino moreno na família, estava dormindo nos braços de Susan. Ele tinha cabelos castanhos, olhos castanhos e bochechas rosadas. Susan o amava especialmente

porque após seu nascimento Anne ficara muito doente por um longo tempo, e Susan cuidara do bebê com uma ternura apaixonada que não demonstrara pelas outras crianças. O Dr. Blythe disse que sem Susan o bebê não teria vivido.

**En** Susan frequentemente declarava que ela tinha dado vida a Shirley tanto quanto a Sra. Dra. Blythe, e que ele era tanto filho dela quanto da Sra. Dra. Blythe. De fato, Shirley sempre corria para Susan para conforto, para ser beijado quando se machucava, embalado para dormir e protegido de punições merecidas. Susan tinha dado palmadas em todas as outras crianças Blythe quando considerava necessário para o bem moral delas, mas se recusava a dar palmadas em Shirley ou permitir que sua mãe o fizesse. Certa vez, o Dr. Blythe deu uma palmada nele, e Susan ficou indignada furiosamente.

**En** Susan declarou amargamente que o médico chegaria a bater em um anjo, e durante semanas depois disso ela se recusou a assar uma torta para ele.

**En** Susan havia levado Shirley consigo para a casa de seu irmão enquanto os pais dele estavam ausentes, enquanto as outras crianças iam para Avonlea. Ela teve três meses abençoados sozinha com ele. No entanto, Susan ficou muito feliz em voltar para Ingleside com todos os seus queridos ao seu redor. Ingleside era seu mundo, e ela reinava suprema lá. Até Anne raramente questionava suas decisões, para grande desgosto da Sra. Rachel Lynde, que sombriamente avisou Anne que ela estava deixando Susan se tornar muito mandona e que se arrependeria.

**En** Susan anunciou que Cornelia Bryant estava vindo pela estrada do porto e que provavelmente chegaria para compartilhar três meses de fofocas.

**En** Anne disse que esperava que sim, abraçando os joelhos, e declarou que estava morrendo de vontade de saber as fofocas de Glen St. Mary. Ela esperava que a Srta. Cornelia pudesse contar tudo o que tinha acontecido enquanto estavam fora — quem tinha nascido, se casado ou começado a beber; quem tinha morrido, ido embora, chegado, brigado, perdido uma vaca ou arranjado um namorado. Ela achou encantador estar de volta em casa com todas as queridas pessoas de Glen e queria saber tudo sobre elas. Ela mencionou que tinha até se

perguntado na Abadia de Westminster qual dos dois namorados de Millicent Drew ela finalmente casaria, e confessou a terrível suspeita de que amava fofocas.

**En** Susan concordou que a maioria das mulheres gosta de ouvir novidades e expressou seu próprio interesse na situação de Millicent Drew. Ela comentou que nunca havia tido um pretendente, mas não se importava de ser solteirona agora que estava acostumada. Em sua opinião, o cabelo de Millicent parecia ter sido varrido às pressas com uma vassoura, mas os homens pareciam não se importar com isso.

**En** A interlocutora observou que os homens só notavam a expressão atraente, animada e provocadora de Millicent.

**En** Susan reconheceu que o Livro Sagrado diz que a graça é enganosa e a beleza é vã, mas ela não teria se importado de descobrir essa verdade pessoalmente se o destino tivesse permitido. Ela então mudou para fofoca, mencionando que a pobre Sra. Harrison Miller, do outro lado do porto, havia tentado se enforcar na semana anterior.

**En** A outra mulher expressou choque com essa revelação.

**En** Susan a tranquilizou, dizendo que a tentativa havia falhado. Ela admitiu que não culpava a Sra. Harrison Miller por tentar, pois o marido era um homem terrível. No entanto, considerou imprudente tentar suicídio e deixar o caminho livre para ele se casar com outra. Se estivesse naquela posição, Susan disse, ela o atormentaria tanto que ele gostaria de se enforcar. Ela acrescentou que não aprovava o enforcamento em nenhuma circunstância.

**En** Anne perguntou o que havia de errado com Harrison Miller, queixando-se de que ele sempre levava os outros ao extremo.

**En** A oradora comentou que alguns chamavam aquilo de religião e outros de teimosia, mas ninguém conseguia decidir o que era no caso de Harrison. Em alguns dias, ele rosnava para todos porque acreditava estar predestinado à danação; em outros, dizia que não se importava e ficava bêbado. Ela pessoalmente achava que ele era mentalmente instável, como todos os Millers daquele ramo. Seu avô havia enlouquecido, acreditando estar cercado por grandes aranhas pretas que rastejavam sobre ele e flutuavam no ar. Ela rezava para nunca enlouquecer, pois não era um hábito dos Bakers, mas se a Providência

assim o decretasse, esperava que não envolvesse aranhas, que ela detestava. Quanto à Sra. Miller, não tinha certeza se ela merecia pena; alguns afirmavam que ela se casou com Harrison apenas para contrariar Richard Taylor, o que parecia um motivo estranho para o casamento. Mas, então, admitiu, ela não era juíza em assuntos matrimoniais. Naquele momento, Cornélia Bryant chegou ao portão, então ela colocou o bebê na cama e pegou seu tricô.

## Pura Fofoca

**En** Após as saudações iniciais, a Srta. Cornélia perguntou sobre o paradeiro das outras crianças.

**En** Anne explicou que Shirley estava na cama, enquanto Jem, Walter e os gêmeos tinham corrido para o amado Vale do Arco-Íris assim que o jantar terminou. Eles tinham acabado de voltar naquela tarde e amavam aquele vale acima de todos os outros lugares; nem mesmo o bosque de bordos podia competir com ele em suas afeições.

**En** Susan expressou sua preocupação de que eles amavam o Vale do Arco-Íris em excesso. Ela lembrou que o pequeno Jem certa vez disse que preferiria ir para o Vale do Arco-Íris do que para o céu após a morte, o que ela considerou um comentário inadequado.

**En** Miss Cornelia especulou se eles tinham se divertido em Avonlea.

**En** O interlocutor afirmou que eles se divertiram enormemente, acrescentando que Marilla os mimava terrivelmente, especialmente Jem, que não podia fazer nada errado aos olhos dela.

**En** Miss Cornelia comentou que a Srta. Cuthbert devia ser uma senhora idosa agora, e começou a tricotar, acreditando que uma mulher cujas mãos estavam ocupadas sempre tinha vantagem sobre aquela cujas mãos não estavam.

**En** Anne suspirou e relatou que Marilla tinha oitenta e cinco anos com cabelos brancos como a neve, mas estranhamente sua visão estava melhor do que aos sessenta.

**En** Miss Cornelia expressou sua alegria por todos terem voltado, pois estava muito solitária, e observou que a primavera tinha sido emocionante, especialmente em relação aos assuntos da igreja, já que finalmente haviam decidido por um pastor.

**En** Susan dirigiu-se à Sra. Dr. Meredith, determinada a compartilhar ela mesma a notícia e impedir que Miss Cornelia contasse tudo.

**En** Anne perguntou com interesse se ele era legal.

**En** Miss Cornelia suspirou e Susan gemeu.

**En** Miss Cornelia respondeu que ele era legal o suficiente, de fato muito legal, muito instruído e muito espiritual, mas que não tinha senso comum.

**En** Anne então perguntou como eles o haviam chamado.

**En** Miss Cornelia observou que ele era, sem dúvida, o melhor pregador que já tiveram na igreja de Glen St. Mary. Ela especulou que sua natureza sonhadora e distraída poderia tê-lo impedido de receber um chamado de uma cidade maior. Seu sermão de prova, disse ela, foi extraordinariamente impressionante, e todos ficaram cativados por ele, assim como por sua aparência.

**En** Ela disse à querida Sra. Dra. que ele era muito bonito, e, afinal de contas,

**En** Ela interveio, dizendo que realmente gostava de ver um homem bonito no púlpito.

**En** Susan, acreditando que era hora de se afirmar novamente,

**En** Miss Cornelia explicou que eles estavam ansiosos para ter um ministro fixo. O Sr. Meredith foi o primeiro candidato em que todos concordaram, pois havia alguma objeção a todos os outros candidatos. Houve alguma discussão sobre chamar o Sr. Folsom, que também era um bom pregador, mas as pessoas não estavam satisfeitas com sua aparência; ele era moreno e elegante.

**En** Susan comentou com a Sra. Dra. que o homem em questão se assemelhava a um grande gato preto, e expressou sua forte desaprovação por ter uma pessoa dessas pregando todos os domingos.

**En** Dona Cornélia prosseguiu dizendo que o Sr. Rogers não era nem particularmente bom nem ruim, como um pedaço de pão no mingau. Mesmo que sua pregação tivesse sido excelente, não teria adiantado, porque naquele dia, as ovelhas do velho Caleb Ramsay entraram na igreja e baliram alto bem quando ele anunciou seu texto. A congregação riu, e o pobre Rogers nunca se recuperou. Alguns pensaram que deveriam chamar o Sr. Stewart, porque ele era muito instruído e conseguia ler o Novo Testamento em cinco línguas.

**En** Susan interrompeu, afirmando que não acreditava que as habilidades linguísticas do Sr. Stewart o tornassem mais certo de alcançar o céu do que qualquer outra pessoa.

**En** Ignorando Susan, Dona Cornélia observou que a maioria deles não gostava da maneira de falar do Sr. Stewart; ele parecia falar em grunhidos. Ela acrescentou que o Sr. Arnett não conseguia pregar de jeito nenhum e havia escolhido um texto particularmente infeliz da Bíblia, 'Amaldiçoi a Meroz.'

**En** Susan disse à Sra. Dra. que sempre que o Sr. Arnett não conseguia encontrar uma ideia, ele batia na Bíblia e gritava 'Amaldiçoi a Meroz' com grande amargura. Ela comentou que o pobre Meroz, quem quer que fosse, recebeu uma maldição completa naquele dia.

**En** Miss Cornelia observou solenemente que um candidato a ministro deve ser muito cuidadoso ao escolher seu texto. Ela acreditava que o Sr. Pierson teria recebido o chamado se tivesse escolhido um texto diferente, mas quando ele anunciou o texto sobre erguer os olhos para os montes, suas chances foram arruinadas. Todos sorriram porque sabiam que as duas moças Hill estavam perseguindo todos os ministros que vinham ao Glen nos últimos quinze anos. Ela também observou que o Sr. Newman tinha uma família muito grande.

**En** Susan disse que o ministro ficou na casa de seu cunhado, James Clow. Ela perguntou a ele quantos filhos tinha, e ele respondeu com nove meninos e uma irmã para cada um, o que Susan interpretou como dezoito. Ela expressou sua surpresa com uma família tão grande, e o ministro riu, embora ela não entendesse o motivo. Ela insistiu que dezoito filhos seriam demais para qualquer residência pastoral.

**En** Miss Cornelia explicou com paciência desdenhosa que o ministro tinha apenas dez filhos, e que dez crianças bem-comportadas não seriam piores para a residência pastoral e a congregação do que as quatro que estavam lá atualmente. No entanto, ela admitiu que gostava das crianças, como todos gostavam, e que elas seriam boas se alguém lhes ensinasse boas maneiras. Na escola, eram crianças exemplares, mas em casa, viviam sem regras.

**En** Anne perguntou sobre a Sra. Meredith.

**En** Miss Cornelia respondeu que não havia Sra. Meredith, esse era o problema. O Sr. Meredith era viúvo; sua esposa havia morrido há quatro anos. Ela disse que provavelmente não o teriam chamado se soubessem, porque um viúvo é ainda pior do que um homem solteiro para uma congregação. Eles ouviram ele falar de seus filhos e presumiram que havia uma mãe, mas quando chegaram, só havia a velha Tia Martha. Ela era uma prima da mãe do Sr. Meredith, acolhida para evitar o asilo. Tia Martha tinha setenta e cinco anos, era quase cega, muito surda e irritadiça.

**En** O orador observou que a Sra. Dra. era uma cozinheira muito ruim.

**En** Miss Cornelia disse amargamente que o Sr. Meredith era o pior possível administrador para a casa paroquial. Ela acrescentou que ele não contrataria outra governanta porque não queria magoar os sentimentos da Tia Martha. Ela disse a Anne que o estado da casa paroquial era terrível, cheio de poeira e desordem, apesar de ter sido pintada e decorada com capricho antes de eles chegarem.

**En** Anne perguntou se havia quatro crianças, já sentindo uma conexão maternal com elas.

**En** O orador confirmou que havia quatro crianças, como degraus de uma escada. O mais velho era Gerald, chamado Jerry, que tinha doze anos e era inteligente. Faith tinha onze anos, era uma moleca, mas muito bonita.

**En** Susan disse à Sra. Dra. que Faith parecia um anjo, mas era muito travessa. Ela descreveu como Faith levou uma dúzia de ovos e um pequeno balde de leite para o porão, caiu pelas escadas e subiu rindo, dizendo que não sabia se era ela mesma ou uma torta de creme. A Sra. James Millison ficou zangada e disse que não traria mais nada para a casa paroquial se fosse desperdiçar.

**En** Miss Cornelia observou que Maria Millison nunca se esforçou ao levar coisas para a casa do pastor; ela usou isso como pretexto para sua curiosidade. No entanto, a pobre Faith, que sempre se metia em encrencas, era tão desatenta e impulsiva.

**En** Anne declarou que Faith lhe lembrava ela mesma e tinha certeza de que gostaria dela.

**En** Susan admitiu que Faith tinha espírito, e gostava dessa qualidade, dirigindo-se à querida Sra. Doutora.

**En** Miss Cornelia concedeu que havia algo encantador em Faith. Ela estava sempre rindo, o que fazia os outros rirem também, e não conseguia manter uma expressão séria na igreja. Una, de dez anos, era doce, mas não bonita. Thomas Carlyle, chamado de Carl, de nove anos, tinha paixão por colecionar sapos, insetos e rãs e trazê-los para dentro de casa.

**En** Susan especulou que Carl poderia ser o responsável pelo rato morto que assustou a Sra. Grant quando ela visitou. Ela observou que as salas de visita da casa do pastor eram inadequadas para ratos mortos. Ela acrescentou que poderia ter sido o gato, que era extremamente travesso e indisciplinado. Um gato de casa pastoral deveria ao menos parecer respeitável, ela achava, mas este parecia desleixado. Ele andava pela cumeeira do telhado todas as noites e balançava o rabo, o que não era apropriado.

**En** Miss Cornelia suspirou, observando que as crianças nunca estavam vestidas adequadamente. Ela salientou que, desde que a neve derreteria, elas iam para a escola descalças, o que não considerava apropriado para filhos da família do pastor, especialmente quando a filha do pastor metodista usava botas com botões tão elegantes. Ela também manifestou o desejo de que não brincassem no antigo cemitério metodista.

**En** Anne respondeu que era muito tentador brincar ali, já que o cemitério ficava ao lado da residência pastoral. Ela acrescentou que sempre imaginara que os cemitérios deviam ser lugares encantadores para as crianças brincarem.

**En** A leal Susan defendeu Anne rapidamente, insistindo que ela nunca pensara em tal coisa. Ela declarou que Anne possuía bom senso e decoro demais para ter considerado aquela ideia.

**En** Anne se perguntou por que a residência pastoral havia sido construída ao lado do cemitério em primeiro lugar. Ela observou que o gramado era tão pequeno que as crianças não tinham outro lugar para brincar a não ser o cemitério.

**En** Miss Cornelia admitiu que havia sido um erro, mas observou que o terreno era barato. Ela notou que nenhum filho anterior da residência pastoral jamais pensara em brincar ali, e que o Sr. Meredith não deveria permitir isso. Ele estava sempre absorto na leitura ou perdido em pensamentos, disse ela; ele havia esquecido a reunião de oração duas vezes e uma vez se apressou para o casamento de Fanny Cooper de chinelos, após ser lembrado por telefone. Ela se importava que os metodistas rissem disso, mas se consolava com o fato de que não podiam criticar seus sermões, pois ele estava totalmente alerta no púlpito. O pastor metodista, segundo lhe contaram, não sabia pregar de jeito nenhum.

**En** Desde seu casamento, Miss Cornelia não desgostava mais tanto dos homens como antes, mas ainda mantinha um forte e impiedoso desprezo pelos metodistas. Susan deu um sorriso cúmplice.

**En** Susan comentou com a Sra. Marshall Elliott que as pessoas estavam dizendo que os metodistas e

**En** Os presbiterianos estavam considerando se unir.

**En** Miss Cornelia respondeu que esperava estar morta antes que tal união acontecesse. Ela declarou que nunca se associaria a metodistas e que o Sr. Meredith também deveria evitá-los; ela achava que ele era muito amigável com eles. Ela apontou que ele havia comparecido ao jantar do vigésimo quinto aniversário de casamento dos Jacob Drews e acabou em uma situação embaraçosa por causa disso.

**En** A Sra. Marshall Elliott perguntou o que havia acontecido.

**En** A Sra. Drew pediu ao Sr. Meredith para trinchar o ganso assado porque Jacob Drew nunca conseguia. O Sr. Meredith começou a trinchar, mas acidentalmente derrubou o ganso da travessa no colo da Sra. Reese, que estava sentada ao lado dele. Ele então pediu a ela que gentilmente devolvesse o ganso. A Sra. Reese o devolveu docilmente, mas ela deve ter ficado furiosa porque estava usando seu novo vestido de seda. O pior é que ela era metodista.

**En** Susan interrompeu para dizer que era melhor que a Sra. Reese fosse metodista em vez de presbiteriana. Se ela fosse presbiteriana, provavelmente teria saído da igreja, e eles não podiam perder membros. Além disso, a Sra. Reese não era bem-vista em sua própria igreja

porque se achava superior, então os metodistas provavelmente ficariam satisfeitos por o Sr. Meredith ter estragado o vestido dela.

**En** A Srta. Cornélia respondeu rispidamente que o importante era que o Sr. Meredith havia se tornado ridículo diante dos metodistas. Ela, por exemplo, não gostava de ver seu ministro ridicularizado. Ela acrescentou que, se ele fosse casado, o acidente não teria ocorrido.

**En** Susan afirmou teimosamente que não entendia como ter até uma dúzia de esposas poderia ter impedido a Sra. Drew de usar seu ganso velho e duro no banquete de casamento.

**En** A Srta. Cornélia observou que diziam ter sido o marido da Sra. Drew quem havia escolhido o ganso.

**En** Dizia-se que Jacob Drew era um homem arrogante, mesquinho e dominador.

**En** Susan afirmou que Jacob Drew e sua esposa aparentemente se detestavam, o que ela acreditava não ser a maneira como pessoas casadas deveriam se comportar. Ela admitiu não ter experiência pessoal em tais assuntos. Susan também disse que a Sra. Drew era mesquinha; o único presente conhecido que ela deu foi um pote de manteiga feita de creme em que um rato havia caído, doado para um encontro da igreja, e o rato foi descoberto apenas mais tarde.

**En** A Srta. Cornelia disse que foi uma sorte os Meredith terem ofendido apenas metodistas até agora. Ela explicou que Jerry havia ido a uma reunião de oração metodista cerca de duas semanas atrás e se sentou ao lado do velho William Marsh. Quando o Sr. Marsh testemunhou com gemidos e se sentou, Jerry sussurrou perguntando se ele se sentia melhor. Jerry quis ser solidário, mas o Sr. Marsh achou que ele era impertinente e ficou furioso. A Srta. Cornelia acrescentou que Jerry não deveria ter ido a uma reunião metodista, mas os filhos Meredith vão aonde querem.

**En** Susan esperava que os Meredith não ofendessem a Sra. Alec Davis de Harbour Head, que era muito sensível, mas rica e contribuía com a maior parte do salário do ministro. Susan ouvira que a Sra. Davis dissera que os filhos Meredith eram os piores educados que ela já vira.

**En** A Srta. Anne declarou que cada palavra que ouvira a convencia mais fortemente de que os Meredith pertenciam à raça que conhece José.

**En** Miss Cornelia admitiu que certas pessoas agiam assim, e que isso equilibrava tudo. Ela disse que agora que os tinham, deviam fazer o melhor por eles e defendê-los dos metodistas. Em seguida, comentou que precisava ir ao porto, pois Marshall logo estaria em casa de sua viagem pelo outro lado do porto e iria querer o jantar, como os homens costumam fazer. Ela expressou pesar por não ter visto as outras crianças e perguntou pelo médico.

**En** O médico estava no Harbour Head. Como eles estavam em casa há apenas três dias, ele passara apenas três horas em sua própria cama e comera somente duas refeições em casa.

**En** Miss Cornelia disse que todos que estiveram doentes nas últimas seis semanas estavam esperando o retorno do médico, e ela não os culpava. As pessoas ficaram desconfiadas do médico do outro lado do porto quando ele se casou com a filha do agente funerário em Lowbridge; não parecera adequado. Ela convidou o interlocutor e o médico a descerem em breve e lhe contarem sobre a viagem, presumindo que tivessem passado um tempo esplêndido.

**En** Anne concordou, dizendo que tinha sido a realização de anos de sonhos. O velho mundo era adorável e maravilhoso, mas eles tinham voltado muito satisfeitos com sua própria terra. Ela declarou que o Canadá era o melhor país do mundo.

**En** Miss Cornelia respondeu com satisfação que ninguém nunca tinha duvidado disso.

**En** Anne riu e declarou que a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo era a província mais encantadora, com Four Winds sendo o local mais bonito dela. Ela olhou com adoração para o pôr do sol sobre o vale, o porto e o golfo, e disse que não tinha visto nada mais bonito na Europa. Ela perguntou à Srta. Cornelia se ela precisava ir embora, acrescentando que as crianças ficariam tristes por não a terem visto.

**En** A Srta. Cornelia respondeu que as crianças deveriam vir visitá-la em breve e instruiu Anne a dizer a elas que o pote de rosquinhas estava sempre cheio.

**En** A Srta. Cornelia explicou que as crianças estavam planejando uma visita a ela durante o jantar. Elas viriam visitá-la em breve, mas primeiro precisavam se dedicar à escola novamente. Ela também mencionou que os gêmeos começariam a ter aulas de música.

**En** A Srta. Cornelia perguntou ansiosamente se a visita das crianças não era da esposa do ministro metodista.

**En** A Srta. Cornelia fez a pergunta com evidente ansiedade.

**En** A resposta foi que eles haviam combinado com Rosemary West na noite anterior, e o orador comentou como ela era bonita.

**En** Miss Cornelia observou que Rosemary West ainda era atraente e capaz, embora não fosse mais tão jovem como antes.

**En** O orador achou Rosemary encantadora, mas admitiu não conhecê-la bem, já que ela morava em um lugar isolado e eles só se encontravam ocasionalmente na igreja.

**En** Miss Cornelia comentou que as pessoas gostavam de Rosemary apesar de não a entenderem. Ela observou que Ellen controlava Rosemary, mas também a mimava. Rosemary havia sido noiva de Martin Crawford, que morreu em um naufrágio quando ela tinha dezessete anos, após o que ela mudou. Desde a morte da mãe, as irmãs ficavam em casa. Ellen desaprovava frequentar a igreja presbiteriana e nunca ia à metodista; os West eram fortes episcopais. Rosemary e Ellen eram bem de vida, e Rosemary dava aulas de música por escolha. Elas eram parentes distantes de Leslie. Então ela perguntou sobre os Fords naquele verão.

**En** A resposta foi que os Fords não viriam; eles estavam viajando para o Japão por cerca de um ano, e o novo romance de Owen se passaria lá. O orador observou que este seria o primeiro verão em que a Casa dos Sonhos ficaria vazia desde que eles se mudaram.

**En** A senhora Cornelia reclamou que Owen Ford deveria encontrar material abundante no Canadá sem levar sua esposa e filhos para uma terra estrangeira como o Japão. Ela considerava O Livro da Vida seu melhor trabalho e observou que sua inspiração veio de Four Winds.

**En** Ela acrescentou que o Capitão Jim havia fornecido a maior parte desse material, coletado de todo o mundo. No entanto, ela considerava todos os escritos de Owen encantadores.

**En** A senhora Cornelia admitiu que seus livros eram satisfatórios até certo ponto. Ela fazia questão de ler cada um que ele escrevia, apesar de sua convicção de que ler romances era uma perda de tempo. Ela pretendia escrever e expressar sua opinião sobre seu empreendimento japonês, questionando se ele desejava que seus filhos, Kenneth e Persis, se tornassem pagãos.

**En** Com essa pergunta sem resposta, a senhora Cornelia partiu. Susan colocou Rilla na cama, enquanto Anne se sentou nos degraus da varanda sob as primeiras estrelas, entregando-se aos seus sonhos incorrigíveis e redescobrimdo o esplendor de um nascer da lua sobre o Porto de Four Winds.

## As Crianças de Ingleside

**En** Durante o dia, as crianças Blythe gostavam de brincar no bosque de bordos exuberante e sombreado entre Ingleside e a lagoa Glen St. Mary. Para entretenimento noturno, preferiam o pequeno vale atrás do bosque, que consideravam um lugar mágico. Certa vez, olhando das janelas do sótão de Ingleside após uma tempestade de verão, viram um arco-íris magnífico, cuja extremidade parecia tocar o canto da lagoa no vale.

**En** Walter felizmente propôs que a chamassem de Vale do Arco-Íris.

**En** A partir daquele momento, passou a ser conhecido como Vale do Arco-Íris.

**En** Dentro do Vale do Arco-Íris, o vento era sempre suave, ao contrário do lado de fora. Pequenos caminhos sinuosos cobertos de musgo corriam sobre raízes de abetos. Cerejeiras selvagens se misturavam com abetos escuros, e um pequeno riacho de águas âmbar fluía da vila de Glen. As casas da vila ficavam confortavelmente distantes. No extremo superior, havia uma pequena cabana deserta chamada casa velha dos Bailey, desocupada por anos, mas cercada por um dique coberto de grama. Lá dentro, um jardim antigo ainda florescia com violetas, margaridas e lírios de junho na estação, enquanto o resto estava tomado por cominhos que balançavam como mares de prata ao luar de verão.

**En** Ao sul ficava o lago, e além dele a distância se dissolvia em bosques roxos, exceto por uma solitária casa cinzenta antiga no alto de uma colina com vista para o desfiladeiro e o porto. O Vale do Arco-Íris tinha uma solidão selvagem e arborizada apesar de sua proximidade com a vila, o que o tornava amado pelas crianças de Ingleside.

**En** O vale tinha muitas depressões amigáveis, e a maior era seu local favorito, onde se reuniram naquela noite. Nessa depressão havia um bosque de abetos jovens com uma pequena clareira gramada que dava para a margem do riacho. Uma bétula prateada muito reta crescia junto ao riacho, que Walter havia chamado de Dama Branca. Na clareira também estavam os Amantes das Árvores — um abeto e um bordo crescendo tão juntos que seus galhos estavam entrelaçados. Jem havia

pendurado nelas uma corda velha de sinos de trenó, dada pelo ferreiro de Glen, e cada brisa fazia os sinos tilintarem.

**En** Nan comentou como era agradável ter voltado.

**En** Ela considerava que nenhum lugar em Avonlea poderia igualar o encanto de Rainbow Valley.

**En** Apesar de preferirem o Rainbow Valley, as crianças ainda amavam Avonlea. As visitas à Green Gables eram um agrado especial, com a Tia Marilla e a Sra. Rachel Lynde sendo muito gentis. A Sra. Lynde passava seu lazer tricotando colchas para as filhas de Anne. As crianças brincavam com os filhos do Tio Davy e da Tia Diana e conheciam todos os lugares que sua mãe amava na juventude: Lover's Lane, o jardim arrumado com salgueiros, a Dryad's Bubble, o Lago das Águas Brilhantes e Willowmere. Os gêmeos ocupavam o antigo quarto da varanda de sua mãe, e a Tia Marilla costumava olhar para eles com carinho à noite, embora todos soubessem que ela adorava Jem acima de todos.

**En** Jem estava ocupado fritando pequenas trutas que havia pescado no lago. Ele usava um círculo de pedras vermelhas como fogão, com fogo dentro, e seus utensílios eram uma lata velha achatada e um garfo com apenas um dente. Ainda assim, ele já havia conseguido fazer refeições excelentes dessa maneira antes.

**En** Jem, nascido na Casa dos Sonhos, tinha cabelos ruivos e ondulados como sua mãe e olhos castanhos francos como seu pai, além do nariz fino da mãe e da boca firme e bem-humorada do pai. Ele era o único cujas orelhas agradavam a Susan, mas eles tinham uma briga constante porque ela insistia em chamá-lo de Pequeno Jem, o que ele, aos treze anos, considerava ultrajante; sua mãe tinha mais bom senso.

**En** Ele chorou indignado no seu oitavo aniversário que não era mais pequeno e era terrivelmente grande.

**En** Sua mãe suspirou, riu e suspirou novamente, e depois disso ela nunca o chamou de Pequeno Jem quando ele podia ouvir.

**En** Jem era um menino robusto e confiável que sempre mantinha suas promessas. Embora não fosse um grande falador, era um bom aluno em todas as matérias. Nunca aceitava as coisas sem verificar; uma vez tocou a língua em uma tranca gelada para testar o aviso de

Susan, e sofreu com a língua dolorida por dias. Através de constante experimentação e observação, ele aprendia muito. Ele sabia onde cresciam as primeiras e melhores frutas, onde apareciam as primeiras violetas, quantos ovos havia em um ninho de tordo no bosque de bordos, e como contar a sorte com pétalas de margarida. Ele conseguia encontrar raízes comestíveis perto do lago, a melhor goma de abeto em nós âmbar claros, as nozes mais grossas nas faias, e os melhores lugares para pescar trutas. Ele imitava os chamados de qualquer ave ou animal selvagem em Four Winds e sabia onde cada flor silvestre desabrochava da primavera ao outono.

**En** Walter Blythe estava sentado sob a Dama Branca com um livro de poemas ao lado, mas não estava lendo. Em vez disso, ele contemplava extasiado os salgueiros com névoa esmeralda perto do lago e as nuvens como pequenas ovelhas prateadas que flutuavam sobre o Vale do Arco-Íris. Seus olhos amplos e esplêndidos eram notáveis; pareciam refletir a alegria, a tristeza, o riso, a lealdade e a aspiração de muitas gerações.

**En** Na aparência, Walter não se parecia com nenhum parente; ele era o mais bonito das crianças de Ingleside, com cabelo preto liso e traços finamente modelados. Ele possuía a imaginação vívida e o amor apaixonado pela beleza de sua mãe. A geada do inverno, o convite da primavera, o sonho do verão e o glamour do outono significavam muito para ele.

**En** Na escola, Walter não era bem visto. Ele era considerado fraco e tímido, pois evitava brigas e esportes, preferindo ler poesia sozinho. Ele sonhava em se tornar poeta, inspirado por seu tio Paul, um poeta bem-sucedido de Avonlea que agora mora nos Estados Unidos. Embora os outros meninos não conhecessem suas ambições, eles relutantemente respeitavam seu discurso eloquente, que lembrava um pregador, então geralmente o deixavam em paz.

**En** Os gêmeos de Ingleside, de dez anos, não se pareciam um com o outro. Anne, conhecida como Nan, era muito bonita, com olhos e cabelos castanhos suaves. Ela era descrita como alegre e delicada, e sua mãe ficava satisfeita com sua pele impecável.

**En** A Sra. Blythe frequentemente expressava alegria por ter uma filha que pudesse usar rosa, sugerindo que a tez de Nan combinava com a cor.

**En** Diana, chamada de Di, parecia-se muito com sua mãe, com olhos verde-acinzentados que brilhavam no crepúsculo e cabelos ruivos, o que pode tê-la tornado a favorita de seu pai. Ela e Walter eram próximos; ele só compartilhava sua poesia com ela, incluindo seu poema épico notavelmente semelhante a 'Marmion'. Di guardava seus segredos e confidenciava a ele.

**En** Nan, notando o aroma, perguntou a Jem quando o peixe estaria pronto, observando que o cheiro a deixava com muita fome.

**En** Jem anunciou que eles estavam quase prontos e habilmente girou um deles.

**En** Jem pediu às meninas que pegassem o pão e os pratos, e então disse a Walter para acordar.

**En** Walter comentou sonhadoramente que o ar brilhava naquela noite. Ele não desgostava de truta frita, mas para ele a nutrição espiritual sempre vinha em primeiro lugar. Ele explicou que um anjo das flores tinha caminhado pelo mundo chamando as flores, e ele podia ver as asas azuis do anjo em uma colina perto da floresta.

**En** Nan respondeu que todas as asas de anjo que ela tinha visto eram brancas.

**En** Ele disse que as asas do anjo das flores não eram brancas, mas de um azul pálido e nebuloso, como a névoa no vale, e expressou o desejo de voar, achando a ideia gloriosa.

**En** Di observou que voar em sonhos era uma experiência conhecida.

**En** Walter admitiu que nunca sonhava exatamente em voar, mas frequentemente sonhava em se elevar do chão e flutuar sobre cercas e árvores. Ele achava isso encantador, sempre pensando que era real, apenas para acordar com o coração partido.

**En** Jem instou Nan a se apressar.

**En** Nan preparou uma tábua como mesa, usando jornais como toalha e pratos quebrados para servir. Ela trouxe pão e sal de uma lata

escondida, e o riacho forneceu água cristalina. A comida simples tinha um sabor divino, realçada pelo ar fresco e pelo apetite juvenil. Sentados no Vale do Arco-Íris ao entardecer, rodeados por flores silvestres de morango, com o vento e os sinos nas árvores, eles comeram truta frita e pão seco — uma refeição que os ricos poderiam ter invejado.

**En** Nan convidou todos a se sentarem enquanto Jem colocava a truta crepitante na mesa, e então pediu que ele fizesse a oração.

**En** Jem protestou que já havia frito a truta e não gostava de fazer a oração de graças. Ele sugeriu que Walter a fizesse, observando que Walter gostava de orar. Também pediu a Walter que fosse breve, porque estava com muita fome.

**En** Walter não fez nenhuma oração de graças naquele momento porque algo os interrompeu.

**En** Di perguntou quem estava descendo do morro da casa pastoral.

## As Crianças do Presbitério

**En** Embora a Tia Martha fosse uma péssima dona de casa e o Sr. Meredith fosse distraído, a casa pastoral de Glen St. Mary tinha uma qualidade acolhedora e amável apesar da desordem. Até as donas de casa críticas do Glen eram inconscientemente mais tolerantes por causa disso. O encanto devia-se em parte às videiras nas paredes, às árvores amigáveis e às vistas das janelas, mas essas coisas já existiam antes, quando a casa pastoral era arrumada e monótona. O mérito pertencia aos novos moradores. Havia uma atmosfera de risos e companheirismo; as portas estavam sempre abertas, e o amor era a única regra ali.

**En** A congregação dizia que o Sr. Meredith mimava seus filhos, e provavelmente ele o fazia. Ele não suportava repreendê-los, suspirando que eles não tinham mãe. Ele era um sonhador, muitas vezes perdido em pensamentos sobre a imortalidade da alma, sem perceber que Jerry e Carl estavam jogando cai-não-cai no cemitério. Ele estava ciente de que seus filhos não eram tão bem cuidados quanto quando sua esposa estava viva, e que a casa e as refeições sofriam com a Tia Martha. Ainda assim, ele vivia em um mundo de livros e abstrações e, apesar de sua aparência desleixada e das preocupações das donas de casa do Glen, ele não era infeliz.

**En** Embora possa parecer improvável, o antigo cemitério metodista em Glen St. Mary poderia ser descrito como alegre. Diferentemente do novo cemitério, arrumado, ordenado e sombrio do outro lado da igreja, o antigo havia sido deixado à natureza por tanto tempo que se tornara bastante agradável, abençoado pelo toque gentil e restaurador do tempo.

**En** Três lados do cemitério eram cercados por um muro baixo de pedras e grama, encimado por uma cerca desbotada e incerta. Do lado de fora desse muro, cresciam altos abetos com galhos ricamente perfumados. O próprio muro, construído pelos primeiros colonizadores, havia envelhecido lindamente, com musgo e vegetação brotando de suas frestas, violetas florescendo em sua base no início da primavera e ásteres e varas-de-ouro adicionando cor ao outono. Pequenas samambaias se aglomeravam entre as pedras, e samambaias maiores ocasionais cresciam entre elas.

**En** No lado leste, não havia cerca ou muro. Em vez disso, o cemitério se fundia gradualmente a uma plantação jovem de abetos, que se aproximava constantemente das sepulturas e se aprofundava para leste em uma floresta densa. O ar ecoava constantemente com o som harpejante do mar e o sussurro das árvores antigas. Nas manhãs de primavera, os pássaros nos olmos que cercavam as duas igrejas cantavam sobre a vida, não sobre a morte. As crianças Meredith amavam este velho cemitério.

**En** As sepulturas afundadas estavam cobertas de hera de olhos azuis, abeto de jardim e hortelã. Arbustos de mirtilo floresciam no canto arenoso perto do bosque de abetos. Lápides de três gerações exibiam estilos variados: desde as lajes planas de arenito vermelho dos primeiros colonos, passando por entalhes de salgueiros-chorões e mãos entrelaçadas, até os mais recentes e monstruosos monumentos altos e urnas drapeadas. O maior e mais feio monumento pertencia a Alec Davis, um homem nascido metodista que se casou com uma mulher presbiteriana. Ela o converteu e o fez viver estritamente como presbiteriano, mas quando ele morreu, ela não ousou enterrá-lo no cemitério presbiteriano do outro lado do porto. Em vez disso, ela o devolveu ao jazigo de sua família no cemitério metodista e se consolou erguendo um monumento caro. As crianças Meredith não gostavam daquele monumento, mas amavam as antigas pedras planas em forma de banco onde cresciam gramíneas altas, usando-as como assentos. Naquele momento, as crianças estavam sentadas em uma dessas pedras: Jerry tocava uma harpa de judeu, Carl examinava um besouro estranho, Una tentava fazer um vestido de boneca, e Faith, recostada sobre os pulsos, balançava os pés descalços no ritmo da música.

**En** Jerry herdou o cabelo preto e os grandes olhos escuros do pai, mas seus olhos eram vivos e brilhantes, em vez de sonhadores. Sua irmã Faith, a mais nova em idade, exibia sua beleza com despreocupação, com cachos castanho-dourados, olhos castanho-dourados e bochechas rosadas. Ela ria tanto que a congregação do pai desaprovava, e uma vez chocou a viúva Sra. Taylor no alpendre da igreja ao declarar que o mundo era um lugar de risos, não um vale de lágrimas.

**En** A pequena e sonhadora Una raramente ria. Seu cabelo liso e preto não tinha cachos rebeldes, e seus olhos amendoados e azul-escuro

tinham um olhar triste e melancólico. Sua boca frequentemente se abria sobre os dentinhos, e um sorriso tímido e meditativo ocasionalmente cruzava seu rosto. Ela era mais sensível do que Faith à opinião alheia e sentia-se incomodada com o estilo de vida incomum deles. Queria consertar as coisas, mas não sabia como. Às vezes tirava o pó dos móveis, mas o espanador estava sempre sumido. Quando encontrava a escova de roupas, escovava o melhor terno do pai aos sábados, e uma vez costurou um botão faltante com linha branca grossa. Quando o Sr. Meredith usou o terno na igreja, todas as mulheres notaram o botão, e isso perturbou a Associação de Senhoras por semanas.

**En** Carl tinha os olhos claros, brilhantes e azul-escuro da mãe, destemidos e diretos, e o cabelo castanho dela com reflexos dourados. Ele entendia os segredos dos insetos e tinha uma ligação especial com abelhas e besouros. Una não gostava de sentar perto dele porque nunca sabia que criatura estranha ele poderia ter escondido. Jerry se recusou a dormir com ele depois que Carl uma vez levou uma cobra-liga jovem para a cama, então Carl dormia em seu berço antigo, que era curto demais para ele se esticar, e tinha companheiros de cama incomuns. Foi uma sorte que a Tia Martha estivesse com metade da visão ao arrumar aquela cama. No geral, eles eram um grupo feliz e adorável, e Cecilia Meredith deve ter sentido uma tristeza profunda ao saber que teria que deixá-los.

**En** Faith perguntou alegremente onde alguém escolheria ser enterrado se fosse metodista.

**En** Essa pergunta iniciou uma discussão interessante.

**En** Jerry disse que não havia muita escolha porque o lugar estava cheio. Ele achou que gostaria do canto perto da estrada para poder ouvir as carroças passando e as pessoas conversando.

**En** Una expressou que preferiria a pequena depressão sob a bétula-chorona, observando que a árvore atraía muitos pássaros que cantavam energeticamente pela manhã.

**En** Faith declarou que escolheria o lote Porter, pois continha muitos túmulos de crianças e ela gostava de companhia. Ela então perguntou a Carl onde ele preferiria.

**En** Carl disse que preferiria não ser enterrado de forma alguma, mas se fosse compelido a ser,

**En** ele selecionaria o formigueiro, pois considerava as formigas altamente interessantes.

**En** Una observou que todas as pessoas ali enterradas deviam ser extremamente boas, com base nos lisonjeiros epitáfios que havia lido. Ela especulou que os metodistas poderiam de fato ser superiores aos presbiterianos.

**En** Carl especulou que os metodistas poderiam enterrar seus membros maus da mesma forma como descartavam gatos, talvez nem mesmo os levando ao cemitério.

**En** Faith rejeitou a ideia, afirmando que as pessoas enterradas ali não eram diferentes de ninguém. No entanto, ela explicou que, de acordo com sua tia Martha, nunca se deve falar mal dos mortos, caso contrário eles voltariam para assombrar você. Quando Faith perguntou ao pai se isso era verdade, ele apenas murmurou abstratamente sobre a natureza da verdade, o que ela interpretou como confirmação.

**En** Jerry se perguntou em voz alta se o Sr. Alec Davis voltaria para assombrá-lo se ele atirasse uma pedra na urna que adornava sua lápide.

**En** Faith riu, afirmando que a Sra. Davis certamente o assombraria. Ela descreveu como a Sra. Davis os observava na igreja como um gato perseguindo ratos, e contou como fez careta para o sobrinho da Sra. Davis, recebendo um olhar feroz em troca. Ela acrescentou que a Sra. Marshall Elliott os aconselhara a não ofender a Sra. Davis em hipótese alguma, ou ela mesma teria feito careta para ela também.

**En** Jerry mencionou que Jem Blythe uma vez mostrou a língua para a Sra. Davis, e como resultado, ela se recusou a ver o pai dele novamente, mesmo durante a doença final do marido. Ele então expressou curiosidade sobre como seriam as crianças Blythe.

**En** Faith expressou que gostou da aparência das crianças Blythe quando elas chegaram à estação naquela tarde. Ela gostou especialmente da aparência de Jem.

**En** Jerry relatou que, na escola, Walter era chamado de maricas.

**En** Una discordou, pois achava Walter muito bonito.

**En** Jerry acrescentou que Walter escrevia poesia e havia ganhado um prêmio oferecido pelo professor no ano passado, conforme Bertie Shakespeare Drew lhe contara. A mãe de Bertie acreditava que Bertie deveria ter ganho por causa de seu nome, mas Bertie admitiu que não conseguia escrever poesia de jeito nenhum, independentemente de seu nome.

**En** Faith refletiu que provavelmente conheceriam as crianças Blythe assim que comesçassem a escola. Ela esperava que as meninas Blythe fossem legais, pois achava a maioria das garotas locais desinteressantes. Ela observou que os gêmeos Blythe pareciam alegres e não eram idênticos; ela preferia a gêmea ruiva.

**En** Una expressou que gostou da aparência da mãe com um suspiro. Ela sentia inveja das crianças que tinham mães. Una tinha apenas seis anos quando sua mãe morreu, mas guardava memórias queridas como joias: aconchegos ao entardecer, diversão matinal, olhos amorosos, uma voz suave e a risada mais doce e alegre.

**En** Jerry mencionou que as pessoas diziam que a mãe era diferente das outras.

**En** Faith relatou que a Sra. Elliot acreditava que a razão era que a mãe nunca realmente cresceu.

**En** Faith

**En** Ela era mais alta que a Sra. Elliott.

**En** O falante concordou, acrescentando que, segundo a Sra. Elliot, a Sra. Blythe permanecia como uma garotinha por dentro.

**En** Carl interrompeu, cheirando, e perguntou o que estava sentindo cheiro.

**En** Agora todos podiam sentir o cheiro. Uma fragrância deliciosa flutuava no ar calmo da noite vindo do pequeno vale arborizado abaixo da colina da casa paroquial.

**En** Jerry comentou que o cheiro o deixava com fome.

**En** Una reclamou que eles só tinham comido pão com melado no jantar e a mesma refeição fria no almoço.

**En** Tia Martha tinha o hábito de ferver um grande pedaço de carneiro no início da semana e servi-lo frio e gorduroso a cada dia até acabar. Faith, com esperteza, apelidou-o de "ditto", e esse nome pegou entre todos na mansão.

**En** Jerry propôs que eles investigassem a origem do cheiro tentador.

**En** Eles pularam animadamente, correram pelo gramado como filhotes brincalhões, escalaram uma cerca e desceram uma encosta coberta de musgo, seguindo o aroma cada vez mais apetitoso. Em poucos minutos, chegaram ao cantinho aconchegante do Vale do Arco-Íris, onde as crianças Blythe se preparavam para agradecer a bênção e saborear a refeição.

**En** Eles pararam, sentindo-se tímidos, e Una lamentou a pressa. No entanto, Di Blythe correspondeu à ocasião com elegância, adiantando-se com um sorriso amigável e acolhedor.

**En** Di Blythe disse que achava que os reconhecia e perguntou se eles moravam na mansão.

**En** Faith acenou com a cabeça, e suas covinhas apareceram enquanto ela sorria.

**En** Eles explicaram que o cheiro da truta cozinhando despertou a curiosidade deles.

**En** Di os convidou para se juntarem à refeição.

**En** Jerry olhou para a comida com avidez e questionou se havia o suficiente para todos.

**En** Jem garantiu que havia bastante, três peixes cada, e os incentivou a se sentarem.

**En** Não foi necessária mais cerimônia. Todos se sentaram em pedras cobertas de musgo. O banquete foi alegre e longo. Se Nan e Di soubessem que Carl tinha dois ratinhos no bolso do casaco, poderiam ter ficado horrorizadas, mas nunca descobriram, então isso não as perturbou. Não há maneira melhor de conhecer pessoas do que compartilhando uma refeição. Quando a última truta foi comida, as crianças da casa pastoral e as crianças de Ingleside tornaram-se amigas e aliadas juradas. Elas sentiam que sempre se conheceram e sempre se conheceriam. A raça de Joseph reconheceu os seus.

**En** Elas compartilharam as histórias de seus passados. As crianças da casa pastoral contaram sobre Avonlea e Green Gables, as lendas do Vale do Arco-Íris e a pequena casa no porto onde Jem nasceu. As crianças de Ingleside descreveram Maywater, onde os Merediths haviam vivido antes de vir para o Glen, junto com a amada boneca de um olho de Una e o galo de estimação de Faith.

**En** Faith sentiu-se um tanto ofendida por as pessoas zombarem dela por ter um galo de estimação. Ela gostava dos Blythes porque eles aceitavam isso sem questionamento.

**En** Ela disse que um galo bonito como Adam era um animal de estimação tão bom quanto um cão ou gato. Se ele fosse um canário, ninguém acharia estranho. Ela o criara desde um pequeno pintinho amarelo, dado a ela pela Sra. Johnson de Maywater depois que uma doninha matou todos os seus irmãos. Ela o nomeou em homenagem ao marido da Sra. Johnson. Ela nunca gostou de bonecas, pois pareciam mortas, ou de gatos, que eram muito sorrateiros.

**En** Jerry perguntou quem morava na casa que ficava lá no alto da colina.

**En** Nan explicou que as Srta. Wests eram Rosemary e Ellen, e que ela e Di teriam aulas de música com a Srta. Rosemary naquele verão.

**En** Una olhou para as gêmeas sortudas com um desejo tão suave que não continha inveja. Ela desejava poder ter aulas de música também; era um de seus sonhos secretos. No entanto, ninguém nunca pensou nisso.

**En** Di comentou que a Srta. Rosemary era muito gentil e sempre se vestia lindamente. Ela acrescentou, com nostalgia, que o cabelo da Srta. Rosemary lembrava-lhe caramelo de melaço novo, pois Di, assim como sua mãe, não estava satisfeita com seu próprio cabelo ruivo.

**En** Nan disse que também gostava da Srta. Ellen, que costumava lhe dar doces na igreja. No entanto, Nan observou que Di tinha medo dela.

**En** Di descreveu as sobrancelhas pretas e a voz profunda da Srta. Ellen, e contou que Kenneth Ford ficara aterrorizado com ela quando criança. De acordo com a mãe de Di, no primeiro domingo que a Sra. Ford levou Kenneth à igreja, a Srta. Ellen estava sentada atrás deles. Assim que Kenneth a viu, ele gritou tanto que a Sra. Ford teve que carregá-lo para fora.

**En** Una perguntou em tom de admiração quem era a Sra. Ford.

**En** O interlocutor explicou que os Ford não moravam ali de fato; eles só vinham no verão, mas não viriam este ano. A casa deles era uma pequena casa no extremo da costa do porto, onde os pais do interlocutor haviam morado. O interlocutor expressou o desejo de mostrar Persis Ford ao ouvinte, descrevendo-a como muito bonita, como um quadro.

**En** Faith interrompeu, dizendo que tinha ouvido falar da Sra. Ford através de Bertie Shakespeare Drew. Segundo ela, a Sra. Ford estivera casada por catorze anos com um homem que se pensava estar morto, mas ele depois voltou à vida.

**En** Nan descartou a história como absurda, apontando que Bertie Shakespeare Drew nunca acertava nada. Ela afirmou que conhecia a história completa e a contaria em outra ocasião, mas não agora porque era muito longa. Ela acrescentou que deveriam ir para casa porque a mãe não gostava que eles ficassem fora até tarde em noites úmidas.

**En** Ninguém na casa pastoral se preocupava com as crianças estando fora na umidade. Tia Martha já havia se recolhido para a noite, enquanto o ministro estava absorto demais em pensamentos profundos sobre a imortalidade da alma para lembrar da mortalidade do corpo. No entanto, as crianças também foram para casa, com a cabeça cheia de visões de bons tempos pela frente.

**En** Una expressou que o Vale do Arco-Íris era ainda mais bonito que o cemitério. Ela mencionou que adorava as crianças Blythe, e que era agradável poder amar as pessoas, já que nem sempre era possível. Ela lembrou do sermão de seu pai, no qual ele disse que se deveria amar a todos, mas ela questionou como isso poderia ser feito, especificamente em relação à Sra. Alec Davis.

**En** Fé respondeu de forma leve que a afirmação de seu pai foi feita apenas durante seu sermão na igreja.

**En** Ela acrescentou que ele era sensato demais para realmente acreditar nisso fora da igreja.

**En** As crianças Blythe foram para Ingleside, exceto Jem, que reservou alguns momentos para ir sozinho a um local isolado no Vale do Arco-Íris. Lá floresciam as maias, e Jem tinha o hábito de colher um buquê para sua mãe sempre que estavam na estação.

## O Advento de Mary Vance

**En** Faith sentiu que aquele era um daqueles dias em que algo emocionante poderia acontecer, e ela respondeu ao charme do ar puro e das colinas azuis. Ela se abraçou alegremente e executou uma dança sobre a lápide de Hezekiah Pollock, para grande choque de duas solteironas idosas que passavam de carro justamente quando Faith pulava em um pé ao redor da pedra, balançando o outro pé e os braços no ar.

**En** Com um gemido, uma senhora idosa declarou que a pessoa que estavam olhando era a filha do ministro.

**En** A outra idosa gemeu, perguntando retoricamente o que mais se poderia esperar de uma família de viúvo. Em seguida, ambas balançaram a cabeça.

**En** Era sábado de manhã cedo, e as crianças Meredith sentiam a alegria do feriado ao entrarem no mundo coberto de orvalho. Elas não tinham tarefas; até Nan e Di Blythe tinham deveres domésticos nos sábados de manhã, mas as filhas do ministro eram livres para vagar do amanhecer ao anoitecer. Faith se encantava com essa liberdade, mas Una sentia secretamente uma amarga vergonha porque nunca aprendiam habilidades práticas. As outras meninas na escola sabiam cozinhar, costurar e tricotar; ela sozinha permanecia ignorante.

**En** Jerry propôs que fossem explorar, então eles vagaram pelo bosque de abetos, coletando Carl pelo caminho, que estava ajoelhado na grama molhada observando suas amadas formigas. Além do bosque, eles emergiram no pasto do Sr. Taylor, salpicado com os fantasmas brancos dos dentes-de-leão. Em um canto distante, havia um velho celeiro deteriorado, usado apenas ocasionalmente para armazenar feno extra. As crianças Meredith entraram e examinaram o andar térreo por vários minutos.

**En** De repente, Una sussurrou, perguntando o que tinha sido o barulho.

**En** Todos ouviram com atenção. Um farfalhar fraco mas claro veio do palheiro acima. Os Merediths trocaram olhares.

**En** Faith sussurrou que achava que havia algo lá em cima.

**En** Jerry declarou firmemente que subiria para ver o que era.

**En** Una implorou para ele não ir e segurou seu braço.

**En** Jerry repetiu que ia.

**En** Faith anunciou que todos eles também iriam.

**En** As quatro crianças subiram a escada instável. Jerry e Faith não demonstraram medo, enquanto Una estava pálida de susto. Carl, por sua vez, estava distraído, imaginando se encontrariam um morcego no sótão, já que sempre quisera ver um à luz do dia.

**En** Depois de descerem da escada, eles viram a origem do som de farfalhar. A visão os deixou sem palavras por alguns instantes.

**En** Uma garota estava enrolada em um pequeno ninho de feno, acabando de acordar. Quando os viu, ela se levantou, cambaleante. Sob a luz do sol que entrava por uma janela empoeirada, eles puderam ver seu rosto fino e queimado de sol, pálido sob o bronzeado. Ela tinha duas longas tranças grossas de cabelo castanho-claro opaco, e seus olhos eram de um azul tão claro que pareciam quase brancos, especialmente com o estreito anel preto ao redor da íris. Estava descalça e sem chapel, vestindo um vestido xadrez desbotado e rasgado, muito curto e apertado. Seu rosto parecia envelhecido, mas ela aparentava ter cerca de doze anos. Ela os encarou com uma mistura de desafio e tristeza.

**En** Jerry perguntou quem ela era.

**En** A garota olhou ao redor como se estivesse procurando uma saída. Então, com um leve estremecimento de desesperança, ela pareceu se render.

**En** Ela afirmou que seu nome era Mary Vance.

**En** Jerry insistiu para que ela revelasse de onde tinha vindo.

**En** Em vez de responder, Mary ou se sentou ou desabou sobre o feno e começou a chorar. Sem demora, Faith se ajoelhou ao lado dela e envolveu seus braços ao redor dos ombros frágeis e trêmulos de Mary.

**En** Ela ordenou que Jerry parasse de importuná-la. Então, abraçou a abandonada e a exortou a não chorar, pedindo que explicasse o que estava errado, pois eram suas amigas.

**En** Mary lamentou que estava terrivelmente faminta e não tinha comido nada desde quinta-feira de manhã, exceto um pouco de água do riacho.

**En** As crianças da casa pastoral se entreolharam horrorizadas. Faith pulou de pé.

**En** Faith ordenou que Mary fosse diretamente à casa pastoral e comesse algo antes de dizer mais uma palavra.

**En** Mary recuou.

**En** Mary protestou que não podia, preocupada com o que o ministro e sua esposa diriam e com medo de que a mandariam de volta.

**En** Faith disse a Mary que ela não tinha mãe e que nem seu pai nem a tia Martha se importariam com ela. Ela bateu o pé com impaciência, perguntando-se se aquela garota estranha preferiria morrer de fome a ir com eles.

**En** Mary cedeu. Ela estava tão fraca que mal conseguia descer a escada, mas eles conseguiram levá-la até a cozinha da casa pastoral. Tia Martha, ocupada com seu cozimento de sábado, não prestou atenção. Faith e Una rapidamente juntaram comida — pão, manteiga, leite e uma torta duvidosa — e Mary comeu com avidez. As crianças observavam: Jerry notou sua boca bonita e dentes brancos; Faith ficou horrorizada ao ver que ela usava apenas um vestido rasgado; Una sentiu pura pena; Carl estava divertido e curioso.

**En** Quando o apetite de Mary começou a diminuir, Faith ordenou que ela fosse ao cemitério contar sua história. Mary estava bastante disposta agora. A comida havia restaurado sua energia e soltado sua língua ansiosa.

**En** Sentada no túmulo do Sr. Pollock, Mary fez eles prometerem não contar ao pai nem a ninguém. As crianças da casa pastoral se alinharam em outra pedra, em frente a ela. Havia um ar de mistério e aventura — algo realmente tinha acontecido.

**En** Eles garantiram a ela que não contariam.

**En** Ela pediu que eles jurassem que estavam dizendo a verdade.

**En** Eles deram sua palavra de que estavam dizendo a verdade.

**En** Ela explicou que tinha fugido e estava morando com uma senhora chamada Sra. Wiley do outro lado do porto.

**En** Então ela perguntou se a outra pessoa conhecia a Sra. Wiley.

**En** A resposta foi que eles não a conheciam.

**En** Mary exclamou que a mulher era horrível e que a odiava. Ela afirmou que a mulher a fazia trabalhar muito, dava-lhe comida insuficiente e a espancava quase diariamente. Então ela disse para eles olharem seus braços.

**En** Mary mostrou seus braços e mãos finos e rachados, que estavam cobertos de hematomas. As crianças da casa paroquial estremeeceram. O rosto de Faith ficou vermelho de raiva, enquanto os olhos de Una se encheram de lágrimas.

**En** Mary disse que a mulher a havia batido com um pau na noite da quarta-feira anterior. Ela explicou que foi porque ela permitiu que a vaca derrubasse um balde de leite, e ela não fazia ideia de que a vaca chutaria.

**En** Os ouvintes sentiram um frio emocionante. Eles nunca usariam tal linguagem, mas era empolgante ouvir outra pessoa fazê-lo, especialmente uma garota. Eles concluíram que Mary Vance era uma personagem intrigante.

**En** Faith disse a Mary que não a culpava por ter fugido.

**En** O narrador explicou que não havia fugido por causa de uma surra; tal castigo era rotineiro para ele. Em vez disso, ele decidiu ir embora porque descobriu que a Sra. Wiley pretendia alugar sua fazenda e se mudar para Lowbridge, e o enviaria para uma prima perto de Charlottetown. Ele não podia aceitar isso, pois considerava essa prima ainda pior que a Sra. Wiley. Ele lembrou que havia sido emprestado a ela por um mês no verão anterior e afirmou que preferiria viver com o diabo.

**En** Esta foi a segunda revelação surpreendente. No entanto, Una parecia cética.

**En** Ele então contou seu plano. Ele havia economizado setenta centavos, que a Sra. John Crawford lhe dera na primavera para plantar batatas. A Sra. Wiley não sabia desse dinheiro, pois estava visitando sua prima na época. Ele pretendia ir furtivamente ao Glen, comprar uma

passagem de trem para Charlottetown e procurar emprego lá, descrevendo-se como um trabalhador enérgico. Ele partiu cedo na manhã de quinta-feira antes de a Sra. Wiley acordar e caminhou as seis milhas até a estação. Ao chegar, descobriu que seu dinheiro havia sumido; ele não sabia como ou onde o havia perdido. Incapaz de decidir o que fazer e com medo de voltar para a Sra. Wiley, refugiou-se em um velho celeiro.

**En** Jerry perguntou o que ele pretendia fazer agora.

**En** Ele admitiu incerteza. Supôs que teria que voltar e enfrentar as consequências. Tendo comido, sentiu-se mais capaz de suportar o castigo.

**En** Os olhos de Mary demonstravam bravura, mas na verdade ela estava com medo. Una rapidamente se moveu entre as lápides e colocou o braço em volta de Mary para confortá-la.

**En** Una insistiu para que Mary não voltasse e ficasse com eles.

**En** Mary disse que a Sra. Wiley provavelmente a procuraria e talvez já estivesse procurando. Ela pensou que poderia ficar ali até que a Sra. Wiley a encontrasse, se a família não se importasse. Ela admitiu que tinha sido tola em considerar fugir, pois a Sra. Wiley era muito persistente. Ela explicou que estava muito infeliz.

**En** A voz de Mary tremeu, mas ela se sentiu envergonhada por revelar sua vulnerabilidade.

**En** Ela explicou desafiadoramente que não teve uma vida decente nos últimos quatro anos.

**En** Perguntaram a ela se ela havia passado quatro anos com a Sra. Wiley.

**En** Ela confirmou, explicando que a Sra. Wiley a havia tirado do asilo em Hopetown quando ela tinha oito anos.

**En** Faith exclamou que era o mesmo lugar de onde a Sra. Blythe tinha vindo.

**En** Ela disse que passou dois anos no asilo, tendo sido colocada lá aos seis anos de idade.

**En** Ela acrescentou que sua mãe havia se enforcado e seu pai havia cortado a própria garganta.

**En** Jerry exclamou surpreso e perguntou por quê.

**En** Mary respondeu laconicamente que era álcool.

**En** Perguntaram-lhe se ela tinha algum parente.

**En** Mary respondeu que não tinha parentes conhecidos. Mencionou que seu nome completo era Mary Martha Lucilla Moore Ball Vance. Acrescentou que seu avô fora rico, mas seu pai desperdiçara o dinheiro com bebida, e sua mãe também contribuía. Eles a batiam, e ela alegou que fora espancada tantas vezes que quase se acostumara.

**En** Mary percebeu que os filhos do ministro sentiam pena dela por suas muitas surras, mas ela desejava inveja, não pena. Com a fome saciada, seus olhos estranhos brilhavam intensamente. Ela resolveu impressionar essas crianças com sua própria importância.

# Home Again

## Pt/En

### Português

Era uma tarde clara de maio, e o porto refletia as nuvens douradas entre suas margens escuras. O mar gemia tristemente na barra de areia, mas um vento vivo soprava pela estrada vermelha do porto, por onde a figura confortável de Miss Cornelia caminhava em direção a Glen St. Mary. Miss Cornelia era na verdade Sra. Marshall Elliott, e já estava casada há treze anos, mas a maioria das pessoas ainda a chamava de Miss Cornelia. Suas velhas amigas adoravam esse nome. Apenas Susan Baker, a fiel serva da família Blythe em Ingleside, sempre a chamava de Sra. Marshall Elliott com ênfase pontual, como se quisesse garantir que todos lembrassem que Miss Cornelia era casada.

### Original English

It was a clear, apple-green evening in May, and Four Winds Harbour was mirroring back the clouds of the golden west between its softly dark shores. The sea moaned eerily on the sand-bar, sorrowful even in spring, but a sly, jovial wind came piping down the red harbour road along which Miss Cornelia's comfortable, matronly figure was making its way towards the village of Glen St. Mary. Miss Cornelia was rightfully Mrs. Marshall Elliott, and had been Mrs. Marshall Elliott for thirteen years, but even yet more people referred to her as Miss Cornelia than as Mrs. Elliott. The old name was dear to her old friends, only one of them contemptuously dropped it. Susan Baker, the gray and grim and faithful handmaiden of the Blythe family at Ingleside, never lost an opportunity of calling her "Mrs. Marshall Elliott," with the most killing and pointed emphasis, as if to say "You wanted to be Mrs. and Mrs. you shall be with a vengeance as far as I am concerned."

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Miss Cornelia estava indo para Ingleside visitar o Dr. e a Sra. Blythe, que acabavam de voltar da Europa. Eles tinham estado fora por três meses, tendo partido em fevereiro para assistir a um congresso médico em Londres. Durante sua ausência, certas coisas haviam acontecido no Glen que Miss Cornelia estava ansiosa para discutir. Por exemplo, uma nova

família havia se mudado para a residência pastoral. Miss Cornelia balançou a cabeça várias vezes enquanto caminhava rapidamente, pensando neles.

### Original English

Miss Cornelia was going up to Ingleside to see Dr. and Mrs. Blythe, who were just home from Europe. They had been away for three months, having left in February to attend a famous medical congress in London; and certain things, which Miss Cornelia was anxious to discuss, had taken place in the Glen during their absence. For one thing, there was a new family in the manse. And such a family! Miss Cornelia shook her head over them several times as she walked briskly along.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Susan Baker e a Anne Shirley dos dias anteriores a viram chegando enquanto se sentavam no grande terraço em Ingleside. Estavam desfrutando do encanto da luz suave, dos doces cantos dos tordos sonolentos entre os bordos escurecidos e dos narcisos dançando contra o velho muro de tijolos vermelhos do gramado.

### Original English

Susan Baker and the Anne Shirley of other days saw her coming, as they sat on the big veranda at Ingleside, enjoying the charm of the cat's light, the sweetness of sleepy robins whistling among the twilit maples, and the dance of a gusty group of daffodils blowing against the old, mellow, red brick wall of the lawn.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne estava sentada nos degraus, com as mãos entrelaçadas ao redor do joelho; na luz crepuscular, ela parecia tão jovem quanto uma mãe de muitos poderia ser. Seus belos olhos cinza-esverdeados, olhando pela estrada do porto, ainda brilhavam com sonhos. Atrás dela, Rilla Blythe estava enrolada na rede, uma garotinha gorducha de seis anos, a mais nova das crianças de Ingleside. Ela tinha cabelos ruivos crespos e olhos castanho-avelã que estavam fechados no sono, enrugados de seu jeito engraçado habitual.

## Original English

Anne was sitting on the steps, her hands clasped over her knee, looking, in the kind dusk, as girlish as a mother of many has any right to be; and the beautiful gray-green eyes, gazing down the harbour road, were as full of unquenchable sparkle and dream as ever. Behind her, in the hammock, Rilla Blythe was curled up, a fat, roly-poly little creature of six years, the youngest of the Ingleside children. She had curly red hair and hazel eyes that were now buttoned up after the funny, wrinkled fashion in which Rilla always went to sleep.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Shirley, conhecido como o pequeno menino moreno na família, estava dormindo nos braços de Susan. Ele tinha cabelos castanhos, olhos castanhos e bochechas rosadas. Susan o amava especialmente porque após seu nascimento Anne ficara muito doente por um longo tempo, e Susan cuidara do bebê com uma ternura apaixonada que não demonstrara pelas outras crianças. O Dr. Blythe disse que sem Susan o bebê não teria vivido.

## Original English

Shirley, "the little brown boy," as he was known in the family "Who's Who," was asleep in Susan's arms. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed and brown-skinned, with very rosy cheeks, and he was Susan's especial love. After his birth Anne had been very ill for a long time, and Susan "mothered" the baby with a passionate tenderness which none of the other children, dear as they were to her, had ever called out. Dr. Blythe had said that but for her he would never have lived.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Susan frequentemente declarava que ela tinha dado vida a Shirley tanto quanto a Sra. Dra. Blythe, e que ele era tanto filho dela quanto da Sra. Dra. Blythe. De fato, Shirley sempre corria para Susan para conforto, para ser beijado quando se machucava, embalado para dormir e protegido de punições merecidas. Susan tinha dado palmadas em todas as outras crianças Blythe quando considerava necessário para o bem moral delas,

mas se recusava a dar palmadas em Shirley ou permitir que sua mãe o fizesse. Certa vez, o Dr. Blythe deu uma palmada nele, e Susan ficou indignada furiosamente.

### Original English

"I gave him life just as much as you did, Mrs. Dr. dear," Susan was wont to say. "He is just as much my baby as he is yours." And, indeed, it was always to Susan that Shirley ran, to be kissed for bumps, and rocked to sleep, and protected from well-deserved spankings. Susan had conscientiously spanked all the other Blythe children when she thought they needed it for their souls' good, but she would not spank Shirley nor allow his mother to do it. Once, Dr. Blythe had spanked him and Susan had been stormily indignant.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Susan declarou amargamente que o médico chegaria a bater em um anjo, e durante semanas depois disso ela se recusou a assar uma torta para ele.

### Original English

"That man would spank an angel, Mrs. Dr. dear, that he would," she had declared bitterly; and she would not make the poor doctor a pie for weeks.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Susan havia levado Shirley consigo para a casa de seu irmão enquanto os pais dele estavam ausentes, enquanto as outras crianças iam para Avonlea. Ela teve três meses abençoados sozinha com ele. No entanto, Susan ficou muito feliz em voltar para Ingleside com todos os seus queridos ao seu redor. Ingleside era seu mundo, e ela reinava suprema lá. Até Anne raramente questionava suas decisões, para grande desgosto da Sra. Rachel Lynde, que sombriamente avisou Anne que ela estava deixando Susan se tornar muito mandona e que se arrependeria.

### Original English

She had taken Shirley with her to her brother's home during his parents' absence, while all the other children had gone to Avonlea, and she had three blessed months of him all to herself. Nevertheless, Susan was very

glad to find herself back at Ingleside, with all her darlings around her again. Ingleside was her world and in it she reigned supreme. Even Anne seldom questioned her decisions, much to the disgust of Mrs. Rachel Lynde of Green Gables, who gloomily told Anne, whenever she visited Four Winds, that she was letting Susan get to be entirely too much of a boss and would live to rue it.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan anunciou que Cornelia Bryant estava vindo pela estrada do porto e que provavelmente chegaria para compartilhar três meses de fofocas.

### **Original English**

"Here is Cornelia Bryant coming up the harbour road, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "She will be coming up to unload three months' gossip on us."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne disse que esperava que sim, abraçando os joelhos, e declarou que estava morrendo de vontade de saber as fofocas de Glen St. Mary. Ela esperava que a Srta. Cornelia pudesse contar tudo o que tinha acontecido enquanto estavam fora — quem tinha nascido, se casado ou começado a beber; quem tinha morrido, ido embora, chegado, brigado, perdido uma vaca ou arranjado um namorado. Ela achou encantador estar de volta em casa com todas as queridas pessoas de Glen e queria saber tudo sobre elas. Ela mencionou que tinha até se perguntado na Abadia de Westminster qual dos dois namorados de Millicent Drew ela finalmente casaria, e confessou a terrível suspeita de que amava fofocas.

### **Original English**

"I hope so," said Anne, hugging her knees. "I'm starving for Glen St. Mary gossip, Susan. I hope Miss Cornelia can tell me everything that has happened while we've been away—EVERYTHING— who has got born, or married, or drunk; who has died, or gone away, or come, or fought, or lost a cow, or found a beau. It's so delightful to be home again with all the dear Glen folks, and I want to know all about them. Why, I remember wondering, as I walked through Westminster Abbey which of her two especial beaux Millicent Drew would finally marry. Do you know, Susan, I have a dreadful

suspicion that I love gossip."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan concordou que a maioria das mulheres gosta de ouvir novidades e expressou seu próprio interesse na situação de Millicent Drew. Ela comentou que nunca havia tido um pretendente, mas não se importava de ser solteirona agora que estava acostumada. Em sua opinião, o cabelo de Millicent parecia ter sido varrido às pressas com uma vassoura, mas os homens pareciam não se importar com isso.

### **Original English**

"Well, of course, Mrs. Dr. dear," admitted Susan, "every proper woman likes to hear the news. I am rather interested in Millicent Drew's case myself. I never had a beau, much less two, and I do not mind now, for being an old maid does not hurt when you get used to it. Millicent's hair always looks to me as if she had swept it up with a broom. But the men do not seem to mind that."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A interlocutora observou que os homens só notavam a expressão atraente, animada e provocadora de Millicent.

### **Original English**

"They see only her pretty, piquant, mocking, little face, Susan."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan reconheceu que o Livro Sagrado diz que a graça é enganosa e a beleza é vã, mas ela não teria se importado de descobrir essa verdade pessoalmente se o destino tivesse permitido. Ela então mudou para fofoca, mencionando que a pobre Sra. Harrison Miller, do outro lado do porto, havia tentado se enforcar na semana anterior.

### **Original English**

"That may very well be, Mrs. Dr. dear. The Good Book says that favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but I should not have minded finding that out for myself, if it had been so ordained. I have no doubt we will all be beautiful when we are angels, but what good will it do us then? Speaking of gossip, however, they do say that poor Mrs. Harrison Miller over harbour tried to hang herself last week."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A outra mulher expressou choque com essa revelação.

### **Original English**

"Oh, Susan!"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan a tranquilizou, dizendo que a tentativa havia falhado. Ela admitiu que não culpava a Sra. Harrison Miller por tentar, pois o marido era um homem terrível. No entanto, considerou imprudente tentar suicídio e deixar o caminho livre para ele se casar com outra. Se estivesse naquela posição, Susan disse, ela o atormentaria tanto que ele gostaria de se enforcar. Ela acrescentou que não aprovava o enforcamento em nenhuma circunstância.

### **Original English**

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Dr. dear. She did not succeed. But I really do not blame her for trying, for her husband is a terrible man. But she was very foolish to think of hanging herself and leaving the way clear for him to marry some other woman. If I had been in her shoes, Mrs. Dr. dear, I would have gone to work to worry him so that he would try to hang himself instead of me. Not that I hold with people hanging themselves under any circumstances, Mrs. Dr. dear."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou o que havia de errado com Harrison Miller, queixando-se de que ele sempre levava os outros ao extremo.

### **Original English**

"What is the matter with Harrison Miller, anyway?" said Anne impatiently. "He is always driving some one to extremes."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A oradora comentou que alguns chamavam aquilo de religião e outros de teimosia, mas ninguém conseguia decidir o que era no caso de Harrison. Em alguns dias, ele rosnavam para todos porque acreditava estar predestinado à danação; em outros, dizia que não se importava e ficava bêbado. Ela pessoalmente achava que ele era mentalmente instável, como todos os Millers daquele ramo. Seu avô havia enlouquecido, acreditando estar cercado por grandes aranhas pretas que rastejavam sobre ele e fluuavam no ar. Ela rezava para nunca enlouquecer, pois não era um hábito dos Bakers, mas se a Providência assim o decretasse, esperava que não envolvesse aranhas, que ela detestava. Quanto à Sra. Miller, não tinha certeza se ela merecia pena; alguns afirmavam que ela se casou com Harrison apenas para contrariar Richard Taylor, o que parecia um motivo estranho para o casamento. Mas, então, admitiu, ela não era juíza em assuntos matrimoniais. Naquele momento, Cornélia Bryant chegou ao portão, então ela colocou o bebê na cama e pegou seu tricô.

### **Original English**

"Well, some people call it religion and some call it cussedness, begging your pardon, Mrs. Dr. dear, for using such a word. It seems they cannot make out which it is in Harrison's case. There are days when he growls at everybody because he thinks he is fore-ordained to eternal punishment. And then there are days when he says he does not care and goes and gets drunk. My own opinion is that he is not sound in his intellect, for none of that branch of the Millers were. His grandfather went out of his mind. He thought he was surrounded by big black spiders. They crawled over him and floated in the air about him. I hope I shall never go insane, Mrs. Dr. dear, and I do not think I will, because it is not a habit of the Bakers. But, if an all-wise Providence should decree it, I hope it will not take the form of

big black spiders, for I loathe the animals. As for Mrs. Miller, I do not know whether she really deserves pity or not. There are some who say she just married Harrison to spite Richard Taylor, which seems to me a very peculiar reason for getting married. But then, of course, I am no judge of things matrimonial, Mrs. Dr. dear. And there is Cornelia Bryant at the gate, so I will put this blessed brown baby on his bed and get my knitting."

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

## Sheer Gossip

### Pt/En

#### Português

Após as saudações iniciais, a Srta. Cornélia perguntou sobre o paradeiro das outras crianças.

#### Original English

"Where are the other children?" asked Miss Cornelia, when the first greetings—cordial on her side, rapturous on Anne's, and dignified on Susan's—were over.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Anne explicou que Shirley estava na cama, enquanto Jem, Walter e os gêmeos tinham corrido para o amado Vale do Arco-Íris assim que o jantar terminou. Eles tinham acabado de voltar naquela tarde e amavam aquele vale acima de todos os outros lugares; nem mesmo o bosque de bordos podia competir com ele em suas afeições.

#### Original English

"Shirley is in bed and Jem and Walter and the twins are down in their beloved Rainbow Valley," said Anne. "They just came home this afternoon, you know, and they could hardly wait until supper was over before rushing down to the valley. They love it above every spot on earth. Even the maple grove doesn't rival it in their affections."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan expressou sua preocupação de que eles amavam o Vale do Arco-Íris em excesso. Ela lembrou que o pequeno Jem certa vez disse que preferiria ir para o Vale do Arco-Íris do que para o céu após a morte, o que ela considerou um comentário inadequado.

### **Original English**

"I am afraid they love it too well," said Susan gloomily. "Little Jem said once he would rather go to Rainbow Valley than to heaven when he died, and that was not a proper remark."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia especulou se eles tinham se divertido em Avonlea.

### **Original English**

"I suppose they had a great time in Avonlea?" said Miss Cornelia.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O interlocutor afirmou que eles se divertiram enormemente, acrescentando que Marilla os mimava terrivelmente, especialmente Jem, que não podia fazer nada errado aos olhos dela.

### **Original English**

"Enormous. Marilla does spoil them terribly. Jem, in particular, can do no wrong in her eyes."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia comentou que a Srta. Cuthbert devia ser uma senhora idosa agora, e começou a tricotar, acreditando que uma mulher cujas mãos estavam ocupadas sempre tinha vantagem sobre aquela cujas mãos não estavam.

### **Original English**

"Miss Cuthbert must be an old lady now," said Miss Cornelia, getting out her knitting, so that she could hold her own with Susan. Miss Cornelia held that the woman whose hands were employed always had the advantage over the woman whose hands were not.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne suspirou e relatou que Marilla tinha oitenta e cinco anos com cabelos brancos como a neve, mas estranhamente sua visão estava melhor do que aos sessenta.

### **Original English**

"Marilla is eighty-five," said Anne with a sigh. "Her hair is snow-white. But, strange to say, her eyesight is better than it was when she was sixty."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia expressou sua alegria por todos terem voltado, pois estava muito solitária, e observou que a primavera tinha sido emocionante, especialmente em relação aos assuntos da igreja, já que finalmente haviam decidido por um pastor.

### **Original English**

"Well, dearie, I'm real glad you're all back. I've been dreadful lonesome. But we haven't been dull in the Glen, believe ME. There hasn't been such an exciting spring in my time, as far as church matters go. We've got settled with a minister at last, Anne dearie."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Susan dirigiu-se à Sra. Dr. Meredith, determinada a compartilhar ela mesma a notícia e impedir que Miss Cornelia contasse tudo.

**Original English**

"The Reverend John Knox Meredith, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan, resolved not to let Miss Cornelia tell all the news.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Anne perguntou com interesse se ele era legal.

**Original English**

"Is he nice?" asked Anne interestedly.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Miss Cornelia suspirou e Susan gemeu.

**Original English**

Miss Cornelia sighed and Susan groaned.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Miss Cornelia respondeu que ele era legal o suficiente, de fato muito legal, muito instruído e muito espiritual, mas que não tinha senso comum.

**Original English**

"Yes, he's nice enough if that were all," said the former. "He is VERY nice—and very learned—and very spiritual. But, oh Anne dearie, he has no common sense!

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne então perguntou como eles o haviam chamado.

### **Original English**

"How was it you called him, then?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia observou que ele era, sem dúvida, o melhor pregador que já tiveram na igreja de Glen St. Mary. Ela especulou que sua natureza sonhadora e distraída poderia tê-lo impedido de receber um chamado de uma cidade maior. Seu sermão de prova, disse ela, foi extraordinariamente impressionante, e todos ficaram cativados por ele, assim como por sua aparência.

### **Original English**

"Well, there's no doubt he is by far the best preacher we ever had in Glen St. Mary church," said Miss Cornelia, veering a tack or two. "I suppose it is because he is so moony and absent-minded that he never got a town call. His trial sermon was simply wonderful, believe ME. Every one went mad about it— and his looks."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela disse à querida Sra. Dra. que ele era muito bonito, e, afinal de contas,

### **Original English**

"He is VERY comely, Mrs. Dr. dear, and when all is said and done,

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela interveio, dizendo que realmente gostava de ver um homem bonito no púlpito.

**Original English**

I DO like to see a well-looking man in the pulpit," broke in

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Susan, acreditando que era hora de se afirmar novamente,

**Original English**

Susan, thinking it was time she asserted herself again.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Miss Cornelia explicou que eles estavam ansiosos para ter um ministro fixo. O Sr. Meredith foi o primeiro candidato em que todos concordaram, pois havia alguma objeção a todos os outros candidatos. Houve alguma discussão sobre chamar o Sr. Folsom, que também era um bom pregador, mas as pessoas não estavam satisfeitas com sua aparência; ele era moreno e elegante.

**Original English**

"Besides," said Miss Cornelia, "we were anxious to get settled. And Mr. Meredith was the first candidate we were all agreed on. Somebody had some objection to all the others. There was some talk of calling Mr. Folsom. He was a good preacher, too, but somehow people didn't care for his appearance. He was too dark and sleek."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan comentou com a Sra. Dra. que o homem em questão se assemelhava a um grande gato preto, e expressou sua forte desaprovação por ter uma pessoa dessas pregando todos os domingos.

### **Original English**

"He looked exactly like a great black tomcat, that he did, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "I never could abide such a man in the pulpit every Sunday."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Dona Cornélia prosseguiu dizendo que o Sr. Rogers não era nem particularmente bom nem ruim, como um pedaço de pão no mingau. Mesmo que sua pregação tivesse sido excelente, não teria adiantado, porque naquele dia, as ovelhas do velho Caleb Ramsay entraram na igreja e baliram alto bem quando ele anunciou seu texto. A congregação riu, e o pobre Rogers nunca se recuperou. Alguns pensaram que deveriam chamar o Sr. Stewart, porque ele era muito instruído e conseguia ler o Novo Testamento em cinco línguas.

### **Original English**

"Then Mr. Rogers came and he was like a chip in porridge—neither harm nor good," resumed Miss Cornelia. "But if he had preached like Peter and Paul it would have profited him nothing, for that was the day old Caleb Ramsay's sheep strayed into church and gave a loud 'ba-a-a' just as he announced his text. Everybody laughed, and poor Rogers had no chance after that. Some thought we ought to call Mr. Stewart, because he was so well educated. He could read the New Testament in five languages."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan interrompeu, afirmando que não acreditava que as habilidades linguísticas do Sr. Stewart o tornassem mais certo de alcançar o céu do que qualquer outra pessoa.

### **Original English**

"But I do not think he was any surer than other men of getting to heaven because of that," interjected Susan.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ignorando Susan, Dona Cornélia observou que a maioria deles não gostava da maneira de falar do Sr. Stewart; ele parecia falar em grunhidos. Ela acrescentou que o Sr. Arnett não conseguia pregar de jeito nenhum e havia escolhido um texto particularmente infeliz da Bíblia, 'Amaldiçoi a Meroz.'

### **Original English**

"Most of us didn't like his delivery," said Miss Cornelia, ignoring Susan. "He talked in grunts, so to speak. And Mr. Arnett couldn't preach AT ALL. And he picked about the worst candidating text there is in the Bible—'Curse ye Meroz.'"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan disse à Sra. Dra. que sempre que o Sr. Arnett não conseguia encontrar uma ideia, ele batia na Bíblia e gritava 'Amaldiçoi a Meroz' com grande amargura. Ela comentou que o pobre Meroz, quem quer que fosse, recebeu uma maldição completa naquele dia.

### **Original English**

"Whenever he got stuck for an idea, he would bang the Bible and shout very bitterly, 'Curse ye Meroz.' Poor Meroz got thoroughly cursed that day, whoever he was, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia observou solenemente que um candidato a ministro deve ser muito cuidadoso ao escolher seu texto. Ela acreditava que o Sr. Pierson teria recebido o chamado se tivesse escolhido um texto diferente, mas quando ele anunciou o texto sobre erguer os olhos para os montes, suas chances foram arruinadas. Todos sorriram porque sabiam que as duas moças Hill estavam perseguindo todos os ministros que vinham ao Glen nos últimos quinze anos. Ela também observou que o Sr. Newman tinha uma família muito grande.

### **Original English**

"The minister who is candidating can't be too careful what text he chooses," said Miss Cornelia solemnly. "I believe Mr. Pierson would have got the call if he had picked a different text. But when he announced 'I will lift my eyes to the hills' HE was done for. Every one grinned, for every one knew that those two Hill girls from the Harbour Head have been setting their caps for every single minister who came to the Glen for the last fifteen years. And Mr. Newman had too large a family."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan disse que o ministro ficou na casa de seu cunhado, James Clow. Ela perguntou a ele quantos filhos tinha, e ele respondeu com nove meninos e uma irmã para cada um, o que Susan interpretou como dezoito. Ela expressou sua surpresa com uma família tão grande, e o ministro riu, embora ela não entendesse o motivo. Ela insistiu que dezoito filhos seriam demais para qualquer residência pastoral.

### **Original English**

"He stayed with my brother-in-law, James Clow," said Susan. "How many children have you got?" I asked him. 'Nine boys and a sister for each of them,' he said. 'Eighteen!' said I. 'Dear me, what a family!' And then he laughed and laughed. But I do not know why, Mrs. Dr. dear, and I am certain that eighteen children would be too many for any manse."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia explicou com paciência desdenhosa que o ministro tinha apenas dez filhos, e que dez crianças bem-comportadas não seriam piores para a residência pastoral e a congregação do que as quatro que estavam lá atualmente. No entanto, ela admitiu que gostava das crianças, como todos gostavam, e que elas seriam boas se alguém lhes ensinasse boas maneiras. Na escola, eram crianças exemplares, mas em casa, viviam sem regras.

### **Original English**

"He had only ten children, Susan," explained Miss Cornelia, with contemptuous patience. "And ten good children would not be much worse for the manse and congregation than the four who are there now. Though I wouldn't say, Anne dearie, that they are so bad, either. I like them—everybody likes them. It's impossible to help liking them. They would be real nice little souls if there was anyone to look after their manners and teach them what is right and proper. For instance, at school the teacher says they are model children. But at home they simply run wild."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou sobre a Sra. Meredith.

### **Original English**

"What about Mrs. Meredith?" asked Anne.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia respondeu que não havia Sra. Meredith, esse era o problema. O Sr. Meredith era viúvo; sua esposa havia morrido há quatro anos. Ela disse que provavelmente não o teriam chamado se soubessem, porque um viúvo é ainda pior do que um homem solteiro para uma congregação. Eles ouviram ele falar de seus filhos e presumiram que havia uma mãe, mas quando chegaram, só havia a velha Tia Martha. Ela era uma prima da mãe do Sr. Meredith, acolhida para evitar o asilo. Tia Martha

tinha setenta e cinco anos, era quase cega, muito surda e irritadiça.

### Original English

"There's NO Mrs. Meredith. That is just the trouble. Mr. Meredith is a widower. His wife died four years ago. If we had known that I don't suppose we would have called him, for a widower is even worse in a congregation than a single man. But he was heard to speak of his children and we all supposed there was a mother, too. And when they came there was nobody but old Aunt Martha, as they call her. She's a cousin of Mr. Meredith's mother, I believe, and he took her in to save her from the poorhouse. She is seventy-five years old, half blind, and very deaf and very cranky."

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

O orador observou que a Sra. Dra. era uma cozinheira muito ruim.

### Original English

"And a very poor cook, Mrs. Dr. dear."

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Miss Cornelia disse amargamente que o Sr. Meredith era o pior possível administrador para a casa paroquial. Ela acrescentou que ele não contrataria outra governanta porque não queria magoar os sentimentos da Tia Martha. Ela disse a Anne que o estado da casa paroquial era terrível, cheio de poeira e desordem, apesar de ter sido pintada e decorada com capricho antes de eles chegarem.

### Original English

"The worst possible manager for a manse," said Miss Cornelia bitterly. "Mr. Meredith won't get any other housekeeper because he says it would hurt Aunt Martha's feelings. Anne dearie, believe me, the state of that manse is something terrible. Everything is thick with dust and nothing is ever in its place. And we had painted and papered it all so nice before they came."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne perguntou se havia quatro crianças, já sentindo uma conexão maternal com elas.

### **Original English**

"There are four children, you say?" asked Anne, beginning to mother them already in her heart.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O orador confirmou que havia quatro crianças, como degraus de uma escada. O mais velho era Gerald, chamado Jerry, que tinha doze anos e era inteligente. Faith tinha onze anos, era uma moleca, mas muito bonita.

### **Original English**

"Yes. They run up just like the steps of a stair. Gerald's the oldest. He's twelve and they call him Jerry. He's a clever boy. Faith is eleven. She is a regular tomboy but pretty as a picture, I must say."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan disse à Sra. Dra. que Faith parecia um anjo, mas era muito travessa. Ela descreveu como Faith levou uma dúzia de ovos e um pequeno balde de leite para o porão, caiu pelas escadas e subiu rindo, dizendo que não sabia se era ela mesma ou uma torta de creme. A Sra. James Millison ficou zangada e disse que não traria mais nada para a casa paroquial se fosse desperdiçar.

### **Original English**

"She looks like an angel but she is a holy terror for mischief, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan solemnly. "I was at the manse one night last week and Mrs. James Millison was there, too. She had brought them up a dozen eggs and a little pail of milk—a VERY little pail, Mrs. Dr. dear. Faith took them and whisked down the cellar with them. Near the bottom of the stairs she caught her toe and fell the rest of the way, milk and eggs and all. You can imagine the result, Mrs. Dr. dear. But that child came up laughing. 'I don't

know whether I'm myself or a custard pie,' she said. And Mrs. James Millison was very angry. She said she would never take another thing to the manse if it was to be wasted and destroyed in that fashion."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia observou que Maria Millison nunca se esforçou ao levar coisas para a casa do pastor; ela usou isso como pretexto para sua curiosidade. No entanto, a pobre Faith, que sempre se metia em encrencas, era tão desatenta e impulsiva.

### **Original English**

"Maria Millison never hurt herself taking things to the manse," sniffed Miss Cornelia. "She just took them that night as an excuse for curiosity. But poor Faith is always getting into scrapes. She is so heedless and impulsive."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne declarou que Faith lhe lembrava ela mesma e tinha certeza de que gostaria dela.

### **Original English**

"Just like me. I'm going to like your Faith," said Anne decidedly.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan admitiu que Faith tinha espírito, e gostava dessa qualidade, dirigindo-se à querida Sra. Doutora.

### **Original English**

"She is full of spunk—and I do like spunk, Mrs. Dr. dear," admitted Susan.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia concedeu que havia algo encantador em Faith. Ela estava sempre rindo, o que fazia os outros rirem também, e não conseguia manter uma expressão séria na igreja. Una, de dez anos, era doce, mas não bonita. Thomas Carlyle, chamado de Carl, de nove anos, tinha paixão por colecionar sapos, insetos e rãs e trazê-los para dentro de casa.

### **Original English**

"There's something taking about her," conceded Miss Cornelia. "You never see her but she's laughing, and somehow it always makes you want to laugh too. She can't even keep a straight face in church. Una is ten—she's a sweet little thing—not pretty, but sweet. And Thomas Carlyle is nine. They call him Carl, and he has a regular mania for collecting toads and bugs and frogs and bringing them into the house."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan especulou que Carl poderia ser o responsável pelo rato morto que assustou a Sra. Grant quando ela visitou. Ela observou que as salas de visita da casa do pastor eram inadequadas para ratos mortos. Ela acrescentou que poderia ter sido o gato, que era extremamente travesso e indisciplinado. Um gato de casa pastoral deveria ao menos parecer respeitável, ela achava, mas este parecia desleixado. Ele andava pela cumeeira do telhado todas as noites e balançava o rabo, o que não era apropriado.

### **Original English**

"I suppose he was responsible for the dead rat that was lying on a chair in the parlour the afternoon Mrs. Grant called. It gave her a turn," said Susan, "and I do not wonder, for manse parlours are no places for dead rats. To be sure it may have been the cat who left it, there. HE is as full of the old Nick as he can be stuffed, Mrs. Dr. dear. A manse cat should at least LOOK respectable, in my opinion, whatever he really is. But I never saw such a rakish-looking beast. And he walks along the ridgepole of the manse almost every evening at sunset, Mrs. Dr. dear, and waves his tail, and that is not becoming."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia suspirou, observando que as crianças nunca estavam vestidas adequadamente. Ela salientou que, desde que a neve derreteria, elas iam para a escola descalças, o que não considerava apropriado para filhos da família do pastor, especialmente quando a filha do pastor metodista usava botas com botões tão elegantes. Ela também manifestou o desejo de que não brincassem no antigo cemitério metodista.

### **Original English**

"The worst of it is, they are NEVER decently dressed," sighed Miss Cornelia. "And since the snow went they go to school barefooted. Now, you know Anne dearie, that isn't the right thing for manse children—especially when the Methodist minister's little girl always wears such nice buttoned boots. And I DO wish they wouldn't play in the old Methodist graveyard."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne respondeu que era muito tentador brincar ali, já que o cemitério ficava ao lado da residência pastoral. Ela acrescentou que sempre imaginara que os cemitérios deviam ser lugares encantadores para as crianças brincarem.

### **Original English**

"It's very tempting, when it's right beside the manse," said Anne. "I've always thought graveyards must be delightful places to play in."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A leal Susan defendeu Anne rapidamente, insistindo que ela nunca pensara em tal coisa. Ela declarou que Anne possuía bom senso e decoro demais para ter considerado aquela ideia.

### **Original English**

"Oh, no, you did not, Mrs. Dr. dear," said loyal Susan, determined to protect Anne from herself. "You have too much good sense and decorum."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne se perguntou por que a residência pastoral havia sido construída ao lado do cemitério em primeiro lugar. Ela observou que o gramado era tão pequeno que as crianças não tinham outro lugar para brincar a não ser o cemitério.

### **Original English**

"Why did they ever build that manse beside the graveyard in the first place?" asked Anne. "Their lawn is so small there is no place for them to play except in the graveyard."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia admitiu que havia sido um erro, mas observou que o terreno era barato. Ela notou que nenhum filho anterior da residência pastoral jamais pensara em brincar ali, e que o Sr. Meredith não deveria permitir isso. Ele estava sempre absorto na leitura ou perdido em pensamentos, disse ela; ele havia esquecido a reunião de oração duas vezes e uma vez se apressou para o casamento de Fanny Cooper de chinelos, após ser lembrado por telefone. Ela se importava que os metodistas rissem disso, mas se consolava com o fato de que não podiam criticar seus sermões, pois ele estava totalmente alerta no púlpito. O pastor metodista, segundo lhe contaram, não sabia pregar de jeito nenhum.

### **Original English**

"It WAS a mistake," admitted Miss Cornelia. "But they got the lot cheap. And no other manse children ever thought of playing there. Mr. Meredith shouldn't allow it. But he has always got his nose buried in a book, when he is home. He reads and reads, or walks about in his study in a day-dream. So far he hasn't forgotten to be in church on Sundays, but twice he has forgotten about the prayer-meeting and one of the elders had to go over to the manse and remind him. And he forgot about Fanny Cooper's wedding. They rang him up on the 'phone and then he rushed right over, just as he was, carpet slippers and all. One wouldn't mind if the Methodists didn't laugh so about it. But there's one comfort—they can't criticize his sermons. He wakes up when he's in the pulpit, believe ME. And the Methodist minister can't preach at all—so they tell me. I have never heard him, thank

goodness."

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Desde seu casamento, Miss Cornelia não desgostava mais tanto dos homens como antes, mas ainda mantinha um forte e impiedoso desprezo pelos metodistas. Susan deu um sorriso cúmplice.

#### **Original English**

Miss Cornelia's scorn of men had abated somewhat since her marriage, but her scorn of Methodists remained untinged of charity. Susan smiled slyly.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Susan comentou com a Sra. Marshall Elliott que as pessoas estavam dizendo que os metodistas e

#### **Original English**

"They do say, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that the Methodists and

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Os presbiterianos estavam considerando se unir.

#### **Original English**

Presbyterians are talking of uniting," she said.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia respondeu que esperava estar morta antes que tal união acontecesse. Ela declarou que nunca se associaria a metodistas e que o Sr. Meredith também deveria evitá-los; ela achava que ele era muito amigável com eles. Ela apontou que ele havia comparecido ao jantar do vigésimo quinto aniversário de casamento dos Jacob Drews e acabou em uma situação embaraçosa por causa disso.

### **Original English**

"Well, all I hope is that I'll be under the sod if that ever comes to pass," retorted Miss Cornelia. "I shall never have truck or trade with Methodists, and Mr. Meredith will find that he'd better steer clear of them, too. He is entirely too sociable with them, believe ME. Why, he went to the Jacob Drews' silver-wedding supper and got into a nice scrape as a result."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Marshall Elliott perguntou o que havia acontecido.

### **Original English**

"What was it?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Drew pediu ao Sr. Meredith para trincar o ganso assado porque Jacob Drew nunca conseguia. O Sr. Meredith começou a trincar, mas acidentalmente derrubou o ganso da travessa no colo da Sra. Reese, que estava sentada ao lado dele. Ele então pediu a ela que gentilmente devolvesse o ganso. A Sra. Reese o devolveu docilmente, mas ela deve ter ficado furiosa porque estava usando seu novo vestido de seda. O pior é que ela era metodista.

### **Original English**

"Mrs. Drew asked him to carve the roast goose—for Jacob Drew never did or could carve. Well, Mr. Meredith tackled it, and in the process he knocked it clean off the platter into Mrs. Reese's lap, who was sitting next him. And

he just said dreamily. 'Mrs. Reese, will you kindly return me that goose?' Mrs. Reese 'returned' it, as meek as Moses, but she must have been furious, for she had on her new silk dress. The worst of it is, she was a Methodist."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan interrompeu para dizer que era melhor que a Sra. Reese fosse metodista em vez de presbiteriana. Se ela fosse presbiteriana, provavelmente teria saído da igreja, e eles não podiam perder membros. Além disso, a Sra. Reese não era bem-vista em sua própria igreja porque se achava superior, então os metodistas provavelmente ficariam satisfeitos por o Sr. Meredith ter estragado o vestido dela.

### **Original English**

"But I think that is better than if she was a Presbyterian," interjected Susan. "If she had been a Presbyterian she would mostly likely have left the church and we cannot afford to lose our members. And Mrs. Reese is not liked in her own church, because she gives herself such great airs, so that the Methodists would be rather pleased that Mr. Meredith spoiled her dress."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Cornélia respondeu rispidamente que o importante era que o Sr. Meredith havia se tornado ridículo diante dos metodistas. Ela, por exemplo, não gostava de ver seu ministro ridicularizado. Ela acrescentou que, se ele fosse casado, o acidente não teria ocorrido.

### **Original English**

"The point is, he made himself ridiculous, and I, for one, do not like to see my minister made ridiculous in the eyes of the Methodists," said Miss Cornelia stiffly. "If he had had a wife it would not have happened."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan afirmou teimosamente que não entendia como ter até uma dúzia de esposas poderia ter impedido a Sra. Drew de usar seu ganso velho e duro no banquete de casamento.

### **Original English**

"I do not see if he had a dozen wives how they could have prevented Mrs. Drew from using up her tough old gander for the wedding-feast," said Susan stubbornly.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Cornélia observou que diziam ter sido o marido da Sra. Drew quem havia escolhido o ganso.

### **Original English**

"They say that was her husband's doing," said Miss Cornelia.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Dizia-se que Jacob Drew era um homem arrogante, mesquinho e dominador.

### **Original English**

"Jacob Drew is a conceited, stingy, domineering creature."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan afirmou que Jacob Drew e sua esposa aparentemente se detestavam, o que ela acreditava não ser a maneira como pessoas casadas deveriam se comportar. Ela admitiu não ter experiência pessoal em tais assuntos. Susan também disse que a Sra. Drew era mesquinha; o único presente conhecido que ela deu foi um pote de manteiga feita de creme em que um rato havia caído, doado para um encontro da igreja, e o

rato foi descoberto apenas mais tarde.

### Original English

"And they do say he and his wife detest each other—which does not seem to me the proper way for married folks to get along. But then, of course, I have had no experience along that line," said Susan, tossing her head. "And I am not one to blame everything on the men. Mrs. Drew is mean enough herself. They say that the only thing she was ever known to give away was a crock of butter made out of cream a rat had fell into. She contributed it to a church social. Nobody found out about the rat until afterwards."

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

A Srta. Cornelia disse que foi uma sorte os Meredith terem ofendido apenas metodistas até agora. Ela explicou que Jerry havia ido a uma reunião de oração metodista cerca de duas semanas atrás e se sentou ao lado do velho William Marsh. Quando o Sr. Marsh testemunhou com gemidos e se sentou, Jerry sussurrou perguntando se ele se sentia melhor. Jerry quis ser solidário, mas o Sr. Marsh achou que ele era impertinente e ficou furioso. A Srta. Cornelia acrescentou que Jerry não deveria ter ido a uma reunião metodista, mas os filhos Meredith vão aonde querem.

### Original English

"Fortunately, all the people the Merediths have offended so far are Methodists," said Miss Cornelia. "That Jerry went to the Methodist prayer-meeting one night about a fortnight ago and sat beside old William Marsh who got up as usual and testified with fearful groans. 'Do you feel any better now?'" whispered Jerry when William sat down. Poor Jerry meant to be sympathetic, but Mr. Marsh thought he was impertinent and is furious at him. Of course, Jerry had no business to be in a Methodist prayer-meeting at all. But they go where they like."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Susan esperava que os Meredith não ofendessem a Sra. Alec Davis de Harbour Head, que era muito sensível, mas rica e contribuía com a maior parte do salário do ministro. Susan ouvira que a Sra. Davis dissera que os filhos Meredith eram os piores educados que ela já vira.

### **Original English**

"I hope they will not offend Mrs. Alec Davis of the Harbour Head," said Susan. "She is a very touchy woman, I understand, but she is very well off and pays the most of any one to the salary. I have heard that she says the Merediths are the worst brought up children she ever saw."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Anne declarou que cada palavra que ouvira a convencia mais fortemente de que os Meredith pertenciam à raça que conhece José.

### **Original English**

"Every word you say convinces me more and more that the Merediths belong to the race that knows Joseph," said Mistress Anne decidedly.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia admitiu que certas pessoas agiam assim, e que isso equilibrava tudo. Ela disse que agora que os tinham, deviam fazer o melhor por eles e defendê-los dos metodistas. Em seguida, comentou que precisava ir ao porto, pois Marshall logo estaria em casa de sua viagem pelo outro lado do porto e iria querer o jantar, como os homens costumam fazer. Ela expressou pesar por não ter visto as outras crianças e perguntou pelo médico.

### **Original English**

"When all is said and done, they DO," admitted Miss Cornelia. "And that balances everything. Anyway, we've got them now and we must just do the best we can by them and stick up for them to the Methodists. Well, I suppose I must be getting down harbour. Marshall will soon be home—he

went over-harbour to-day—and wanting his super, man-like. I'm sorry I haven't seen the other children. And where's the doctor?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O médico estava no Harbour Head. Como eles estavam em casa há apenas três dias, ele passara apenas três horas em sua própria cama e comera somente duas refeições em casa.

### **Original English**

"Up at the Harbour Head. We've only been home three days and in that time he has spent three hours in his own bed and eaten two meals in his own house."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia disse que todos que estiveram doentes nas últimas seis semanas estavam esperando o retorno do médico, e ela não os culpava. As pessoas ficaram desconfiadas do médico do outro lado do porto quando ele se casou com a filha do agente funerário em Lowbridge; não parecera adequado. Ela convidou o interlocutor e o médico a descerem em breve e lhe contarem sobre a viagem, presumindo que tivessem passado um tempo esplêndido.

### **Original English**

"Well, everybody who has been sick for the last six weeks has been waiting for him to come home—and I don't blame them. When that over-harbour doctor married the undertaker's daughter at Lowbridge people felt suspicious of him. It didn't look well. You and the doctor must come down soon and tell us all about your trip. I suppose you've had a splendid time."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne concordou, dizendo que tinha sido a realização de anos de sonhos. O velho mundo era adorável e maravilhoso, mas eles tinham voltado muito satisfeitos com sua própria terra. Ela declarou que o Canadá era o melhor país do mundo.

### **Original English**

"We had," agreed Anne. "It was the fulfilment of years of dreams. The old world is very lovely and very wonderful. But we have come back very well satisfied with our own land. Canada is the finest country in the world, Miss Cornelia."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia respondeu com satisfação que ninguém nunca tinha duvidado disso.

### **Original English**

"Nobody ever doubted that," said Miss Cornelia, complacently.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Anne riu e declarou que a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo era a província mais encantadora, com Four Winds sendo o local mais bonito dela. Ela olhou com adoração para o pôr do sol sobre o vale, o porto e o golfo, e disse que não tinha visto nada mais bonito na Europa. Ela perguntou à Srta. Cornelia se ela precisava ir embora, acrescentando que as crianças ficariam tristes por não a terem visto.

### **Original English**

"And old P.E.I. is the loveliest province in it and Four Winds the loveliest spot in P.E.I.," laughed Anne, looking adoringly out over the sunset splendour of glen and harbour and gulf. She waved her hand at it. "I saw nothing more beautiful than that in Europe, Miss Cornelia. Must you go? The children will be sorry to have missed you."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Cornelia respondeu que as crianças deveriam vir visitá-la em breve e instruiu Anne a dizer a elas que o pote de rosquinhas estava sempre cheio.

### **Original English**

"They must come and see me soon. Tell them the doughnut jar is always full."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Cornelia explicou que as crianças estavam planejando uma visita a ela durante o jantar. Elas viriam visitá-la em breve, mas primeiro precisavam se dedicar à escola novamente. Ela também mencionou que os gêmeos começariam a ter aulas de música.

### **Original English**

"Oh, at supper they were planning a descent on you. They'll go soon; but they must settle down to school again now. And the twins are going to take music lessons."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Srta. Cornelia perguntou ansiosamente se a visita das crianças não era da esposa do ministro metodista.

### **Original English**

"Not from the Methodist minister's wife, I hope?" said Miss

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A Srta. Cornelia fez a pergunta com evidente ansiedade.

**Original English**

Cornelia anxiously.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A resposta foi que eles haviam combinado com Rosemary West na noite anterior, e o orador comentou como ela era bonita.

**Original English**

"No—from Rosemary West. I was up last evening to arrange it with her. What a pretty girl she is!"

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Miss Cornelia observou que Rosemary West ainda era atraente e capaz, embora não fosse mais tão jovem como antes.

**Original English**

"Rosemary holds her own well. She isn't as young as she once was."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

O orador achou Rosemary encantadora, mas admitiu não conhecê-la bem, já que ela morava em um lugar isolado e eles só se encontravam ocasionalmente na igreja.

**Original English**

"I thought her very charming. I've never had any real acquaintance with her, you know. Their house is so out of the way, and I've seldom ever seen her except at church."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Miss Cornelia comentou que as pessoas gostavam de Rosemary apesar de não a entenderem. Ela observou que Ellen controlava Rosemary, mas também a mimava. Rosemary havia sido noiva de Martin Crawford, que morreu em um naufrágio quando ela tinha dezessete anos, após o que ela mudou. Desde a morte da mãe, as irmãs ficavam em casa. Ellen desaprovava frequentar a igreja presbiteriana e nunca ia à metodista; os West eram fortes episcopais. Rosemary e Ellen eram bem de vida, e Rosemary dava aulas de música por escolha. Elas eram parentes distantes de Leslie. Então ela perguntou sobre os Fords naquele verão.

### **Original English**

"People always have liked Rosemary West, though they don't understand her," said Miss Cornelia, quite unconscious of the high tribute she was paying to Rosemary's charm. "Ellen has always kept her down, so to speak. She has tyrannized over her, and yet she has always indulged her in a good many ways. Rosemary was engaged once, you know—to young Martin Crawford. His ship was wrecked on the Magdalens and all the crew were drowned. Rosemary was just a child—only seventeen. But she was never the same afterwards. She and Ellen have stayed very close at home since their mother's death. They don't often get to their own church at Lowbridge and I understand Ellen doesn't approve of going too often to a Presbyterian church. To the Methodist she NEVER goes, I'll say that much for her. That family of Wests have always been strong Episcopalians. Rosemary and Ellen are pretty well off. Rosemary doesn't really need to give music lessons. She does it because she likes to. They are distantly related to Leslie, you know. Are the Fords coming to the harbour this summer?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A resposta foi que os Fords não viriam; eles estavam viajando para o Japão por cerca de um ano, e o novo romance de Owen se passaria lá. O orador observou que este seria o primeiro verão em que a Casa dos Sonhos ficaria vazia desde que eles se mudaram.

### **Original English**

"No. They are going on a trip to Japan and will probably be away for a year. Owen's new novel is to have a Japanese setting. This will be the first summer that the dear old House of Dreams will be empty since we left it."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A senhora Cornelia reclamou que Owen Ford deveria encontrar material abundante no Canadá sem levar sua esposa e filhos para uma terra estrangeira como o Japão. Ela considerava O Livro da Vida seu melhor trabalho e observou que sua inspiração veio de Four Winds.

### **Original English**

"I should think Owen Ford might find enough to write about in Canada without dragging his wife and his innocent children off to a heathen country like Japan," grumbled Miss Cornelia. "The Life Book was the best book he's ever written and he got the material for that right here in Four Winds."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela acrescentou que o Capitão Jim havia fornecido a maior parte desse material, coletado de todo o mundo. No entanto, ela considerava todos os escritos de Owen encantadores.

### **Original English**

"Captain Jim gave him the most of that, you know. And he collected it all over the world. But Owen's books are all delightful, I think."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A senhora Cornelia admitiu que seus livros eram satisfatórios até certo ponto. Ela fazia questão de ler cada um que ele escrevia, apesar de sua convicção de que ler romances era uma perda de tempo. Ela pretendia escrever e expressar sua opinião sobre seu empreendimento japonês, questionando se ele desejava que seus filhos, Kenneth e Persis, se tornassem pagãos.

## Original English

"Oh, they're well enough as far as they go. I make it a point to read every one he writes, though I've always held, Anne dearie, that reading novels is a sinful waste of time. I shall write and tell him my opinion of this Japanese business, believe ME. Does he want Kenneth and Persis to be converted into pagans?"

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Com essa pergunta sem resposta, a senhora Cornelia partiu. Susan colocou Rilla na cama, enquanto Anne se sentou nos degraus da varanda sob as primeiras estrelas, entregando-se aos seus sonhos incorrigíveis e redescobrimdo o esplendor de um nascer da lua sobre o Porto de Four Winds.

## Original English

With which unanswerable conundrum Miss Cornelia took her departure. Susan proceeded to put Rilla in bed and Anne sat on the veranda steps under the early stars and dreamed her incorrigible dreams and learned all over again for the hundredth happy time what a moonrise splendour and sheen could be on Four Winds Harbour.

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

# The Ingleside Children

## Pt/En

### Português

Durante o dia, as crianças Blythe gostavam de brincar no bosque de bordos exuberante e sombreado entre Ingleside e a lagoa Glen St. Mary. Para entretenimento noturno, preferiam o pequeno vale atrás do bosque, que consideravam um lugar mágico. Certa vez, olhando das janelas do sótão de Ingleside após uma tempestade de verão, viram um arco-íris magnífico, cuja extremidade parecia tocar o canto da lagoa no vale.

## Original English

In daytime the Blythe children liked very well to play in the rich, soft greens and glooms of the big maple grove between Ingleside and the Glen St.

Mary pond; but for evening revels there was no place like the little valley behind the maple grove. It was a fairy realm of romance to them. Once, looking from the attic windows of Ingleside, through the mist and aftermath of a summer thunderstorm, they had seen the beloved spot arched by a glorious rainbow, one end of which seemed to dip straight down to where a corner of the pond ran up into the lower end of the valley.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter felizmente propôs que a chamassem de Vale do Arco-Íris.

### **Original English**

"Let us call it Rainbow Valley," said Walter delightedly, and

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A partir daquele momento, passou a ser conhecido como Vale do Arco-Íris.

### **Original English**

Rainbow Valley thenceforth it was.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Dentro do Vale do Arco-Íris, o vento era sempre suave, ao contrário do lado de fora. Pequenos caminhos sinuosos cobertos de musgo corriam sobre raízes de abetos. Cerejeiras selvagens se misturavam com abetos escuros, e um pequeno riacho de águas âmbar fluía da vila de Glen. As casas da vila ficavam confortavelmente distantes. No extremo superior, havia uma pequena cabana deserta chamada casa velha dos Bailey, desocupada por anos, mas cercada por um dique coberto de grama. Lá dentro, um jardim antigo ainda florescia com violetas, margaridas e lírios de junho na estação, enquanto o resto estava tomado por cominhos que balançavam como mares de prata ao luar de verão.

### **Original English**

Outside of Rainbow Valley the wind might be rollicking and boisterous. Here it always went gently. Little, winding, fairy paths ran here and there over spruce roots cushioned with moss. Wild cherry trees, that in blossom time would be misty white, were scattered all over the valley, mingling with the dark spruces. A little brook with amber waters ran through it from the Glen village. The houses of the village were comfortably far away; only at the upper end of the valley was a little tumble-down, deserted cottage, referred to as "the old Bailey house." It had not been occupied for many years, but a grass-grown dyke surrounded it and inside was an ancient garden where the Ingleside children could find violets and daisies and June lilies still blooming in season. For the rest, the garden was overgrown with caraway that swayed and foamed in the moonshine of summer eves like seas of silver.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ao sul ficava o lago, e além dele a distância se dissolvia em bosques roxos, exceto por uma solitária casa cinzenta antiga no alto de uma colina com vista para o desfiladeiro e o porto. O Vale do Arco-Íris tinha uma solidão selvagem e arborizada apesar de sua proximidade com a vila, o que o tornava amado pelas crianças de Ingleside.

### **Original English**

To the sought lay the pond and beyond it the ripened distance lost itself in purple woods, save where, on a high hill, a solitary old gray homestead looked down on glen and harbour. There was a certain wild woodsiness and solitude about Rainbow Valley, in spite of its nearness to the village, which endeared it to the children of Ingleside.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O vale tinha muitas depressões amigáveis, e a maior era seu local favorito, onde se reuniram naquela noite. Nessa depressão havia um bosque de abetos jovens com uma pequena clareira gramada que dava para a margem do riacho. Uma bétula prateada muito reta crescia junto ao riacho, que Walter havia chamado de Dama Branca. Na clareira também estavam os Amantes das Árvores — um abeto e um bordo crescendo tão juntos que

seus galhos estavam entrelaçados. Jem havia pendurado nelas uma corda velha de sinos de trenó, dada pelo ferreiro de Glen, e cada brisa fazia os sinos tilintarem.

### **Original English**

The valley was full of dear, friendly hollows and the largest of these was their favourite stamping ground. Here they were assembled on this particular evening. There was a grove of young spruces in this hollow, with a tiny, grassy glade in its heart, opening on the bank of the brook. By the brook grew a silver birch-tree, a young, incredibly straight thing which Walter had named the "White Lady." In this glade, too, were the "Tree Lovers," as Walter called a spruce and maple which grew so closely together that their boughs were inextricably intertwined. Jem had hung an old string of sleigh-bells, given him by the Glen blacksmith, on the Tree Lovers, and every visitant breeze called out sudden fairy tinkles from it.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Nan comentou como era agradável ter voltado.

### **Original English**

"How nice it is to be back!" said Nan. "After all, none of the

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela considerava que nenhum lugar em Avonlea poderia igualar o encanto de Rainbow Valley.

### **Original English**

Avonlea places are quite as nice as Rainbow Valley."

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Apesar de preferirem o Rainbow Valley, as crianças ainda amavam Avonlea. As visitas à Green Gables eram um agrado especial, com a Tia Marilla e a Sra. Rachel Lynde sendo muito gentis. A Sra. Lynde passava seu lazer tricotando colchas para as filhas de Anne. As crianças brincavam com os filhos do Tio Davy e da Tia Diana e conheciam todos os lugares que sua mãe amava na juventude: Lover's Lane, o jardim arrumado com salgueiros, a Dryad's Bubble, o Lago das Águas Brilhantes e Willowmere. Os gêmeos ocupavam o antigo quarto da varanda de sua mãe, e a Tia Marilla costumava olhar para eles com carinho à noite, embora todos soubessem que ela adorava Jem acima de todos.

### Original English

But they were very fond of the Avonlea places for all that. A visit to Green Gables was always considered a great treat. Aunt Marilla was very good to them, and so was Mrs. Rachel Lynde, who was spending the leisure of her old age in knitting cotton-warp quilts against the day when Anne's daughters should need a "setting-out." There were jolly playmates there, too—"Uncle" Davy's children and "Aunt" Diana's children. They knew all the spots their mother had loved so well in her girlhood at old Green Gables—the long Lover's Lane, that was pink-hedged in wild-rose time, the always neat yard, with its willows and poplars, the Dryad's Bubble, lucent and lovely as of yore, the Lake of Shining Waters, and Willowmere. The twins had their mother's old porch-gable room, and Aunt Marilla used to come in at night, when she thought they were asleep, to gloat over them. But they all knew she loved Jem the best.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Jem estava ocupado fritando pequenas trutas que havia pescado no lago. Ele usava um círculo de pedras vermelhas como fogão, com fogo dentro, e seus utensílios eram uma lata velha achatada e um garfo com apenas um dente. Ainda assim, ele já havia conseguido fazer refeições excelentes dessa maneira antes.

### Original English

Jem was at present busily occupied in frying a mess of small trout which he had just caught in the pond. His stove consisted of a circle of red stones,

with a fire kindled in it, and his culinary utensils were an old tin can, hammered out flat, and a fork with only one tine left. Nevertheless, ripping good meals had before now been thus prepared.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem, nascido na Casa dos Sonhos, tinha cabelos ruivos e ondulados como sua mãe e olhos castanhos francos como seu pai, além do nariz fino da mãe e da boca firme e bem-humorada do pai. Ele era o único cujas orelhas agradavam a Susan, mas eles tinham uma briga constante porque ela insistia em chamá-lo de Pequeno Jem, o que ele, aos treze anos, considerava ultrajante; sua mãe tinha mais bom senso.

### **Original English**

Jem was the child of the House of Dreams. All the others had been born at Ingleside. He had curly red hair, like his mother's, and frank hazel eyes, like his father's; he had his mother's fine nose and his father's steady, humorous mouth. And he was the only one of the family who had ears nice enough to please Susan. But he had a standing feud with Susan because she would not give up calling him Little Jem. It was outrageous, thought thirteen-year-old Jem. Mother had more sense.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele chorou indignado no seu oitavo aniversário que não era mais pequeno e era terrivelmente grande.

### **Original English**

"I'm NOT little any more, Mother," he had cried indignantly, on his eighth birthday. "I'm AWFUL big."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sua mãe suspirou, riu e suspirou novamente, e depois disso ela nunca o chamou de Pequeno Jem quando ele podia ouvir.

### **Original English**

Mother had sighed and laughed and sighed again; and she never called him Little Jem again—in his hearing at least.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem era um menino robusto e confiável que sempre mantinha suas promessas. Embora não fosse um grande falador, era um bom aluno em todas as matérias. Nunca aceitava as coisas sem verificar; uma vez tocou a língua em uma tranca gelada para testar o aviso de Susan, e sofreu com a língua dolorida por dias. Através de constante experimentação e observação, ele aprendia muito. Ele sabia onde cresciam as primeiras e melhores frutas, onde apareciam as primeiras violetas, quantos ovos havia em um ninho de tordo no bosque de bordos, e como contar a sorte com pétalas de margarida. Ele conseguia encontrar raízes comestíveis perto do lago, a melhor goma de abeto em nós âmbar claros, as nozes mais grossas nas faias, e os melhores lugares para pescar trutas. Ele imitava os chamados de qualquer ave ou animal selvagem em Four Winds e sabia onde cada flor silvestre desabrochava da primavera ao outono.

### **Original English**

He was and always had been a sturdy, reliable little chap. He never broke a promise. He was not a great talker. His teachers did not think him brilliant, but he was a good, all-round student. He never took things on faith; he always liked to investigate the truth of a statement for himself. Once Susan had told him that if he touched his tongue to a frosty latch all the skin would tear off it. Jem had promptly done it, "just to see if it was so." He found it was "so," at the cost of a very sore tongue for several days. But Jem did not grudge suffering in the interests of science. By constant experiment and observation he learned a great deal and his brothers and sisters thought his extensive knowledge of their little world quite wonderful. Jem always knew where the first and ripest berries grew, where the first pale violets shyly wakened from their winter's sleep, and how many blue eggs were in a given robin's nest in the maple grove. He could tell fortunes from daisy

petals and suck honey from red clovers, and grub up all sorts of edible roots on the banks of the pond, while Susan went in daily fear that they would all be poisoned. He knew where the finest spruce-gum was to be found, in pale amber knots on the lichened bark, he knew where the nuts grew thickest in the beechwoods around the Harbour Head, and where the best troutng places up the brooks were. He could mimic the call of any wild bird or beast in Four Winds and he knew the haunt of every wild flower from spring to autumn.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter Blythe estava sentado sob a Dama Branca com um livro de poemas ao lado, mas não estava lendo. Em vez disso, ele contemplava extasiado os salgueiros com névoa esmeralda perto do lago e as nuvens como pequenas ovelhas prateadas que flutuavam sobre o Vale do Arco-Íris. Seus olhos amplos e esplêndidos eram notáveis; pareciam refletir a alegria, a tristeza, o riso, a lealdade e a aspiração de muitas gerações.

### **Original English**

Walter Blythe was sitting under the White Lady, with a volume of poems lying beside him, but he was not reading. He was gazing now at the emerald-misted willows by the pond, and now at a flock of clouds, like little silver sheep, herded by the wind, that were drifting over Rainbow Valley, with rapture in his wide splendid eyes. Walter's eyes were very wonderful. All the joy and sorrow and laughter and loyalty and aspiration of many generations lying under the sod looked out of their dark gray depths.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na aparência, Walter não se parecia com nenhum parente; ele era o mais bonito das crianças de Ingleside, com cabelo preto liso e traços finamente modelados. Ele possuía a imaginação vívida e o amor apaixonado pela beleza de sua mãe. A geada do inverno, o convite da primavera, o sonho do verão e o glamour do outono significavam muito para ele.

### **Original English**

Walter was a "hop out of kin," as far as looks went. He did not resemble any known relative. He was quite the handsomest of the Ingleside children,

with straight black hair and finely modelled features. But he had all his mother's vivid imagination and passionate love of beauty. Frost of winter, invitation of spring, dream of summer and glamour of autumn, all meant much to Walter.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Na escola, Walter não era bem visto. Ele era considerado fraco e tímido, pois evitava brigas e esportes, preferindo ler poesia sozinho. Ele sonhava em se tornar poeta, inspirado por seu tio Paul, um poeta bem-sucedido de Avonlea que agora mora nos Estados Unidos. Embora os outros meninos não conhecessem suas ambições, eles relutantemente respeitavam seu discurso eloquente, que lembrava um pregador, então geralmente o deixavam em paz.

### **Original English**

In school, where Jem was a chieftain, Walter was not thought highly of. He was supposed to be "girly" and milk-soppish, because he never fought and seldom joined in the school sports, preferring to herd by himself in out of the way corners and read books—especially "po'try books." Walter loved the poets and pored over their pages from the time he could first read. Their music was woven into his growing soul—the music of the immortals. Walter cherished the ambition to be a poet himself some day. The thing could be done. A certain Uncle Paul—so called out of courtesy—who lived now in that mysterious realm called "the States," was Walter's model. Uncle Paul had once been a little school boy in Avonlea and now his poetry was read everywhere. But the Glen schoolboys did not know of Walter's dreams and would not have been greatly impressed if they had. In spite of his lack of physical prowess, however, he commanded a certain unwilling respect because of his power of "talking book talk." Nobody in Glen St. Mary school could talk like him. He "sounded like a preacher," one boy said; and for this reason he was generally left alone and not persecuted, as most boys were who were suspected of disliking or fearing fisticuffs.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os gêmeos de Ingleside, de dez anos, não se pareciam um com o outro. Anne, conhecida como Nan, era muito bonita, com olhos e cabelos castanhos suaves. Ela era descrita como alegre e delicada, e sua mãe ficava satisfeita com sua pele impecável.

### **Original English**

The ten year old Ingleside twins violated twin tradition by not looking in the least alike. Anne, who was always called Nan, was very pretty, with velvety nut-brown eyes and silky nut-brown hair. She was a very blithe and dainty little maiden—Blythe by name and blithe by nature, one of her teachers had said. Her complexion was quite faultless, much to her mother's satisfaction.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A Sra. Blythe frequentemente expressava alegria por ter uma filha que pudesse usar rosa, sugerindo que a tez de Nan combinava com a cor.

### **Original English**

"I'm so glad I have one daughter who can wear pink," Mrs. Blythe was wont to say jubilantly.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Diana, chamada de Di, parecia-se muito com sua mãe, com olhos verde-acinzentados que brilhavam no crepúsculo e cabelos ruivos, o que pode tê-la tornado a favorita de seu pai. Ela e Walter eram próximos; ele só compartilhava sua poesia com ela, incluindo seu poema épico notavelmente semelhante a 'Marmion'. Di guardava seus segredos e confienciava a ele.

### **Original English**

Diana Blythe, known as Di, was very like her mother, with gray-green eyes that always shone with a peculiar lustre and brilliancy in the dusk, and red hair. Perhaps this was why she was her father's favourite. She and Walter were especial chums; Di was the only one to whom he would ever read the

verses he wrote himself—the only one who knew that he was secretly hard at work on an epic, strikingly resembling "Marmion" in some things, if not in others. She kept all his secrets, even from Nan, and told him all hers.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Nan, notando o aroma, perguntou a Jem quando o peixe estaria pronto, observando que o cheiro a deixava com muita fome.

#### **Original English**

"Won't you soon have those fish ready, Jem?" said Nan, sniffing with her dainty nose. "The smell makes me awfully hungry."

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jem anunciou que eles estavam quase prontos e habilmente girou um deles.

#### **Original English**

"They're nearly ready," said Jem, giving one a dexterous turn.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jem pediu às meninas que pegassem o pão e os pratos, e então disse a Walter para acordar.

#### **Original English**

"Get out the bread and the plates, girls. Walter, wake up."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter comentou sonhadamente que o ar brilhava naquela noite. Ele não desgostava de truta frita, mas para ele a nutrição espiritual sempre vinha em primeiro lugar. Ele explicou que um anjo das flores tinha caminhado pelo mundo chamando as flores, e ele podia ver as asas azuis do anjo em uma colina perto da floresta.

### **Original English**

"How the air shines to-night," said Walter dreamily. Not that he despised fried trout either, by any means; but with Walter food for the soul always took first place. "The flower angel has been walking over the world to-day, calling to the flowers. I can see his blue wings on that hill by the woods."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan respondeu que todas as asas de anjo que ela tinha visto eram brancas.

### **Original English**

"Any angels' wings I ever saw were white," said Nan.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele disse que as asas do anjo das flores não eram brancas, mas de um azul pálido e nebuloso, como a névoa no vale, e expressou o desejo de voar, achando a ideia gloriosa.

### **Original English**

"The flower angel's aren't. They are a pale misty blue, just like the haze in the valley. Oh, how I wish I could fly. It must be glorious."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Di observou que voar em sonhos era uma experiência conhecida.

### **Original English**

"One does fly in dreams sometimes," said Di.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Walter admitiu que nunca sonhava exatamente em voar, mas frequentemente sonhava em se elevar do chão e flutuar sobre cercas e árvores. Ele achava isso encantador, sempre pensando que era real, apenas para acordar com o coração partido.

### **Original English**

"I never dream that I'm flying exactly," said Walter. "But I often dream that I just rise up from the ground and float over the fences and the trees. It's delightful—and I always think, 'This ISN'T a dream like it's always been before. THIS is real'—and then I wake up after all, and it's heart-breaking."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jem instou Nan a se apressar.

### **Original English**

"Hurry up, Nan," ordered Jem.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan preparou uma tábua como mesa, usando jornais como toalha e pratos quebrados para servir. Ela trouxe pão e sal de uma lata escondida, e o riacho forneceu água cristalina. A comida simples tinha um sabor divino, realçada pelo ar fresco e pelo apetite juvenil. Sentados no Vale do Arco-Íris ao entardecer, rodeados por flores silvestres de morango, com o vento e os sinos nas árvores, eles comeram truta frita e pão seco — uma refeição

que os ricos poderiam ter invejado.

### Original English

Nan had produced the banquet-board—a board literally as well as figuratively—from which many a feast, seasoned as no viands were elsewhere, had been eaten in Rainbow Valley. It was converted into a table by propping it on two large, mossy stones. Newspapers served as tablecloth, and broken plates and handleless cups from Susan's discard furnished the dishes. From a tin box secreted at the root of a spruce tree Nan brought forth bread and salt. The brook gave Adam's ale of unsurpassed crystal. For the rest, there was a certain sauce, compounded of fresh air and appetite of youth, which gave to everything a divine flavour. To sit in Rainbow Valley, steeped in a twilight half gold, half amethyst, rife with the odours of balsam-fir and woodsy growing things in their springtime prime, with the pale stars of wild strawberry blossoms all around you, and with the sigh of the wind and tinkle of bells in the shaking tree tops, and eat fried trout and dry bread, was something which the mighty of earth might have envied them.

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Nan convidou todos a se sentarem enquanto Jem colocava a truta crepitante na mesa, e então pediu que ele fizesse a oração.

### Original English

"Sit in," invited Nan, as Jem placed his sizzling tin platter of trout on the table. "It's your turn to say grace, Jem."

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

### Pt/En

#### Português

Jem protestou que já havia frito a truta e não gostava de fazer a oração de graças. Ele sugeriu que Walter a fizesse, observando que Walter gostava de orar. Também pediu a Walter que fosse breve, porque estava com muita fome.

### Original English

"I've done my part frying the trout," protested Jem, who hated saying grace. "Let Walter say it. He **LIKES** saying grace. And cut it short, too, Walt. I'm

starving."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Walter não fez nenhuma oração de graças naquele momento porque algo os interrompeu.

**Original English**

But Walter said no grace, short or long, just then. An interruption occurred.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Di perguntou quem estava descendo do morro da casa pastoral.

**Original English**

"Who's coming down from the manse hill?" said Di.

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

## The Manse Children

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Embora a Tia Martha fosse uma péssima dona de casa e o Sr. Meredith fosse distraído, a casa pastoral de Glen St. Mary tinha uma qualidade acolhedora e amável apesar da desordem. Até as donas de casa críticas do Glen eram inconscientemente mais tolerantes por causa disso. O encanto devia-se em parte às videiras nas paredes, às árvores amigáveis e às vistas das janelas, mas essas coisas já existiam antes, quando a casa pastoral era arrumada e monótona. O mérito pertencia aos novos moradores. Havia uma atmosfera de risos e companheirismo; as portas estavam sempre abertas, e o amor era a única regra ali.

**Original English**

Aunt Martha might be, and was, a very poor housekeeper; the Rev. John Knox Meredith might be, and was, a very absent-minded, indulgent man. But it could not be denied that there was something very homelike and

lovable about the Glen St. Mary manse in spite of its untidiness. Even the critical housewives of the Glen felt it, and were unconsciously mellowed in judgment because of it. Perhaps its charm was in part due to accidental circumstances—the luxuriant vines clustering over its gray, clap-boarded walls, the friendly acacias and balm-of-gileads that crowded about it with the freedom of old acquaintance, and the beautiful views of harbour and sand-dunes from its front windows. But these things had been there in the reign of Mr. Meredith's predecessor, when the manse had been the primmest, neatest, and dreariest house in the Glen. So much of the credit must be given to the personality of its new inmates. There was an atmosphere of laughter and comradeship about it; the doors were always open; and inner and outer worlds joined hands. Love was the only law in Glen St. Mary manse.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A congregação dizia que o Sr. Meredith mimava seus filhos, e provavelmente ele o fazia. Ele não suportava repreendê-los, suspirando que eles não tinham mãe. Ele era um sonhador, muitas vezes perdido em pensamentos sobre a imortalidade da alma, sem perceber que Jerry e Carl estavam jogando cai-não-cai no cemitério. Ele estava ciente de que seus filhos não eram tão bem cuidados quanto quando sua esposa estava viva, e que a casa e as refeições sofriam com a Tia Martha. Ainda assim, ele vivia em um mundo de livros e abstrações e, apesar de sua aparência desleixada e das preocupações das donas de casa do Glen, ele não era infeliz.

### **Original English**

The people of his congregation said that Mr. Meredith spoiled his children. Very likely he did. It is certain that he could not bear to scold them. "They have no mother," he used to say to himself, with a sigh, when some unusually glaring peccadillo forced itself upon his notice. But he did not know the half of their goings-on. He belonged to the sect of dreamers. The windows of his study looked out on the graveyard but, as he paced up and down the room, reflecting deeply on the immortality of the soul, he was quite unaware that Jerry and Carl were playing leap-frog hilariously over the flat stones in that abode of dead Methodists. Mr. Meredith had occasional acute realizations that his children were not so well looked after, physically or morally, as they had been before his wife died, and he had always a dim sub-consciousness that house and meals were very different

under Aunt Martha's management from what they had been under Cecilia's. For the rest, he lived in a world of books and abstractions; and, therefore, although his clothes were seldom brushed, and although the Glen housewives concluded, from the ivory-like pallor of his clear-cut features and slender hands, that he never got enough to eat, he was not an unhappy man.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Embora possa parecer improvável, o antigo cemitério metodista em Glen St. Mary poderia ser descrito como alegre. Diferentemente do novo cemitério, arrumado, ordenado e sombrio do outro lado da igreja, o antigo havia sido deixado à natureza por tanto tempo que se tornara bastante agradável, abençoado pelo toque gentil e restaurador do tempo.

### **Original English**

If ever a graveyard could be called a cheerful place, the old Methodist graveyard at Glen St. Mary might be so called. The new graveyard, at the other side of the Methodist church, was a neat and proper and doleful spot; but the old one had been left so long to Nature's kindly and gracious ministries that it had become very pleasant.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Três lados do cemitério eram cercados por um muro baixo de pedras e grama, encimado por uma cerca desbotada e incerta. Do lado de fora desse muro, cresciam altos abetos com galhos ricamente perfumados. O próprio muro, construído pelos primeiros colonizadores, havia envelhecido lindamente, com musgo e vegetação brotando de suas frestas, violetas florescendo em sua base no início da primavera e ásteres e varas-de-ouro adicionando cor ao outono. Pequenas samambaias se aglomeravam entre as pedras, e samambaias maiores ocasionais cresciam entre elas.

### **Original English**

It was surrounded on three sides by a dyke of stones and sod, topped by a gray and uncertain paling. Outside the dyke grew a row of tall fir trees with thick, balsamic boughs. The dyke, which had been built by the first settlers of the Glen, was old enough to be beautiful, with mosses and green things

growing out of its crevices, violets purpling at its base in the early spring days, and asters and golden-rod making an autumnal glory in its corners. Little ferns clustered companionably between its stones, and here and there a big bracken grew.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

No lado leste, não havia cerca ou muro. Em vez disso, o cemitério se fundia gradualmente a uma plantação jovem de abetos, que se aproximava constantemente das sepulturas e se aprofundava para leste em uma floresta densa. O ar ecoava constantemente com o som harpejante do mar e o sussurro das árvores antigas. Nas manhãs de primavera, os pássaros nos olmos que cercavam as duas igrejas cantavam sobre a vida, não sobre a morte. As crianças Meredith amavam este velho cemitério.

### **Original English**

On the eastern side there was neither fence nor dyke. The graveyard there straggled off into a young fir plantation, ever pushing nearer to the graves and deepening eastward into a thick wood. The air was always full of the harp-like voices of the sea, and the music of gray old trees, and in the spring mornings the choruses of birds in the elms around the two churches sang of life and not of death. The Meredith children loved the old graveyard.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As sepulturas afundadas estavam cobertas de hera de olhos azuis, abeto de jardim e hortelã. Arbustos de mirtilo floresciam no canto arenoso perto do bosque de abetos. Lápides de três gerações exibiam estilos variados: desde as lajes planas de arenito vermelho dos primeiros colonos, passando por entalhes de salgueiros-chorões e mãos entrelaçadas, até os mais recentes e monstruosos monumentos altos e urnas drapeadas. O maior e mais feio monumento pertencia a Alec Davis, um homem nascido metodista que se casou com uma mulher presbiteriana. Ela o converteu e o fez viver estritamente como presbiteriano, mas quando ele morreu, ela não ousou enterrá-lo no cemitério presbiteriano do outro lado do porto. Em

vez disso, ela o devolveu ao jazigo de sua família no cemitério metodista e se consolou erguendo um monumento caro. As crianças Meredith não gostavam daquele monumento, mas amavam as antigas pedras planas em forma de banco onde cresciam gramíneas altas, usando-as como assentos. Naquele momento, as crianças estavam sentadas em uma dessas pedras: Jerry tocava uma harpa de judeu, Carl examinava um besouro estranho, Una tentava fazer um vestido de boneca, e Faith, recostada sobre os pulsos, balançava os pés descalços no ritmo da música.

### Original English

Blue-eyed ivy, "garden-spruce," and mint ran riot over the sunken graves. Blueberry bushes grew lavishly in the sandy corner next to the fir wood. The varying fashions of tombstones for three generations were to be found there, from the flat, oblong, red sandstone slabs of old settlers, down through the days of weeping willows and clasped hands, to the latest monstrosities of tall "monuments" and draped urns. One of the latter, the biggest and ugliest in the graveyard, was sacred to the memory of a certain Alec Davis who had been born a Methodist but had taken to himself a Presbyterian bride of the Douglas clan. She had made him turn Presbyterian and kept him toeing the Presbyterian mark all his life. But when he died she did not dare to doom him to a lonely grave in the Presbyterian graveyard over-harbour. His people were all buried in the Methodist cemetery; so Alec Davis went back to his own in death and his widow consoled herself by erecting a monument which cost more than any of the Methodists could afford. The Meredith children hated it, without just knowing why, but they loved the old, flat, bench-like stones with the tall grasses growing rankly about them. They made jolly seats for one thing. They were all sitting on one now. Jerry, tired of leap frog, was playing on a jew's-harp. Carl was lovingly poring over a strange beetle he had found; Una was trying to make a doll's dress, and Faith, leaning back on her slender brown wrists, was swinging her bare feet in lively time to the jew's-harp.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Jerry herdou o cabelo preto e os grandes olhos escuros do pai, mas seus olhos eram vivos e brilhantes, em vez de sonhadores. Sua irmã Faith, a mais nova em idade, exibia sua beleza com despreocupação, com cachos castanho-dourados, olhos castanho-dourados e bochechas rosadas. Ela ria tanto que a congregação do pai desaprovava, e uma vez chocou a viúva Sra. Taylor no alpendre da igreja ao declarar que o mundo era um lugar de risos, não um vale de lágrimas.

### Original English

Jerry had his father's black hair and large black eyes, but in him the latter were flashing instead of dreamy. Faith, who came next to him, wore her beauty like a rose, careless and glowing. She had golden-brown eyes, golden-brown curls and crimson cheeks. She laughed too much to please her father's congregation and had shocked old Mrs. Taylor, the disconsolate spouse of several departed husbands, by saucily declaring—in the church-porch at that—"The world ISN'T a vale of tears, Mrs. Taylor. It's a world of laughter."

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

## Pt/En

### Português

A pequena e sonhadora Una raramente ria. Seu cabelo liso e preto não tinha cachos rebeldes, e seus olhos amendoados e azul-escuro tinham um olhar triste e melancólico. Sua boca frequentemente se abria sobre os dentinhos, e um sorriso tímido e meditativo ocasionalmente cruzava seu rosto. Ela era mais sensível do que Faith à opinião alheia e sentia-se incomodada com o estilo de vida incomum deles. Queria consertar as coisas, mas não sabia como. Às vezes tirava o pó dos móveis, mas o espanador estava sempre sumido. Quando encontrava a escova de roupas, escovava o melhor terno do pai aos sábados, e uma vez costurou um botão faltante com linha branca grossa. Quando o Sr. Meredith usou o terno na igreja, todas as mulheres notaram o botão, e isso perturbou a Associação de Senhoras por semanas.

### Original English

Little dreamy Una was not given to laughter. Her braids of straight, dead-black hair betrayed no lawless kinks, and her almond-shaped, dark-blue eyes had something wistful and sorrowful in them. Her mouth

had a trick of falling open over her tiny white teeth, and a shy, meditative smile occasionally crept over her small face. She was much more sensitive to public opinion than Faith, and had an uneasy consciousness that there was something askew in their way of living. She longed to put it right, but did not know how. Now and then she dusted the furniture—but it was so seldom she could find the duster because it was never in the same place twice. And when the clothes-brush was to be found she tried to brush her father's best suit on Saturdays, and once sewed on a missing button with coarse white thread. When Mr. Meredith went to church next day every female eye saw that button and the peace of the Ladies' Aid was upset for weeks.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Carl tinha os olhos claros, brilhantes e azul-escuro da mãe, destemidos e diretos, e o cabelo castanho dela com reflexos dourados. Ele entendia os segredos dos insetos e tinha uma ligação especial com abelhas e besouros. Una não gostava de sentar perto dele porque nunca sabia que criatura estranha ele poderia ter escondido. Jerry se recusou a dormir com ele depois que Carl uma vez levou uma cobra-liga jovem para a cama, então Carl dormia em seu berço antigo, que era curto demais para ele se esticar, e tinha companheiros de cama incomuns. Foi uma sorte que a Tia Martha estivesse com metade da visão ao arrumar aquela cama. No geral, eles eram um grupo feliz e adorável, e Cecilia Meredith deve ter sentido uma tristeza profunda ao saber que teria que deixá-los.

### **Original English**

Carl had the clear, bright, dark-blue eyes, fearless and direct, of his dead mother, and her brown hair with its glints of gold. He knew the secrets of bugs and had a sort of freemasonry with bees and beetles. Una never liked to sit near him because she never knew what uncanny creature might be secreted about him. Jerry refused to sleep with him because Carl had once taken a young garter snake to bed with him; so Carl slept in his old cot, which was so short that he could never stretch out, and had strange bed-fellows. Perhaps it was just as well that Aunt Martha was half blind when she made that bed. Altogether they were a jolly, lovable little crew, and Cecilia Meredith's heart must have ached bitterly when she faced the knowledge that she must leave them.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith perguntou alegremente onde alguém escolheria ser enterrado se fosse metodista.

### **Original English**

"Where would you like to be buried if you were a Methodist?" asked Faith cheerfully.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Essa pergunta iniciou uma discussão interessante.

### **Original English**

This opened up an interesting field of speculation.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry disse que não havia muita escolha porque o lugar estava cheio. Ele achou que gostaria do canto perto da estrada para poder ouvir as carroças passando e as pessoas conversando.

### **Original English**

"There isn't much choice. The place is full," said Jerry. "I'd like that corner near the road, I guess. I could hear the teams going past and the people talking."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una expressou que preferiria a pequena depressão sob a bétula-chorona, observando que a árvore atraía muitos pássaros que cantavam energeticamente pela manhã.

### **Original English**

"I'd like that little hollow under the weeping birch," said Una. "That birch is such a place for birds and they sing like mad in the mornings."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith declarou que escolheria o lote Porter, pois continha muitos túmulos de crianças e ela gostava de companhia. Ela então perguntou a Carl onde ele preferiria.

### **Original English**

"I'd take the Porter lot where there's so many children buried. I like lots of company," said Faith. "Carl, where'd you?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Carl disse que preferiria não ser enterrado de forma alguma, mas se fosse compelido a ser,

### **Original English**

"I'd rather not be buried at all," said Carl, "but if I had to be

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

ele selecionaria o formigueiro, pois considerava as formigas altamente interessantes.

### **Original English**

I'd like the ant-bed. Ants are AWF'LY int'resting."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una observou que todas as pessoas ali enterradas deviam ser extremamente boas, com base nos lisonjeiros epitáfios que havia lido. Ela especulou que os metodistas poderiam de fato ser superiores aos presbiterianos.

### **Original English**

"How very good all the people who are buried here must have been," said Una, who had been reading the laudatory old epitaphs. "There doesn't seem to be a single bad person in the whole graveyard. Methodists must be better than Presbyterians after all."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Carl especulou que os metodistas poderiam enterrar seus membros maus da mesma forma como descartavam gatos, talvez nem mesmo os levando ao cemitério.

### **Original English**

"Maybe the Methodists bury their bad people just like they do cats," suggested Carl. "Maybe they don't bother bringing them to the graveyard at all."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith rejeitou a ideia, afirmando que as pessoas enterradas ali não eram diferentes de ninguém. No entanto, ela explicou que, de acordo com sua tia Martha, nunca se deve falar mal dos mortos, caso contrário eles voltariam para assombrar você. Quando Faith perguntou ao pai se isso era verdade, ele apenas murmurou abstratamente sobre a natureza da verdade, o que ela interpretou como confirmação.

### **Original English**

"Nonsense," said Faith. "The people that are buried here weren't any better than other folks, Una. But when anyone is dead you mustn't say anything of him but good or he'll come back and ha'nt you. Aunt Martha told me that. I

asked father if it was true and he just looked through me and muttered, 'True? True? What is truth? What IS truth, O jesting Pilate?' I concluded from that it must be true."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry se perguntou em voz alta se o Sr. Alec Davis voltaria para assombrá-lo se ele atirasse uma pedra na urna que adornava sua lápide.

### **Original English**

"I wonder if Mr. Alec Davis would come back and ha'nt me if I threw a stone at the urn on top of his tombstone," said Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith riu, afirmando que a Sra. Davis certamente o assombraria. Ela descreveu como a Sra. Davis os observava na igreja como um gato perseguindo ratos, e contou como fez careta para o sobrinho da Sra. Davis, recebendo um olhar feroz em troca. Ela acrescentou que a Sra. Marshall Elliott os aconselhara a não ofender a Sra. Davis em hipótese alguma, ou ela mesma teria feito careta para ela também.

### **Original English**

"Mrs. Davis would," giggled Faith. "She just watches us in church like a cat watching mice. Last Sunday I made a face at her nephew and he made one back at me and you should have seen her glare. I'll bet she boxed HIS ears when they got out. Mrs. Marshall Elliott told me we mustn't offend her on any account or I'd have made a face at her, too!"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry mencionou que Jem Blythe uma vez mostrou a língua para a Sra. Davis, e como resultado, ela se recusou a ver o pai dele novamente, mesmo durante a doença final do marido. Ele então expressou curiosidade sobre como seriam as crianças Blythe.

### **Original English**

"They say Jem Blythe stuck out his tongue at her once and she would never have his father again, even when her husband was dying," said Jerry. "I wonder what the Blythe gang will be like."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith expressou que gostou da aparência das crianças Blythe quando elas chegaram à estação naquela tarde. Ela gostou especialmente da aparência de Jem.

### **Original English**

"I liked their looks," said Faith. The manse children had been at the station that afternoon when the Blythe small fry had arrived. "I liked Jem's looks ESPECIALLY."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry relatou que, na escola, Walter era chamado de maricas.

### **Original English**

"They say in school that Walter's a sissy," said Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una discordou, pois achara Walter muito bonito.

### **Original English**

"I don't believe it," said Una, who had thought Walter very handsome.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry acrescentou que Walter escrevia poesia e havia ganhado um prêmio oferecido pelo professor no ano passado, conforme Bertie Shakespeare Drew lhe contara. A mãe de Bertie acreditava que Bertie deveria ter ganho por causa de seu nome, mas Bertie admitiu que não conseguia escrever poesia de jeito nenhum, independentemente de seu nome.

### **Original English**

"Well, he writes poetry, anyhow. He won the prize the teacher offered last year for writing a poem, Bertie Shakespeare Drew told me. Bertie's mother thought HE should have got the prize because of his name, but Bertie said he couldn't write poetry to save his soul, name or no name."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith refletiu que provavelmente conheceriam as crianças Blythe assim que começassem a escola. Ela esperava que as meninas Blythe fossem legais, pois achava a maioria das garotas locais desinteressantes. Ela observou que os gêmeos Blythe pareciam alegres e não eram idênticos; ela preferia a gêmea ruiva.

### **Original English**

"I suppose we'll get acquainted with them as soon as they begin going to school," mused Faith. "I hope the girls are nice. I don't like most of the girls round here. Even the nice ones are poky. But the Blythe twins look jolly. I thought twins always looked alike, but they don't. I think the red-haired one is the nicest."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una expressou que gostou da aparência da mãe com um suspiro. Ela sentia inveja das crianças que tinham mães. Una tinha apenas seis anos quando sua mãe morreu, mas guardava memórias queridas como joias: aconchegos ao entardecer, diversão matinal, olhos amorosos, uma voz suave e a risada mais doce e alegre.

### **Original English**

"I liked their mother's looks," said Una with a little sigh. Una envied all children their mothers. She had been only six when her mother died, but she had some very precious memories, treasured in her soul like jewels, of twilight cuddlings and morning frolics, of loving eyes, a tender voice, and the sweetest, gayest laugh.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry mencionou que as pessoas diziam que a mãe era diferente das outras.

### **Original English**

"They say she isn't like other people," said Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith relatou que a Sra. Elliot acreditava que a razão era que a mãe nunca realmente cresceu.

### **Original English**

"Mrs. Elliot says that is because she never really grew up," said

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith

**Original English**

Faith.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela era mais alta que a Sra. Elliott.

**Original English**

"She's taller than Mrs. Elliott."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

O falante concordou, acrescentando que, segundo a Sra. Elliott, a Sra. Blythe permanecia como uma garotinha por dentro.

**Original English**

"Yes, yes, but it is inside—Mrs. Elliot says Mrs. Blythe just stayed a little girl inside."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Carl interrompeu, cheirando, e perguntou o que estava sentindo cheiro.

**Original English**

"What do I smell?" interrupted Carl, sniffing.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Agora todos podiam sentir o cheiro. Uma fragrância deliciosa flutuava no ar calmo da noite vindo do pequeno vale arborizado abaixo da colina da casa paroquial.

### **Original English**

They all smelled it now. A most delectable odour came floating up on the still evening air from the direction of the little woody dell below the manse hill.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry comentou que o cheiro o deixava com fome.

### **Original English**

"That makes me hungry," said Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una reclamou que eles só tinham comido pão com melado no jantar e a mesma refeição fria no almoço.

### **Original English**

"We had only bread and molasses for supper and cold ditto for dinner," said Una plaintively.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Tia Martha tinha o hábito de ferver um grande pedaço de carneiro no início da semana e servi-lo frio e gorduroso a cada dia até acabar. Faith, com esperteza, apelidou-o de "ditto", e esse nome pegou entre todos na mansão.

### **Original English**

Aunt Martha's habit was to boil a large slab of mutton early in the week and serve it up every day, cold and greasy, as long as it lasted. To this Faith, in a moment of inspiration, had give the name of "ditto", and by this it was invariably known at the manse.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Jerry propôs que eles investigassem a origem do cheiro tentador.

#### **Original English**

"Let's go and see where that smell is coming from," said Jerry.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eles pularam animadamente, correram pelo gramado como filhotes brincalhões, escalaram uma cerca e desceram uma encosta coberta de musgo, seguindo o aroma cada vez mais apetitoso. Em poucos minutos, chegaram ao cantinho aconchegante do Vale do Arco-Íris, onde as crianças Blythe se preparavam para agradecer a bênção e saborear a refeição.

#### **Original English**

They all sprang up, frolicked over the lawn with the abandon of young puppies, climbed a fence, and tore down the mossy slope, guided by the savory lure that ever grew stronger. A few minutes later they arrived breathlessly in the sanctum sanctorum of Rainbow Valley where the Blythe children were just about to give thanks and eat.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eles pararam, sentindo-se tímidos, e Una lamentou a pressa. No entanto, Di Blythe correspondeu à ocasião com elegância, adiantando-se com um sorriso amigável e acolhedor.

#### **Original English**

They halted shyly. Una wished they had not been so precipitate: but Di Blythe was equal to that on any occasion. She stepped forward, with a comrade's smile.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Di Blythe disse que achava que os reconhecia e perguntou se eles moravam na mansão.

#### **Original English**

"I guess I know who you are," she said. "You belong to the manse, don't you?"

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Faith acenou com a cabeça, e suas covinhas apareceram enquanto ela sorria.

#### **Original English**

Faith nodded, her face creased by dimples.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Eles explicaram que o cheiro da truta cozinhando despertou a curiosidade deles.

#### **Original English**

"We smelled your trout cooking and wondered what it was."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Di os convidou para se juntarem à refeição.

**Original English**

"You must sit down and help us eat them," said Di.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Jerry olhou para a comida com avidez e questionou se havia o suficiente para todos.

**Original English**

"Maybe you haven't more than you want yourselves," said Jerry, looking hungrily at the tin platter.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Jem garantiu que havia bastante, três peixes cada, e os incentivou a se sentarem.

**Original English**

"We've heaps—three apiece," said Jem. "Sit down."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Não foi necessária mais cerimônia. Todos se sentaram em pedras cobertas de musgo. O banquete foi alegre e longo. Se Nan e Di soubessem que Carl tinha dois ratinhos no bolso do casaco, poderiam ter ficado horrorizadas, mas nunca descobriram, então isso não as perturbou. Não há maneira melhor de conhecer pessoas do que compartilhando uma refeição. Quando a última truta foi comida, as crianças da casa pastoral e as crianças de Ingleside tornaram-se amigas e aliadas juradas. Elas sentiam que sempre se conheceram e sempre se conheceriam. A raça de Joseph reconheceu os seus.

## Original English

No more ceremony was necessary. Down they all sat on mossy stones. Merry was that feast and long. Nan and Di would probably have died of horror had they known what Faith and Una knew perfectly well—that Carl had two young mice in his jacket pocket. But they never knew it, so it never hurt them. Where can folks get better acquainted than over a meal table? When the last trout had vanished, the manse children and the Ingleside children were sworn friends and allies. They had always known each other and always would. The race of Joseph recognized its own.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Elas compartilharam as histórias de seus passados. As crianças da casa pastoral contaram sobre Avonlea e Green Gables, as lendas do Vale do Arco-Íris e a pequena casa no porto onde Jem nasceu. As crianças de Ingleside descreveram Maywater, onde os Merediths haviam vivido antes de vir para o Glen, junto com a amada boneca de um olho de Una e o galo de estimação de Faith.

## Original English

They poured out the history of their little pasts. The manse children heard of Avonlea and Green Gables, of Rainbow Valley traditions, and of the little house by the harbour shore where Jem had been born. The Ingleside children heard of Maywater, where the Merediths had lived before coming to the Glen, of Una's beloved, one-eyed doll and Faith's pet rooster.

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

## Pt/En

### Português

Faith sentiu-se um tanto ofendida por as pessoas zombarem dela por ter um galo de estimação. Ela gostava dos Blythes porque eles aceitavam isso sem questionamento.

## Original English

Faith was inclined to resent the fact that people laughed at her for petting a rooster. She liked the Blythes because they accepted it without question.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela disse que um galo bonito como Adam era um animal de estimação tão bom quanto um cão ou gato. Se ele fosse um canário, ninguém acharia estranho. Ela o criara desde um pequeno pintinho amarelo, dado a ela pela Sra. Johnson de Maywater depois que uma doninha matou todos os seus irmãos. Ela o nomeou em homenagem ao marido da Sra. Johnson. Ela nunca gostou de bonecas, pois pareciam mortas, ou de gatos, que eram muito sorrateiros.

### **Original English**

"A handsome rooster like Adam is just as nice a pet as a dog or cat, I think," she said. "If he was a canary nobody would wonder. And I brought him up from a little, wee, yellow chicken. Mrs. Johnson at Maywater gave him to me. A weasel had killed all his brothers and sisters. I called him after her husband. I never liked dolls or cats. Cats are too sneaky and dolls are DEAD."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry perguntou quem morava na casa que ficava lá no alto da colina.

### **Original English**

"Who lives in that house away up there?" asked Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan explicou que as Srta. Wests eram Rosemary e Ellen, e que ela e Di teriam aulas de música com a Srta. Rosemary naquele verão.

### **Original English**

"The Miss Wests—Rosemary and Ellen," answered Nan. "Di and I are going to take music lessons from Miss Rosemary this summer."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una olhou para as gêmeas sortudas com um desejo tão suave que não continha inveja. Ela desejava poder ter aulas de música também; era um de seus sonhos secretos. No entanto, ninguém nunca pensou nisso.

### **Original English**

Una gazed at the lucky twins with eyes whose longing was too gentle for envy. Oh, if she could only have music lessons! It was one of the dreams of her little hidden life. But nobody ever thought of such a thing.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Di comentou que a Srta. Rosemary era muito gentil e sempre se vestia lindamente. Ela acrescentou, com nostalgia, que o cabelo da Srta. Rosemary lembrava-lhe caramelo de melação novo, pois Di, assim como sua mãe, não estava satisfeita com seu próprio cabelo ruivo.

### **Original English**

"Miss Rosemary is so sweet and she always dresses so pretty," said Di. "Her hair is just the colour of new molasses taffy," she added wistfully—for Di, like her mother before her, was not resigned to her own ruddy tresses.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan disse que também gostava da Srta. Ellen, que costumava lhe dar doces na igreja. No entanto, Nan observou que Di tinha medo dela.

### **Original English**

"I like Miss Ellen, too," said Nan. "She always used to give me candies when she came to church. But Di is afraid of her."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Di descreveu as sobrancelhas pretas e a voz profunda da Srta. Ellen, e contou que Kenneth Ford ficara aterrorizado com ela quando criança. De acordo com a mãe de Di, no primeiro domingo que a Sra. Ford levou Kenneth à igreja, a Srta. Ellen estava sentada atrás deles. Assim que Kenneth a viu, ele gritou tanto que a Sra. Ford teve que carregá-lo para fora.

### **Original English**

"Her brows are so black and she has such a great deep voice," said Di. "Oh, how scared of her Kenneth Ford used to be when he was little! Mother says the first Sunday Mrs. Ford brought him to church Miss Ellen happened to be there, sitting right behind them. And the minute Kenneth saw her he just screamed and screamed until Mrs. Ford had to carry him out."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una perguntou em tom de admiração quem era a Sra. Ford.

### **Original English**

"Who is Mrs. Ford?" asked Una wonderingly.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

O interlocutor explicou que os Ford não moravam ali de fato; eles só vinham no verão, mas não viriam este ano. A casa deles era uma pequena casa no extremo da costa do porto, onde os pais do interlocutor haviam morado. O interlocutor expressou o desejo de mostrar Persis Ford ao ouvinte, descrevendo-a como muito bonita, como um quadro.

### **Original English**

"Oh, the Fords don't live here. They only come here in the summer. And they're not coming this summer. They live in that little house 'way, 'way down on the harbour shore where father and mother used to live. I wish you could see Persis Ford. She is just like a picture."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith interrompeu, dizendo que tinha ouvido falar da Sra. Ford através de Bertie Shakespeare Drew. Segundo ela, a Sra. Ford estivera casada por catorze anos com um homem que se pensava estar morto, mas ele depois voltou à vida.

### **Original English**

"I've heard of Mrs. Ford," broke in Faith. "Bertie Shakespeare Drew told me about her. She was married fourteen years to a dead man and then he came to life."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Nan descartou a história como absurda, apontando que Bertie Shakespeare Drew nunca acertava nada. Ela afirmou que conhecia a história completa e a contaria em outra ocasião, mas não agora porque era muito longa. Ela acrescentou que deveriam ir para casa porque a mãe não gostava que eles ficassem fora até tarde em noites úmidas.

### **Original English**

"Nonsense," said Nan. "That isn't the way it goes at all. Bertie Shakespeare can never get anything straight. I know the whole story and I'll tell it to you some time, but not now, for it's too long and it's time for us to go home. Mother doesn't like us to be out late these damp evenings."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ninguém na casa pastoral se preocupava com as crianças estando fora na umidade. Tia Martha já havia se recolhido para a noite, enquanto o ministro estava absorto demais em pensamentos profundos sobre a imortalidade da alma para lembrar da mortalidade do corpo. No entanto, as crianças também foram para casa, com a cabeça cheia de visões de bons tempos pela frente.

### **Original English**

Nobody cared whether the manse children were out in the damp or not. Aunt Martha was already in bed and the minister was still too deeply lost in speculations concerning the immortality of the soul to remember the mortality of the body. But they went home, too, with visions of good times coming in their heads.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una expressou que o Vale do Arco-Íris era ainda mais bonito que o cemitério. Ela mencionou que adorava as crianças Blythe, e que era agradável poder amar as pessoas, já que nem sempre era possível. Ela lembrou do sermão de seu pai, no qual ele disse que se deveria amar a todos, mas ela questionou como isso poderia ser feito, especificamente em relação à Sra. Alec Davis.

### **Original English**

"I think Rainbow Valley is even nicer than the graveyard," said Una. "And I just love those dear Blythes. It's SO nice when you can love people because so often you CAN'T. Father said in his sermon last Sunday that we should love everybody. But how can we? How could we love Mrs. Alec Davis?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Fé respondeu de forma leve que a afirmação de seu pai foi feita apenas durante seu sermão na igreja.

### **Original English**

"Oh, father only said that in the pulpit," said Faith airily.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela acrescentou que ele era sensato demais para realmente acreditar nisso fora da igreja.

### **Original English**

"He has more sense than to really think it outside."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As crianças Blythe foram para Ingleside, exceto Jem, que reservou alguns momentos para ir sozinho a um local isolado no Vale do Arco-Íris. Lá floresciam as maias, e Jem tinha o hábito de colher um buquê para sua mãe sempre que estavam na estação.

### **Original English**

The Blythe children went up to Ingleside, except Jem, who slipped away for a few moments on a solitary expedition to a remote corner of Rainbow Valley. Mayflowers grew there and Jem never forgot to take his mother a bouquet as long as they lasted.

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

# **The Advent of Mary Vance**

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith sentiu que aquele era um daqueles dias em que algo emocionante poderia acontecer, e ela respondeu ao charme do ar puro e das colinas azuis. Ela se abraçou alegremente e executou uma dança sobre a lápide de Hezekiah Pollock, para grande choque de duas solteironas idosas que passavam de carro justamente quando Faith pulava em um pé ao redor da pedra, balançando o outro pé e os braços no ar.

### **Original English**

"This is just the sort of day you feel as if things might happen," said Faith, responsive to the lure of crystal air and blue hills. She hugged herself with delight and danced a hornpipe on old Hezekiah Pollock's bench tombstone,

much to the horror of two ancient maidens who happened to be driving past just as Faith hopped on one foot around the stone, waving the other and her arms in the air.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Com um gemido, uma senhora idosa declarou que a pessoa que estavam olhando era a filha do ministro.

**Original English**

"And that," groaned one ancient maiden, "is our minister's daughter."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A outra idosa gemeu, perguntando retoricamente o que mais se poderia esperar de uma família de viúvo. Em seguida, ambas balançaram a cabeça.

**Original English**

"What else could you expect of a widower's family?" groaned the other ancient maiden. And then they both shook their heads.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Era sábado de manhã cedo, e as crianças Meredith sentiam a alegria do feriado ao entrarem no mundo coberto de orvalho. Elas não tinham tarefas; até Nan e Di Blythe tinham deveres domésticos nos sábados de manhã, mas as filhas do ministro eram livres para vagar do amanhecer ao anoitecer. Faith se encantava com essa liberdade, mas Una sentia secretamente uma amarga vergonha porque nunca aprendiam habilidades práticas. As outras meninas na escola sabiam cozinhar, costurar e tricotar; ela sozinha permanecia ignorante.

**Original English**

It was early on Saturday morning and the Merediths were out in the dew-drenched world with a delightful consciousness of the holiday. They had never had anything to do on a holiday. Even Nan and Di Blythe had certain household tasks for Saturday mornings, but the daughters of the manse were free to roam from blushing morn to dewy eve if so it pleased them. It DID please Faith, but Una felt a secret, bitter humiliation because they never learned to do anything. The other girls in her class at school could cook and sew and knit; she only was a little ignoramus.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry propôs que fossem explorar, então eles vagaram pelo bosque de abetos, coletando Carl pelo caminho, que estava ajoelhado na grama molhada observando suas amadas formigas. Além do bosque, eles emergiram no pasto do Sr. Taylor, salpicado com os fantasmas brancos dos dentes-de-leão. Em um canto distante, havia um velho celeiro deteriorado, usado apenas ocasionalmente para armazenar feno extra. As crianças Meredith entraram e examinaram o andar térreo por vários minutos.

### **Original English**

Jerry suggested that they go exploring; so they went lingeringly through the fir grove, picking up Carl on the way, who was on his knees in the dripping grass studying his darling ants. Beyond the grove they came out in Mr. Taylor's pasture field, sprinkled over with the white ghosts of dandelions; in a remote corner was an old tumbledown barn, where Mr. Taylor sometimes stored his surplus hay crop but which was never used for any other purpose. Thither the Meredith children trooped, and prowled about the ground floor for several minutes.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

De repente, Una sussurrou, perguntando o que tinha sido o barulho.

### **Original English**

"What was that?" whispered Una suddenly.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Todos ouviram com atenção. Um farfalhar fraco mas claro veio do palheiro acima. Os Merediths trocaram olhares.

**Original English**

They all listened. There was a faint but distinct rustle in the hayloft above. The Merediths looked at each other.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith sussurrou que achava que havia algo lá em cima.

**Original English**

"There's something up there," breathed Faith.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Jerry declarou firmemente que subiria para ver o que era.

**Original English**

"I'm going up to see what it is," said Jerry resolutely.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Una implorou para ele não ir e segurou seu braço.

**Original English**

"Oh, don't," begged Una, catching his arm.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Jerry repetiu que ia.

**Original English**

"I'm going."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith anunciou que todos eles também iriam.

**Original English**

"We'll all go, too, then," said Faith.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

As quatro crianças subiram a escada instável. Jerry e Faith não demonstraram medo, enquanto Una estava pálida de susto. Carl, por sua vez, estava distraído, imaginando se encontrariam um morcego no sótão, já que sempre quisera ver um à luz do dia.

**Original English**

The whole four climbed the shaky ladder, Jerry and Faith quite dauntless, Una pale from fright, and Carl rather absent-mindedly speculating on the possibility of finding a bat up in the loft. He longed to see a bat in daylight.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Depois de descerem da escada, eles viram a origem do som de farfalhar. A visão os deixou sem palavras por alguns instantes.

**Original English**

When they stepped off the ladder they saw what had made the rustle and the sight struck them dumb for a few moments.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Uma garota estava enrolada em um pequeno ninho de feno, acabando de acordar. Quando os viu, ela se levantou, cambaleante. Sob a luz do sol que entrava por uma janela empoeirada, eles puderam ver seu rosto fino e queimado de sol, pálido sob o bronzeado. Ela tinha duas longas tranças grossas de cabelo castanho-claro opaco, e seus olhos eram de um azul tão claro que pareciam quase brancos, especialmente com o estreito anel preto ao redor da íris. Estava descalça e sem chapel, vestindo um vestido xadrez desbotado e rasgado, muito curto e apertado. Seu rosto parecia envelhecido, mas ela aparentava ter cerca de doze anos. Ela os encarou com uma mistura de desafio e tristeza.

### **Original English**

In a little nest in the hay a girl was curled up, looking as if she had just wakened from sleep. When she saw them she stood up, rather shakily, as it seemed, and in the bright sunlight that streamed through the cobwebbed window behind her, they saw that her thin, sunburned face was very pale under its tan. She had two braids of lank, thick, tow-coloured hair and very odd eyes—"white eyes," the manse children thought, as she stared at them half defiantly, half piteously. They were really of so pale a blue that they did seem almost white, especially when contrasted with the narrow black ring that circled the iris. She was barefooted and bareheaded, and was clad in a faded, ragged, old plaid dress, much too short and tight for her. As for years, she might have been almost any age, judging from her wizened little face, but her height seemed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of twelve.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry perguntou quem ela era.

### **Original English**

"Who are you?" asked Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

A garota olhou ao redor como se estivesse procurando uma saída. Então, com um leve estremeamento de desesperança, ela pareceu se render.

### **Original English**

The girl looked about her as if seeking a way of escape. Then she seemed to give in with a little shiver of despair.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela afirmou que seu nome era Mary Vance.

### **Original English**

"I'm Mary Vance," she said.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry insistiu para que ela revelasse de onde tinha vindo.

### **Original English**

"Where'd you come from?" pursued Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Em vez de responder, Mary ou se sentou ou desabou sobre o feno e começou a chorar. Sem demora, Faith se ajoelhou ao lado dela e envolveu seus braços ao redor dos ombros frágeis e trêmulos de Mary.

### **Original English**

Mary, instead of replying, suddenly sat, or fell, down on the hay and began to cry. Instantly Faith had flung herself down beside her and put her arm around the thin, shaking shoulders.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela ordenou que Jerry parasse de importuná-la. Então, abraçou a abandonada e a exortou a não chorar, pedindo que explicasse o que estava errado, pois eram suas amigas.

### **Original English**

"You stop bothering her," she commanded Jerry. Then she hugged the waif. "Don't cry, dear. Just tell us what's the matter. WE'RE friends."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary lamentou que estava terrivelmente faminta e não tinha comido nada desde quinta-feira de manhã, exceto um pouco de água do riacho.

### **Original English**

"I'm so—so—hungry," wailed Mary. "I—I hain't had a thing to eat since Thursday morning, 'cept a little water from the brook out there."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

As crianças da casa pastoral se entreolharam horrorizadas. Faith pulou de pé.

### **Original English**

The manse children gazed at each other in horror. Faith sprang up.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Faith ordenou que Mary fosse diretamente à casa pastoral e comesse algo antes de dizer mais uma palavra.

### **Original English**

"You come right up to the manse and get something to eat before you say another word."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mary recuou.

**Original English**

Mary shrank.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mary protestou que não podia, preocupada com o que o ministro e sua esposa diriam e com medo de que a mandariam de volta.

**Original English**

"Oh—I can't. What will your pa and ma say? Besides, they'd send me back."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith disse a Mary que ela não tinha mãe e que nem seu pai nem a tia Martha se importariam com ela. Ela bateu o pé com impaciência, perguntando-se se aquela garota estranha preferiria morrer de fome a ir com eles.

**Original English**

"We've no mother, and father won't bother about you. Neither will Aunt Martha. Come, I say." Faith stamped her foot impatiently. Was this queer girl going to insist on starving to death almost at their very door?

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary cedeu. Ela estava tão fraca que mal conseguia descer a escada, mas eles conseguiram levá-la até a cozinha da casa pastoral. Tia Martha, ocupada com seu cozimento de sábado, não prestou atenção. Faith e Una rapidamente juntaram comida — pão, manteiga, leite e uma torta duvidosa — e Mary comeu com avidez. As crianças observavam: Jerry notou sua boca bonita e dentes brancos; Faith ficou horrorizada ao ver que ela usava apenas um vestido rasgado; Una sentiu pura pena; Carl estava divertido e curioso.

### **Original English**

Mary yielded. She was so weak that she could hardly climb down the ladder, but somehow they got her down and over the field and into the manse kitchen. Aunt Martha, muddling through her Saturday cooking, took no notice of her. Faith and Una flew to the pantry and ransacked it for such eatables as it contained—some "ditto," bread, butter, milk and a doubtful pie. Mary Vance attacked the food ravenously and uncritically, while the manse children stood around and watched her. Jerry noticed that she had a pretty mouth and very nice, even, white teeth. Faith decided, with secret horror, that Mary had not one stitch on her except that ragged, faded dress. Una was full of pure pity, Carl of amused wonder, and all of them of curiosity.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Quando o apetite de Mary começou a diminuir, Faith ordenou que ela fosse ao cemitério contar sua história. Mary estava bastante disposta agora. A comida havia restaurado sua energia e soltado sua língua ansiosa.

### **Original English**

"Now come out to the graveyard and tell us about yourself," ordered Faith, when Mary's appetite showed signs of failing her. Mary was now nothing loath. Food had restored her natural vivacity and unloosed her by no means reluctant tongue.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Sentada no túmulo do Sr. Pollock, Mary fez eles prometerem não contar ao pai nem a ninguém. As crianças da casa pastoral se alinharam em outra pedra, em frente a ela. Havia um ar de mistério e aventura — algo realmente tinha acontecido.

### **Original English**

"You won't tell your pa or anybody if I tell you?" she stipulated, when she was enthroned on Mr. Pollock's tombstone. Opposite her the manse children lined up on another. Here was spice and mystery and adventure. Something HAD happened.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eles garantiram a ela que não contariam.

### **Original English**

"No, we won't."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ela pediu que eles jurassem que estavam dizendo a verdade.

### **Original English**

"Cross your hearts?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Eles deram sua palavra de que estavam dizendo a verdade.

### **Original English**

"Cross our hearts."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela explicou que tinha fugido e estava morando com uma senhora chamada Sra. Wiley do outro lado do porto.

**Original English**

"Well, I've run away. I was living with Mrs. Wiley over-harbour.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Então ela perguntou se a outra pessoa conhecia a Sra. Wiley.

**Original English**

Do you know Mrs. Wiley?"

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

A resposta foi que eles não a conheciam.

**Original English**

"No."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mary exclamou que a mulher era horrível e que a odiava. Ela afirmou que a mulher a fazia trabalhar muito, dava-lhe comida insuficiente e a espancava quase diariamente. Então ela disse para eles olharem seus braços.

**Original English**

"Well, you don't want to know her. She's an awful woman. My, how I hate her! She worked me to death and wouldn't give me half enough to eat, and she used to larrup me 'most every day. Look a-here."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary mostrou seus braços e mãos finos e rachados, que estavam cobertos de hematomas. As crianças da casa paroquial estremeceram. O rosto de Faith ficou vermelho de raiva, enquanto os olhos de Una se encheram de lágrimas.

### **Original English**

Mary rolled up her ragged sleeves, and held up her scrawny arms and thin hands, chapped almost to rawness. They were black with bruises. The manse children shivered. Faith flushed crimson with indignation. Una's blue eyes filled with tears.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary disse que a mulher a havia batido com um pau na noite da quarta-feira anterior. Ela explicou que foi porque ela permitiu que a vaca derrubasse um balde de leite, e ela não fazia ideia de que a vaca chutaria.

### **Original English**

"She licked me Wednesday night with a stick," said Mary, indifferently. "It was 'cause I let the cow kick over a pail of milk. How'd I know the darn old cow was going to kick?"

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os ouvintes sentiram um frio emocionante. Eles nunca usariam tal linguagem, mas era empolgante ouvir outra pessoa fazê-lo, especialmente uma garota. Eles concluíram que Mary Vance era uma personagem intrigante.

### **Original English**

A not unpleasant thrill ran over her listeners. They would never dream of using such dubious words, but it was rather titivating to hear someone else use them—and a girl, at that. Certainly this Mary Vance was an interesting creature.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith disse a Mary que não a culpava por ter fugido.

**Original English**

"I don't blame you for running away," said Faith.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

O narrador explicou que não havia fugido por causa de uma surra; tal castigo era rotineiro para ele. Em vez disso, ele decidiu ir embora porque descobriu que a Sra. Wiley pretendia alugar sua fazenda e se mudar para Lowbridge, e o enviaria para uma prima perto de Charlottetown. Ele não podia aceitar isso, pois considerava essa prima ainda pior que a Sra. Wiley. Ele lembrou que havia sido emprestado a ela por um mês no verão anterior e afirmou que preferiria viver com o diabo.

**Original English**

"Oh, I didn't run away 'cause she licked me. A licking was all in the day's work with me. I was darn well used to it. Nope, I'd meant to run away for a week 'cause I'd found out that Mrs. Wiley was going to rent her farm and go to Lowbridge to live and give me to a cousin of hers up Charlottetown way. I wasn't going to stand for THAT. She was a worse sort than Mrs. Wiley even. Mrs. Wiley lent me to her for a month last summer and I'd rather live with the devil himself."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Esta foi a segunda revelação surpreendente. No entanto, Una parecia cética.

**Original English**

Sensation number two. But Una looked doubtful.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele então contou seu plano. Ele havia economizado setenta centavos, que a Sra. John Crawford lhe dera na primavera para plantar batatas. A Sra. Wiley não sabia desse dinheiro, pois estava visitando sua prima na época. Ele pretendia ir furtivamente ao Glen, comprar uma passagem de trem para Charlottetown e procurar emprego lá, descrevendo-se como um trabalhador enérgico. Ele partiu cedo na manhã de quinta-feira antes de a Sra. Wiley acordar e caminhou as seis milhas até a estação. Ao chegar, descobriu que seu dinheiro havia sumido; ele não sabia como ou onde o havia perdido. Incapaz de decidir o que fazer e com medo de voltar para a Sra. Wiley, refugiou-se em um velho celeiro.

### **Original English**

"So I made up my mind I'd beat it. I had seventy cents saved up that Mrs. John Crawford give me in the spring for planting potatoes for her. Mrs. Wiley didn't know about it. She was away visiting her cousin when I planted them. I thought I'd sneak up here to the Glen and buy a ticket to Charlottetown and try to get work there. I'm a hustler, let me tell you. There ain't a lazy bone in MY body. So I lit out Thursday morning 'fore Mrs. Wiley was up and walked to the Glen—six miles. And when I got to the station I found I'd lost my money. Dunno how—dunno where. Anyhow, it was gone. I didn't know what to do. If I went back to old Lady Wiley she'd take the hide off me. So I went and hid in that old barn."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Jerry perguntou o que ele pretendia fazer agora.

### **Original English**

"And what will you do now?" asked Jerry.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Ele admitiu incerteza. Supôs que teria que voltar e enfrentar as consequências. Tendo comido, sentiu-se mais capaz de suportar o castigo.

### **Original English**

"Dunno. I s'pose I'll have to go back and take my medicine. Now that I've got some grub in my stomach I guess I can stand it."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Os olhos de Mary demonstravam bravura, mas na verdade ela estava com medo. Una rapidamente se moveu entre as lápides e colocou o braço em volta de Mary para confortá-la.

### **Original English**

But there was fear behind the bravado in Mary's eyes. Una suddenly slipped from the one tombstone to the other and put her arm about Mary.

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Una insistiu para que Mary não voltasse e ficasse com eles.

### **Original English**

"Don't go back. Just stay here with us."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary disse que a Sra. Wiley provavelmente a procuraria e talvez já estivesse procurando. Ela pensou que poderia ficar ali até que a Sra. Wiley a encontrasse, se a família não se importasse. Ela admitiu que tinha sido tola em considerar fugir, pois a Sra. Wiley era muito persistente. Ela explicou que estava muito infeliz.

### **Original English**

"Oh, Mrs. Wiley'll hunt me up," said Mary. "It's likely she's on my trail before this. I might stay here till she finds me, I s'pose, if your folks don't mind. I was a darn fool ever to think of skipping out. She'd run a weasel to earth. But I was so misrebul."

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

A voz de Mary tremeu, mas ela se sentiu envergonhada por revelar sua vulnerabilidade.

#### **Original English**

Mary's voice quivered, but she was ashamed of showing her weakness.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Ela explicou desafiadoramente que não teve uma vida decente nos últimos quatro anos.

#### **Original English**

"I hain't had the life of a dog for these four years," she explained defiantly.

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

### **Pt/En**

#### **Português**

Perguntaram a ela se ela havia passado quatro anos com a Sra. Wiley.

#### **Original English**

"You've been four years with Mrs. Wiley?"

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela confirmou, explicando que a Sra. Wiley a havia tirado do asilo em Hopetown quando ela tinha oito anos.

**Original English**

"Yip. She took me out of the asylum over in Hopetown when I was eight."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Faith exclamou que era o mesmo lugar de onde a Sra. Blythe tinha vindo.

**Original English**

"That's the same place Mrs. Blythe came from," exclaimed Faith.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela disse que passou dois anos no asilo, tendo sido colocada lá aos seis anos de idade.

**Original English**

"I was two years in the asylum. I was put there when I was six."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Ela acrescentou que sua mãe havia se enforcado e seu pai havia cortado a própria garganta.

**Original English**

"My ma had hung herself and my pa had cut his throat."

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Jerry exclamou surpreso e perguntou por quê.

**Original English**

"Holy cats! Why?" said Jerry.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mary respondeu laconicamente que era álcool.

**Original English**

"Booze," said Mary laconically.

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Perguntaram-lhe se ela tinha algum parente.

**Original English**

"And you've no relations?"

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

**Pt/En**

**Português**

Mary respondeu que não tinha parentes conhecidos. Mencionou que seu nome completo era Mary Martha Lucilla Moore Ball Vance. Acrescentou que seu avô fora rico, mas seu pai desperdiçara o dinheiro com bebida, e sua mãe também contribuía. Eles a batiam, e ela alegou que fora espancada tantas vezes que quase se acostumara.

**Original English**

"Not a darn one that I know of. Must have had some once, though. I was called after half a dozen of them. My full name is Mary Martha Lucilla Moore Ball Vance. Can you beat that? My grandfather was a rich man. I'll bet he was richer than YOUR grandfather. But pa drunk it all up and ma, she did her part. THEY used to beat me, too. Laws, I've been licked so

much I kind of like it."

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

## **Pt/En**

### **Português**

Mary percebeu que os filhos do ministro sentiam pena dela por suas muitas surras, mas ela desejava inveja, não pena. Com a fome saciada, seus olhos estranhos brilhavam intensamente. Ela resolveu impressionar essas crianças com sua própria importância.

### **Original English**

Mary tossed her head. She divined that the manse children were pitying her for her many stripes and she did not want pity. She wanted to be envied. She looked gaily about her. Her strange eyes, now that the dullness of famine was removed from them, were brilliant. She would show these youngsters what a personage she was.

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

# Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

## **accept** ək'sept (11 occurrences)

**Português:** aceitar

**Simple English:** To agree to take something offered.

**Example:** *He would accept the money to help the girls.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Then, she seemed to accept her situation, shaking a little with sadness.  
[Back to B1](#)
2. She felt she could not accept this.
3. He thought she might accept a wife better than a housekeeper.
4. Norman Douglas did not marry the woman he wanted thirty years ago, and his family did not like to accept anything less than the best.
5. She decided she must accept that Rosemary had refused him, as that was the most important fact.

## **actions** 'ækʃənz (19 occurrences)

**Português:** ações

**Simple English:** Things that someone does.

**Example:** *His actions woke up Kwamudi.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Someone explained that people were not sure if Harrison Miller's actions were due to religion or bad temper. [Back to B1](#)
2. She mentioned she knew what burning felt like from accidentally touching a hot poker and asked what actions were needed to be good.
3. She also mentioned seeing Rob MacAllister and wondered if he would tell Mrs. Wiley about her actions.
4. Susan heard Miss Cornelia tell the story about Mary Vance's actions.
5. Susan heard Miss Cornelia tell the story about Mary Vance's actions.

## alcohol /'ælkəhɒl/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** álcool; bebidas alcoólicas

**Simple English:** Any beverage that can cause intoxication when consumed.

**Example:** *Too much alcohol can be harmful to your health in the long term.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Other days he drank alcohol. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mary answered briefly that it was alcohol. [Back to B1](#)

## anniversary /,æni'vɜ:rsəri/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aniversário; bodas

**Simple English:** The yearly date commemorating a special past event together.

**Example:** *They celebrated their anniversary with a romantic dinner last night.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that he had gone to the Jacob Drews' wedding anniversary supper and got into trouble because of it. [Back to B1](#)

## annoy ə'noɪ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** incomodar

**Simple English:** to make someone a little angry

**Example:** *Tarzan used ropes to annoy him.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also mentioned that Mrs. Miller might have married Harrison to annoy Richard Taylor, which seemed like a strange reason for marriage. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Davis believed they did it to annoy her.
3. She admitted that wanting to annoy her relatives was part of her reason for adopting a child.

## anymore ,eni'mɔ:r (11 occurrences)

**Português:** mais

**Simple English:** No longer; not now.

**Example:** *I don't live there anymore.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. On his eighth birthday, Jem told his mother indignantly that he was not little anymore and was very big. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mary said she would not cry anymore and that the current situation was much better than being in the old barn with mice.
3. Rilla was out of breath and felt she could not run anymore, fearing Mary would catch her with the fish.
4. Carl was well again, Aunt Martha was not sad anymore, and a butcher brought food.
5. She mentioned that Susan thought he would go to hell and that she used to feel sorry for him, but not anymore.

**approaching** ə'proutʃɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** aproximando-se

**Simple English:** Coming closer in distance or time.

**Example:** *They saw Miss Cornelia approaching from far away.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan Baker and Anne Shirley saw Miss Cornelia approaching. [Back to B1](#)

**area** 'ɛəriə (10 occurrences)

**Português:** área

**Simple English:** a space or part of a place

**Example:** *She ran across a small open area.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. People smiled because they knew the two Hill girls had been interested in every minister who came to the area for the past fifteen years. [Back to B1](#)
2. The wall, built by the first people in the area, was old and beautiful. [Back to B1](#)
3. Blueberry bushes grew well in a sandy area near the fir wood. [Back to B1](#)
4. She hoped the girls were nice, as she did not like most girls in the area, finding them boring. [Back to B1](#)
5. She believed that everyone in the area who wanted a child from the home already had one.

**arrive** ə'raɪv (3 occurrences)

**Português:** chegar

**Simple English:** to come to a place

**Example:** *People would arrive soon.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She said Cornelia would arrive soon and bring three months of news and gossip. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also mentioned that Mrs. Wiley would arrive soon and that she was angry with Mary.
3. Her father had gone to town that morning, and Mr. Perry was expected to arrive that night.

**arriving** ə'raɪvɪŋ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** chegando

**Simple English:** To come to a place.

**Example:** *The prisoner was arriving in the village.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Upon arriving at the station, they discovered the money was lost. [Back to B1](#)
2. She then noticed Mrs. Marshall Elliott arriving at the gate, looking like she was expected.

**assumed** ə'sju:md (2 occurrences)

**Português:** presumiu

**Simple English:** To believe something is true without proof.

**Example:** *She assumed he was at home, but he was not.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. They had assumed he had a wife because he spoke of his children. [Back to B1](#)
2. Still, as she was a guest, they assumed she was fine.

**assuming** ə'sju:mɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** supondo

**Simple English:** if something is true or happens

**Example:** *They will arrive by tomorrow night, assuming they return quickly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She invited the other person and the doctor to visit soon and tell her about their trip, assuming they had a wonderful time. [Back to B1](#)

**bake** /beɪk/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** asse; assar; cozer

**Simple English:** To cook food in an oven using dry heat.

**Example:** *I like to bake cookies every Saturday with my family.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After this, she refused to bake a pie for the doctor for many weeks. [Back to B1](#)

**bossy** 'bɒsi (3 occurrences)

**Português:** mandão

**Simple English:** telling others what to do in a rude way

**Example:** *The sailor did not like Snipes' bossy way of speaking.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She told Anne that Susan was becoming too bossy and that Anne would regret it later. [Back to B1](#)

2. Someone said that Jacob Drew was a proud, selfish, and bossy person. [Back to B1](#)

3. Nan secretly thought Faith had done something wrong, but she did not want Mary Vance to be so bossy.

**boyfriend** 'bɔɪfrɛnd (3 occurrences)

**Português:** namorado

**Simple English:** A male partner in a romantic relationship.

**Example:** *She talked about her boyfriend.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan mentioned she never had a boyfriend, but she was fine with being an old maid now. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker explained that Mr. Pethick was not a real boyfriend, but more like someone who stayed around without serious intentions.
3. She told Ellen that Ellen always imagined a boyfriend for her.

**burial** *'berɪəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** enterro

**Simple English:** The act of placing a dead body in the ground.

**Example:** *The coffin was prepared for burial.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jerry said there was not much choice for burial places because they were full. [Back to B1](#)

**busy** *'bɪz.i* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** ocupado

**Simple English:** working hard or doing many tasks

**Example:** *Many people were busy with daily tasks.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She started knitting because she believed that a person who is busy with their hands has an advantage over someone who is not. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jem was busy cooking small trout he had caught. [Back to B1](#)
3. Aunt Martha was already in bed, and the minister was busy thinking about important ideas. [Back to B1](#)
4. Aunt Martha was busy cooking and did not notice Mary. [Back to B1](#)
5. She also felt a lot of respect for Mrs. Elliott, who was a busy and energetic person.

**carts** *kɑːrts* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** carroças

**Simple English:** vehicles with wheels pulled by animals

**Example:** *Lions were taught to pull carts.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He said he could hear the carts and people talking if he were there. [Back to B1](#)

**chick** *tʃɪk* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** pintinho

**Simple English:** A baby bird, especially a baby chicken.

**Example:** *She fed the small yellow chick carefully.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She had raised him from a small yellow chick. [Back to B1](#)

**chose** *tʃoʊz* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** escolheu

**Simple English:** picked one thing or person

**Example:** *Tarzan chose the strongest attacker with the big stick.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also said that Mr. Arnett could not preach at all and chose a very bad Bible text, 'Curse ye Meroz'. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, he chose this night because he knew Ellen West would be away, and Rosemary would be alone.
3. She did not tell the speaker about it then, but she thought it was a shame they chose that specific evening.

**classmates** *'klæs,meɪts* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** colegas de classe

**Simple English:** Students in the same class at school.

**Example:** *Her classmates helped her with homework.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Faith was happy, but Una felt ashamed because she did not know how to do useful things like cooking or sewing, unlike her classmates. [Back to B1](#)

**commented** *'kɒmentɪd* (13 occurrences)

**Português:** comentou

**Simple English:** To say or write something about a topic.

**Example:** *He commented on the beautiful painting.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Miss Cornelia commented that Miss Cuthbert must be an old lady now.

[Back to B1](#)

2. The speaker commented that Rosemary West is strong and capable, but she is not as young as she was in the past. [Back to B1](#)

3. Una commented that everyone buried there must have been very good, as she had read the old inscriptions and found no mention of bad people. [Back to B1](#)

4. Mary commented that this seemed like a lot to do and asked if there was anything else.

5. She then commented that the shadows on the walls looked like little dancing birds.

**confirmed** *kən'fɜ:rmɪd* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** confirmado

**Simple English:** Shown to be true.

**Example:** *This was confirmed when pygmies surrounded them.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The speaker confirmed there were four children, who were like steps on a stair. [Back to B1](#)

2. At first, Miss Cornelia had dismissed the story, but then Mrs. Elder confirmed it.

3. She confirmed that she made him return everything.

4. Mary confirmed that they had said that.

5. Una confirmed that she had come, but she found it difficult to finish her sentence.

**copy** *'kɒpi* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** copiar

**Simple English:** To do or make something the same as another.

**Example:** *Children like to copy their parents.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He also knew the best places for fishing and could copy the sounds of wild birds and animals. [Back to B1](#)

**currently** */'kʌrəntli/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** atualmente; momento; presentemente

**Simple English:** At the present moment or existing at this time.

**Example:** *I am currently learning how to cook Italian dishes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that ten good children would not be much worse for the church and its members than the four children they currently had. [Back to B1](#)

**decorated** *'dekəreɪtɪd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** decorado

**Simple English:** made to look nice with objects or colors

**Example:** *The room was decorated with flowers.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Miss Cornelia told Anne that the house was in a terrible state, very dusty and messy, even though it had been recently painted and decorated. [Back to B1](#)

**dependable** *dɪ'pendəbl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** confiável

**Simple English:** able to be trusted

**Example:** *Bill was a good man, a hard worker, and dependable.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem was a strong and dependable boy who always kept his promises. [Back to B1](#)

**difficult** *'dɪfɪkəlt* (31 occurrences)

**Português:** difícil

**Simple English:** Not easy to do.

**Example:** *It was difficult to walk through the dense forest.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She said they probably would not have invited him if they had known he was a widower, as a widower was considered more difficult for a congregation than a single man. [Back to B1](#)
2. She had a difficult life, except for two years in an asylum where she was not hit, though the matron was cross.
3. He did not know that a sad and scared child was nearby, facing big problems alone in a difficult world.
4. Miss Cornelia believed the children were running wild and would become even more difficult when school ended.
5. The doughnut felt difficult to swallow, but she forced herself to eat it so Miss Cornelia would not be offended.

**disagreed** *,dɪzə'grɪ:d* (18 occurrences)

**Português:** discordou

**Simple English:** to have a different opinion

**Example:** *Professor Porter disagreed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Even Anne rarely disagreed with her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Miss Cornelia strongly disagreed. [Back to B1](#)
3. Faith disagreed, saying that people buried there were not better than others. [Back to B1](#)
4. Nan disagreed, calling the story nonsense. [Back to B1](#)
5. Mary strongly disagreed, saying she would not want to be burned in hell, even if she was bad.

## **Edward** /'ɛdwərd/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** Edward

**Simple English:** A male name.

**Example:** *Edward is visiting us next week.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne laughed and said that Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.) was the most beautiful province, and Four Winds was the most beautiful place in P.E.I.

[Back to B1](#)

## **Embarrassed** /ɪm'bærəst/ (9 occurrences)

**Português:** envergonhado; embaraçado; constrangido

**Simple English:** Feeling ashamed or uncomfortable because of past events.

**Example:** *He felt embarrassed after tripping in front of everyone at the party.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mary's voice shook a little, but she felt embarrassed to show she was weak.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Rilla was very sad because her clothes, shoes, and hat were ruined, and she felt very hurt and embarrassed.

3. She told Una she was sad but didn't say why because she was embarrassed.

4. She also mentioned that Faith embarrassed herself by preaching and making a speech, and rode a pig down the street, which Mr. Meredith saw.

5. Dan replied to Walter, not seeming embarrassed.

## **emphasize** /'ɛmfəsaɪz/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** enfatizar; enfatizam; ressaltar

**Simple English:** To give special attention or importance to something.

**Example:** *Teachers often emphasize the importance of homework for student success.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. It seemed Susan wanted to emphasize that she was married, perhaps with a hint of disapproval. [Back to B1](#)

## **enjoy** *ɪn'dʒɔɪ* (6 occurrences)

**Português:** aproveitar

**Simple English:** to feel pleasure doing something

**Example:** *They enjoy playing football.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan agreed that most women enjoy hearing news. [Back to B1](#)
2. Faith had an idea to fix things and decided to enjoy the present moment.
3. Myra had said she would enjoy wearing it before she died.
4. Norman also thought that old maids would enjoy such sermons, imagining them thinking about Norman Douglas and his future.
5. She also thought about Norman Douglas, whom she liked and would enjoy arguing with sometimes.

## **entered** *'en.təd* (7 occurrences)

**Português:** entrou

**Simple English:** to go into a place

**Example:** *When Pepito entered the ring, everyone cheered.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. After the grove, they entered Mr. Taylor's field, which had many dandelions. [Back to B1](#)
2. When they entered the sitting room, they found Ellen West.
3. She entered the house without knocking.
4. But as soon as Faith sat down with a book, Mr. Perry entered.
5. Faith Meredith entered Rosemary's dreams, feeling very angry and upset.

## **example** *ɪg'zæmpəl* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** exemplo

**Simple English:** A thing or person that shows how to do something.

**Example:** *She is a good example for her classmates.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. For example, a new family had moved into the manse. [Back to B1](#)
2. For example, he touched his tongue to a frosty latch to see if it was true that the skin would tear off, which it did, making his tongue sore for days. [Back to](#)

B1

3. She had always been like this, for example, when she decided to marry Alec Davis.

**excited** *ɪk'saɪtɪd* (5 occurrences)

**Português:** animada

**Simple English:** feeling very happy and energetic

**Example:** *She was excited about her new school.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The children were a little excited to hear Mary talk like this. [Back to B1](#)
2. Walter felt happy because he liked influencing his friends and making them feel excited or scared.
3. Una was very excited.
4. Miss Cornelia mentioned that Norman Douglas was very excited because he was marrying Ellen West after wanting her for a long time.
5. He wanted to make his friends feel excited, but it also felt like someone else was speaking through him.

**facial** *'feɪʃəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** facial

**Simple English:** Related to the face.

**Example:** *He has similar facial features as his brother.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was the most handsome of the Ingleside children, with black hair and nice facial features. [Back to B1](#)

**favorite** *'feɪvərɪt* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** favorito

**Simple English:** liked the most

**Example:** *Soccer is his favorite sport.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He was Susan's favorite. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jem, Walter, and the twins had just returned that afternoon and had immediately gone to their favorite place, Rainbow Valley. [Back to B1](#)

### **flowed** *floud* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** fluiu

**Simple English:** moved like a liquid

**Example:** *A small stream still flowed in the dry river bed.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. A small brook with amber water flowed through the valley from Glen village.

[Back to B1](#)

### **focus** *'foukəs* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** focar

**Simple English:** To pay attention to one thing.

**Example:** *He wanted to focus on their safety first.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She added that they would visit soon but needed to focus on school now.

[Back to B1](#)

2. She advised Mary to focus on those good qualities and not worry about the bad ones.

3. He went to his study but could not focus on his German books because he was very upset.

### **forgetful** *fər'getfəl* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** esquecido

**Simple English:** Often unable to remember things.

**Example:** *He is forgetful and often loses his keys.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She thought he was a bit dreamy and forgetful, and this might be why he never got a job in a larger town. [Back to B1](#)

2. An older woman, Mrs. Stanley Flagg, thought Una Meredith would become as forgetful as her father when she grew up.

3. She explained that their father was forgetful and might not think about marrying again, but it was wise to be ready for it.

**fulfillment** *fʊl'fɪlmənt* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** realização

**Simple English:** the feeling of happiness from achieving something

**Example:** *Graduation was a moment of great fulfillment for her.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne agreed that they had a wonderful time, saying it was the fulfillment of many years of dreams. [Back to B1](#)

**grey** *greɪ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** cinza

**Simple English:** a colour between black and white

**Example:** *She had grey hair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She had grey-green eyes that shone brightly and red hair. [Back to B1](#)

**hire** *'haɪər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** alugar

**Simple English:** To pay to use something for a short time.

**Example:** *They could hire a boat to sail back.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that Mr. Meredith would not hire another housekeeper because he thought it would upset Aunt Martha. [Back to B1](#)

**ignored** *ɪg'nɔ:rd* (3 occurrences)

**Português:** ignorado

**Simple English:** did not pay attention to someone or something

**Example:** *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Miss Cornelia ignored Susan and said that most of them did not like Mr. Stewart's way of speaking. [Back to B1](#)

2. She felt he ignored her, even in daylight, and that she was not a doormat.

3. She did not say more, and Walter felt a little ignored.

**impatient** /ɪm'peɪfənt/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** impaciente; impacientes

**Simple English:** Easily annoyed by delay; eager for something to happen.

**Example:** *He grew impatient waiting for the train to arrive on time.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Faith was impatient and asked Mary to come with them. [Back to B1](#)

**inscriptions** ɪn'skrɪpʃənz (1 occurrence)

**Português:** inscrições

**Simple English:** Words written or carved on something, especially stone.

**Example:** *The old inscriptions on the monument were hard to read.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Una commented that everyone buried there must have been very good, as she had read the old inscriptions and found no mention of bad people. [Back to B1](#)

**insects** 'ɪn,sɛkts (2 occurrences)

**Português:** insetos

**Simple English:** Small animals like ants, flies, and bees.

**Example:** *Bees and ants are common insects.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He understood insects and seemed to be friends with bees and beetles. [Back to B1](#)
2. Miss Drew was thinking of quitting the class and asked why they did not keep their insects at home.

**Island** 'aɪlənd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ilha

**Simple English:** Land surrounded by water.

**Example:** *They went to a small island for their vacation.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne laughed and said that Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.) was the most beautiful province, and Four Winds was the most beautiful place in P.E.I. [Back to B1](#)

**magical** 'mædʒɪkəl (5 occurrences)

**Português:** mágico

**Simple English:** related to magic or a special power

**Example:** *The story told about magical creatures.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. For evening fun, they preferred the small valley behind the grove, which felt like a magical place. [Back to B1](#)
2. The book told stories about famous people and magical things.
3. The beautiful flowers, the shining spring, the sound of the brook, and the graceful plants created a magical feeling for John Meredith.
4. Rainbow Valley was a very beautiful and magical place that winter evening.
5. The marsh was full of thousands of fireflies, making it seem like a magical place.

**mischievous** 'mɪʃtʃɪvəs (1 occurrence)

**Português:** travesso

**Simple English:** Behaving in a playful but naughty way.

**Example:** *The mischievous boy hid his sister's shoes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan told Mrs. Dr. that Faith looked like an angel but was very mischievous. [Back to B1](#)

**mix** mɪks (2 occurrences)

**Português:** mistura

**Simple English:** A combination of different things.

**Example:** *The cake is made from a mix of ingredients.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Her eyes were very strange, almost white, as she looked at them with a mix of defiance and sadness. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ellen said that she hoped they would all be happy, speaking with a mix of crying and laughing.

## nearby ˌniərˈbaɪ (6 occurrences)

**Português:** próximo

**Simple English:** close in distance

**Example:** *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that she had not eaten anything since Thursday morning, except for a little water from the nearby brook. [Back to B1](#)
2. He did not know that a sad and scared child was nearby, facing big problems alone in a difficult world.
3. She said it was raining and she hated sleeping alone in her room when it rained because of the graveyard nearby.
4. A maple tree grew nearby with a twisted trunk that formed a natural seat.
5. He did not know there was a cup hidden nearby.

## nod nɒd (1 occurrence)

**Português:** acenar com a cabeça

**Simple English:** To move your head down and up to show yes or agreement.

**Example:** *Miss Emmy gave a simple nod.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Faith agreed with a nod, and her face showed dimples. [Back to B1](#)

## onto ˈɒntu (4 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. While carving, Mr. Meredith accidentally knocked the goose off the platter and onto Mrs. Reese's lap. [Back to B1](#)
2. Faith suddenly disturbed them by climbing onto a fence and throwing a broken rail towards them.
3. When Faith stepped onto the porch and Norman Douglas lowered his newspaper, she saw he looked angry and irritated.
4. He jumped easily onto the top of the fence and shouted in an insulting way,

## plants *plænts* (6 occurrences)

**Português:** plantas

**Simple English:** living things like trees and flowers

**Example:** *The garden has many different plants.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The rest of the garden was covered with caraway plants that looked like silver seas in the summer moonlight. [Back to B1](#)
2. Moss, green plants, violets, asters, and golden-rod grew on it. [Back to B1](#)
3. Small ferns and larger bracken plants also grew there. [Back to B1](#)
4. Plants like ivy, spruce, and mint grew everywhere over the old graves. [Back to B1](#)
5. The beautiful flowers, the shining spring, the sound of the brook, and the graceful plants created a magical feeling for John Meredith.

## popular *'pɒpjələr* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** popular

**Simple English:** Liked or admired by many people.

**Example:** *He is popular with his friends.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Walter was not popular at school. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also praised his family: Gerald was a clever student with a bright future, Faith was beautiful, lively, and popular, and Una was very sweet.

## prince */prɪns/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** príncipe

**Simple English:** Male royal heir, typically son of king or queen.

**Example:** *The prince trained for his future role as the king diligently.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Anne laughed and said that Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.) was the most beautiful province, and Four Winds was the most beautiful place in P.E.I. [Back to B1](#)

### **rarely** 'rɛərli (3 occurrences)

**Português:** raramente

**Simple English:** almost never

**Example:** *The old man rarely spoke to Tibo.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Even Anne rarely disagreed with her. [Back to B1](#)
2. But Ellen rarely went out, especially in winter.
3. The children entered the study feeling a little scared because their father rarely called them.

### **recover** /rɪ'kʌvər/ (3 occurrences)

**Português:** recuperar

**Simple English:** To regain full health after illness, injury, or surgery.

**Example:** *She hopes to recover quickly after her surgery next week.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Everyone laughed, and Mr. Rogers could not recover after that. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought it had ruined their father in the church and that he could never recover from it.
3. She went home, and people had to give her drinks to help her recover.

### **sadness** 'sædnəs (9 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. Her eyes were very strange, almost white, as she looked at them with a mix of defiance and sadness. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, she seemed to accept her situation, shaking a little with sadness. [Back to B1](#)
3. She also told them about one ant that died of sadness because another ant was killed.
4. The warm summer night outside made her feel better, and her sadness went away.

5. He said that a disagreement could be good because it clears the air, but he did not like sadness afterwards.

**searching** 'sɜ:rtʃɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** procurando

**Simple English:** Looking carefully for something or someone.

**Example:** *He might already be searching.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mary said that Mrs. Wiley would probably look for her and might already be searching. [Back to B1](#)

**selfish** 'sɛlfɪʃ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** egoísta

**Simple English:** Caring only about yourself, not others.

**Example:** *He was selfish and did not share his food.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Someone said that Jacob Drew was a proud, selfish, and bossy person. [Back to B1](#)

**servant** /'sɜ:rvənt/ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** servo; serva; empregado

**Simple English:** A person employed to perform household tasks for others.

**Example:** *The servant cooked dinner and cleaned the house quickly.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. But Susan Baker, a loyal servant at Ingleside, never missed a chance to call her "Mrs. [Back to B1](#)

**sewn** soun (1 occurrence)

**Português:** costurado

**Simple English:** Joined with stitches using a needle and thread.

**Example:** *The button was poorly sewn.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, she wasn't very good at these tasks, and a poorly sewn button on her father's coat caused a lot of talk at church. [Back to B1](#)

**shrink** /ʃrɪŋk/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** encolher

**Simple English:** To become smaller or move back because of fear or cold.

**Example:** *The cat will shrink if it is scared.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Mary seemed to shrink back. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mary suddenly seemed to shrink, sat down on a tree stump, and started to cry.

**siblings** 'sɪblɪŋz/ (4 occurrences)

**Português:** irmãos/irmãs

**Simple English:** Brothers and sisters.

**Example:** *She has three siblings: two brothers and one sister.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem was born in the House of Dreams, unlike his siblings who were born at Ingleside. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was very worried that if her father married someone new, that person might make him dislike her and her siblings.
3. The writer states that the Lew Baxters did not steal them; her siblings Jerry and Carl, and she, took them.
4. The writer and her siblings are sorry if it was stealing and will pay Mr. Boyd when they are old enough to earn money, as their father's salary is not enough to run the house.

**skillfully** 'skɪlfəli/ (2 occurrences)

**Português:** habilmente

**Simple English:** in a clever or expert way

**Example:** *She skillfully cooked a delicious meal.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Jem said that they were almost ready and skillfully turned one of them. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rosemary asked if she could have the cup back, saying he had made it very skillfully.

### **spill** *spiI* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** derramar

**Simple English:** To accidentally let liquid fall out.

**Example:** *Be careful not to spill your drink.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained it was because she let the cow spill a pail of milk, and she did not know the cow would kick. [Back to B1](#)

### **suicide** *'su:ɪsaɪd* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** suicídio

**Simple English:** the act of killing yourself

**Example:** *She did not support suicide in any situation.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan added that if she were in that situation, she would have tried to make her husband so unhappy that he would want to hang himself instead, though she did not support suicide in any situation. [Back to B1](#)

2. She added that her mother had died by suicide and her father had killed himself. [Back to B1](#)

### **superior** *su:'piəriər* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** superior

**Simple English:** Acting like you are better than others.

**Example:** *She spoke in a superior way to her classmates.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan also mentioned that Mrs. Reese was not well-liked in her own church because she acted superior. [Back to B1](#)

### **supervised** *'su:pəvəɪzd* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** supervisionado

**Simple English:** watched or controlled by someone in charge

**Example:** *They behaved differently at home and were not supervised.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Although their teacher said they were model children at school, they behaved very differently at home and were not supervised. [Back to B1](#)

**support** sə'pɔ:rt (4 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. Susan added that if she were in that situation, she would have tried to make her husband so unhappy that he would want to hang himself instead, though she did not support suicide in any situation. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said they had the people now and must do their best for them and support them with the Methodists. [Back to B1](#)
3. She said he would stop caring about you and always support his new wife and her children, believing bad things about you.
4. She promised to always support and defend them.

**surprisingly** sə'rpraɪzɪŋli (1 occurrence)

**Português:** surpreendentemente

**Simple English:** in a way that is unexpected

**Example:** *Surprisingly, he passed the test easily.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She also mentioned that Marilla's eyesight was surprisingly better than when she was sixty. [Back to B1](#)

**teasing** 'ti:zɪŋ (1 occurrence)

**Português:** zombando

**Simple English:** Making fun of someone in a playful or unkind way.

**Example:** *The children were teasing each other during playtime.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. The other woman replied that men only noticed Millicent's pretty, lively, and teasing face. [Back to B1](#)

## testifying *'tɛstɪfaɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** declarando

**Simple English:** to speak in front of others about what you know or believe

**Example:** *Jerry had spoken at a prayer meeting, asking if he felt better after testifying.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. She explained that Jerry had spoken to William Marsh at a prayer meeting, asking if he felt better after testifying. [Back to B1](#)

## tools *tu:lz* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** ferramentas

**Simple English:** Objects used to do a job or work.

**Example:** *He used many tools to fix the chair.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He used a fire made with stones and simple tools like a tin can and a broken fork, but he had made good meals before with them. [Back to B1](#)

## topics *'tɒpɪks* (2 occurrences)

**Português:** tópicos

**Simple English:** Subjects to talk or write about.

**Example:** *They discuss serious topics in class.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Miss Cornelia grumbled that Owen Ford had enough topics to write about in Canada. [Back to B1](#)

2. He thought she understood these topics very well, as well as any man in the Glen, including Dr. Blythe.

## total *'təʊtəl* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** total; completo

**Simple English:** Complete amount or entirety of something.

**Example:** *The total cost of the dinner surprised everyone at the table.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. He replied that he had nine boys and a sister for each of them, making eighteen children in total. [Back to B1](#)

## **unlike** /ʌnˈlaɪk/ (7 occurrences)

**Português:** ao contrário

**Simple English:** Used to show differences between two things or people.

**Example:** *Unlike cats, dogs love to play fetch with their owners.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Inside Rainbow Valley, the wind was always gentle, unlike outside. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jem was born in the House of Dreams, unlike his siblings who were born at Ingleside. [Back to B1](#)
3. Unlike other girls who had chores, the minister's daughters had no tasks and could play all day. [Back to B1](#)
4. Faith was happy, but Una felt ashamed because she did not know how to do useful things like cooking or sewing, unlike her classmates. [Back to B1](#)
5. Rosemary found the minister easy to talk to, unlike what she had heard.

## **unsteady** ʌnˈstɛdi (1 occurrence)

**Português:** instável

**Simple English:** Not confident or balanced

**Example:** *She felt unsteady standing on the moving bus.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. When she saw them, she stood up, looking a little unsteady. [Back to B1](#)

## **unsure** ʌnˈʃʊə (2 occurrences)

**Português:** incerto

**Simple English:** Not sure or confident about something

**Example:** *I was unsure about which road to take.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. However, Una looked unsure. [Back to B1](#)
2. The speaker knew what Norman meant, but was unsure about Ellen's feelings.

**useful** *'ju:sfəl* (4 occurrences)

**Português:** útil

**Simple English:** Helping to do a job or something important

**Example:** *This tool is very useful for fixing bikes.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Faith was happy, but Una felt ashamed because she did not know how to do useful things like cooking or sewing, unlike her classmates. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also said that worrying about heaven was not useful because they were not dead yet.
3. Faith thought it was not useful to spoil every day with punishments.
4. Ellen spoke to St. George, admitting that men could be useful but wishing there were none sometimes because of the trouble they caused.

**wealthy** */'weɪθi/* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** rico; abastada; rica

**Simple English:** Having large amounts of money or valuable possessions.

**Example:** *He is wealthy enough to travel the world whenever he wants.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. Susan understood that Mrs. Davis was easily offended but was wealthy and paid a lot for salaries. [Back to B1](#)

**wobbly** *'wɒbli* (1 occurrence)

**Português:** bamboleante

**Simple English:** Moving with a shaking or unsteady motion.

**Example:** *The fence still looked wobbly in the garden.*

**Uses in this book:**

1. All four of them climbed the wobbly ladder. [Back to B1](#)