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ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1

Rilla of Ingleside

L. M. Montgomery



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

RILLA DE INGLESIDE

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Rilla of Ingleside

Rilla de Ingleside

L. M. Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
Support

SAMPLE

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Autor

L. M. Montgomery (1874–1942)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

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

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

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

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

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

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

Como usar as notas

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

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

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

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

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

Como usar o glossário

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

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

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

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

Sobre este livro

Situado na pacata vila canadense de Glen St. Mary, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo, **Rilla de Ingleside** acompanha Bertha Marilla “Rilla” Blythe, a filha mais nova de Anne e Gilbert Blythe, aos quinze anos. O romance começa em 1914, pouco antes da Primeira Guerra Mundial, e narra a transformação de Rilla de uma garota frívola e despreocupada em uma jovem resiliente enquanto a guerra remodela seu mundo. Seus irmãos mais velhos Jem e Walter, junto com o amigo de infância Ken Ford e os rapazes Meredith, alistam-se no Corpo Expedicionário Canadense, deixando as mulheres de Ingleside a lidar com ansiedade, perda e novas responsabilidades. Rilla adota um órfão de guerra chamado Jims, cujo cuidado lhe ensina maturidade e compaixão. A narrativa equilibra as dificuldades domésticas — tricotar meias, organizar bazares e suportar telegramas — com o desgaste emocional de esperar notícias da frente. Walter, um poeta sensível, luta contra o medo da batalha, mas encontra coragem; suas cartas revelam a brutalidade da guerra e o custo do idealismo. O tom transita de cenas domésticas leves para reflexões

pungentes sobre sacrifício e luto, culminando no Armistício. Montgomery retrata o impacto da guerra em uma comunidade unida, enfatizando temas de amor, dever e a transição da inocência para a experiência. O romance termina sem revelar o destino de todos os personagens, preservando a tensão da incerteza da guerra.

Nota editorial

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

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Glen "Notes" and Other Matters

Pt/En It was a pleasant afternoon. Susan Baker sat in the living-room at Ingleside feeling happy and satisfied. It was four o'clock, and she had worked hard since six that morning. She felt she deserved a rest and some time to chat. Everything in the kitchen had gone very well that day. She could see her beautiful peonies in the garden, which she had planted herself. They were blooming in colours of red, pink, and white.

Pt/En Susan wore a new black silk blouse and a fancy white apron. She felt like a well-dressed woman. She opened her newspaper, the Daily Enterprise, to read the local news. She wanted to find out what was happening in Glen St. Mary. There was a big headline about an Archduke being killed in a place called Sarajevo, but Susan was not interested in that. She was looking for more important news. She found a section called "Jottings from Glen St. Mary" and began to read it aloud happily.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe and her guest, Miss Cornelia, were talking near the open door. A nice breeze was blowing in from the garden, carrying sweet smells. They could hear Rilla Blythe, Miss Oliver, and Walter laughing and talking in another part of the house. Wherever Rilla Blythe was, there was always laughter.

Pt/En There was another person in the living-room, resting on a couch. This person was very special and was the only living thing that Susan really disliked.

Pt/En The creature was a cat named Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde, or "Doc" for short. He was a very mysterious cat, almost like he had two different personalities, or as Susan believed, he was possessed by a devil. His beginning was strange. Four years before, Rilla Blythe had a white kitten with a black tail tip, which she called Jack Frost. Susan did not like Jack Frost, but she could not explain why.

Pt/En Susan often warned Mrs. Blythe in a serious way that the cat would not have a good future.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe asked Susan why she thought that.

Pt/En Susan replied that she did not just think it, she knew it.

Pt/En The other people at Ingleside liked Jack Frost very much. He was clean and looked good, always wearing a spotless white suit. He liked to purr and cuddle, and he was very honest.

Pt/En Then, something sad happened at Ingleside. Jack Frost had kittens!

Pt/En Susan felt very proud. She had always said the cat would cause problems. Now, everyone could see she was right.

Pt/En Rilla kept one of the kittens. It was pretty, with dark yellow fur and orange stripes. She named it Goldie. At first, the kitten seemed *playful* and did not show its bad nature. Susan warned the family that the kitten, whose father was a cat named Jack Frost, would be trouble, but nobody listened to her warnings.

Pt/En The Blythe family was used to thinking of the cat Jack Frost as male. So, they kept using male words for him, even though it sounded funny. Visitors were surprised when Rilla spoke about "Jack and his kitten" or told Goldie to "Go to your mother and get him to wash your fur."

Pt/En Susan complained to Mrs. Dr. Blythe that it was not proper to use male words for the cat. Susan herself called Jack Frost "it" or "the white beast." At least one person was not sad when "it" was accidentally poisoned the next winter.

Pt/En After a year, the name Goldie did not fit the orange kitten *anymore*. Walter changed its name to Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. When the cat was like Dr. Jekyll, it was a sleepy, loving pet that enjoyed being petted and stroked. It especially liked lying on its back while its throat was rubbed, purring loudly and *happily*. It was known for purring more than any other cat at Ingleside.

Pt/En Dr. Blythe once said that he envied a cat's purr. He thought it was the most peaceful sound in the world.

Pt/En Doc was very handsome and moved with great grace. When he sat on the porch with his tail around his feet, looking into the distance, the Blythe family felt he looked like a god or a *statue*.

Pt/En When Doc became angry, which happened before bad weather, he changed. His eyes looked wild. He would suddenly jump up, make a loud noise, and bite at anyone who tried to touch him. His fur seemed

darker and his eyes shone strangely. If this happened in the evening, the Ingleside family felt a little scared. He looked like a frightening animal, but Rilla always defended him, saying he was a "nice prowly cat." He did indeed prowl a lot.

Pt/En Dr. Jekyll liked to drink milk, but Mr. Hyde refused milk and ate meat instead. Dr. Jekyll walked very quietly, but Mr. Hyde made loud noises when he walked. Sometimes, when Susan was alone, he scared her by sitting on the kitchen floor and staring at her for a long time. This made her very nervous. Susan was too afraid of him to try and make him leave. Once, she threw a stick at him, and he jumped at her fiercely. Susan ran outside and never tried to bother Mr. Hyde again. However, she would punish the innocent Dr. Jekyll for Mr. Hyde's actions, chasing him away and not giving him food he liked.

Pt/En Susan read aloud that Miss Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith, and James Blythe had returned home from Redmond College a few weeks before. She noted that James Blythe, who had finished his Arts degree in 1913, was now in his first year of studying medicine.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said that Faith Meredith was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. She also commented that the children became much better after Rosemary West started living with them. People had almost forgotten how naughty they used to be. Miss Cornelia asked Anne if she remembered their old behaviour. She was surprised how well Rosemary got along with them, saying Rosemary was more like a friend than a step-mother. Everyone loved her, and Una especially adored her. Miss Cornelia mentioned that Una took great care of little Bruce, calling her a perfect slave to him. She thought Bruce was a darling but looked very much like his Aunt Ellen, not Rosemary. Miss Cornelia added that Norman Douglas often joked that the stork had intended Bruce for him and Ellen but brought him to the wrong house by mistake.

Pt/En Mrs Blythe said that Bruce loved Jem very much. When Bruce visited, he followed Jem everywhere like a loyal dog, looking up at him with his dark eyes. She believed Bruce would do anything for Jem.

Pt/En Someone asked if Jem and Faith were going to get married.

Pt/En Mrs Blythe smiled. It was known that Miss Cornelia, who had once strongly disliked men, had started trying to arrange marriages for people in her later years.

Pt/En Mrs Blythe replied to Miss Cornelia that Jem and Faith were only good friends at that time.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said strongly that they were very good friends. She added that she knew everything the young people were doing.

Pt/En Susan told Mrs. Marshall Elliott that she was sure Mary Vance knew what was happening. However, Susan thought it was not good to talk about children planning to get married.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia replied that Jem was twenty-one and Faith was nineteen. She reminded Susan that there were other adults besides the older people.

Pt/En Susan was upset by the mention of her age, not because she was vain, but because she worried people might think she was too old to work. She returned to her notes.

Pt/En Susan wrote that Carl Meredith and Shirley Blythe had returned home the previous Friday evening from Queen's Academy. She noted that Carl would be in charge of the school at Harbour Head the next year and was expected to be a popular and successful teacher.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said that Carl would teach children about bugs. She explained that he had finished Queen's. Mr. Meredith and Rosemary had wanted him to go to Redmond in the fall. However, Carl was independent and wanted to earn some money for college himself. She thought this would be good for him.

Pt/En Susan read that Walter Blythe, who had been teaching at Lowbridge for two years, had resigned. He planned to go to Redmond in the fall.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia asked anxiously if Walter was strong enough for Redmond yet.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe said they hoped he would be ready by the fall. She believed that a summer resting outdoors in the sun would help him a lot.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia stated emphatically that typhoid was difficult to recover from, especially after Walter had been so ill. She thought he should perhaps wait another year before going to college, but noted he was very ambitious. She then asked if Di and Nan were also going.

Pt/En Someone confirmed that two people wanted to teach for another year. However, Gilbert thought it would be better for them to go to Redmond University in the fall.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia was glad about this. She thought that the two people going to Redmond would watch Walter and make sure he did not study too much. She then looked at Susan and said that after being ignored earlier, she probably should not mention that Jerry Meredith seemed interested in Nan.

Pt/En Susan did not pay attention to Miss Cornelia's comment. Mrs. Blythe laughed again.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe told Miss Cornelia that she had a lot to do with her children being in love. She said it was too soon to think they were grown up. She remembered Jem as a baby and now he was a university graduate and was said to be courting.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia sighed and said that everyone was getting older.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe said that the only part of her that felt old was her ankle. She broke it a long time ago when she walked on a high beam. Now, it aches when the wind is from the east. She said it was not rheumatism, but it did hurt. She also mentioned that the children and the Merediths were planning a fun summer. They would go back to school in the autumn. She described them as a lively group who made the house full of happiness.

Pt/En Someone asked if Rilla would go to Queen's College when Shirley returned.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe replied that it was not decided yet, and she did not really want Rilla to go. Her father thought Rilla was not strong enough. She had grown very tall for her age, almost fifteen. Mrs. Blythe also said she did not want Rilla to go because it would be sad not to have any of her children home the next winter. She joked that she and Susan would fight each other to stop being bored.

Pt/En Susan smiled at Mrs. Blythe's joke. She thought it was funny to imagine fighting with her.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia asked if Rilla herself wanted to go to Queen's.

Pt/En The speaker said that Rilla was the only one of her children who was not ambitious. She wished Rilla had more ambition because Rilla seemed to have no serious goals and only wanted to enjoy herself.

Pt/En Susan disagreed, saying that a young girl should have fun. She believed there would be plenty of time later for Rilla to study serious subjects.

Pt/En The first speaker replied that she wanted Rilla to be more responsible. She also said that Rilla was very vain.

Pt/En Susan defended Rilla, saying she had a good reason to be vain because she was the prettiest girl in the area. Susan told the other woman not to criticize Rilla.

Pt/En Susan had found an opportunity to get back at Miss Cornelia for her comments about the children's love lives. She read the information with great enjoyment.

Pt/En Miller Douglas decided not to move to the West. He said that Prince Edward Island was good enough for him and he would keep farming for his aunt, Mrs. Alec Davis.

Pt/En Susan looked closely at Miss Cornelia.

Pt/En Someone told Mrs. Marshall Elliott that Miller was interested in Mary Vance.

Pt/En This news surprised Miss Cornelia. Her face became red.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said quickly that she did not want Miller Douglas to spend time with Mary. She explained that Miller came from a poor family. His father was not considered part of the Douglas family, and his mother was from the Dillon family, who lived at Harbour Head.

Pt/En Mrs. Marshall Elliott mentioned that she had heard Mary Vance's parents were not from an aristocratic background.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia replied that Mary Vance had a good upbringing and was a smart, capable girl. She was sure Mary would not marry Miller Douglas because Mary knew Miss Cornelia's opinion and had always listened to her.

Pt/En Someone told Mrs. Marshall Elliott not to worry, as Mrs. Alec Davis also opposed the marriage. Mrs. Alec Davis apparently said that no

nephew of hers would marry someone like Mary Vance, whom she called a nameless nobody.

Pt/En Susan went back to her work, feeling she had won the argument. She then read another note.

Pt/En The note said they were happy that Miss Oliver would teach for another year. It also mentioned that Miss Oliver would spend her holiday, which she had earned, at her home in Lowbridge.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe said she was very happy that Gertrude would stay. She explained that they would miss Gertrude a lot if she left. Mrs. Blythe also mentioned that Gertrude was a good influence on Rilla, who admired her very much. They were good friends, even though they were different ages.

Pt/En Someone asked if Gertrude was going to get married.

Pt/En The speaker thought marriage had been discussed, but understood it was delayed for one year.

Pt/En Someone asked who the young man was.

Pt/En The young man was Robert Grant, a lawyer in Charlottetown. Mrs. Blythe hoped Gertrude would be happy because she had a difficult life and felt things strongly. Gertrude was no longer young and felt very alone. This new love seemed wonderful to her, and she was afraid it might not last. When her marriage was postponed, she was very sad. It was not Mr. Grant's fault; there were problems with his father's estate, which had to be sorted out before he could marry. Gertrude felt this delay was a bad sign and worried her happiness might disappear.

Pt/En Susan told Mrs. Dr. that it was not wise to love a man too much.

Pt/En Mrs. Dr. explained that Gertrude loved Mr. Grant very much, and he loved her too. She said Gertrude did not distrust Mr. Grant, but rather fate. Mrs. Dr. mentioned that Gertrude was a little superstitious and believed in dreams, and they could not change her mind. She then asked Susan what interesting news she had found.

Pt/En Susan had made a sound of surprise.

Pt/En Susan told Mrs. Dr. that Mrs. Sophia Crawford had left her house and would live with her niece, Mrs. Albert Crawford. Susan

explained that this was her own cousin, Sophia. They had argued when they were children and had not spoken since. Now, Sophia was going to live very close to them.

Pt/En Mrs. Dr. told Susan that she would need to end their old argument. She said it would not be good to have problems with her neighbours.

Pt/En Susan said that Cousin Sophia started the argument, so she should also start to fix it. Susan hoped she could be Christian enough to accept Sophia if she tried to make peace. Susan described Sophia as not a cheerful person, who had always been *negative*. She said Sophia looked very worried and worried about the future, with many wrinkles on her face. Susan mentioned that Sophia cried a lot at her first husband's funeral but married again quickly. Susan also noted that the newspaper mentioned a beautiful church service from the previous Sunday night.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia said that Mr. Pryor did not like flowers in the church. She believed there would be problems when he moved to Lowbridge and that putting him in as an elder was a mistake they would regret. Miss Cornelia heard that Mr. Pryor *threatened* to stop going to church if the girls continued to put 'weeds' on the pulpit.

Pt/En Susan stated that the church was fine before the man they called 'old Whiskers-on-the-moon' came to the Glen. She thought it would continue to be fine after he left.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe asked who gave him the strange nickname.

Pt/En Susan explained that the boys from Lowbridge had called him that for a long time, probably because his face was round and red with sandy whiskers around it. She warned that people should not call him that when he could hear them. Susan added that he was an unreasonable man with strange ideas. She mentioned that he was now an elder and seemed religious, but she remembered twenty years ago when he was caught using the Lowbridge graveyard for his cow to eat grass. Susan said she always remembered this when he prayed. She concluded that there was not much else important in the newspaper, as she did not care much about foreign news. She then asked who the murdered Archduke was.

Pt/En Miss Cornelia thought the news from the Balkan States was shocking and too sensational for the newspaper. She said she had to go home because her husband expected her. Then, she saw the cat, Doc, acting very strangely, as if it was having a fit.

Pt/En Anne explained that the cat was not having a fit. She said that when the cat acted like that, it meant they would have rain or strong wind soon, because the cat was like a barometer.

Pt/En Susan said she was thankful the cat had gone outside and not into the kitchen. She added that she was going to prepare supper, as they had many people at Ingleside now and needed to think about meals.

Dew of Morning

Pt/En Outside, the lawn at Ingleside had sunny spots and shady areas. Rilla Blythe was swinging in a hammock under a large pine tree. Gertrude Oliver sat by the tree roots, and Walter lay on the grass, reading a story about old heroes and beautiful people from the past.

Pt/En Rilla was the youngest Blythe child and was often annoyed because people did not think she was grown up. She was almost fifteen and as tall as her sisters, Di and Nan. She was also very pretty. Rilla had large, dreamy hazel eyes, fair skin with freckles, and delicate eyebrows that made her look thoughtful. Her hair was brown, and a small mark on her upper lip made her look special. Rilla liked her face but worried about her thin body and wished her mother would let her wear longer dresses. She had been a chubby child but was now very slim. Her brothers teased her by calling her "Spider." However, she moved gracefully, like a dancer. Although she was a little spoiled, most people thought Rilla Blythe was a very nice girl, even if she was not as clever as Nan and Di.

Pt/En Miss Oliver was going home for a vacation. She had lived at Ingleside for a year. The Blythe family had invited her to stay to please Rilla, who really liked her teacher very much. Rilla even wanted to share her room with Miss Oliver. Miss Oliver was twenty-eight and had faced many difficulties in her life. She had dark, sad, almond-shaped eyes, a clever mouth that sometimes seemed to make fun, and a lot of black hair. She was not beautiful, but her face was interesting and mysterious, which Rilla found very attractive. Rilla even liked Miss Oliver's sad and doubtful moods, which happened when she was tired. At other times, she was an interesting person to talk to. The young people at Ingleside did not think about her being older. Miss Oliver liked Walter and Rilla the most and knew their secret hopes. She knew Rilla wanted to go to parties like her sisters Nan and Di, wear nice dresses, and have boyfriends. Miss Oliver also knew that Walter had written poems for Rosamond (Faith Meredith) and wanted to become an English professor. She understood his love for beauty and his dislike of ugliness, his strengths and his weaknesses.

Pt/En Walter was the most handsome of the Blythe boys. Miss Oliver enjoyed looking at him because he was exactly like the son she would

have wanted. He had shiny black hair, bright dark grey eyes, and perfect features. He was also a true poet. The poems he wrote for Rosamond were very good for a twenty-year-old. Miss Oliver was a fair judge and knew Walter Blythe was very talented.

Pt/En Rilla loved Walter very much. He did not tease her like Jem and Shirley, and he never called her "Spider." His special name for her was "Rilla-my-Rilla," a play on her real name, Marilla. She was named after her Aunt Marilla, who had died before Rilla could know her well. Rilla disliked her name Marilla because she thought it was old-fashioned and too serious. She wished they had named her Bertha, which she thought was a beautiful name. She did not mind Walter's nickname, but no one else could use it, except Miss Oliver sometimes. Rilla thought Walter's voice made "Rilla-my-Rilla" sound lovely, like a flowing stream. She told Miss Oliver she would do anything for Walter. Rilla, who was fifteen, liked using many exclamation marks. She was sad because she suspected Walter told Di more of his secrets than he told her.

Pt/En Rilla complained to Miss Oliver that Walter did not think she was old enough to understand things. She insisted she was grown up and would never tell anyone his secrets, not even Miss Oliver. She told Miss Oliver all her own secrets and felt she could not be happy without sharing them. However, she would never tell Walter's secrets. She showed him everything, even her diary. It made her very unhappy when he did not share his secrets with her. But he did show her all his poems, which she thought were wonderful. Rilla hoped that one day she would be as important to Walter as Dorothy was to the poet Wordsworth. She believed Walter's poems were better than anything Wordsworth or Tennyson ever wrote.

Pt/En Miss Oliver replied that both Wordsworth and Tennyson wrote a lot of bad poetry. Seeing that Rilla looked hurt, she quickly added something else.

Pt/En Someone said they believed Walter would become a great poet in the future. They also said Rilla would understand Walter better when she was older.

Pt/En Rilla said she was very worried when Walter was in the hospital with typhoid the previous year. She explained that her father did not let them tell her how sick Walter was until he was better, and she was glad

because she could not have handled knowing. She also said she cried every night. Rilla ended by saying, in a way she sometimes copied from Miss Oliver, that she thought Walter cared more about Dog Monday than he did about her.

Pt/En Dog Monday was the family dog at Ingleside. He was named because he arrived on a Monday when Walter was reading a book. The dog belonged to Jem but was also very close to Walter. He lay next to Walter, wagging his tail when Walter petted him. Dog Monday was not a specific breed; Jem called him a "plain dog." He had black spots on his yellow fur, and one eye was partly covered by a spot. His ears were torn from fights. However, Dog Monday was a very loving and loyal dog. He had a kind heart and his brown eyes seemed very wise. Everyone at Ingleside liked him, even Susan, although she did not like it when he slept on the spare bed.

Pt/En On this specific afternoon, Rilla was happy with how things were.

Pt/En Rilla asked if June had been a wonderful month. She looked at the sky and said they had had lovely times and perfect weather, making it a perfect month in every way.

Pt/En Miss Oliver said she did not like it when things were perfect. She felt it was a bad sign, like a gift from the gods that made up for bad things to come. She said she had seen this happen many times. However, she did say that June had been very nice.

Pt/En Rilla agreed that nothing exciting had happened. She said the only interesting event in the Glen for a year was when old Miss Mead fainted in church. Rilla sometimes wished for something more dramatic to happen.

Pt/En Someone told Rilla not to wish for dramatic things because they always bring sadness to someone. They also said that the young people would have a nice summer, while they themselves would be alone at Lowbridge.

Pt/En Rilla asked if the other person would visit often. She thought there would be a lot of fun that summer, but she expected to be on the edge of things as usual. She found it annoying when people thought she was a little girl.

Pt/En Someone told Rilla that she had plenty of time to grow up. They advised her not to wish her youth away because it passes too quickly. They added that she would start to experience life soon enough.

Pt/En Rilla said she wanted to experience life and have everything a girl could. She was excited about turning fifteen soon, as she would no longer be considered a child. She had heard that the years between fifteen and nineteen were the best for a girl, and she planned to make them very happy and full of fun.

Pt/En Someone said it was not useful to think about what you planned to do, because you probably would not do it.

Pt/En Rilla replied that she still got a lot of enjoyment from just thinking about things.

Pt/En Miss Oliver playfully told Rilla that she only thought about fun. She then asked Rilla if she was planning to go to college in the autumn.

Pt/En Rilla said she did not want to go to college, not this autumn or any other. She did not like the subjects her sisters Nan and Di were interested in. She also felt that with five sisters already going to college, there were enough of them. Rilla was happy to be the one who was not clever, as it meant nobody expected her to do difficult things. She also said she was not good at housework, hating sewing and dusting, and could not even learn to cook. She joked that her father said she did not work or make clothes, so she must be like a lily of the field.

Pt/En Rilla was told she was too young to stop her studies completely.

Pt/En Rilla said her mother would help her study next winter, which would help her mother's degree. Rilla liked reading and felt happy and excited about turning fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen soon.

Pt/En Gertrude Oliver asked Rilla to knock on wood, half joking and half serious.

Moonlit Mirth

Pt/En Rilla woke up and smiled at Gertrude Oliver. Gertrude had arrived the night before and was asked to stay for a dance at the lighthouse the next night.

Pt/En Gertrude Oliver wondered what the new day would bring.

Pt/En Miss Oliver felt a little cold. She did not feel as happy about the start of a new day as Rilla did. She knew from experience that bad things could happen.

Pt/En Rilla said that the best part of days is that they are surprising. She thought it was fun to wake up on a beautiful morning and think about what good things might happen. She often imagined many wonderful events before she got out of bed.

Pt/En Gertrude hoped that something very surprising would happen that day. She wished for news that war between Germany and France had been avoided.

Pt/En Rilla agreed that war would be bad, but she thought it might be exciting for them. She asked Miss Oliver if she should wear her white dress or her new green one to a party that night. She also asked if her hair could be styled in a new way that would attract attention.

Pt/En Someone asked how Rilla's mother was persuaded to allow her to go to the dance.

Pt/En Rilla told Miss Oliver that Walter had helped her get permission to go to her first important party. She was very excited and had thought about it for a week. She was happy the sun was shining and worried it might rain. Rilla planned to wear her green dress and silver slippers, which were a gift she had not worn before. She really hoped some boys would ask her to dance, because she would be very embarrassed if she had to sit alone all evening. She knew the minister's sons, Carl and Jerry, would not dance.

Pt/En Miss Oliver told Rilla that she would have many partners. She explained that many boys from across the harbour were coming, and there would be more boys than girls.

Pt/En Rilla laughed and said she was glad she was not a minister's daughter. She explained that Faith was upset because she would not dance, while Una did not mind. Rilla mentioned that Faith had made a face when she heard about a taffy-pull for those who didn't dance. Rilla thought Faith and Jem would sit outside. She also told Miss Oliver about their plan to walk to a creek and then sail to the lighthouse, saying it would be wonderful.

Pt/En Miss Oliver replied sarcastically that when she was fifteen, she also used many excited words. She thought the party would be boring for her. She expected that none of the boys would want to dance with an older woman like her. Miss Oliver thought Jem and Walter might ask her to dance just to be kind, so she could not feel the same excitement as Rilla.

Pt/En Someone asked Miss Oliver if she had enjoyed her first party when she was young.

Pt/En Someone told Rilla that she had a difficult time when she was young. She felt plain and unpopular, and no one asked her to dance except one boy who was also not popular. She felt sad about not having a happy youth. She wanted Rilla to have a wonderful and happy girlhood, and hoped Rilla's first party would be a very happy memory.

Pt/En Rilla said she had a bad dream the night before. In the dream, she was at a dance but realized she was wearing her nightgown and bedroom slippers. She woke up feeling very scared.

Pt/En Miss Oliver mentioned that she also had a strange dream. She explained that her dreams are sometimes very clear and feel as real as life, not like normal, confusing dreams.

Pt/En Someone asked Miss Oliver what her dream was about.

Pt/En Miss Oliver described her dream. She was standing at Ingleside and saw a long, shiny wave coming across the fields. The wave came closer and closer until it reached her. She felt the water on her dress, which was wet with blood. She woke up cold and shaking. She felt the dream was a bad sign and believed that vivid dreams like this always happen in real life for her.

Pt/En Rilla said she hoped it would not mean a storm was coming from the east to ruin the party.

Pt/En Miss Oliver told Rilla that she did not think the weather foretold anything terrible.

Pt/En For several days, there had been a feeling of worry at Ingleside. Only Rilla, busy with her own life, did not know about it. Dr. Blythe looked serious when he read the newspaper. Jem and Walter were very interested in the news. That evening, Jem excitedly found Walter.

Pt/En Jem told Walter that Germany had declared war on France. He explained that this probably meant England would fight too, and if so, it would be like the "Piper" Walter had imagined.

Pt/En Walter replied that it was not just an imagination but a vision he had seen long ago. He asked Jem what would happen if England did fight.

Pt/En Jem said that everyone should help. He asked if they could let the "old grey mother of the northern sea" fight alone. He also told Walter that he could not go because he had typhoid, and asked if that was a shame.

Pt/En Walter did not answer if it was a shame. He looked quietly at the land and the blue harbour.

Pt/En Jem continued, saying they were like young animals that must help if there was a family problem. He thought it would be an exciting adventure. He believed that older, experienced people would solve the problems. He felt it would be very bad if France was left in trouble. He thought it would be fun to watch if they didn't help. He then said it was time to get ready for the party at the lighthouse.

Pt/En Jem left, whistling a song. Walter stood for a long time, looking worried. The idea of war had appeared suddenly and was like a dark cloud. Only a few days before, no one had thought about it. It seemed strange to think about it now. He believed a solution would be found. He thought war was a terrible thing that should not happen between civilized countries in the twentieth century. The idea of war made him unhappy because it threatened the beauty of life. He decided not to think about it and to push it from his mind. He looked at the beautiful Glen in its summer fullness, with its old houses, fields, and gardens. The sky looked like a golden pearl, and the harbour was lit by the rising moon. The air was full of lovely sounds: birds singing, wind in the trees, leaves rustling,

and young laughter from rooms where girls were preparing for a dance. The world was full of wonderful sights and sounds. He wanted to think only of these things and the happiness they brought him. He thought to himself that no one would expect him to go to war, as he had typhoid, just as Jem had said.

Pt/En Rilla was at her window, dressed for the dance. A yellow flower fell from her hair. She tried to catch it, but there were others left. Miss Oliver had put a small wreath of these flowers in Rilla's pet's hair.

Pt/En The speaker said it was beautifully calm and splendid, and they would have a perfect night. She told Miss Oliver that she could hear the old bells in Rainbow Valley very clearly and that they had been there for over ten years.

Pt/En Miss Oliver replied that the sound of the bells always made her think of the beautiful, heavenly music that Adam and Eve heard in Milton's *description* of Eden.

Pt/En Rilla said dreamily that they used to have a lot of fun in Rainbow Valley when they were children.

Pt/En Nobody played in Rainbow Valley *anymore*, and it was very quiet on summer evenings. Walter liked to go there to read. Jem and Faith often met there. Jerry and Nan went there to have long arguments about serious *topics*, which seemed to be how they showed affection. Rilla also had a special quiet spot there where she liked to sit and think.

Pt/En The speaker said she had to go down to the kitchen quickly before showing herself to Susan, because Susan would not forgive her if she did not.

Pt/En Rilla *entered* the dark kitchen at Ingleside. Susan was there, sewing socks. Rilla looked very beautiful. She wore a green dress with small pink flowers, silk stockings, and silver shoes. She had yellow pansies in her hair and on her neck. She was so pretty and young that even Cousin Sophia Crawford had to admire her. Cousin Sophia, who lived *nearby*, often visited in the evenings. Susan did not always like these visits because Cousin Sophia was not a very cheerful person. Susan once told her that some visits were nice, but others felt like an *unwanted interruption*.

Pt/En Cousin Sophia had a long, pale, wrinkled face, a thin nose, and a thin mouth. Her hands were also long, thin, and pale, and she usually folded them on her lap. Everything about her seemed long, thin, and pale. She looked sadly at Rilla Blythe.

Pt/En Cousin Sophia asked Rilla if all her hair was her own.

Pt/En Rilla answered Rilla indignantly that her hair was certainly her own.

Pt/En Cousin Sophia sighed and said that maybe it would be better if Rilla's hair was not all her own. She thought that having so much hair took away a person's strength and could be a sign of *illness*. She hoped Rilla would not get sick. Cousin Sophia guessed that everyone would be dancing that night, even the minister's sons. She did not approve of dancing, saying she knew a girl who died while dancing. She could not understand how anyone could dance after such a terrible event.

Pt/En Rilla asked if the person had ever danced again.

Pt/En The speaker explained that the person had died and therefore could not dance again. They mentioned the person was from the Kirke family in Lowbridge and asked if Rilla was going out without anything on her neck.

Pt/En Rilla said it was a warm evening but promised to wear a scarf when they went on the water.

Pt/En Cousin Sophia sadly told a story about a boat of young people who went sailing on the harbour forty years ago on a similar night. She said they were all drowned when their boat *capsized*. She hoped nothing like that would happen to them. She then asked Rilla if she used anything for her freckles, suggesting plantain juice.

Pt/En Susan defended Rilla, telling Cousin Sophia that she had more freckles when she was young. Susan added that Rilla's freckles only appeared in summer, *unlike* Cousin Sophia's, and that Rilla looked nice with her hair *styled* that way. However, Susan asked if Rilla planned to walk to the harbour in her slippers.

Pt/En Rilla asked Susan if she liked her dress. She explained that they would wear their old shoes to the harbour and carry their slippers.

Pt/En Cousin Sophia told Rilla that her dress reminded her of a green dress she wore when she was a girl, which had pink flowers. She thought that girls nowadays wore too-short dresses. She also mentioned that her old dress was ruined by a tear and spilled tea. Cousin Sophia then commented that Rilla's dress should be a bit longer because her legs were very long and thin.

Pt/En Susan told Rilla that Mrs. Dr. Blythe did not like young girls dressing like *adults*. Rilla felt insulted by this and left the kitchen upset. She was angry with Susan for thinking she was not grown up. She was also *annoyed* with Cousin Sophia for making comments about her freckles and legs. Rilla felt that her good mood for the evening was ruined and she wanted to cry.

Pt/En Later, Rilla felt happier when she joined a group of friends going to the Four Winds lighthouse.

Pt/En The Blythe family left their home, leaving their dog locked in the barn. They met the Meredith family and others in the village and walked towards the harbour. Mary Vance joined Rilla and Miss Oliver, but they did not seem happy to see her. Rilla did not like Mary Vance because Mary had once chased her with a fish. Mary Vance was not very popular, but people found her interesting because she was *witty*. Di Blythe had once said that Mary Vance was a person they could not *avoid*, even when they were angry with her.

Pt/En Most of the young people were walking together in pairs. Jem was with Faith Meredith, and Jerry Meredith was with Nan Blythe. Di and Walter were talking privately, and Rilla wished she could hear what they were saying.

Pt/En Carl Meredith was walking with Miranda Pryor, partly to *annoy* Joe Milgrave. Joe liked Miranda but was too shy to talk to her, especially in the moonlight. He followed them, thinking angry thoughts about Carl. Miranda was a quiet girl with pale skin and big blue eyes that looked scared. She would have preferred to walk with Joe, but she also felt it was an *honor* to be with Carl, who was a college student.

Pt/En Shirley Blythe, who was sixteen, walked with Una Meredith. They were both quiet people. Shirley was a sensible boy with brown hair and eyes. He liked walking with Una because she did not try to make him talk a lot. Una was shy and had dreamy blue eyes. She secretly liked

Walter Blythe, but only Rilla knew. Rilla felt sorry for Una and wished Walter liked her back. Rilla liked Una more than Faith, whose confidence made other girls feel less important.

Pt/En Rilla was very happy walking with her friends on the dark road. The air smelled of pine trees. The sky behind the hills was still bright from the sunset, and the harbor in front of them was shining. A church bell was ringing. Rilla loved the fresh, salty air, the smell of the trees, and her friends' laughter. She loved life and music and talking. She wanted to walk forever. It was her first party, and she was excited. She worried a little that no one would ask her to dance. She felt it was wonderful just to be alive, fifteen, and pretty. Suddenly, she heard Jem telling Faith a story about the Balkan War.

Pt/En Jem told Faith that a doctor in the war lost both his legs. The doctor stayed to help other wounded men, even though he was badly hurt himself. He was tying a bandage for another soldier when he died. They found him with his hands still holding the bandage, having saved the other man's life. Jem thought the doctor was a hero.

Pt/En Jem and Faith moved away so they could not be heard. Gertrude Oliver suddenly felt a shiver. Rilla put her arm around Gertrude to show she cared.

Pt/En Rilla asked Miss Oliver if she thought the story was terrible. Rilla said she did not understand why Jem told such frightening stories when they were out to enjoy themselves.

Pt/En Miss Oliver asked Rilla if she found the story dreadful. Miss Oliver said she thought it was wonderful and beautiful. She felt that such a story made people feel ashamed for doubting human goodness. She thought the man's action was like a god's. She explained that her shiver was strange because the evening was warm. She wondered if it was a superstition about someone walking over a spot that would be her grave. She decided not to think about that on such a nice night. Miss Oliver told Rilla she was always happy to live in the country at night because people there knew the real beauty of the night. She loved wild, stormy nights by the sea. She felt this particular night was almost too beautiful, like something for young people and dreams, and she was a little afraid of it.

Pt/En Rilla said she felt like she was a part of the beautiful night.

Pt/En Miss Oliver told Rilla that she was young enough not to be afraid of perfect things. She then said they had arrived at the House of Dreams. She thought it looked lonely this summer and asked if the Fords had not come.

Pt/En Kenneth Ford stayed with his mother's family across the harbour. He was not seen much this summer because he had a slight limp and did not go out often.

Pt/En Someone asked why Kenneth was lame.

Pt/En He broke his ankle playing football last autumn and was sick for most of the winter. He has limped a little since then, but it is getting better and he thinks it will be fine soon. He has only visited Ingleside twice.

Pt/En Mary Vance said that Ethel Reese was very interested in Kenneth. She said Ethel acted very proud after Kenneth walked home with her from church one evening. Mary thought it was *unlikely* that a boy from Toronto like Kenneth would like a country girl like Ethel.

Pt/En Rilla felt herself blush. She told herself it did not matter if Kenneth Ford walked home with Ethel Reese. She thought Kenneth was much older and saw her only as a child he teased. Rilla disliked Ethel Reese, and Ethel hated her too, since an old fight between Walter and Dan. Rilla felt it was unfair to be thought less important than Kenneth Ford just because she was a country girl. She also thought Mary Vance was becoming a gossip.

Pt/En A party was held at the lighthouse on Four Winds Point. Rilla arrived by boat and secretly changed her shoes for silver slippers before walking up the steps to the party. The steps were lined with boys and lit by lanterns. She was asked to dance by a boy from across the harbour. Rilla enjoyed the music, the sea, and the moonlight, feeling happy and *enchanted*.

The Piper Pipes

Pt/En Rilla's first party was exciting. She danced with many partners, and her silver slippers seemed to dance on their own, even though they hurt her feet. Ethel Reese told Rilla her dress had a small problem at the back and a stain. Rilla went to a room in the lighthouse to fix it. Irene Howard, an older girl Rilla admired, helped her and gave her compliments. Rilla felt flattered and happy. She returned to the dance and saw Kenneth Ford.

Pt/En Rilla was surprised and excited to see Kenneth Ford at the party. She had thought he might not come. She wondered if he would notice her, as she felt he saw her as just a child. He had called her "Spider" recently, and she had been upset. But then, Kenneth began to walk towards her. He came right up to her and looked at her with a new expression in his eyes. Rilla felt overwhelmed, but no one else seemed to notice this special moment.

Pt/En Kenneth was a tall, handsome boy who seemed more relaxed than the other boys. People said he was very smart and had experience from living in a city and going to a big university. He was also known as a charmer, possibly because of his pleasant voice and the way he listened to girls, making them feel special.

Pt/En Kenneth asked Rilla if she was indeed Rilla, using a special name for her, in a quiet voice.

Pt/En Rilla said "Yeth" and immediately wished she could disappear from the world because she was so embarrassed.

Pt/En Rilla used to lisp when she was a child, but she had stopped. The tendency came back when she was stressed. She had not lisped for a year, and it was very embarrassing for her to lisp now, especially when she wanted to seem grown-up. She felt mortified and wanted to cry. She wished Kenneth would leave and that the party was ruined.

Pt/En Kenneth had called her "Rilla-my-Rilla," using Walter's nickname for her. He had never called her that before. Rilla liked the sound of his voice when he said it, but she felt foolish because she had lisped. She was afraid to look up and see if he was laughing at her. She looked down instead, and her long lashes made her look charming.

Kenneth thought Rilla was becoming the most beautiful of the Ingleside girls and wanted her to look up again. He thought she was the prettiest person at the party.

Pt/En Rilla could not believe what she was hearing.

Pt/En Kenneth asked if they could dance together.

Pt/En Rilla agreed. She tried very hard not to lisp, so her word came out too quickly. She felt *embarrassed* again. She thought she sounded too eager and bold, like she was very excited. She worried about what Kenneth would think. She wished these *difficult* things did not happen when she wanted to make a good impression.

Pt/En Kenneth brought her into the group of dancers.

Pt/En Kenneth said his ankle felt well enough for at least one dance.

Pt/En Rilla asked Kenneth how his ankle was. She wished she could think of something else to say. She knew he was tired of questions about his ankle. She remembered him telling Di that he was bored with people asking about it. Now she had asked the same old question again.

Pt/En Kenneth was tired of people asking about his ankle. However, he had not often been asked by someone with such a lovely dimple just above her lips. Perhaps that was why he answered very kindly that his ankle was getting better and did not bother him much, as long as he did not walk or stand for too long.

Pt/En Someone told him his health would be strong again soon, but he could not play football this autumn.

Pt/En Rilla danced with Kenneth, and other girls were jealous. Afterwards, they went to the shore in a boat. They walked on the sand until Kenneth's ankle hurt, and then they sat by the sand hills. Kenneth spoke to Rilla like he had spoken to Nan and Di. Rilla felt shy and could not talk much, worrying he might think she was not smart. However, the beautiful night, the sea, the small waves, the wind, and the *distant* music made the experience feel wonderful.

Pt/En Kenneth softly repeated a line from one of Walter's poems, describing the moonlight as good for *mermaids* to dance in.

Pt/En Rilla and Kenneth were alone in the beautiful night. Rilla felt uncomfortable because her shoes were too tight and she wished she could talk more easily, like Miss Oliver or to other boys. She could only listen and say a few simple things. But her expressions, like her eyes, lip, and throat, might have spoken for her. Kenneth seemed happy to stay with her. When they returned, supper was being served. He sat with her while she ate ice cream and cake. Rilla thought it was a lovely party and would always remember it. The room was full of happy sounds and bright eyes, and music and dancing could be heard from outside.

Pt/En A group of boys near the door made a small *commotion*. A young man, Jack Elliott, who was a quiet medical student, came through. He was not expected because he had to *travel* that day and would return late. He was holding a folded paper.

Pt/En Gertrude Oliver felt worried. She had enjoyed the party because she talked with an older man who was new and felt a bit out of place. He liked talking to her because she was clever and knew about world news. This made her forget her worries for a while. But now her worries came back. She wondered what news Jack Elliott had. She thought of a poem about a party and a sad sound. She wanted Jack Elliott to speak if he had news, but he just stood there looking serious.

Pt/En Gertrude Oliver asked Allan Daly to ask Jack Elliott. But someone else had already asked him. The room became very quiet. Outside, the music stopped, and it was silent too. They heard the sea sound in the distance, like a storm was coming. A girl's laugh was heard, but it stopped quickly because of the sudden quiet.

Pt/En Jack Elliott said slowly that England had declared war on Germany that day. He explained that the news had arrived by telegraph just as he was leaving town.

Pt/En Gertrude Oliver whispered, "God help us." She thought about her dream and said, "The first wave has broken." She looked at Allan Daly and tried to smile.

Pt/En She asked if this was Armageddon.

Pt/En He said seriously that he was afraid so.

Pt/En Many people around them were surprised or *curious*, but few understood the importance of the message or how it might affect them.

Soon, the dancing and happy noise started again. Gertrude and Allan Daly spoke about the news in quiet, worried voices. Walter Blythe looked pale and left the room. Outside, he met Jem, who was hurrying up the steps.

Pt/En Someone asked Jem if he had heard the news.

Pt/En Jem replied that he had heard the news and was happy about it, saying England would help France. He mentioned that Captain Josiah thought they should wait until sunrise to raise the flag, and Jack said volunteers would be needed the next day.

Pt/En As Jem ran off, Mary Vance said it was too much fuss about nothing. She was sitting with Miller Douglas on a lobster trap, which was not a comfortable place. Mary and Miller were very happy together. Miller liked Mary's clever words and her eyes. Neither of them understood why Jem Blythe wanted to raise the lighthouse flag. Mary felt that a war in Europe did not concern them.

Pt/En Walter looked at her and had a strange feeling that he could see the future.

Pt/En Walter said that before the war ended, everyone in Canada, including Mary, would feel its effects deeply and suffer a lot. He explained that a *powerful* force, like a piper playing music, had started and would affect the whole world. He believed the terrible events would continue for years, causing millions of people to be very sad.

Pt/En Mary said "Fancy now!" because she did not know what else to say. She felt *uneasy* because she did not understand Walter's words. She thought Walter Blythe often said strange things. She remembered his idea of the Piper from when they were children, and she did not like that he was talking about it again.

Pt/En Harvey Crawford came over and asked Walter if he was *exaggerating*. Harvey thought the war would not last long, maybe only a month or two, and that England would quickly defeat Germany.

Pt/En Walter replied strongly to Harvey. He asked if Harvey thought a war that Germany had prepared for twenty years would end quickly. Walter explained that this was not a small fight but a very serious one where Germany intended to win or die. He warned Harvey that if Germany won, Canada would become a German colony.

Pt/En Harvey said that some things would happen first. He mentioned that the British navy would have to be defeated. He also said that he and Miller would cause a lot of trouble and that Germans would not be welcome in their country.

Pt/En Harvey ran down the steps while laughing.

Pt/En Mary Vance told the boys that she thought they talked nonsense. She took Miller away to the shore. Mary wanted to talk with Miller and did not want Walter Blythe to spoil it with his silly talk about Germans. They left Walter alone on the steps, looking out sadly.

Pt/En Rilla also felt that the best part of the evening was over. After Jack Elliott's announcement, she felt Kenneth was not thinking about her *anymore*. She felt lonely and unhappy, worse than if he had never noticed her. She wondered if life was like this, with good things *disappearing* just when you enjoyed them. Rilla felt much older and wished she was home in bed, crying.

Pt/En Kenneth asked Rilla if she was tired, but he sounded *distant*. Rilla thought he did not really care if she was tired or not.

Pt/En Rilla asked Kenneth in a quiet voice if he thought the war would be a big problem for them in Canada.

Pt/En Kenneth replied that the war would matter to the men who could fight. He said he could not go because of his bad ankle, which he thought was very unlucky.

Pt/En Rilla said she did not understand why they should fight England's wars, as England could fight them herself.

Pt/En Kenneth explained that Canada was part of the British Empire, so they had to help each other. He also said the war would probably end before he could help.

Pt/En Rilla asked Kenneth, sounding surprised, if he would really want to join the army if his ankle was not injured.

Pt/En Someone said that many young men would go to war. They thought Jem would go, and perhaps Jerry Meredith, but maybe not Walter because he was not strong enough yet. The speaker was worried about not being able to play football that year.

Pt/En Rilla was very surprised to hear that Jem and Jerry might go. She thought their fathers would not allow it because they were still studying at college. She wished Jack Elliott had not shared this worrying news.

Pt/En Mark Warren asked Rilla to dance. She accepted, feeling that Kenneth did not care if she danced or not. *Earlier*, Kenneth had looked at her as if she was the most important person, but now she felt *unimportant*. She thought Kenneth's mind was on the war, a serious game with high stakes where women could not *participate*. Rilla felt women could only wait and be sad at home. She tried to tell herself this was silly, that Kenneth, Walter, Jem, and Jerry would not go, or that they were sensible enough not to. She decided to try and enjoy the party. However, she found Mark Warren a clumsy dancer, *bumping* into people and stepping badly. She decided she would not dance with him again.

Pt/En Rilla continued dancing, but she was not enjoying it *anymore* and her feet hurt. She could not find Kenneth. She felt her first party was ruined, even though it had started well. Her head hurt and her toes burned. Later, she went with friends to the rock shore to cool down. While others talked, Rilla sat quietly. She was happy when someone announced the boats were leaving. She joined the others going back to the boats. Most people had left the pavilion. Rilla looked for her friends from the Glen group but could not see them. She searched inside the lighthouse and then ran down to the rock steps where guests were leaving. She saw the boats below but could not find Jem's or Joe's boat.

Pt/En Mary Vance saw Rilla and called out, saying she thought Rilla would have already gone home. Mary was waving her scarf at a boat being *steered* by Miller Douglas.

Pt/En Rilla asked where the others were.

Pt/En The speaker explained that Jem had left an hour before, Una had a headache, and the rest had gone with Joe about fifteen minutes ago. They were seen going around Birch Point. The speaker did not go because the sea was rough and they would get seasick. They said they did not mind walking home, as it was only a mile and a half, and asked Rilla where she had been.

Pt/En Rilla replied that she had been down on the rocks with Jem and Mollie Crawford and asked why they had not looked for her.

Pt/En The speaker told Rilla that they had looked for her but could not find her. They thought she must have gone in the other boat. The speaker suggested Rilla stay the night and offered to phone Ingleside to let them know where she was.

Pt/En Rilla understood there was no other choice. Her lips shook and tears came to her eyes, but she tried not to cry in front of Mary Vance. She felt forgotten and that no one had checked where she was, not even Walter. Then she suddenly remembered something with worry.

Pt/En Rilla exclaimed that she had left her shoes in the boat.

Pt/En Mary said she had never seen anyone so thoughtless. She told Rilla she would need to ask Hazel Lewison to borrow a pair of shoes.

Pt/En Rilla cried that she would not do that. She said she would rather go barefoot because she did not like Hazel.

Pt/En Mary shrugged her shoulders.

Pt/En Mary said Rilla could do as she liked. She added that pride often caused pain and that this would teach Rilla to be more careful. Then she suggested they start walking.

Pt/En Rilla had to walk. Her fancy slippers were not good for the rough, pebbly road. She took them off and walked barefoot, which also hurt her feet. She felt very ashamed and sad. She thought about how badly her party had ended and felt nobody cared about her. She started to cry, wishing that if she got sick from walking barefoot, people might be sorry. She wiped her tears with her scarf because she had no handkerchief.

Pt/En Mary told Rilla she saw she had a cold. Mary said Rilla should have known she would get cold sitting in the wind on the rocks. Mary also said Rilla's mother would not let her go out again soon. Mary thought the party was *okay*, but she did not like Hazel Lewison. Mary noticed Hazel looked angry when Rilla danced with Ken Ford, and Ethel Reese also looked angry. Mary thought Ken Ford was a flirt.

Pt/En Rilla, trying not to cry, said she did not think Ken Ford was a flirt.

Pt/En Mary spoke to Rilla in a way that suggested she knew more because she was older. Mary *advised* Rilla not to believe everything men say. She told Rilla not to let Ken Ford think he could easily get her

attention, like by dropping his handkerchief. Mary told Rilla to have more spirit.

Pt/En Rilla found it impossible to bear being spoken to like that by Mary Vance. It was also impossible to walk on the stony roads with sore, bare feet. And it was impossible to keep crying without a handkerchief.

Pt/En Rilla was crying and said she was not thinking about Kenneth Ford at all. She seemed very upset.

Pt/En Mary Vance told Rilla not to get angry and to listen to older people. She said she saw Rilla spending a long time with Ken on the sands, and Rilla's mother would not be happy if she knew.

Pt/En Rilla, still crying, said she would tell her mother, Miss Oliver, and Walter everything. She asked Mary Vance what Mrs. Elliott would say if she knew Mary had sat for hours with Miller Douglas on a lobster trap.

Pt/En Mary Vance said she did not want to argue. She changed her mind and said Rilla should wait until she was grown-up before doing such things.

Pt/En Rilla stopped trying to hide that she was crying. She felt everything was ruined. The nice, romantic time she had with Kenneth on the sands now seemed unpleasant. She strongly disliked Mary Vance.

Pt/En Mary asked Rilla what was wrong and why she was crying. Mary was confused.

Pt/En Rilla cried because her feet hurt. She felt it was better to say her feet hurt than to admit she was sad because someone had made fun of her, her friends had forgotten her, and others treated her like a child.

Pt/En Mary said that goose-grease from Cornelia's pantry was better than any cold cream. She offered to put some on Rilla's heels before bed.

Pt/En Rilla thought about how her first party, first boyfriend, and first romantic moment had ended with her needing goose-grease on her heels.

Pt/En Rilla stopped crying because she felt it was useless. She went to sleep in Mary Vance's bed, feeling hopeless. Outside, a storm was starting. Captain Josiah raised the Union Jack flag, which flew strongly in the wind against the dark sky.

"The Sound of a Going"

Pt/En Rilla went down to her favourite spot in Rainbow Valley, behind her home. She sat on a stone covered in moss, near some ferns. She looked at the bright blue sky of the August afternoon. The sky was peaceful and always looked the same, as far back as she could remember.

Pt/En She wanted to be alone to think and to get used to her new life. Everything had changed so quickly that she felt confused about who she was. She wondered if she was really the same Rilla Blythe who had danced only six days before. It felt like she had lived much more in those six days than in all her life before. That evening, with all its feelings, seemed like a long time ago. She thought it was silly now to have cried just because she was forgotten and had to walk home with Mary Vance. Rilla felt she could cry a lot now, but she told herself she must not. She remembered her mother's words, spoken with a worried look Rilla had never seen before.

Pt/En Her mother had asked if the men would still be brave if the women were not.

Pt/En She knew she had to be brave, like her mother and her sisters. Her sister Faith had wanted to go and fight, saying she wished she was a man. Rilla knew she needed to hide in Rainbow Valley for a little while to think. She had to remember that she was not a child anymore. She was grown-up, and women had to face difficult things. But it was good to be alone sometimes, where no one could see her and think she was a coward if she cried.

Pt/En She knew she had to be brave, like her mother and her sisters. Her sister Faith had wanted to go and fight, saying she wished she was a man. Rilla knew she needed to hide in Rainbow Valley for a little while to think. She had to remember that she was not a child anymore. She was grown-up, and women had to face difficult things. But it was good to be alone sometimes, where no one could see her and think she was a coward if she cried.

Pt/En The ferns smelled sweet, like a wood. The large, soft branches of the fir trees moved gently and made a soft sound above her. The bells of the "Tree Lovers" rang with a small, magical sound when

the breeze passed. A purple mist hung in the air, like a sweet smell offered on altars on the hills. The maple leaves looked white in the wind, making the grove seem covered with white flowers. Everything looked the same as always, but the whole world felt different to her.

Pt/En Rilla thought it was wrong to have wished for something exciting to happen. She wished they could go back to the dear, quiet, pleasant days. She promised herself she would never complain about them again.

Pt/En Rilla's world changed suddenly the day after the party. While they were eating dinner at Ingleside and talking about the war, the telephone rang. It was a call from Charlottetown for Jem. After he finished talking, he hung up the phone. His face was red and his eyes were bright. Before he could speak, his mother, Nan, and Di became pale. Rilla felt her heart beating very fast, and she felt like she couldn't speak.

Pt/En Jem told his father that people were being asked to join the army in town. He said many people had already joined. Jem said he was going to enlist that night.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe cried sadly. She had not called Jem "Little Jem" for many years, not since he was old enough to not like the name. She said, "Oh, no—no—Little Jem."

Pt/En Jem asked his mother if he had to do something and asked his father if he was correct.

Pt/En Dr. Blythe stood up. He looked very pale and his voice was rough, but he did not wait to decide.

Pt/En Dr. Blythe told Jem that he could do it if he felt that way.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe hid her face. Walter looked sadly at his food. Nan and Di held hands. Shirley tried to seem calm. Susan sat like a statue, unable to finish her pie because she felt very upset.

Pt/En Jem decided to call the manse because Jerry would also want to go.

Pt/En Nan was very upset and ran out of the room. Di went after her. Rilla wanted Walter to comfort her, but he was thinking deeply about something she could not understand.

Pt/En Jem spoke calmly, as if he was planning a picnic. He said that he expected someone to agree to meet him at the station at seven o'clock that evening.

Pt/En Susan asked Mrs. Blythe if she was dreaming. She wanted to know if the boy understood what he was saying and if he meant he was going to join the army. Susan thought it was wrong to take young boys and asked if Mrs. Blythe and the doctor would stop it.

Pt/En Mrs. Blythe replied with difficulty that they could not stop him. She then spoke to Gilbert.

Pt/En Dr. Blythe came and gently took his wife's hand. He looked at her sad eyes, which were full of pain, like they had been once before. They both remembered a similar time years ago when their child Joyce had died.

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Glen "Notes" and Other Matters

PT It was a warm, golden-cloudy, lovable afternoon. In the big living-room at Ingleside Susan Baker sat down with a certain grim satisfaction hovering about her like an aura; it was four o'clock and Susan, who had been working incessantly since six that morning, felt that she had fairly earned an hour of repose and gossip. Susan just then was perfectly happy; everything had gone almost uncannily well in the kitchen that day. Dr. Jekyll had not been Mr. Hyde and so had not grated on her nerves; from where she sat she could see the pride of her heart—the bed of peonies of her own planting and culture, blooming as no other peony plot in Glen St. Mary ever did or could bloom, with peonies crimson, peonies silvery pink, peonies white as drifts of winter snow.

PT Susan had on a new black silk blouse, quite as elaborate as anything Mrs. Marshall Elliott ever wore, and a white starched apron, trimmed with complicated crocheted lace fully five inches wide, not to mention insertion to match. Therefore Susan had all the comfortable consciousness of a well-dressed woman as she opened her copy of the Daily Enterprise and prepared to read the Glen "Notes" which, as Miss Cornelia had just informed her, filled half a column of it and mentioned almost everybody at Ingleside. There was a big, black headline on the front page of the Enterprise, stating that some Archduke Ferdinand or other had been assassinated at a place bearing the weird name of Sarajevo, but Susan tarried not over uninteresting, immaterial stuff like that; she was in quest of something really vital. Oh, here it was—"Jottings from Glen St. Mary." Susan settled down keenly, reading each one over aloud to extract all possible gratification from it.

PT Mrs. Blythe and her visitor, Miss Cornelia—alias Mrs. Marshall Elliott—were chatting together near the open door that led to the veranda, through which a cool, delicious breeze was blowing, bringing whiffs of phantom perfume from the garden, and charming gay echoes from the vine-hung corner where Rilla and Miss Oliver and Walter were laughing and talking. Wherever Rilla Blythe was, there was laughter.

PT There was another occupant of the living-room, curled up on a couch, who must not be overlooked, since he was a creature of marked individuality, and, moreover, had the distinction of being the only living thing whom Susan really hated.

PT All cats are mysterious but Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde—"Doc" for short—was trebly so. He was a cat of double personality—or else, as Susan vowed, he was possessed by the devil. To begin with, there had been something uncanny about the very dawn of his existence. Four years previously Rilla Blythe had had a treasured darling of a kitten, white as snow, with a saucy black tip to its tail, which she called Jack Frost. Susan disliked Jack Frost, though she could not or would not give any valid reason therefor.

PT "Take my word for it, Mrs. Dr. dear," she was wont to say ominously, "that cat will come to no good."

PT "But why do you think so?" Mrs. Blythe would ask.

PT "I do not think—I know," was all the answer Susan would vouchsafe.

PT With the rest of the Ingleside folk Jack Frost was a favourite; he was so very clean and well groomed, and never allowed a spot or stain to be seen on his beautiful white suit; he had endearing ways of purring and snuggling; he was scrupulously honest.

PT And then a domestic tragedy took place at Ingleside. Jack Frost had kittens!

PT It would be vain to try to picture Susan's triumph. Had she not always insisted that that cat would turn out to be a delusion and a snare? Now they could see for themselves!

PT Rilla kept one of the kittens, a very pretty one, with peculiarly sleek glossy fur of a dark yellow crossed by orange stripes, and large, satiny, golden ears. She called it Goldie and the name seemed appropriate enough to the little frolicsome creature which, during its kittenhood, gave no indication of the sinister nature it really possessed. Susan, of course, warned the family that no good could be expected from any offspring of that diabolical Jack Frost; but Susan's Cassandra-like croakings were unheeded.

PT The Blythes had been so accustomed to regard Jack Frost as a member of the male sex that they could not get out of the habit. So they continually used the masculine pronoun, although the result was ludicrous. Visitors used to be quite electrified when Rilla referred casually

to "Jack and his kitten," or told Goldie sternly, "Go to your mother and get him to wash your fur."

PT "It is not decent, Mrs. Dr. dear," poor Susan would say bitterly. She herself compromised by always referring to Jack as "it" or "the white beast," and one heart at least did not ache when "it" was accidentally poisoned the following winter.

PT In a year's time "Goldie" became so manifestly an inadequate name for the orange kitten that Walter, who was just then reading Stevenson's story, changed it to Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. In his Dr. Jekyll mood the cat was a drowsy, affectionate, domestic, cushion-loving puss, who liked petting and gloried in being nursed and patted. Especially did he love to lie on his back and have his sleek, cream-coloured throat stroked gently while he purred in somnolent satisfaction. He was a notable purrer; never had there been an Ingleside cat who purred so constantly and so ecstatically.

PT "The only thing I envy a cat is its purr," remarked Dr. Blythe once, listening to Doc's resonant melody. "It is the most contented sound in the world."

PT Doc was very handsome; his every movement was grace; his poses magnificent. When he folded his long, dusky-ringed tail about his feet and sat him down on the veranda to gaze steadily into space for long intervals the Blythes felt that an Egyptian sphinx could not have made a more fitting Deity of the Portal.

PT When the Mr. Hyde mood came upon him—which it invariably did before rain, or wind—he was a wild thing with changed eyes. The transformation always came suddenly. He would spring fiercely from a reverie with a savage snarl and bite at any restraining or caressing hand. His fur seemed to grow darker and his eyes gleamed with a diabolical light. There was really an unearthly beauty about him. If the change happened in the twilight all the Ingleside folk felt a certain terror of him. At such times he was a fearsome beast and only Rilla defended him, asserting that he was "such a nice prowly cat." Certainly he prowled.

PT Dr. Jekyll loved new milk; Mr. Hyde would not touch milk and growled over his meat. Dr. Jekyll came down the stairs so silently that no one could hear him. Mr. Hyde made his tread as heavy as a man's. Several evenings, when Susan was alone in the house, he "scared her

stiff," as she declared, by doing this. He would sit in the middle of the kitchen floor, with his terrible eyes fixed unwinkingly upon hers for an hour at a time. This played havoc with her nerves, but poor Susan really held him in too much awe to try to drive him out. Once she had dared to throw a stick at him and he had promptly made a savage leap towards her. Susan rushed out of doors and never attempted to meddle with Mr. Hyde again—though she visited his misdeeds upon the innocent Dr. Jekyll, chasing him ignominiously out of her domain whenever he dared to poke his nose in and denying him certain savoury tidbits for which he yearned.

PT "The many friends of Miss Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith and James Blythe," read Susan, rolling the names like sweet morsels under her tongue, "were very much pleased to welcome them home a few weeks ago from Redmond College. James Blythe, who was graduated in Arts in 1913, had just completed his first year in medicine."

PT "Faith Meredith has really got to be the most handsomest creature I ever saw," commented Miss Cornelia above her filet crochet. "It's amazing how those children came on after Rosemary West went to the manse. People have almost forgotten what imps of mischief they were once. Anne, dearie, will you ever forget the way they used to carry on? It's really surprising how well Rosemary got on with them. She's more like a chum than a step-mother. They all love her and Una adores her. As for that little Bruce, Una just makes a perfect slave of herself to him. Of course, he is a darling. But did you ever see any child look as much like an aunt as he looks like his Aunt Ellen? He's just as dark and just as emphatic. I can't see a feature of Rosemary in him. Norman Douglas always vows at the top of his voice that the stork meant Bruce for him and Ellen and took him to the manse by mistake."

PT "Bruce adores Jem," said Mrs Blythe. "When he comes over here he follows Jem about silently like a faithful little dog, looking up at him from under his black brows. He would do anything for Jem, I verily believe."

PT "Are Jem and Faith going to make a match of it?"

PT Mrs. Blythe smiled. It was well known that Miss Cornelia, who had been such a virulent man-hater at one time, had actually taken to match-making in her declining years.

PT "They are only good friends yet, Miss Cornelia."

PT "Very good friends, believe me," said Miss Cornelia emphatically. "I hear all about the doings of the young fry."

PT "I have no doubt that Mary Vance sees that you do, Mrs. Marshall Elliott," said Susan significantly, "but I think it is a shame to talk about children making matches."

PT "Children! Jem is twenty-one and Faith is nineteen," retorted Miss Cornelia. "You must not forget, Susan, that we old folks are not the only grown-up people in the world."

PT Outraged Susan, who detested any reference to her age—not from vanity but from a haunting dread that people might come to think her too old to work—returned to her "Notes."

PT "Carl Meredith and Shirley Blythe came home last Friday evening from Queen's Academy. We understand that Carl will be in charge of the school at Harbour Head next year and we are sure he will be a popular and successful teacher."

PT "He will teach the children all there is to know about bugs, anyhow," said Miss Cornelia. "He is through with Queen's now and Mr. Meredith and Rosemary wanted him to go right on to Redmond in the fall, but Carl has a very independent streak in him and means to earn part of his own way through college. He'll be all the better for it."

PT "Walter Blythe, who has been teaching for the past two years at Lowbridge, has resigned," read Susan. "He intends going to Redmond this fall."

PT "Is Walter quite strong enough for Redmond yet?" queried Miss Cornelia anxiously.

PT "We hope that he will be by the fall," said Mrs. Blythe. "An idle summer in the open air and sunshine will do a great deal for him."

PT "Typhoid is a hard thing to get over," said Miss Cornelia emphatically, "especially when one has had such a close shave as Walter had. I think he'd do well to stay out of college another year. But then he's so ambitious. Are Di and Nan going too?"

PT "Yes. They both wanted to teach another year but Gilbert thinks they had better go to Redmond this fall."

PT "I'm glad of that. They'll keep an eye on Walter and see that he doesn't study too hard. I suppose," continued Miss Cornelia, with a side glance at Susan, "that after the snub I got a few minutes ago it will not be safe for me to suggest that Jerry Meredith is making sheep's eyes at Nan."

PT Susan ignored this and Mrs. Blythe laughed again.

PT "Dear Miss Cornelia, I have my hands full, haven't I?—with all these boys and girls sweethearting around me? If I took it seriously it would quite crush me. But I don't—it is too hard yet to realize that they're grown up. When I look at those two tall sons of mine I wonder if they can possibly be the fat, sweet, dimpled babies I kissed and cuddled and sang to slumber the other day—only the other day, Miss Cornelia. Wasn't Jem the dearest baby in the old House of Dreams? and now he's a B.A. and accused of courting."

PT "We're all growing older," sighed Miss Cornelia.

PT "The only part of me that feels old," said Mrs. Blythe, "is the ankle I broke when Josie Pye dared me to walk the Barry ridge-pole in the Green Gables days. I have an ache in it when the wind is east. I won't admit that it is rheumatism, but it does ache. As for the children, they and the Merediths are planning a gay summer before they have to go back to studies in the fall. They are such a fun-loving little crowd. They keep this house in a perpetual whirl of merriment."

PT "Is Rilla going to Queen's when Shirley goes back?"

PT "It isn't decided yet. I rather fancy not. Her father thinks she is not quite strong enough—she has rather outgrown her strength—she's really absurdly tall for a girl not yet fifteen. I am not anxious to have her go—why, it would be terrible not to have a single one of my babies home with me next winter. Susan and I would fall to fighting with each other to break the monotony."

PT Susan smiled at this pleasantry. The idea of her fighting with "Mrs. Dr. dear!"

PT "Does Rilla herself want to go?" asked Miss Cornelia.

PT "No. The truth is, Rilla is the only one of my flock who isn't ambitious. I really wish she had a little more ambition. She has no serious ideals at all—her sole aspiration seems to be to have a good time."

PT "And why should she not have it, Mrs. Dr. dear?" cried Susan, who could not bear to hear a single word against anyone of the Ingleside folk, even from one of themselves. "A young girl should have a good time, and that I will maintain. There will be time enough for her to think of Latin and Greek."

PT "I should like to see a little sense of responsibility in her, Susan. And you know yourself that she is abominably vain."

PT "She has something to be vain about," retorted Susan. "She is the prettiest girl in Glen St. Mary. Do you think that all those over-harbour MacAllisters and Crawfords and Elliotts could scare up a skin like Rilla's in four generations? They could not. No, Mrs. Dr. dear, I know my place but I cannot allow you to run down Rilla. Listen to this, Mrs. Marshall Elliott."

PT Susan had found a chance to get square with Miss Cornelia for her digs at the children's love affairs. She read the item with gusto.

PT "'Miller Douglas has decided not to go West. He says old P.E.I. is good enough for him and he will continue to farm for his aunt, Mrs. Alec Davis.'"

PT Susan looked keenly at Miss Cornelia.

PT "I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Miller is courting Mary Vance."

PT This shot pierced Miss Cornelia's armour. Her sony face flushed.

PT "I won't have Miller Douglas hanging round Mary," she said crisply. "He comes of a low family. His father was a sort of outcast from the Douglasses—they never really counted him in—and his mother was one of those terrible Dillons from the Harbour Head."

PT "I think I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Mary Vance's own parents were not what you could call aristocratic."

PT "Mary Vance has had a good bringing up and she is a smart, clever, capable girl," retorted Miss Cornelia. "She is not going to throw

herself away on Miller Douglas, believe me! She knows my opinion on the matter and Mary has never disobeyed me yet."

PT "Well, I do not think you need worry, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, for Mrs. Alec Davis is as much against it as you could be, and says no nephew of hers is ever going to marry a nameless nobody like Mary Vance."

PT Susan returned to her mutton, feeling that she had got the best of it in this passage of arms, and read another "note."

PT "'We are pleased to hear that Miss Oliver has been engaged as teacher for another year. Miss Oliver will spend her well-earned vacation at her home in Lowbridge.'"

PT "I'm so glad Gertrude is going to stay," said Mrs. Blythe. "We would miss her horribly. And she has an excellent influence over Rilla who worships her. They are chums, in spite of the difference in their ages."

PT "I thought I heard she was going to be married?"

PT "I believe it was talked of but I understand it is postponed for a year."

PT "Who is the young man?"

PT "Robert Grant. He is a young lawyer in Charlottetown. I hope Gertrude will be happy. She has had a sad life, with much bitterness in it, and she feels things with a terrible keenness. Her first youth is gone and she is practically alone in the world. This new love that has come into her life seems such a wonderful thing to her that I think she hardly dares believe in its permanence. When her marriage had to be put off she was quite in despair—though it certainly wasn't Mr. Grant's fault. There were complications in the settlement of his father's estate—his father died last winter—and he could not marry till the tangles were unravelled. But I think Gertrude felt it was a bad omen and that her happiness would somehow elude her yet."

PT "It does not do, Mrs. Dr. dear, to set your affections too much on a man," remarked Susan solemnly.

PT "Mr. Grant is quite as much in love with Gertrude as she is with him, Susan. It is not he whom she distrusts—it is fate. She has a little mystic streak in her—I suppose some people would call her superstitious. She has an odd belief in dreams and we have not been able to laugh it

out of her. I must own, too, that some of her dreams—but there, it would not do to let Gilbert hear me hinting such heresy. What have you found of much interest, Susan?"

PT Susan had given an exclamation.

PT "Listen to this, Mrs. Dr. dear. 'Mrs. Sophia Crawford has given up her house at Lowbridge and will make her home in future with her niece, Mrs. Albert Crawford.' Why that is my own cousin Sophia, Mrs. Dr. dear. We quarrelled when we were children over who should get a Sunday-school card with the words 'God is Love,' wreathed in rosebuds, on it, and have never spoken to each other since. And now she is coming to live right across the road from us."

PT "You will have to make up the old quarrel, Susan. It will never do to be at outs with your neighbours."

PT "Cousin Sophia began the quarrel, so she can begin the making up also, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan loftily. "If she does I hope I am a good enough Christian to meet her half-way. She is not a cheerful person and has been a wet blanket all her life. The last time I saw her, her face had a thousand wrinkles—maybe more, maybe less—from worrying and foreboding. She howled dreadful at her first husband's funeral but she married again in less than a year. The next note, I see, describes the special service in our church last Sunday night and says the decorations were very beautiful."

PT "Speaking of that reminds me that Mr. Pryor strongly disapproves of flowers in church," said Miss Cornelia. "I always said there would be trouble when that man moved here from Lowbridge. He should never have been put in as elder—it was a mistake and we shall live to rue it, believe me! I have heard that he has said that if the girls continue to 'mess up the pulpit with weeds' that he will not go to church."

PT "The church got on very well before old Whiskers-on-the-moon came to the Glen and it is my opinion it will get on without him after he is gone," said Susan.

PT "Who in the world ever gave him that ridiculous nickname?" asked Mrs. Blythe.

PT "Why, the Lowbridge boys have called him that ever since I can remember, Mrs. Dr. dear—I suppose because his face is so round and

red, with that fringe of sandy whisker about it. It does not do for anyone to call him that in his hearing, though, and that you may tie to. But worse than his whiskers, Mrs. Dr. dear, he is a very unreasonable man and has a great many queer ideas. He is an elder now and they say he is very religious; but I can well remember the time, Mrs. Dr. dear, twenty years ago, when he was caught pasturing his cow in the Lowbridge graveyard. Yes, indeed, I have not forgotten that, and I always think of it when he is praying in meeting. Well, that is all the notes and there is not much else in the paper of any importance. I never take much interest in foreign parts. Who is this Archduke man who has been murdered?"

PT "What does it matter to us?" asked Miss Cornelia, unaware of the hideous answer to her question which destiny was even then preparing. "Somebody is always murdering or being murdered in those Balkan States. It's their normal condition and I don't really think that our papers ought to print such shocking things. The Enterprise is getting far too sensational with its big headlines. Well, I must be getting home. No, Anne dearie, it's no use asking me to stay to supper. Marshall has got to thinking that if I'm not home for a meal it's not worth eating—just like a man. So off I go. Merciful goodness, Anne dearie, what is the matter with that cat? Is he having a fit?"—this, as Doc suddenly bounded to the rug at Miss Cornelia's feet, laid back his ears, swore at her, and then disappeared with one fierce leap through the window.

PT "Oh, no. He's merely turning into Mr. Hyde—which means that we shall have rain or high wind before morning. Doc is as good as a barometer."

PT "Well, I am thankful he has gone on the rampage outside this time and not into my kitchen," said Susan. "And I am going out to see about supper. With such a crowd as we have at Ingleside now it behooves us to think about our meals betimes."

Dew of Morning

PT Outside, the Ingleside lawn was full of golden pools of sunshine and plots of alluring shadows. Rilla Blythe was swinging in the hammock under the big Scotch pine, Gertrude Oliver sat at its roots beside her, and Walter was stretched at full length on the grass, lost in a romance of chivalry wherein old heroes and beauties of dead and gone centuries lived vividly again for him.

PT Rilla was the "baby" of the Blythe family and was in a chronic state of secret indignation because nobody believed she was grown up. She was so nearly fifteen that she called herself that, and she was quite as tall as Di and Nan; also, she was nearly as pretty as Susan believed her to be. She had great, dreamy, hazel eyes, a milky skin dappled with little golden freckles, and delicately arched eyebrows, giving her a demure, questioning look which made people, especially lads in their teens, want to answer it. Her hair was ripely, ruddily brown and a little dent in her upper lip looked as if some good fairy had pressed it in with her finger at Rilla's christening. Rilla, whose best friends could not deny her share of vanity, thought her face would do very well, but worried over her figure, and wished her mother could be prevailed upon to let her wear longer dresses. She, who had been so plump and roly-poly in the old Rainbow Valley days, was incredibly slim now, in the arms-and-legs period. Jem and Shirley harrowed her soul by calling her "Spider." Yet she somehow escaped awkwardness. There was something in her movements that made you think she never walked but always danced. She had been much petted and was a wee bit spoiled, but still the general opinion was that Rilla Blythe was a very sweet girl, even if she were not so clever as Nan and Di.

PT Miss Oliver, who was going home that night for vacation, had boarded for a year at Ingleside. The Blythes had taken her to please Rilla who was fathoms deep in love with her teacher and was even willing to share her room, since no other was available. Gertrude Oliver was twenty-eight and life had been a struggle for her. She was a striking-looking girl, with rather sad, almond-shaped brown eyes, a clever, rather mocking mouth, and enormous masses of black hair twisted about her head. She was not pretty but there was a certain charm of interest and mystery in her face, and Rilla found her fascinating. Even her

occasional moods of gloom and cynicism had allurements for Rilla. These moods came only when Miss Oliver was tired. At all other times she was a stimulating companion, and the gay set at Ingleside never remembered that she was so much older than themselves. Walter and Rilla were her favourites and she was the confidante of the secret wishes and aspirations of both. She knew that Rilla longed to be "out"—to go to parties as Nan and Di did, and to have dainty evening dresses and—yes, there is no mincing matters—beaux! In the plural, at that! As for Walter, Miss Oliver knew that he had written a sequence of sonnets "to Rosamond"—i.e., Faith Meredith—and that he aimed at a Professorship of English literature in some big college. She knew his passionate love of beauty and his equally passionate hatred of ugliness; she knew his strength and his weakness.

PT Walter was, as ever, the handsomest of the Ingleside boys. Miss Oliver found pleasure in looking at him for his good looks—he was so exactly like what she would have liked her own son to be. Glossy black hair, brilliant dark grey eyes, faultless features. And a poet to his fingertips! That sonnet sequence was really a remarkable thing for a lad of twenty to write. Miss Oliver was no partial critic and she knew that Walter Blythe had a wonderful gift.

PT Rilla loved Walter with all her heart. He never teased her as Jem and Shirley did. He never called her "Spider." His pet name for her was "Rilla-my-Rilla"—a little pun on her real name, Marilla. She had been named after Aunt Marilla of Green Gables, but Aunt Marilla had died before Rilla was old enough to know her very well, and Rilla detested the name as being horribly old-fashioned and prim. Why couldn't they have called her by her first name, Bertha, which was beautiful and dignified, instead of that silly "Rilla"? She did not mind Walter's version, but nobody else was allowed to call her that, except Miss Oliver now and then. "Rilla-my-Rilla" in Walter's musical voice sounded very beautiful to her—like the lilt and ripple of some silvery brook. She would have died for Walter if it would have done him any good, so she told Miss Oliver. Rilla was as fond of italics as most girls of fifteen are—and the bitterest drop in her cup was her suspicion that he told Di more of his secrets than he told her.

PT "He thinks I'm not grown up enough to understand," she had once lamented rebelliously to Miss Oliver, "but I am! And I would never tell

them to a single soul—not even to you, Miss Oliver. I tell you all my own—I just couldn't be happy if I had any secret from you, dearest—but I would never betray his. I tell him everything—I even show him my diary. And it hurts me dreadfully when he doesn't tell me things. He shows me all his poems, though—they are marvellous, Miss Oliver. Oh, I just live in the hope that some day I shall be to Walter what Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was to him. Wordsworth never wrote anything like Walter's poems—nor Tennyson, either."

PT "I wouldn't say just that. Both of them wrote a great deal of trash," said Miss Oliver dryly. Then, repenting, as she saw a hurt look in Rilla's eye, she added hastily,

PT "But I believe Walter will be a great poet, too—some day—and you will have more of his confidence as you grow older."

PT "When Walter was in the hospital with typhoid last year I was almost crazy," sighed Rilla, a little importantly. "They never told me how ill he really was until it was all over—father wouldn't let them. I'm glad I didn't know—I couldn't have borne it. I cried myself to sleep every night as it was. But sometimes," concluded Rilla bitterly—she liked to speak bitterly now and then in imitation of Miss Oliver—"sometimes I think Walter cares more for Dog Monday than he does for me."

PT Dog Monday was the Ingleside dog, so called because he had come into the family on a Monday when Walter had been reading Robinson Crusoe. He really belonged to Jem but was much attached to Walter also. He was lying beside Walter now with nose snuggled against his arm, thumping his tail rapturously whenever Walter gave him an absent pat. Monday was not a collie or a setter or a hound or a Newfoundland. He was just, as Jem said, "plain dog"—very plain dog, uncharitable people added. Certainly, Monday's looks were not his strong point. Black spots were scattered at random over his yellow carcass, one of them, apparently, blotting out an eye. His ears were in tatters, for Monday was never successful in affairs of honour. But he possessed one talisman. He knew that not all dogs could be handsome or eloquent or victorious, but that every dog could love. Inside his homely hide beat the most affectionate, loyal, faithful heart of any dog since dogs were; and something looked out of his brown eyes that was nearer akin to a soul than any theologian would allow. Everybody at Ingleside was fond of him,

even Susan, although his one unfortunate propensity of sneaking into the spare room and going to sleep on the bed tried her affection sorely.

PT On this particular afternoon Rilla had no quarrel on hand with existing conditions.

PT "Hasn't June been a delightful month?" she asked, looking dreamily afar at the little quiet silvery clouds hanging so peacefully over Rainbow Valley. "We've had such lovely times—and such lovely weather. It has just been perfect every way."

PT "I don't half like that," said Miss Oliver, with a sigh. "It's ominous—somehow. A perfect thing is a gift of the gods—a sort of compensation for what is coming afterwards. I've seen that so often that I don't care to hear people say they've had a perfect time. June has been delightful, though."

PT "Of course, it hasn't been very exciting," said Rilla. "The only exciting thing that has happened in the Glen for a year was old Miss Mead fainting in Church. Sometimes I wish something dramatic would happen once in a while."

PT "Don't wish it. Dramatic things always have a bitterness for some one. What a nice summer all you gay creatures will have! And me moping at Lowbridge!"

PT "You'll be over often, won't you? I think there's going to be lots of fun this summer, though I'll just be on the fringe of things as usual, I suppose. Isn't it horrid when people think you're a little girl when you're not?"

PT "There's plenty of time for you to be grown up, Rilla. Don't wish your youth away. It goes too quickly. You'll begin to taste life soon enough."

PT "Taste life! I want to eat it," cried Rilla, laughing. "I want everything—everything a girl can have. I'll be fifteen in another month, and then nobody can say I'm a child any longer. I heard someone say once that the years from fifteen to nineteen are the best years in a girl's life. I'm going to make them perfectly splendid—just fill them with fun."

PT "There's no use thinking about what you're going to do—you are tolerably sure not to do it."

PT "Oh, but you do get a lot of fun out of the thinking," cried Rilla.

PT "You think of nothing but fun, you monkey," said Miss Oliver indulgently, reflecting that Rilla's chin was really the last word in chins. "Well, what else is fifteen for? But have you any notion of going to college this fall?"

PT "No—nor any other fall. I don't want to. I never cared for all those ologies and isms Nan and Di are so crazy about. And there's five of us going to college already. Surely that's enough. There's bound to be one dunce in every family. I'm quite willing to be a dunce if I can be a pretty, popular, delightful one. I can't be clever. I have no talent at all, and you can't imagine how comfortable it is. Nobody expects me to do anything so I'm never pestered to do it. And I can't be a housewifely, cookly creature, either. I hate sewing and dusting, and when Susan couldn't teach me to make biscuits nobody could. Father says I toil not neither do I spin. Therefore, I must be a lily of the field," concluded Rilla, with another laugh.

PT "You are too young to give up your studies altogether, Rilla."

PT "Oh, mother will put me through a course of reading next winter. It will polish up her B.A. degree. Luckily I like reading. Don't look at me so sorrowfully and so disapprovingly, dearest. I can't be sober and serious—everything looks so rosy and rainbowy to me. Next month I'll be fifteen—and next year sixteen—and the year after that seventeen. Could anything be more enchanting?"

PT "Rap wood," said Gertrude Oliver, half laughingly, half seriously. "Rap wood, Rilla-my-Rilla."

Moonlit Mirth

PT Rilla, who still buttoned up her eyes when she went to sleep so that she always looked as if she were laughing in her slumber, yawned, stretched, and smiled at Gertrude Oliver. The latter had come over from Lowbridge the previous evening and had been prevailed upon to remain for the dance at the Four Winds lighthouse the next night.

PT "The new day is knocking at the window. What will it bring us, I wonder."

PT Miss Oliver shivered a little. She never greeted the days with Rilla's enthusiasm. She had lived long enough to know that a day may bring a terrible thing.

PT "I think the nicest thing about days is their unexpectedness," went on Rilla. "It's jolly to wake up like this on a golden-fine morning and wonder what surprise packet the day will hand you. I always day-dream for ten minutes before I get up, imagining the heaps of splendid things that may happen before night."

PT "I hope something very unexpected will happen today," said Gertrude. "I hope the mail will bring us news that war has been averted between Germany and France."

PT "Oh—yes," said Rilla vaguely. "It will be dreadful if it isn't, I suppose. But it won't really matter much to us, will it? I think a war would be so exciting. The Boer war was, they say, but I don't remember anything about it, of course. Miss Oliver, shall I wear my white dress tonight or my new green one? The green one is by far the prettier, of course, but I'm almost afraid to wear it to a shore dance for fear something will happen to it. And will you do my hair the new way? None of the other girls in the Glen wear it yet and it will make such a sensation."

PT "How did you induce your mother to let you go to the dance?"

PT "Oh, Walter coaxed her over. He knew I would be heart-broken if I didn't go. It's my first really-truly grown-up party, Miss Oliver, and I've just lain awake at nights for a week thinking it over. When I saw the sun shining this morning I wanted to whoop for joy. It would be simply terrible if it rained tonight. I think I'll wear the green dress and risk it. I want to look my nicest at my first party. Besides, it's an inch longer than my white

one. And I'll wear my silver slippers too. Mrs. Ford sent them to me last Christmas and I've never had a chance to wear them yet. They're the dearest things. Oh, Miss Oliver, I do hope some of the boys will ask me to dance. I shall die of mortification—truly I will, if nobody does and I have to sit stuck up against the wall all the evening. Of course Carl and Jerry can't dance because they're the minister's sons, or else I could depend on them to save me from utter disgrace."

PT "You'll have plenty of partners—all the over-harbour boys are coming—there'll be far more boys than girls."

PT "I'm glad I'm not a minister's daughter," laughed Rilla. "Poor Faith is so furious because she won't dare to dance tonight. Una doesn't care, of course. She has never hankered after dancing. Somebody told Faith there would be a taffy-pull in the kitchen for those who didn't dance and you should have seen the face she made. She and Jem will sit out on the rocks most of the evening, I suppose. Did you know that we are all to walk down as far as that little creek below the old House of Dreams and then sail to the lighthouse? Won't it just be absolutely divine?"

PT "When I was fifteen I talked in italics and superlatives too," said Miss Oliver sarcastically. "I think the party promises to be pleasant for young fry. I expect to be bored. None of those boys will bother dancing with an old maid like me. Jem and Walter will take me out once out of charity. So you can't expect me to look forward to it with your touching young rapture."

PT "Didn't you have a good time at your first party, though, Miss Oliver?"

PT "No. I had a hateful time. I was shabby and homely and nobody asked me to dance except one boy, homelier and shabbier than myself. He was so awkward I hated him—and even he didn't ask me again. I had no real girlhood, Rilla. It's a sad loss. That's why I want you to have a splendid, happy girlhood. And I hope your first party will be one you'll remember all your life with pleasure."

PT "I dreamed last night I was at the dance and right in the middle of things I discovered I was dressed in my kimono and bedroom shoes," sighed Rilla. "I woke up with a gasp of horror."

PT "Speaking of dreams—I had an odd one," said Miss Oliver absently. "It was one of those vivid dreams I sometimes have—they are not the vague jumble of ordinary dreams—they are as clear cut and real as life."

PT "What was your dream?"

PT "I was standing on the veranda steps, here at Ingleside, looking down over the fields of the Glen. All at once, far in the distance, I saw a long, silvery, glistening wave breaking over them. It came nearer and nearer—just a succession of little white waves like those that break on the sandshore sometimes. The Glen was being swallowed up. I thought, 'Surely the waves will not come near Ingleside'—but they came nearer and nearer—so rapidly—before I could move or call they were breaking right at my feet—and everything was gone—there was nothing but a waste of stormy water where the Glen had been. I tried to draw back—and I saw that the edge of my dress was wet with blood—and I woke—shivering. I don't like the dream. There was some sinister significance in it. That kind of vivid dream always 'comes true' with me."

PT "I hope it doesn't mean there's a storm coming up from the east to spoil the party," murmured Rilla.

PT "Incorrigible fifteen!" said Miss Oliver dryly. "No, Rilla-my-Rilla, I don't think there is any danger that it foretells anything so awful as that."

PT There had been an undercurrent of tension in the Ingleside existence for several days. Only Rilla, absorbed in her own budding life, was unaware of it. Dr. Blythe had taken to looking grave and saying little over the daily paper. Jem and Walter were keenly interested in the news it brought. Jem sought Walter out in excitement that evening.

PT "Oh, boy, Germany has declared war on France. This means that England will fight too, probably—and if she does—well, the Piper of your old fancy will have come at last."

PT "It wasn't a fancy," said Walter slowly. "It was a presentiment—a vision—Jem, I really saw him for a moment that evening long ago. Suppose England does fight?"

PT "Why, we'll all have to turn in and help her," cried Jem gaily. "We couldn't let the 'old grey mother of the northern sea' fight it out alone,

could we? But you can't go—the typhoid has done you out of that. Sort of a shame, eh?"

PT Walter did not say whether it was a shame or not. He looked silently over the Glen to the dimpling blue harbour beyond.

PT "We're the cubs—we've got to pitch in tooth and claw if it comes to a family row," Jem went on cheerfully, rumpling up his red curls with a strong, lean, sensitive brown hand—the hand of the born surgeon, his father often thought. "What an adventure it would be! But I suppose Grey or some of those wary old chaps will patch matters up at the eleventh hour. It'll be a rotten shame if they leave France in the lurch, though. If they don't, we'll see some fun. Well, I suppose it's time to get ready for the spree at the light."

PT Jem departed whistling "Wi' a hundred pipers and a' and a'," and Walter stood for a long time where he was. There was a little frown on his forehead. This had all come up with the blackness and suddenness of a thundercloud. A few days ago nobody had even thought of such a thing. It was absurd to think of it now. Some way out would be found. War was a hellish, horrible, hideous thing—too horrible and hideous to happen in the twentieth century between civilized nations. The mere thought of it was hideous, and made Walter unhappy in its threat to the beauty of life. He would not think of it—he would resolutely put it out of his mind. How beautiful the old Glen was, in its August ripeness, with its chain of bowery old homesteads, tilled meadows and quiet gardens. The western sky was like a great golden pearl. Far down the harbour was frosted with a dawning moonlight. The air was full of exquisite sounds—sleepy robin whistles, wonderful, mournful, soft murmurs of wind in the twilit trees, rustle of aspen poplars talking in silvery whispers and shaking their dainty, heart-shaped leaves, lilting young laughter from the windows of rooms where the girls were making ready for the dance. The world was steeped in maddening loveliness of sound and colour. He would think only of these things and of the deep, subtle joy they gave him. "Anyhow, no one will expect me to go," he thought. "As Jem says, typhoid has seen to that."

PT Rilla was leaning out of her room window, dressed for the dance. A yellow pansy slipped from her hair and fell out over the sill like a falling star of gold. She caught at it vainly—but there were enough left. Miss Oliver had woven a little wreath of them for her pet's hair.

PT "It's so beautifully calm— isn't that splendid? We'll have a perfect night. Listen, Miss Oliver—I can hear those old bells in Rainbow Valley quite clearly. They've been hanging there for over ten years."

PT "Their wind chime always makes me think of the aerial, celestial music Adam and Eve heard in Milton's Eden," responded Miss Oliver.

PT "We used to have such fun in Rainbow Valley when we were children," said Rilla dreamily.

PT Nobody ever played in Rainbow Valley now. It was very silent on summer evenings. Walter liked to go there to read. Jem and Faith trysted there considerably; Jerry and Nan went there to pursue uninterruptedly the ceaseless wrangles and arguments on profound subjects that seemed to be their preferred method of sweethearting. And Rilla had a beloved little sylvan dell of her own there where she liked to sit and dream.

PT "I must run down to the kitchen before I go and show myself off to Susan. She would never forgive me if I didn't."

PT Rilla whirled into the shadowy kitchen at Ingleside, where Susan was prosaically darning socks, and lighted it up with her beauty. She wore her green dress with its little pink daisy garlands, her silk stockings and silver slippers. She had golden pansies in her hair and at her creamy throat. She was so pretty and young and glowing that even Cousin Sophia Crawford was compelled to admire her—and Cousin Sophia Crawford admired few transient earthly things. Cousin Sophia and Susan had made up, or ignored, their old feud since the former had come to live in the Glen, and Cousin Sophia often came across in the evenings to make a neighbourly call. Susan did not always welcome her rapturously for Cousin Sophia was not what could be called an exhilarating companion. "Some calls are visits and some are visitations, Mrs. Dr. dear," Susan said once, and left it to be inferred that Cousin Sophia's were the latter.

PT Cousin Sophia had a long, pale, wrinkled face, a long, thin nose, a long, thin mouth, and very long, thin, pale hands, generally folded resignedly on her black calico lap. Everything about her seemed long and thin and pale. She looked mournfully upon Rilla Blythe and said sadly,

PT "Is your hair all your own?"

PT "Of course it is," cried Rilla indignantly.

PT "Ah, well!" Cousin Sophia sighed. "It might be better for you if it wasn't! Such a lot of hair takes from a person's strength. It's a sign of consumption, I've heard, but I hope it won't turn out like that in your case. I s'pose you'll all be dancing tonight—even the minister's boys most likely. I s'pose his girls won't go that far. Ah, well, I never held with dancing. I knew a girl once who dropped dead while she was dancing. How any one could ever dance aga' after a judgment like that I cannot comprehend."

PT "Did she ever dance again?" asked Rilla pertly.

PT "I told you she dropped dead. Of course she never danced again, poor creature. She was a Kirke from Lowbridge. You ain't a-going off like that with nothing on your bare neck, are you?"

PT "It's a hot evening," protested Rilla. "But I'll put on a scarf when we go on the water."

PT "I knew of a boat load of young folks who went sailing on that harbour forty years ago just such a night as this—just exactly such a night as this," said Cousin Sophia lugubriously, "and they were upset and drowned—every last one of them. I hope nothing like that'll happen to you tonight. Do you ever try anything for the freckles? I used to find plantain juice real good."

PT "You certainly should be a judge of freckles, Cousin Sophia," said Susan, rushing to Rilla's defence. "You were more speckled than any toad when you was a girl. Rilla's only come in summer but yours stayed put, season in and season out; and you had not a ground colour like hers behind them neither. You look real nice, Rilla, and that way of fixing your hair is becoming. But you are not going to walk to the harbour in those slippers, are you?"

PT "Oh, no. We'll all wear our old shoes to the harbour and carry our slippers. Do you like my dress, Susan?"

PT "It minds me of a dress I wore when I was a girl," sighed Cousin Sophia before Susan could reply. "It was green with pink posies on it, too, and it was flounced from the waist to the hem. We didn't wear the skimpy things girls wear nowadays. Ah me, times has changed and not for the better I'm afraid. I tore a big hole in it that night and someone spilled a cup of tea all over it. Ruined it completely. But I hope nothing will happen

to your dress. It ought to be a bit longer I'm thinking—your legs are so terrible long and thin."

PT "Mrs. Dr. Blythe does not approve of little girls dressing like grown-up ones," said Susan stiffly, intending merely a snub to Cousin Sophia. But Rilla felt insulted. A little girl indeed! She whisked out of the kitchen in high dudgeon. Another time she wouldn't go down to show herself off to Susan—Susan, who thought nobody was grown up until she was sixty! And that horrid Cousin Sophia with her digs about freckles and legs! What business had an old—an old beanpole like that to talk of anybody else being long and thin? Rilla felt all her pleasure in herself and her evening clouded and spoiled. The very teeth of her soul were set on edge and she could have sat down and cried.

PT But later on her spirits rose again when she found herself one of the gay crowd bound for the Four Winds light.

PT The Blythes left Ingleside to the melancholy music of howls from Dog Monday, who was locked up in the barn lest he make an uninvited guest at the light. They picked up the Merediths in the village, and others joined them as they walked down the old harbour road. Mary Vance, resplendent in blue crepe, with lace overdress, came out of Miss Cornelia's gate and attached herself to Rilla and Miss Oliver who were walking together and who did not welcome her over-warmly. Rilla was not very fond of Mary Vance. She had never forgotten the humiliating day when Mary had chased her through the village with a dried codfish. Mary Vance, to tell the truth, was not exactly popular with any of her set. Still, they enjoyed her society—she had such a biting tongue that it was stimulating. "Mary Vance is a habit of ours—we can't do without her even when we are furious with her," Di Blythe had once said.

PT Most of the little crowd were paired off after a fashion. Jem walked with Faith Meredith, of course, and Jerry Meredith with Nan Blythe. Di and Walter were together, deep in confidential conversation which Rilla envied.

PT Carl Meredith was walking with Miranda Pryor, more to torment Joe Milgrave than for any other reason. Joe was known to have a strong hankering for the said Miranda, which shyness prevented him from indulging on all occasions. Joe might summon enough courage to amble up beside Miranda if the night were dark, but here, in this moonlit dusk,

he simply could not do it. So he trailed along after the procession and thought things not lawful to be uttered of Carl Meredith. Miranda was the daughter of Whiskers-on-the-moon; she did not share her father's unpopularity but she was not much run after, being a pale, neutral little creature, somewhat addicted to nervous giggling. She had silvery blonde hair and her eyes were big china blue orbs that looked as if she had been badly frightened when she was little and had never got over it. She would much rather have walked with Joe than with Carl, with whom she did not feel in the least at home. Yet it was something of an honour, too, to have a college boy beside her, and a son of the manse at that.

PT Shirley Blythe was with Una Meredith and both were rather silent because such was their nature. Shirley was a lad of sixteen, sedate, sensible, thoughtful, full of a quiet humour. He was Susan's "little brown boy" yet, with his brown hair, brown eyes, and clear brown skin. He liked to walk with Una Meredith because she never tried to make him talk or badgered him with chatter. Una was as sweet and shy as she had been in the Rainbow Valley days, and her large, dark-blue eyes were as dreamy and wistful. She had a secret, carefully-hidden fancy for Walter Blythe that nobody but Rilla ever suspected. Rilla sympathized with it and wished Walter would return it. She liked Una better than Faith, whose beauty and aplomb rather overshadowed other girls—and Rilla did not enjoy being overshadowed.

PT But just now she was very happy. It was so delightful to be tripping with her friends down that dark, gleaming road sprinkled with its little spruces and firs, whose balsam made all the air resinous around them. Meadows of sunset afterlight were behind the westerning hills. Before them was the shining harbour. A bell was ringing in the little church over-harbour and the lingering dream-notes died around the dim, amethystine points. The gulf beyond was still silvery blue in the afterlight. Oh, it was all glorious—the clear air with its salt tang, the balsam of the firs, the laughter of her friends. Rilla loved life—its bloom and brilliance; she loved the ripple of music, the hum of merry conversation; she wanted to walk on forever over this road of silver and shadow. It was her first party and she was going to have a splendid time. There was nothing in the world to worry about—not even freckles and over-long legs—nothing except one little haunting fear that nobody would ask her to dance. It was beautiful and satisfying just to be alive—to be fifteen—to be pretty. Rilla drew a long breath of rapture—and caught it midway rather sharply. Jem

was telling some story to Faith—something that had happened in the Balkan War.

PT "The doctor lost both his legs—they were smashed to pulp—and he was left on the field to die. And he crawled about from man to man, to all the wounded men round him, as long as he could, and did everything possible to relieve their sufferings—never thinking of himself—he was tying a bit of bandage round another man's leg when he went under. They found them there, the doctor's dead hands still held the bandage tight, the bleeding was stopped and the other man's life was saved. Some hero, wasn't he, Faith? I tell you when I read that—"

PT Jem and Faith moved on out of hearing. Gertrude Oliver suddenly shivered. Rilla pressed her arm sympathetically.

PT "Wasn't it dreadful, Miss Oliver? I don't know why Jem tells such gruesome things at a time like this when we're all out for fun."

PT "Do you think it dreadful, Rilla? I thought it wonderful—beautiful. Such a story makes one ashamed of ever doubting human nature. That man's action was godlike. And how humanity responds to the ideal of self-sacrifice. As for my shiver, I don't know what caused it. The evening is certainly warm enough. Perhaps someone is walking over the dark, starshiny spot that is to be my grave. That is the explanation the old superstition would give. Well, I won't think of that on this lovely night. Do you know, Rilla, that when night-time comes I'm always glad I live in the country. We know the real charm of night here as town dwellers never do. Every night is beautiful in the country—even the stormy ones. I love a wild night storm on this old gulf shore. As for a night like this, it is almost too beautiful—it belongs to youth and dreamland and I'm half afraid of it."

PT "I feel as if I were part of it," said Rilla.

PT "Ah yes, you're young enough not to be afraid of perfect things. Well, here we are at the House of Dreams. It seems lonely this summer. The Fords didn't come?"

PT "Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Persis didn't. Kenneth did—but he stayed with his mother's people over-harbour. We haven't seen a great deal of him this summer. He's a little lame, so didn't go about very much."

PT "Lame? What happened to him?"

PT "He broke his ankle in a football game last fall and was laid up most of the winter. He has limped a little ever since but it is getting better all the time and he expects it will be all right before long. He has been up to Ingleside only twice."

PT "Ethel Reese is simply crazy about him," said Mary Vance. "She hasn't got the sense she was born with where he is concerned. He walked home with her from the over-harbour church last prayer-meeting night and the airs she has put on since would really make you weary of life. As if a Toronto boy like Ken Ford would ever really think of a country girl like Ethel!"

PT Rilla flushed. It did not matter to her if Kenneth Ford walked home with Ethel Reese a dozen times—it did not! Nothing that he did mattered to her. He was ages older than she was. He chummed with Nan and Di and Faith, and looked upon her, Rilla, as a child whom he never noticed except to tease. And she detested Ethel Reese and Ethel Reese hated her—always had hated her since Walter had pummelled Dan so notoriously in Rainbow Valley days; but why need she be thought beneath Kenneth Ford's notice because she was a country girl, pray? As for Mary Vance, she was getting to be an out-and-out gossip and thought of nothing but who walked home with people!

PT There was a little pier on the harbour shore below the House of Dreams, and two boats were moored there. One boat was skippered by Jem Blythe, the other by Joe Milgrave, who knew all about boats and was nothing loth to let Miranda Pryor see it. They raced down the harbour and Joe's boat won. More boats were coming down from the Harbour Head and across the harbour from the western side. Everywhere there was laughter. The big white tower on Four Winds Point was overflowing with light, while its revolving beacon flashed overhead. A family from Charlottetown, relatives of the light's keeper, were summering at the light, and they were giving the party to which all the young people of Four Winds and Glen St. Mary and over-harbour had been invited. As Jem's boat swung in below the lighthouse Rilla desperately snatched off her shoes and donned her silver slippers behind Miss Oliver's screening back. A glance had told her that the rock-cut steps climbing up to the light were lined with boys, and lighted by Chinese lanterns, and she was determined she would not walk up those steps in the heavy shoes her mother had insisted on her wearing for the road. The slippers pinched

abominably, but nobody would have suspected it as Rilla tripped smilingly up the steps, her soft dark eyes glowing and questioning, her colour deepening richly on her round, creamy cheeks. The very minute she reached the top of the steps an over-harbour boy asked her to dance and the next moment they were in the pavilion that had been built seaward of the lighthouse for dances. It was a delightful spot, roofed over with fir-boughs and hung with lanterns. Beyond was the sea in a radiance that glowed and shimmered, to the left the moonlit crests and hollows of the sand-dunes, to the right the rocky shore with its inky shadows and its crystalline coves. Rilla and her partner swung in among the dancers; she drew a long breath of delight; what witching music Ned Burr of the Upper Glen was coaxing from his fiddle—it was really like the magical pipes of the old tale which compelled all who heard them to dance. How cool and fresh the gulf breeze blew; how white and wonderful the moonlight was over everything! This was life—enchanted life. Rilla felt as if her feet and her soul both had wings.

The Piper Pipes

PT Rilla's first party was a triumph—or so it seemed at first. She had so many partners that she had to split her dances. Her silver slippers seemed verily to dance of themselves and though they continued to pinch her toes and blister her heels that did not interfere with her enjoyment in the least. Ethel Reese gave her a bad ten minutes by beckoning her mysteriously out of the pavilion and whispering, with a Reese-like smirk, that her dress gaped behind and that there was a stain on the flounce. Rilla rushed miserably to the room in the lighthouse which was fitted up for a temporary ladies' dressing-room, and discovered that the stain was merely a tiny grass smear and that the gap was equally tiny where a hook had pulled loose. Irene Howard fastened it up for her and gave her some over-sweet, condescending compliments. Rilla felt flattered by Irene's condescension. She was an Upper Glen girl of nineteen who seemed to like the society of the younger girls—spiteful friends said because she could queen it over them without rivalry. But Rilla thought Irene quite wonderful and loved her for her patronage. Irene was pretty and stylish; she sang divinely and spent every winter in Charlottetown taking music lessons. She had an aunt in Montreal who sent her wonderful things to wear; she was reported to have had a sad love affair—nobody knew just what, but its very mystery allured. Rilla felt that Irene's compliments crowned her evening. She ran gaily back to the pavilion and lingered for a moment in the glow of the lanterns at the entrance looking at the dancers. A momentary break in the whirling throng gave her a glimpse of Kenneth Ford standing at the other side.

PT Rilla's heart skipped a beat—or, if that be a physiological impossibility, she thought it did. So he was here, after all. She had concluded he was not coming—not that it mattered in the least. Would he see her? Would he take any notice of her? Of course, he wouldn't ask her to dance—that couldn't be hoped for. He thought her just a mere child. He had called her "Spider" not three weeks ago when he had been at Ingleside one evening. She had cried about it upstairs afterwards and hated him. But her heart skipped a beat when she saw that he was edging his way round the side of the pavilion towards her. Was he coming to her—was he?—was he?—yes, he was! He was looking for her—he was here beside her—he was gazing down at her with something in his dark grey eyes that Rilla had never seen in them. Oh, it was almost too

much to bear! and everything was going on as before—the dancers were spinning round, the boys who couldn't get partners were hanging about the pavilion, canoodling couples were sitting out on the rocks—nobody seemed to realize what a stupendous thing had happened.

PT Kenneth was a tall lad, very good looking, with a certain careless grace of bearing that somehow made all the other boys seem stiff and awkward by contrast. He was reported to be awesomely clever, with the glamour of a far-away city and a big university hanging around him. He had also the reputation of being a bit of a lady-killer. But that probably accrued to him from his possession of a laughing, velvety voice which no girl could hear without a heartbeat, and a dangerous way of listening as if she were saying something that he had longed all his life to hear.

PT "Is this Rilla-my-Rilla?" he asked in a low tone.

PT "Yeth," said Rilla, and immediately wished she could throw herself headlong down the lighthouse rock or otherwise vanish from a jeering world.

PT Rilla had lisped in early childhood; but she had grown out of it. Only on occasions of stress and strain did the tendency re-assert itself. She hadn't lisped for a year; and now at this very moment, when she was so especially desirous of appearing grown up and sophisticated, she must go and lisp like a baby! It was too mortifying; she felt as if tears were going to come into her eyes; the next minute she would be—blubbering—yes, just blubbering—she wished Kenneth would go away—she wished he had never come. The party was spoiled. Everything had turned to dust and ashes.

PT And he had called her "Rilla-my-Rilla"—not "Spider" or "Kid" or "Puss," as he had been used to call her when he took any notice whatever of her. She did not at all resent his using Walter's pet name for her; it sounded beautifully in his low caressing tones, with just the faintest suggestion of emphasis on the "my." It would have been so nice if she had not made a fool of herself. She dared not look up lest she should see laughter in his eyes. So she looked down; and as her lashes were very long and dark and her lids very thick and creamy, the effect was quite charming and provocative, and Kenneth reflected that Rilla Blythe was going to be the beauty of the Ingleside girls after all. He wanted to make

her look up—to catch again that little, demure, questioning glance. She was the prettiest thing at the party, there was no doubt of that.

PT What was he saying? Rilla could hardly believe her ears.

PT "Can we have a dance?"

PT "Yes," said Rilla. She said it with such a fierce determination not to lisp that she fairly blurted the word out. Then she writhed in spirit again. It sounded so bold—so eager—as if she were fairly jumping at him! What would he think of her? Oh, why did dreadful things like this happen, just when a girl wanted to appear at her best?

PT Kenneth drew her in among the dancers.

PT "I think this game ankle of mine is good for one hop around, at least," he said.

PT "How is your ankle?" said Rilla. Oh, why couldn't she think of something else to say? She knew he was sick of inquiries about his ankle. She had heard him say so at Ingleside—heard him tell Di he was going to wear a placard on his breast announcing to all and sundry that the ankle was improving, etc. And now she must go and ask this stale question again.

PT Kenneth was tired of inquiries about his ankle. But then he had not often been asked about it by lips with such an adorable kissable dent just above them. Perhaps that was why he answered very patiently that it was getting on well and didn't trouble him much, if he didn't walk or stand too long at a time.

PT "They tell me it will be as strong as ever in time, but I'll have to cut football out this fall."

PT They danced together and Rilla knew every girl in sight envied her. After the dance they went down the rock steps and Kenneth found a little flat and they rowed across the moonlit channel to the sand-shore; they walked on the sand till Kenneth's ankle made protest and then they sat down among the dunes. Kenneth talked to her as he had talked to Nan and Di. Rilla, overcome with a shyness she did not understand, could not talk much, and thought he would think her frightfully stupid; but in spite of this it was all very wonderful—the exquisite moonlit night, the shining sea, the tiny little wavelets swishing on the sand, the cool and freakish wind of

night crooning in the stiff grasses on the crest of the dunes, the music sounding faintly and sweetly over the channel.

PT "A merry lilt o' moonlight for mermaiden revelry," quoted Kenneth softly from one of Walter's poems.

PT And just he and she alone together in the glamour of sound and sight! If only her slippers didn't bite so! and if only she could talk cleverly like Miss Oliver—nay, if she could only talk as she did herself to other boys! But words would not come, she could only listen and murmur little commonplace sentences now and again. But perhaps her dreamy eyes and her dented lip and her slender throat talked eloquently for her. At any rate Kenneth seemed in no hurry to suggest going back and when they did go back supper was in progress. He found a seat for her near the window of the lighthouse kitchen and sat on the sill beside her while she ate her ices and cake. Rilla looked about her and thought how lovely her first party had been. She would never forget it. The room re-echoed to laughter and jest. Beautiful young eyes sparkled and shone. From the pavilion outside came the lilt of the fiddle and the rhythmic steps of the dancers.

PT There was a little disturbance among a group of boys crowded about the door; a young fellow pushed through and halted on the threshold, looking about him rather sombrely. It was Jack Elliott from over-harbour—a McGill medical student, a quiet chap not much addicted to social doings. He had been invited to the party but had not been expected to come since he had to go to Charlottetown that day and could not be back until late. Yet here he was—and he carried a folded paper in his hand.

PT Gertrude Oliver looked at him from her corner and shivered again. She had enjoyed the party herself, after all, for she had foregathered with a Charlottetown acquaintance who, being a stranger and much older than most of the guests, felt himself rather out of it, and had been glad to fall in with this clever girl who could talk of world doings and outside events with the zest and vigour of a man. In the pleasure of his society she had forgotten some of her misgivings of the day. Now they suddenly returned to her. What news did Jack Elliott bring? Lines from an old poem flashed unbidden into her mind—"there was a sound of revelry by night"—"Hush! Hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell"—why should she think of

that now? Why didn't Jack Elliott speak—if he had anything to tell? Why did he just stand there, glowering importantly?

PT "Ask him—ask him," she said feverishly to Allan Daly. But somebody else had already asked him. The room grew very silent all at once. Outside the fiddler had stopped for a rest and there was silence there too. Afar off they heard the low moan of the gulf—the presage of a storm already on its way up the Atlantic. A girl's laugh drifted up from the rocks and died away as if frightened out of existence by the sudden stillness.

PT "England declared war on Germany today," said Jack Elliott slowly. "The news came by wire just as I left town."

PT "God help us," whispered Gertrude Oliver under her breath. "My dream—my dream! The first wave has broken." She looked at Allan Daly and tried to smile.

PT "Is this Armageddon?" she asked.

PT "I am afraid so," he said gravely.

PT A chorus of exclamations had arisen round them—light surprise and idle interest for the most part. Few there realized the import of the message—fewer still realized that it meant anything to them. Before long the dancing was on again and the hum of pleasure was as loud as ever. Gertrude and Allan Daly talked the news over in low, troubled tones. Walter Blythe had turned pale and left the room. Outside he met Jem, hurrying up the rock steps.

PT "Have you heard the news, Jem?"

PT "Yes. The Piper has come. Hurrah! I knew England wouldn't leave France in the lurch. I've been trying to get Captain Josiah to hoist the flag but he says it isn't the proper caper till sunrise. Jack says they'll be calling for volunteers tomorrow."

PT "What a fuss to make over nothing," said Mary Vance disdainfully as Jem dashed off. She was sitting out with Miller Douglas on a lobster trap which was not only an unromantic but an uncomfortable seat. But Mary and Miller were both supremely happy on it. Miller Douglas was a big, strapping, uncouth lad, who thought Mary Vance's tongue uncommonly gifted and Mary Vance's white eyes stars of the first

magnitude; and neither of them had the least inkling why Jem Blythe wanted to hoist the lighthouse flag. "What does it matter if there's going to be a war over there in Europe? I'm sure it doesn't concern us."

PT Walter looked at her and had one of his odd visitations of prophecy.

PT "Before this war is over," he said—or something said through his lips—"every man and woman and child in Canada will feel it—you, Mary, will feel it—feel it to your heart's core. You will weep tears of blood over it. The Piper has come—and he will pipe until every corner of the world has heard his awful and irresistible music. It will be years before the dance of death is over—years, Mary. And in those years millions of hearts will break."

PT "Fancy now!" said Mary who always said that when she couldn't think of anything else to say. She didn't know what Walter meant but she felt uncomfortable. Walter Blythe was always saying odd things. That old Piper of his—she hadn't heard anything about him since their playdays in Rainbow Valley—and now here he was bobbing up again. She didn't like it, and that was the long and short of it.

PT "Aren't you painting it rather strong, Walter?" asked Harvey Crawford, coming up just then. "This war won't last for years—it'll be over in a month or two. England will just wipe Germany off the map in no time."

PT "Do you think a war for which Germany has been preparing for twenty years will be over in a few weeks?" said Walter passionately. "This isn't a paltry struggle in a Balkan corner, Harvey. It is a death grapple. Germany comes to conquer or to die. And do you know what will happen if she conquers? Canada will be a German colony."

PT "Well, I guess a few things will happen before that," said Harvey shrugging his shoulders. "The British navy would have to be licked for one; and for another, Miller here, now, and I, we'd raise a dust, wouldn't we, Miller? No Germans need apply for this old country, eh?"

PT Harvey ran down the steps laughing.

PT "I declare, I think all you boys talk the craziest stuff," said Mary Vance in disgust. She got up and dragged Miller off to the rock-shore. It didn't happen often that they had a chance for a talk together; Mary was determined that this one shouldn't be spoiled by Walter Blythe's silly

blather about Pipers and Germans and such like absurd things. They left Walter standing alone on the rock steps, looking out over the beauty of Four Winds with brooding eyes that saw it not.

PT The best of the evening was over for Rilla, too. Ever since Jack Elliott's announcement, she had sensed that Kenneth was no longer thinking about her. She felt suddenly lonely and unhappy. It was worse than if he had never noticed her at all. Was life like this—something delightful happening and then, just as you were revelling in it, slipping away from you? Rilla told herself pathetically that she felt years older than when she had left home that evening. Perhaps she did—perhaps she was. Who knows? It does not do to laugh at the pangs of youth. They are very terrible because youth has not yet learned that "this, too, will pass away." Rilla sighed and wished she were home, in bed, crying into her pillow.

PT "Tired?" said Kenneth, gently but absently—oh, so absently. He really didn't care a bit whether she were tired or not, she thought.

PT "Kenneth," she ventured timidly, "you don't think this war will matter much to us in Canada, do you?"

PT "Matter? Of course it will matter to the lucky fellows who will be able to take a hand. I won't—thanks to this confounded ankle. Rotten luck, I call it."

PT "I don't see why we should fight England's battles," cried Rilla. "She's quite able to fight them herself."

PT "That isn't the point. We are part of the British Empire. It's a family affair. We've got to stand by each other. The worst of it is, it will be over before I can be of any use."

PT "Do you mean that you would really volunteer to go if it wasn't for your ankle?" asked Rilla incredulously.

PT "Sure I would. You see they'll go by thousands. Jem'll be off, I'll bet a cent—Walter won't be strong enough yet, I suppose. And Jerry Meredith—he'll go! And I was worrying about being out of football this year!"

PT Rilla was too startled to say anything. Jem—and Jerry! Nonsense! Why father and Mr. Meredith wouldn't allow it. They weren't through college. Oh, why hadn't Jack Elliott kept his horrid news to himself?

PT Mark Warren came up and asked her to dance. Rilla went, knowing Kenneth didn't care whether she went or stayed. An hour ago on the sand-shore he had been looking at her as if she were the only being of any importance in the world. And now she was nobody. His thoughts were full of this Great Game which was to be played out on bloodstained fields with empires for stakes—a Game in which womenkind could have no part. Women, thought Rilla miserably, just had to sit and cry at home. But all this was foolishness. Kenneth couldn't go—he admitted that himself—and Walter couldn't—thank goodness for that—and Jem and Jerry would have more sense. She wouldn't worry—she would enjoy herself. But how awkward Mark Warren was! How he bungled his steps! Why, for mercy's sake, did boys try to dance who didn't know the first thing about dancing; and who had feet as big as boats? There, he had bumped her into somebody! She would never dance with him again!

PT She danced with others, though the zest was gone out of the performance and she had begun to realize that her slippers hurt her badly. Kenneth seemed to have gone—at least nothing was to be seen of him. Her first party was spoiled, though it had seemed so beautiful at one time. Her head ached—her toes burned. And worse was yet to come. She had gone down with some over-harbour friends to the rock-shore where they all lingered as dance after dance went on above them. It was cool and pleasant and they were tired. Rilla sat silent, taking no part in the gay conversation. She was glad when someone called down that the over-harbour boats were leaving. A laughing scramble up the lighthouse rock followed. A few couples still whirled about in the pavilion but the crowd had thinned out. Rilla looked about her for the Glen group. She could not see one of them. She ran into the lighthouse. Still, no sign of anybody. In dismay she ran to the rock steps, down which the over-harbour guests were hurrying. She could see the boats below—where was Jem's—where was Joe's?

PT "Why, Rilla Blythe, I thought you'd be gone home long ago," said Mary Vance, who was waving her scarf at a boat skimming up the channel, skippered by Miller Douglas.

PT "Where are the rest?" gasped Rilla.

PT "Why, they're gone—Jem went an hour ago—Una had a headache. And the rest went with Joe about fifteen minutes ago. See—they're just going around Birch Point. I didn't go because it's getting rough and I knew I'd be seasick. I don't mind walking home from here. It's only a mile and a half. I s'posed you'd gone. Where were you?"

PT "Down on the rocks with Jem and Mollie Crawford. Oh, why didn't they look for me?"

PT "They did—but you couldn't be found. Then they concluded you must have gone in the other boat. Don't worry. You can stay all night with me and we'll 'phone up to Ingleside where you are."

PT Rilla realized that there was nothing else to do. Her lips trembled and tears came into her eyes. She blinked savagely—she would not let Mary Vance see her crying. But to be forgotten like this! To think nobody had thought it worth while to make sure where she was—not even Walter. Then she had a sudden dismayed recollection.

PT "My shoes," she exclaimed. "I left them in the boat."

PT "Well, I never," said Mary. "You're the most thoughtless kid I ever saw. You'll have to ask Hazel Lewison to lend you a pair of shoes."

PT "I won't." cried Rilla, who didn't like the said Hazel. "I'll go barefoot first."

PT Mary shrugged her shoulders.

PT "Just as you like. Pride must suffer pain. It'll teach you to be more careful. Well, let's hike."

PT Accordingly they hiked. But to "hike" along a deep-rutted, pebbly lane in frail, silver-hued slippers with high French heels, is not an exhilarating performance. Rilla managed to limp and totter along until they reached the harbour road; but she could go no farther in those detestable slippers. She took them and her dear silk stockings off and started barefoot. That was not pleasant either; her feet were very tender and the pebbles and ruts of the road hurt them. Her blistered heels smarted. But physical pain was almost forgotten in the sting of humiliation. This was a nice predicament! If Kenneth Ford could see her now, limping along like a little girl with a stone bruise! Oh, what a horrid way for her lovely party to end! She just had to cry—it was too terrible.

Nobody cared for her—nobody bothered about her at all. Well, if she caught cold from walking home barefoot on a dew-wet road and went into a decline perhaps they would be sorry. She furtively wiped her tears away with her scarf—handkerchiefs seemed to have vanished like shoes!—but she could not help sniffing. Worse and worse!

PT "You've got a cold, I see," said Mary. "You ought to have known you would, sitting down in the wind on those rocks. Your mother won't let you go out again in a hurry I can tell you. It's certainly been something of a party. The Lewisons know how to do things, I'll say that for them, though Hazel Lewison is no choice of mine. My, how black she looked when she saw you dancing with Ken Ford. And so did that little hussy of an Ethel Reese. What a flirt he is!"

PT "I don't think he's a flirt," said Rilla as defiantly as two desperate sniffs would let her.

PT "You'll know more about men when you're as old as I am," said Mary patronizingly. "Mind you, it doesn't do to believe all they tell you. Don't let Ken Ford think that all he has to do to get you on a string is to drop his handkerchief. Have more spirit than that, child."

PT To be thus hectored and patronized by Mary Vance was unendurable! And it was unendurable to walk on stony roads with blistered heels and bare feet! And it was unendurable to be crying and have no handkerchief and not to be able to stop crying!

PT "I'm not thinking"—sniff—"about Kenneth"—sniff—"Ford"—two sniffs—"at all," cried tortured Rilla.

PT "There's no need to fly off the handle, child. You ought to be willing to take advice from older people. I saw how you slipped over to the sands with Ken and stayed there ever so long with him. Your mother wouldn't like it if she knew."

PT "I'll tell my mother all about it—and Miss Oliver—and Walter," Rilla gasped between sniffs. "You sat for hours with Miller Douglas on that lobster trap, Mary Vance! What would Mrs. Elliott say to that if she knew?"

PT "Oh, I'm not going to quarrel with you," said Mary, suddenly retreating to high and lofty ground. "All I say is, you should wait until you're grown-up before you do things like that."

PT Rilla gave up trying to hide the fact that she was crying. Everything was spoiled—even that beautiful, dreamy, romantic, moonlit hour with Kenneth on the sands was vulgarized and cheapened. She loathed Mary Vance.

PT "Why, whatever's wrong?" cried mystified Mary. "What are you crying for?"

PT "My feet—hurt so—" sobbed Rilla clinging to the last shred of her pride. It was less humiliating to admit crying because of your feet than because—because somebody had been amusing himself with you, and your friends had forgotten you, and other people patronized you.

PT "I daresay they do," said Mary, not unkindly. "Never mind. I know where there's a pot of goose-grease in Cornelia's tidy pantry and it beats all the fancy cold creams in the world. I'll put some on your heels before you go to bed."

PT Goose-grease on your heels! So this was what your first party and your first beau and your first moonlit romance ended in!

PT Rilla gave over crying in sheer disgust at the futility of tears and went to sleep in Mary Vance's bed in the calm of despair. Outside, the dawn came greyly in on wings of storm; Captain Josiah, true to his word, ran up the Union Jack at the Four Winds Light and it streamed on the fierce wind against the clouded sky like a gallant unquenchable beacon.

"The Sound of a Going"

PT Rilla ran down through the sunlit glory of the maple grove behind Ingleside, to her favourite nook in Rainbow Valley. She sat down on a green-mossed stone among the fern, propped her chin on her hands and stared unseeingly at the dazzling blue sky of the August afternoon—so blue, so peaceful, so unchanged, just as it had arched over the valley in the mellow days of late summer ever since she could remember.

PT She wanted to be alone—to think things out—to adjust herself, if it were possible, to the new world into which she seemed to have been transplanted with a suddenness and completeness that left her half bewildered as to her own identity. Was she—could she be—the same Rilla Blythe who had danced at Four Winds Light six days ago—only six days ago? It seemed to Rilla that she had lived as much in those six days as in all her previous life—and if it be true that we should count time by heart-throbs she had. That evening, with its hopes and fears and triumphs and humiliations, seemed like ancient history now. Could she really ever have cried just because she had been forgotten and had to walk home with Mary Vance? Ah, thought Rilla sadly, how trivial and absurd such a cause of tears now appeared to her. She could cry now with a right good will—but she would not—she must not. What was it mother had said, looking, with her white lips and stricken eyes, as Rilla had never seen her mother look before,

PT "When our women fail in courage,

PT Shall our men be fearless still?"

PT Yes, that was it. She must be brave—like mother—and Nan—and Faith—Faith, who had cried with flashing eyes, "Oh, if I were only a man, to go too!" Only, when her eyes ached and her throat burned like this she had to hide herself in Rainbow Valley for a little, just to think things out and remember that she wasn't a child any longer—she was grown-up and women had to face things like this. But it was—nice—to get away alone now and then, where nobody could see her and where she needn't feel that people thought her a little coward if some tears came in spite of her.

PT How sweet and woodsey the ferns smelled! How softly the great feathery boughs of the firs waved and murmured over her! How elfinly rang the bells of the "Tree Lovers"—just a tinkle now and then as the

breeze swept by! How purple and elusive the haze where incense was being offered on many an altar of the hills! How the maple leaves whitened in the wind until the grove seemed covered with pale silvery blossoms! Everything was just the same as she had seen it hundreds of times; and yet the whole face of the world seemed changed.

PT "How wicked I was to wish that something dramatic would happen!" she thought. "Oh, if we could only have those dear, monotonous, pleasant days back again! I would never, never grumble about them again."

PT Rilla's world had tumbled to pieces the very day after the party. As they lingered around the dinner table at Ingleside, talking of the war, the telephone had rung. It was a long-distance call from Charlottetown for Jem. When he had finished talking he hung up the receiver and turned around, with a flushed face and glowing eyes. Before he had said a word his mother and Nan and Di had turned pale. As for Rilla, for the first time in her life she felt that every one must hear her heart beating and that something had clutched at her throat.

PT "They are calling for volunteers in town, father," said Jem. "Scores have joined up already. I'm going in tonight to enlist."

PT "Oh—Little Jem," cried Mrs. Blythe brokenly. She had not called him that for many years—not since the day he had rebelled against it. "Oh—no—no—Little Jem."

PT "I must, mother. I'm right—am I not, father?" said Jem.

PT Dr. Blythe had risen. He was very pale, too, and his voice was husky. But he did not hesitate.

PT "Yes, Jem, yes—if you feel that way, yes—"

PT Mrs. Blythe covered her face. Walter stared moodily at his plate. Nan and Di clasped each others' hands. Shirley tried to look unconcerned. Susan sat as if paralysed, her piece of pie half-eaten on her plate. Susan never did finish that piece of pie—a fact which bore eloquent testimony to the upheaval in her inner woman for Susan considered it a cardinal offence against civilized society to begin to eat anything and not finish it. That was wilful waste, hens to the contrary notwithstanding.

PT Jem turned to the phone again. "I must ring the manse. Jerry will want to go, too."

PT At this Nan had cried out "Oh!" as if a knife had been thrust into her, and rushed from the room. Di followed her. Rilla turned to Walter for comfort but Walter was lost to her in some reverie she could not share.

PT "All right," Jem was saying, as coolly as if he were arranging the details of a picnic. "I thought you would—yes, tonight—the seven o'clock—meet me at the station. So long."

PT "Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "I wish you would wake me up. Am I dreaming—or am I awake? Does that blessed boy realize what he is saying? Does he mean that he is going to enlist as a soldier? You do not mean to tell me that they want children like him! It is an outrage. Surely you and the doctor will not permit it."

PT "We can't stop him," said Mrs. Blythe, chokingly. "Oh, Gilbert!"

PT Dr. Blythe came up behind his wife and took her hand gently, looking down into the sweet grey eyes that he had only once before seen filled with such imploring anguish as now. They both thought of that other time—the day years ago in the House of Dreams when little Joyce had died.

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Notas de Glen e Outros Assuntos

En Em uma tarde quente, com nuvens douradas, Susan Baker sentou-se na grande sala de estar em Ingleside com uma satisfação sombria. Tendo trabalhado desde as seis da manhã, ela sentia que havia merecido uma hora de descanso e fofoca. Tudo na cozinha tinha corrido bem. Ela podia ver suas amadas peônias, que ela mesma plantara, florescendo em carmesim, rosa prateado e branco, incomparáveis em Glen St. Mary.

En Susan vestia uma nova blusa de seda preta e um avental branco engomado enfeitado com renda de crochê. Ela se sentia bem-vestida ao abrir o Daily Enterprise para ler as 'Notas' de Glen, que preenchiam meia coluna. Havia uma manchete sobre o assassinato de um arquiduque em Sarajevo, mas Susan ignorou aquilo; ela buscava as notícias locais. Ela encontrou 'Brevidades de Glen St. Mary' e leu cada item em voz alta para aproveitá-lo plenamente.

En A Sra. Blythe e sua visitante, Srta. Cornelia, conversavam perto da porta aberta para a varanda, onde uma brisa fresca carregava aromas do jardim e risadas de Rilla, Srta. Oliver e Walter. Onde quer que Rilla Blythe estivesse, havia risadas.

En Outro ocupante da sala estava enrolado em um sofá. Essa criatura tinha uma individualidade marcante e era a única coisa viva que Susan realmente odiava.

En Todos os gatos são misteriosos, mas Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde—chamado Doc—era especialmente assim. Ele parecia ter uma personalidade dupla, ou como Susan dizia, era possuído. Quatro anos antes, Rilla tinha um gatinho branco chamado Jack Frost com uma ponta preta no rabo. Susan não gostava de Jack Frost, mas não dava motivo.

En Susan asseguraria ameaçadoramente à Sra. Blythe que o gato não teria um bom fim.

En A Sra. Blythe perguntaria a Susan a razão de sua convicção.

En A única resposta de Susan foi que ela não apenas pensava, mas sabia com certeza.

En Entre o restante da família Ingleside, Jack Frost era um animal de estimação amado; ele era impecavelmente limpo e bem cuidado, seu lindo casaco branco nunca tinha uma marca. Ele tinha hábitos encantadores de ronronar e aconchegar-se, e era completamente honesto.

En Então, uma tragédia doméstica ocorreu em Ingleside: Jack Frost deu à luz gatinhos!

En Seria impossível descrever o triunfo de Susan. Não fora ela que sempre insistira que o gato se revelaria uma ilusão e uma armadilha? Agora todos podiam ver por si mesmos.

En Rilla ficou com um dos gatinhos, um bonito, com pelo liso e brilhante amarelo-escuro marcado com listras laranja, e orelhas grandes e douradas acetinadas. Ela o chamou de Goldie, um nome que parecia adequado para a criatura brincalhona, que durante sua infância felina não deu nenhuma dica de sua verdadeira natureza sinistra. Susan, claro, avisou a família que não se poderia esperar nada de bom de qualquer descendente daquele diabólico Jack Frost; mas seus avisos de Cassandra foram ignorados.

En Os Blythe estavam tão acostumados a pensar em Jack Frost como sendo do sexo masculino que não conseguiam quebrar o hábito. Continuavam a usar pronomes masculinos, apesar do resultado absurdo. Os visitantes frequentemente se surpreendiam quando Rilla se referia casualmente a Jack e seu gatinho, ou ordenava severamente a Goldie que fosse até sua mãe e pedisse a ele que lavasse seu pelo.

En Susan reclamou amargamente para a Sra. Dr. que aquilo não era decente. Ela mesma se comprometeu a sempre se referir a Jack como 'aquilo' ou 'a fera branca', e pelo menos um coração não se magoou quando 'aquilo' foi acidentalmente envenenado no inverno seguinte.

En Em menos de um ano, 'Goldie' tornou-se claramente um nome inadequado para o gatinho laranja, então Walter, que estava lendo a história de Stevenson, mudou para Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. Em seu humor de Dr. Jekyll, o gato era um felino sonolento, afetuoso, doméstico e amante de almofadas, que gostava de carinho e se orgulhava de ser mimado e acariciado. Ele amava especialmente deitar de costas e ter sua garganta lisa e cor de creme suavemente acariciada enquanto ronronava em satisfação sonolenta. Era um ronronador notável; nenhum

gato anterior de Ingleside havia ronronado tão constante e tão extaticamente.

En Dr. Blythe comentou certa vez que a única coisa que invejava em um gato era seu ronronar, que ele considerava o som mais contente do mundo.

En Doc era um gato muito bonito. Cada movimento que ele fazia era gracioso, e suas poses eram magníficas. Quando ele se sentava na varanda com sua longa cauda anelada e escura enrolada em volta das patas e fitava o horizonte por um longo tempo, os Blythes sentiam que ele se assemelhava a uma esfinge egípcia ou a uma divindade guardiã adequada.

En Antes da chuva ou do vento, Doc se transformava em uma criatura selvagem com olhos estranhos. A transformação era súbita. Ele saltava de um devaneio com um rosnado feroz e mordida qualquer um que tentasse segurá-lo ou acariciá-lo. Seu pelo parecia mais escuro e seus olhos brilhavam com uma luz maligna. Havia uma beleza estranha nele. Se isso acontecia ao anoitecer, a família Ingleside sentia medo. Ele se tornava um animal aterrorizante, mas Rilla o defendia, dizendo que ele era um gato bonzinho que gostava de rondar. E de fato ele rondava.

En Dr. Jekyll gostava de tomar leite fresco, enquanto Mr. Hyde recusava leite e reclamava da carne. Dr. Jekyll descia as escadas tão silenciosamente que ninguém podia ouvi-lo, mas Mr. Hyde andava pesadamente. Em várias noites, quando Susan estava sozinha, ele se sentava no meio do chão da cozinha e a fitava por uma hora com seus olhos aterrorizantes. Isso a perturbava muito, mas ela tinha medo demais dele para expulsá-lo. Uma vez, ela atirou um pedaço de pau nele, e ele a atacou violentamente. Ela correu para fora e nunca mais tentou incomodar Mr. Hyde. No entanto, ela punia o inocente Dr. Jekyll pelas ações de Mr. Hyde, expulsando-o da cozinha e negando-lhe as guloseimas que ele desejava.

En Susan leu em voz alta do jornal, saboreando cada nome enquanto falava. Anunciava que os muitos amigos de Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith e James Blythe estavam encantados em recebê-los de volta do Redmond College algumas semanas antes. James Blythe, que havia obtido seu Bacharelado em Artes em 1913, acabara de completar seu primeiro ano de faculdade de medicina.

En Miss Cornelia observou que Faith Meredith era a criatura mais bonita que ela já vira, e comentou como as crianças haviam melhorado notavelmente desde que Rosemary West chegou ao presbitério. As pessoas quase haviam esquecido seu passado travesso. Ela perguntou a Anne se ela se lembrava de suas antigas travessuras, e expressou surpresa por Rosemary ter lidado tão bem com elas, agindo mais como uma amiga do que como madrasta. Todas as crianças amavam Rosemary, e Una a adorava. Quanto ao pequeno Bruce, Una se dedicava completamente a ele. Miss Cornelia reconheceu que Bruce era um amor, mas notou que ele se parecia muito com sua tia Ellen, não com Rosemary. Ela acrescentou que Norman Douglas frequentemente brincava em voz alta que a cegonha havia destinado Bruce para ele e Ellen, mas o entregou por engano ao presbitério.

En Mrs. Blythe comentou que Bruce adorava Jem, seguindo-o em silêncio como um cachorrinho fiel sempre que visitava, olhando para ele por baixo de suas sobancelhas negras. Ela acreditava sinceramente que Bruce faria qualquer coisa por Jem.

En Alguém perguntou se Jem e Faith estavam destinados a se tornar um casal.

En Mrs. Blythe sorriu, sabendo que Miss Cornelia, antes uma tão veemente misândrica, havia de fato se dedicado a arranjar casamentos em seus anos mais avançados.

En Mrs. Blythe respondeu que Jem e Faith ainda eram apenas bons amigos.

En Miss Cornelia declarou que eles eram excelentes amigos. Ela afirmou estar totalmente informada sobre todas as atividades dos jovens.

En Susan observou de forma incisiva que não tinha dúvidas de que Mary Vance sabia o que estava acontecendo, mas considerava inadequado discutir crianças arranjando casamentos.

En Miss Cornelia rebateu que Jem tinha vinte e um anos e Faith dezenove, lembrando a Susan que a geração mais velha não era a única adulta.

En Susan ficou ofendida com a observação sobre sua idade; sua objeção não se devia à vaidade, mas a um medo persistente de que

outros pudessem considerá-la velha demais para trabalhar. Ela voltou às suas anotações.

En Susan registrou que Carl Meredith e Shirley Blythe haviam voltado da Queen's Academy na sexta-feira anterior. Ela observou que Carl estaria encarregado da escola em Harbour Head no ano seguinte e expressou confiança de que ele seria um professor popular e eficaz.

En Miss Cornelia comentou que Carl ensinaria às crianças tudo sobre insetos. Ela observou que ele já havia terminado o Queen's e, embora o Sr. Meredith e Rosemary quisessem que ele fosse direto para Redmond no outono, Carl era muito independente e pretendia ganhar parte de suas despesas universitárias por conta própria. Ela concluiu que isso seria bom para ele.

En Susan leu que Walter Blythe, que vinha lecionando em Lowbridge por dois anos, havia renunciado e pretendia ir para Redmond naquele outono.

En Miss Cornelia perguntou ansiosamente se Walter já estava forte o suficiente para Redmond.

En A Sra. Blythe respondeu que esperavam que ele estivesse até o outono e que um verão de descanso ao ar livre e ao sol lhe faria muito bem.

En Miss Cornelia afirmou enfaticamente que o tifo era difícil de superar, especialmente após o quase acidente de Walter. Ela achou que ele faria bem em adiar a faculdade por mais um ano, mas reconheceu que ele era muito ambicioso. Em seguida, perguntou se Di e Nan também iriam.

En Ele confirmou que ambos queriam lecionar por mais um ano, mas Gilbert achou melhor que fossem para Redmond naquele outono.

En Ela ficou satisfeita com isso, pois eles vigiarão Walter e garantirão que ele não trabalhasse demais. Então, olhando para Susan, comentou que, depois de ter sido ignorada antes, seria imprudente mencionar que Jerry Meredith estava fazendo olhares para Nan.

En Susan ignorou o comentário, e a Sra. Blythe riu mais uma vez.

En A Sra. Blythe disse à Srta. Cornelia que já tinha o suficiente para lidar com todos os jovens paquerando ao seu redor, mas achava difícil

levar a sério porque eles ainda pareciam crianças. Ela se lembrou de Jem como um bebê na antiga Casa dos Sonhos, e agora ele era um formado acusado de paquerar.

En A Srta. Cornelia suspirou e observou que todos estavam envelhecendo.

En A Sra. Blythe mencionou que a única parte dela que se sentia velha era seu tornozelo, que ela havia quebrado muitos anos atrás depois de ser desafiada a andar sobre a cumeeira do celeiro de Barry durante seu tempo em Green Gables. Ela disse que ele doía quando o vento vinha do leste, embora não o chamasse de reumatismo. Ela também falou das crianças e dos Merediths, que estavam ansiosos por um verão animado antes de retornar aos estudos no outono. Ela os descreveu como um grupo alegre que mantinha a casa cheia de risadas e atividade.

En Miss Cornelia perguntou se Rilla frequentaria o Queen's College quando Shirley voltasse.

En A Sra. Blythe respondeu que ainda não estava decidido, e ela estava mais inclinada a pensar que Rilla não iria. O pai dela acreditava que Rilla não era forte o suficiente, pois ela havia crescido muito para uma garota de quase quinze anos. A Sra. Blythe disse que não estava ansiosa para mandá-la embora, porque seria triste não ter nenhum de seus filhos em casa no inverno seguinte. Ela brincou que ela e Susan provavelmente acabariam brigando só para quebrar o tédio.

En Susan sorriu com essa piada, achando engraçada a ideia de ela brigar com a Sra. Blythe.

En Miss Cornelia perguntou se a própria Rilla desejava ir.

En A oradora disse que Rilla era a única de seus filhos que não tinha ambição. Ela expressou o desejo de que Rilla tivesse mais ambição, observando que Rilla não tinha ideais sérios e parecia querer apenas se divertir.

En Susan defendeu Rilla, argumentando que uma jovem deveria se divertir. Ela acreditava que haveria muito tempo depois para Rilla estudar assuntos sérios.

En A oradora respondeu que desejava que Rilla mostrasse mais responsabilidade e acrescentou que Rilla era excessivamente vaidosa.

En Susan retrucou que Rilla tinha motivos para ser vaidosa porque era a garota mais bonita de Glen St. Mary. Ela questionou a ideia de que alguma das famílias locais pudesse produzir uma tez como a dela. Susan insistiu que não deixaria Rilla ser criticada e então dirigiu sua atenção à Sra. Marshall Elliott.

En Susan encontrou uma oportunidade de revidar as observações da Srta. Cornelia sobre os interesses românticos das crianças, e leu o item com entusiasmo.

En Miller Douglas decidira não ir para o oeste. Ele considerava a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo suficiente e pretendia continuar cultivando para sua tia, Sra. Alec Davis.

En Susan observou a Srta. Cornélia com um olhar aguçado e atento.

En Susan disse à Srta. Cornélia que ouvira que Miller estava cortejando Mary Vance.

En Essa observação atingiu duramente a Srta. Cornélia. Seu rosto rechonchudo e alegre ficou vermelho.

En A Srta. Cornélia declarou secamente que não permitiria que Miller Douglas se associasse a Mary. Ela explicou que ele vinha de uma família humilde: seu pai fora uma espécie de pária entre os Douglas, nunca verdadeiramente aceito, e sua mãe era uma daquelas terríveis Dillons de Harbour Head.

En O orador comentou com a Sra. Marshall Elliott que ouvira dizer que os pais de Mary Vance não eram exatamente aristocráticos.

En Miss Cornelia retrucou que Mary Vance tinha sido bem criada e era uma jovem inteligente e capaz. Ela insistiu que Mary não se jogaria fora com Miller Douglas, pois ela conhecia as opiniões de Miss Cornelia e nunca a tinha desobedecido.

En O orador aconselhou a Sra. Marshall Elliott a não se preocupar, porque a Sra. Alec Davis era igualmente contrária, afirmando que nenhum sobrinho dela se casaria com uma pessoa sem nome como Mary Vance.

En Susan voltou ao seu trabalho, satisfeita por ter vencido a discussão, e leu outra nota.

En A nota expressava prazer que a Srta. Oliver tinha sido recontratada como professora por mais um ano, e que ela passaria suas merecidas férias em sua casa em Lowbridge.

En Sra. Blythe expressou seu alívio por Gertrude permanecer, observando que sentiriam muito sua falta. Ela acrescentou que Gertrude tinha uma influência positiva sobre Rilla, que a admirava profundamente, e que, apesar da diferença de idade, elas eram amigas próximas.

En Alguém comentou que tinha ouvido que Gertrude estava planejando se casar.

En O interlocutor reconheceu que o casamento havia sido mencionado, mas acreditava que havia sido adiado por um ano.

En Alguém perguntou sobre a identidade do jovem.

En Sra. Blythe explicou que o jovem era Robert Grant, um advogado de Charlottetown. Ela esperava que Gertrude encontrasse felicidade, pois havia experimentado muita tristeza e sentia as coisas intensamente. A juventude de Gertrude havia passado, e ela estava quase sozinha. Esse novo amor parecia tão notável que ela mal acreditava que duraria. Quando o casamento foi adiado — sem culpa do Sr. Grant, devido a complicações com a herança de seu falecido pai — Gertrude ficou bastante angustiada. Ela interpretou o atraso como um mau presságio, temendo que a felicidade acabasse escapando dela.

En Susan observou solenemente à Sra. Dra. que não era sábio apegar-se demais a um homem.

En A Sra. Dra. respondeu que o Sr. Grant estava igualmente apaixonado por Gertrude. Ela explicou que a desconfiança de Gertrude era dirigida ao destino, não a ele. Gertrude tinha uma crença supersticiosa em sonhos, que eles não conseguiram dissipar. A Sra. Dra. confessou que alguns dos sonhos de Gertrude eram perturbadores, embora não deixasse Gilbert ouvi-la dizer isso. Então ela perguntou a Susan que coisa interessante ela tinha descoberto.

En Susan soltou um grito de surpresa.

En Susan leu em voz alta que a Sra. Sophia Crawford havia abandonado sua casa em Lowbridge e moraria com sua sobrinha, a Sra. Albert Crawford. Ela exclamou que esta era sua própria prima Sophia. Elas haviam brigado quando crianças por um cartão da escola dominical e não se falavam desde então. Agora Sophia moraria do outro lado da rua.

En A Sra. Dra. aconselhou Susan que ela teria que resolver a velha briga, pois seria inadequado estar de mal com uma vizinha.

En Susan afirmou arrogantemente que a prima Sophia havia começado a briga, então ela também deveria ser a primeira a fazer as pazes. Susan expressou esperança de que era cristã o suficiente para encontrar Sophia no meio do caminho. Ela descreveu Sophia como uma pessoa desagradável que havia sido uma fonte de melancolia por toda a vida. Na última vez que Susan a viu, o rosto de Sophia estava coberto de rugas devido à preocupação e ansiedade constantes. Susan observou que Sophia chorou alto no funeral do primeiro marido, mas se casou novamente dentro de um ano. Susan então mencionou que o próximo artigo de jornal descrevia o culto especial em sua igreja no domingo anterior e comentou que as decorações estavam muito bonitas.

En A Srta. Cornélia comentou que o Sr. Pryor desaprovava fortemente as flores na igreja. Ela acrescentou que sempre previra problemas quando aquele homem se mudou de Lowbridge. Ela acreditava que havia sido um erro torná-lo diácono, e eles se arrependiam. A Srta. Cornélia ouvira que, se as moças continuassem a decorar o púlpito com o que ele chamava de ervas daninhas, ele pararia de frequentar a igreja.

En Susan afirmou que a igreja havia se saído perfeitamente bem antes de o homem a quem chamavam de velho Bigodes-na-Lua chegar a Glen, e ela acreditava que continuaria a se sair sem ele depois que ele partisse.

En A Sra. Blythe perguntou quem havia dado a ele aquele apelido ridículo.

En Susan explicou que os garotos de Lowbridge o chamavam assim desde que ela se lembrava, provavelmente porque o rosto dele era tão redondo e vermelho com uma franja de costeletas arenosas. Ela alertou que ninguém deveria chamá-lo assim perto dele. Ela acrescentou que ele era um homem muito irracional, com muitas ideias peculiares.

Embora agora fosse diácono e considerado muito religioso, Susan se lembrava vividamente de um incidente de vinte anos atrás, quando ele foi pego pastando sua vaca no cemitério de Lowbridge. Ela sempre pensava nisso quando ele orava nas reuniões. Susan concluiu que havia pouco de importante no jornal e que ela se interessava pouco por assuntos estrangeiros. Ela então perguntou quem era aquele arquiduque assassinado.

En Miss Cornelia observou que eles não tinham motivo para se importar com os acontecimentos nos Bálcãs, sem saber da terrível resposta que o destino estava preparando. Ela reclamou que os jornais não deveriam publicar histórias tão chocantes, e que o Enterprise estava se tornando muito sensacionalista com seus grandes títulos. Então disse que precisava ir para casa, porque seu marido não comeria a menos que ela estivesse lá. Ao sair, notou o gato Doc agindo de forma estranha, como se estivesse tendo um ataque, antes de pular pela janela.

En Anne explicou que o gato não estava tendo um ataque; ele estava apenas se transformando no Sr. Hyde, o que indicava que chuva ou vento forte chegariam antes da manhã, pois o gato era tão confiável quanto um barômetro.

En Susan expressou alívio por o gato ter ido para fora em vez de causar problemas na cozinha. Ela anunciou que iria preparar o jantar, observando que, com tantos hóspedes em Ingleside, era sensato planejar as refeições cedo.

Orvalho da Manhã

En Do lado de fora, no gramado de Ingleside, manchas de luz solar dourada se misturavam com sombras convidativas. Rilla Blythe estava deitada balançando em uma rede sob o grande pinheiro escocês, enquanto Gertrude Oliver se sentava junto às raízes da árvore ao lado dela. Perto dali, Walter se esticava na grama, completamente absorto em um romance de cavalaria onde heróis e beldades antigas de séculos passados ganhavam vida vividamente para ele.

En Rilla Blythe, a filha mais nova da família Blythe, sentia-se irritada por ninguém a considerar adulta. Com quase quinze anos, era tão alta quanto suas irmãs Di e Nan, e bastante bonita. Tinha olhos castanho-claros, pele clara com sardas e sobranceiras delicadas que lhe davam uma expressão pensativa. Seu cabelo castanho e uma pequena covinha acima do lábio aumentavam seu charme. Rilla estava satisfeita com seu rosto, mas preocupada com sua figura magra e desejava que sua mãe lhe permitisse usar vestidos mais longos. Ela havia sido rechonchuda quando criança, mas agora era muito magra, o que levava seus irmãos Jem e Shirley a provocá-la chamando-a de 'Aranha'. No entanto, ela se movia com graça, quase como se estivesse dançando. Embora fosse um pouco mimada, a maioria das pessoas a considerava uma garota doce, mesmo que não fosse tão inteligente quanto Nan e Di.

En A Srta. Oliver estava indo para casa naquela noite para as férias. Ela estava hospedada em Ingleside há um ano. Os Blythe a haviam convidado para agradar Rilla, que admirava profundamente sua professora e estava disposta a dividir o quarto. Gertrude Oliver tinha vinte e oito anos e enfrentara muitas lutas na vida. Ela tinha uma aparência marcante, com olhos tristes amendoados castanhos, uma boca inteligente e um tanto zombeteira, e uma grande quantidade de cabelo preto. Ela não era bonita, mas seu rosto tinha um certo charme de interesse e mistério que fascinava Rilla. Até seus humores ocasionais de melancolia e cinismo atraíam Rilla. Esses humores vinham apenas quando a Srta. Oliver estava cansada; caso contrário, ela era uma companheira inspiradora, e os mais jovens em Ingleside nunca pensavam nela como muito mais velha. Walter e Rilla eram seus favoritos, e ela era a confidente de seus desejos secretos. Ela sabia que Rilla ansiava ir a festas como suas irmãs mais velhas, usar vestidos

elegantes de noite e ter namorados. Quanto a Walter, ela sabia que ele escrevera uma série de sonetos para Rosamond, ou seja, Faith Meredith, e esperava se tornar professor de literatura inglesa em uma grande faculdade. Ela entendia seu profundo amor pela beleza e seu igualmente forte ódio pela feiura, assim como suas forças e fraquezas.

En Walter era o mais bonito dos garotos de Ingleside. A senhorita Oliver gostava de olhar para ele porque ele era exatamente como o filho que ela gostaria de ter. Ele tinha cabelos pretos e brilhantes, olhos cinza-escuros e vivos, e traços perfeitos. Ele era um poeta em todos os sentidos. A coleção de sonetos que ele escreveu era muito impressionante para um jovem de vinte anos. A senhorita Oliver não era uma crítica tendenciosa e reconhecia que Walter Blythe possuía um talento maravilhoso.

En Rilla amava Walter completamente. Diferente de Jem e Shirley, ele nunca a provocava nem a chamava de "Aranha". Em vez disso, ele lhe deu o apelido afetuoso de "Rilla-my-Rilla", brincando com seu nome verdadeiro, Marilla. Ela havia recebido o nome de sua tia Marilla, que morreu antes que Rilla pudesse se lembrar bem dela. Rilla não gostava do nome Marilla, achando-o antiquado e formal; ela teria preferido ser chamada de Bertha, um nome que considerava bonito e digno. No entanto, ela não se importava com a versão de Walter para seu nome. Ninguém mais tinha permissão para chamá-la assim, exceto a senhorita Oliver ocasionalmente. O som de "Rilla-my-Rilla" na voz musical de Walter parecia encantador para ela, como o fluxo suave de um riacho. Ela disse à senhorita Oliver que sacrificaria sua vida por Walter se isso o ajudasse. Aos quinze anos, Rilla gostava de usar expressões dramáticas. Sua maior decepção era a suspeita de que Walter compartilhava mais segredos com Di do que com ela.

En Rilla reclamou com a Srta. Oliver que Walter não achava que ela tivesse idade suficiente para entender seus segredos, mas ela acreditava que sim. Ela garantiu à Srta. Oliver que nunca revelaria esses segredos a ninguém, nem mesmo à Srta. Oliver. Rilla disse que contava tudo a Walter, até mostrava seu diário, e isso a magoava quando ele não compartilhava coisas com ela. No entanto, ele mostrava todos os seus poemas, os quais ela achava maravilhosos. Ela esperava um dia ser tão importante para Walter quanto Dorothy foi para Wordsworth. Ela achava

que os poemas de Walter eram melhores do que qualquer coisa que Wordsworth ou Tennyson escreveram.

En A Srta. Oliver disse secamente que não concordaria exatamente com isso, e que ambos escreveram uma grande quantidade de lixo. Notando um olhar magoado nos olhos de Rilla, ela se arrependeu e acrescentou algo apressadamente.

En O falante expressou a crença de que Walter um dia se tornaria um grande poeta e garantiu a Rilla que, à medida que ela crescesse, Walter compartilharia mais de seus pensamentos com ela.

En Rilla lembrou de ter ficado extremamente ansiosa quando Walter esteve no hospital com tifo no ano anterior. Seu pai havia proibido que alguém lhe contasse o quão grave era sua doença até que terminasse, e ela ficou aliviada por não saber, pois não teria suportado. Mesmo sem saber, ela chorava até dormir todas as noites. Ela então comentou amargamente, imitando a Srta. Oliver, que às vezes sentia que Walter se importava mais com o cachorro Monday do que com ela.

En Dog Monday era o cão da família em Ingleside, nomeado assim porque chegou numa segunda-feira quando Walter estava lendo Robinson Crusoé. Embora pertencesse principalmente a Jem, também era muito apegado a Walter. Naquele momento, ele estava deitado ao lado de Walter, com o nariz encostado no braço dele, abanando o rabo feliz sempre que Walter o afagava distraidamente. Monday não era de uma raça específica, mas sim o que Jem chamava de cão comum, e pessoas pouco caridosas achavam que ele era realmente muito comum. Sua aparência não era seu ponto forte: manchas pretas estavam espalhadas aleatoriamente sobre seu corpo amarelo, uma aparentemente cobrindo um olho, e suas orelhas estavam rasgadas de brigas que ele frequentemente perdia. No entanto, ele tinha uma qualidade: sabia que nem todos os cães podiam ser bonitos ou ferozes, mas todo cão podia amar. Dentro de seu corpo feio batia o coração mais afetuoso, leal e fiel de qualquer cão. Algo em seus olhos castanhos parecia quase uma alma. Todos em Ingleside o amavam, até mesmo Susan, embora seu hábito de se esgueirar para o quarto de hóspedes e dormir na cama testasse a afeição dela.

En Naquela tarde em particular, Rilla não tinha queixas sobre sua situação atual.

En Rilla comentou que junho tinha sido um mês encantador. Ela olhou sonhadora para as pequenas e silenciosas nuvens prateadas que pairavam pacificamente sobre o Vale do Arco-Íris e disse que tinham aproveitado momentos tão adoráveis e um clima perfeito, tornando-o perfeito em todos os sentidos.

En Miss Oliver expressou seu desconforto com a perfeição, considerando-a um sinal ominoso — uma espécie de compensação divina por problemas futuros. Ela havia observado esse padrão com frequência, embora admitisse que junho havia sido encantador.

En Rilla reconheceu a falta de empolgação, observando que o único evento notável em Glen no último ano foi o desmaio da senhora Mead na igreja. Ela confessou que às vezes desejava que algo dramático acontecesse para quebrar a monotonia.

En O orador aconselhou Rilla a não desejar drama, já que eventos dramáticos inevitavelmente causam amargura para alguém. Eles comentaram sobre o agradável verão que aguardava os jovens, contrastando-o com seu próprio tempo solitário em Lowbridge.

En Rilla perguntou se a outra pessoa visitaria com frequência. Ela antecipava muita diversão naquele verão, embora esperasse permanecer à margem como de costume. Achava cansativo quando os outros a tratavam como criança, apesar de se sentir crescida.

En A pessoa lembrou Rilla de que ela tinha tempo de sobra para amadurecer e a alertou contra desejar que sua juventude passasse, pois ela passa rápido demais. Eles a asseguraram de que ela logo começaria a experimentar as experiências da vida.

En Rilla riu e declarou que queria experimentar a vida plenamente e ter tudo o que uma garota pudesse desejar. Ela ansiava pelos quinze anos, após os quais não seria mais considerada uma criança. Ouvira dizer que os anos dos quinze aos dezenove eram os melhores para uma garota, e pretendia torná-los maravilhosos, preenchendo-os com prazer.

En Alguém comentou que não adiantava muito planejar, já que era bem provável que não se cumprisse o planejado.

En Rilla rebateu que até mesmo o planejamento em si trazia muito prazer.

En A Srta. Oliver provocou Rilla de forma afetuosa por sua busca obstinada por diversão, e então perguntou se ela pretendia ir para a faculdade naquele outono.

En Rilla afirmou que não tinha desejo de ir para a faculdade, nem agora nem nunca. Ela não tinha interesse nas matérias acadêmicas que suas irmãs Nan e Di adoravam. Com cinco da família já na faculdade, ela achava que era suficiente. Ela estava perfeitamente contente em ser a burra da família, desde que pudesse ser bonita, popular e encantadora. Ela admitiu que não tinha talentos e achava isso libertador, já que ninguém esperava nada dela. Ela também não gostava de tarefas domésticas e não conseguia aprender a cozinhar. Ela citou seu pai dizendo que ela não trabalhava nem fiava, e concluiu que devia ser um lírio do campo, rindo.

En Rilla foi informada de que era muito jovem para abandonar completamente os estudos.

En Rilla respondeu que sua mãe organizaria um curso de leitura para ela no inverno seguinte, o que aprimoraria o diploma de sua mãe. Ela admitiu que gostava de ler. Ela pediu para não ser olhada com tanta tristeza e desaprovação, explicando que não conseguia ser séria porque tudo parecia brilhante e alegre. Ela ansiava por fazer quinze, dezesseis e dezessete anos.

En Gertrude Oliver, meio rindo e meio séria, disse a Rilla para bater na madeira.

Alegria ao Luar

En Rilla, que dormia com os olhos ligeiramente abertos, de modo que parecia estar sorrindo durante o sono, bocejou, espreguiçou-se e sorriu para Gertrude Oliver. Gertrude havia chegado de Lowbridge na noite anterior e havia sido persuadida a ficar para o baile no farol de Four Winds na noite seguinte.

En Gertrude Oliver refletiu que o novo dia estava chegando e se perguntou o que ele traria para eles.

En A Srta. Oliver estremeceu levemente. Ela não cumprimentava os dias com o mesmo entusiasmo que Rilla. Tendo vivido o suficiente, ela sabia que um dia poderia trazer algo terrível.

En Rilla continuou dizendo que a melhor coisa sobre os dias era sua imprevisibilidade. Ela gostava de acordar em uma manhã brilhante e imaginar que surpresas o dia poderia reservar. Ela sonhava acordada por dez minutos antes de se levantar, pensando em todas as coisas maravilhosas que poderiam acontecer antes da noite.

En Gertrude expressou a esperança de que algo muito inesperado acontecesse naquele dia. Ela desejava que o correio trouxesse a notícia de que a guerra entre a Alemanha e a França havia sido evitada.

En Rilla concordou vagamente que a guerra seria terrível, mas pensou que poderia ser emocionante para eles. Ela lembrou que a Guerra dos Bôeres teria sido emocionante, embora não se lembrasse dela. Ela então perguntou à Srta. Oliver se deveria usar seu vestido branco ou o novo verde no baile à beira-mar naquela noite. Ela tinha medo de danificar o verde, mas ele era mais bonito. Ela também perguntou se seu cabelo poderia ser arrumado em um novo estilo que nenhuma das outras garotas locais usava ainda, o que causaria sensação.

En Alguém perguntou como ela havia convencido sua mãe a permitir que ela fosse ao baile.

En Rilla disse à Srta. Oliver que Walter havia convencido seus pais a deixá-la ir à sua primeira festa de adultos. Ela estava ansiosa por isso há uma semana e estava entusiasmada por o sol estar brilhando. Ela planejava usar seu vestido verde e seus sapatos prateados, que eram

um presente de Natal da Sra. Ford. Ela esperava que alguns garotos a convidassem para dançar, pois ficaria humilhada se tivesse que ficar sentada sozinha a noite toda. Os filhos do ministro, Carl e Jerry, não podiam dançar, então ela não podia contar com eles.

En A Srta. Oliver tranquilizou Rilla, dizendo que ela teria muitos parceiros porque muitos garotos do outro lado do porto estavam vindo, e haveria mais garotos do que garotas.

En Rilla disse que estava feliz por não ser filha de um ministro. Faith estava furiosa por não ter permissão para dançar, mas Una não se importava. Faith fez uma careta de desgosto quando ouviu sobre um puxa-puxa de caramelo para quem não dançava. Rilla também mencionou que todos iriam caminhar até um riacho e depois velejar até o farol, o que ela achava que seria maravilhoso.

En A Srta. Oliver respondeu sarcasticamente que usara uma linguagem exagerada quando tinha quinze anos. Ela esperava que a festa fosse chata para ela, pois achava que nenhum dos garotos iria querer dançar com uma mulher mais velha. Ela supôs que Jem e Walter a convidariam para dançar apenas por bondade, então ela não podia compartilhar a empolgação de Rilla.

En Rilla perguntou à Srta. Oliver se ela tinha gostado de sua primeira festa.

En Ela admitiu que sua própria juventude havia sido miserável; ela era desleixada e sem graça, e apenas um garoto igualmente desajeitado a convidou para dançar, a quem ela odiava. Ela sentiu que havia perdido uma verdadeira juventude, o que era uma triste perda. Era por isso que ela queria que Rilla desfrutasse de uma juventude maravilhosa e feliz, e esperava que a primeira festa de Rilla fosse uma lembrança agradável para a vida toda.

En Rilla suspirou que havia sonhado que estava no baile, apenas para descobrir no meio dele que estava usando seu quimono e chinelos de quarto, e acordou horrorizada.

En A Srta. Oliver mencionou que também teve um sonho estranho. Ela explicou que seus sonhos às vezes são muito nítidos e parecem tão reais quanto a vida, não como sonhos normais e confusos.

En Alguém perguntou à Srta. Oliver sobre o que era seu sonho.

En A Srta. Oliver descreveu seu sonho: ela estava nos degraus da varanda em Ingleside, olhando para os campos. Ao longe, viu uma longa onda prateada quebrando sobre eles, aproximando-se. O vale estava sendo engolido. Ela pensou que as ondas não alcançariam Ingleside, mas elas vieram rapidamente, quebrando a seus pés, e tudo desapareceu, substituído por uma água tempestuosa. Ela tentou recuar e notou que a borda de seu vestido estava molhada de sangue, então acordou tremendo. Ela sentiu que o sonho tinha um significado sinistro, já que sonhos vívidos assim sempre se tornavam realidade para ela.

En Rilla murmurou que esperava que o sinal não pressagiasse uma tempestade vinda do leste que estragasse a festa.

En Miss Oliver chamou Rilla secamente de uma incorrigível garota de quinze anos e garantiu que o tempo não pressagiava nada tão terrível.

En Por vários dias, uma corrente subterrânea de tensão havia permeado Ingleside, despercebida apenas por Rilla, que estava absorta em suas próprias preocupações. O Dr. Blythe havia se tornado sério e silencioso sobre o jornal, enquanto Jem e Walter acompanhavam as notícias atentamente. Naquela noite, Jem procurou Walter com entusiasmo.

En Jem exclamou que a Alemanha havia declarado guerra à França, e isso provavelmente significava que a Inglaterra também lutaria — e se assim fosse, o Flautista da antiga imaginação de Walter finalmente teria chegado.

En Walter insistiu lentamente que não era imaginação, mas um pressentimento — uma visão que ele realmente tivera por um momento há muito tempo. Ele então perguntou a Jem o que aconteceria se a Inglaterra realmente lutasse.

En Jem alegremente declarou que todos teriam que ajudá-la, perguntando como poderiam deixar a velha mãe cinzenta do mar do norte lutar sozinha. Ele acrescentou que Walter não podia ir porque a febre tifoide o havia impedido, e comentou que era uma pena.

En Walter não respondeu se era uma vergonha. Ele olhou silenciosamente através do Glen em direção ao cais azul ondulado além.

En Jem disse alegremente que eles eram os filhotes e que precisavam lutar com unhas e dentes se houvesse um conflito familiar.

Ele achou que seria uma grande aventura. Supôs que Grey ou outros políticos experientes resolveriam a situação no último momento, mas sentiu que seria uma vergonha se a França fosse abandonada. Se não, eles veriam alguma empolgação. Então mencionou que era hora de se preparar para a festa no farol.

En Jem saiu da casa assobiando. Walter permaneceu parado por algum tempo, com uma expressão preocupada no rosto. A ideia da guerra havia aparecido tão de repente quanto uma nuvem de tempestade. Apenas alguns dias antes, ninguém sequer a considerava. Agora parecia absurda. Ele sentia que uma solução seria encontrada. Acreditava que a guerra era algo terrível e feio, muito terrível para acontecer entre nações civilizadas no século XX. O simples pensamento ameaçava a beleza da vida e o deixava infeliz. Ele resolveu não pensar nisso. Voltou sua atenção para a beleza do Glen em agosto: as antigas propriedades, os prados, os jardins tranquilos. O céu oeste brilhava como uma pérola dourada, e o luar começava a cobrir o porto de gelo. O ar estava cheio de sons lindos: tordos sonolentos, vento murmurante, folhas de choupo farfalhando e o riso de moças se preparando para um baile. O mundo estava cheio de beleza maravilhosa. Ele decidiu se concentrar apenas nessas coisas e na alegria que lhe proporcionavam. Lembrou a si mesmo que, como Jem dissera, seu histórico de tifo significava que ninguém esperaria que ele fosse à guerra.

En Rilla estava debruçada na janela de seu quarto, vestida para o baile. Um amor-perfeito amarelo escapou de seu cabelo e caiu sobre o parapeito como uma estrela de ouro cadente. Ela tentou pegá-lo, mas não conseguiu. No entanto, ainda havia muitos outros, porque a Srta. Oliver havia trançado uma pequena guirlanda deles para o cabelo de Rilla.

En Ela comentou sobre a bela calma e disse que teriam uma noite perfeita. Disse à Srta. Oliver que podia ouvir os velhos sinos do Vale do Arco-Íris com muita clareza, mencionando que eles estavam pendurados lá há mais de dez anos.

En A Srta. Oliver respondeu que o som daqueles sinos a fazia pensar na música etérea e celestial que Adão e Eva ouviram na descrição do Éden feita por Milton.

En Rilla disse sonhadora que costumavam se divertir muito no Vale do Arco-Íris quando eram crianças.

En Ninguém mais brincava no Vale do Arco-Íris; estava quieto nas noites de verão. Walter gostava de ler lá. Jem e Faith se encontravam frequentemente lá. Jerry e Nan iam para lá para se envolver em debates intermináveis sobre tópicos sérios, o que parecia ser sua maneira de namorar. Rilla tinha seu próprio pequeno bosque especial onde gostava de se sentar e sonhar acordada.

En Ela disse que precisava ir à cozinha primeiro para se mostrar à Susan, porque Susan nunca a perdoaria se ela pulasse isso.

En Rilla irrompeu na cozinha escura de Ingleside, onde Susan calmamente cerzia meias, e sua beleza iluminou o ambiente. Ela vestia um vestido verde decorado com pequenos padrões de margaridas rosas, meias de seda e chinelos prateados. Amores-perfeitos dourados adornavam seu cabelo e sua garganta cremosa. Ela era tão bonita, jovem e radiante que até a prima Sofia Crawford teve que admirá-la, embora raramente admirasse algo terreno. Prima Sofia e Susan tinham se reconciliado ou ao menos deixado de lado a velha briga depois que prima Sofia se mudou para o Glen, e ela vinha frequentemente à noite para uma conversa de vizinha. Susan nem sempre a recebia com entusiasmo, já que prima Sofia não era exatamente uma companhia divertida. Susan certa vez comentou com a Sra. Dr. que algumas visitas são visitas e outras são visitas, insinuando que as de prima Sofia eram do segundo tipo.

En Prima Sofia tinha um rosto longo, pálido e enrugado, um nariz longo e fino, uma boca longa e fina, e mãos muito longas, finas e pálidas que geralmente ficavam cruzadas resignadamente em seu colo de chita preta. Tudo nela parecia longo, fino e pálido. Ela olhou tristemente para Rilla Blythe e disse, com uma expressão lamentosa...

En Prima Sofia perguntou a Rilla se todo o seu cabelo era dela.

En Rilla respondeu indignada que claro que era.

En Prima Sofia suspirou e disse que talvez fosse melhor se não fosse, porque ter tanto cabelo tirava a força da pessoa e supostamente era sinal de tísica, embora esperasse que isso não acontecesse com Rilla. Ela supôs que todos dançariam naquela noite, até os filhos do pastor,

embora as filhas provavelmente não fossem tão longe. Ela admitiu que nunca aprovou dança, lembrando de uma moça que conheceu que caiu morta enquanto dançava. Ela não conseguia entender como alguém poderia dançar novamente após um julgamento desses.

En Rilla perguntou impertinentemente se a mulher já havia dançado novamente.

En O interlocutor reiterou que a mulher havia morrido e, portanto, não poderia ter dançado novamente, lamentando-a como uma Kirke de Lowbridge. Em seguida, perguntou a Rilla se ela pretendia sair sem nada cobrindo o pescoço desnudo.

En Rilla protestou que a noite estava quente, mas concordou em usar um cachecol quando fossem para a água.

En A prima Sophia contou sombriamente uma história de um barco cheio de jovens que foram velejar no porto quarenta anos atrás em uma noite exatamente como aquela, e todos viraram e se afogaram. Ela expressou esperança de que nada semelhante acontecesse com eles naquela noite. Em seguida, perguntou a Rilla se ela já tinha tentado algo para suas sardas, mencionando que ela mesma achava o suco de tanchagem muito eficaz.

En Susan defendeu Rilla dizendo à prima Sophia que ela era uma especialista em sardas, tendo sido mais sardenta que um sapo quando menina. Susan observou que as sardas de Rilla só apareciam no verão, enquanto as da prima Sophia eram permanentes, e que Rilla tinha uma pele melhor. Ela elogiou a aparência e o penteado de Rilla, mas questionou se Rilla pretendia ir a pé até o porto com aquelas pantufas.

En Rilla disse a Susan que eles usariam seus sapatos velhos até o porto e carregariam seus chinelos, e então perguntou se ela gostava do vestido dela.

En A prima Sophia comentou que o vestido de Rilla lembrava um que ela usara quando menina, verde com flores rosa e muitos babados. Ela criticou os vestidos modernos por serem muito curtos e contou a história de como seu próprio vestido foi arruinado por um rasgo e uma xícara de chá. Ela então sugeriu que o vestido de Rilla deveria ser mais comprido porque suas pernas eram muito longas e finas.

En Susan respondeu secamente que a Sra. Blythe não aprovava que garotinhas se vestissem como adultas, com a intenção de repreender a prima Sophia. Mas Rilla se sentiu insultada por ser chamada de garotinha. Ela saiu da cozinha indignada, pensando que Susan acreditava que ninguém era adulto até os sessenta anos. Ela também ficou chateada com os comentários da prima Sophia sobre suas sardas e pernas. Rilla sentiu que seu prazer pela noite estava estragado e quase chorou.

En Mais tarde, o ânimo de Rilla melhorou quando ela se juntou ao grupo alegre que seguia para o farol de Four Winds.

En Os Blythe deixaram Ingleside, com o cachorro Monday uivando do celeiro onde estava trancado para impedi-lo de segui-los. Eles pegaram os Meredith na vila, e outros se juntaram a eles na antiga estrada do porto. Mary Vance, vestida de crepe azul com renda, saiu do portão da Srta. Cornelia e se juntou a Rilla e à Srta. Oliver, que não a receberam calorosamente. Rilla nunca havia esquecido a humilhação de quando Mary a perseguiu com um bacalhau seco. Mary não era popular, mas sua língua afiada a tornava uma companhia estimulante. Di Blythe certa vez disse que Mary Vance era um hábito do qual não conseguiam se livrar, mesmo quando furiosos com ela.

En A maioria dos jovens estava andando em pares. Jem, como de costume, estava com Faith Meredith, e Jerry Meredith acompanhava Nan Blythe. Di e Walter estavam profundamente envolvidos em uma conversa particular, e Rilla invejava a intimidade deles.

En Carl Meredith acompanhou Miranda Pryor, principalmente para irritar Joe Milgrave, que nutria uma afeição secreta por ela, mas era tímido demais para agir, especialmente sob a luz do luar brilhante. Joe só podia seguir atrás, fervendo por dentro. Miranda, filha do impopular Whiskers-on-the-moon, era uma garota meiga e despretensiosa, com uma risada nervosa e grandes olhos azuis que pareciam perpetuamente assustados. Ela teria preferido a companhia de Joe à de Carl, mas também sentia um certo orgulho em caminhar com um estudante universitário e filho do pastor.

En Shirley Blythe, um rapaz de dezesseis anos, quieto e sensato, com cabelos e olhos castanhos, caminhava com Una Meredith. Ambos eram naturalmente silenciosos, e Shirley apreciava o fato de Una não o

pressionar para conversar. Una, tímida e doce, com olhos azuis sonhadores, admirava secretamente Walter Blythe, um fato conhecido apenas por Rilla. Rilla sentia simpatia por Una e desejava que Walter correspondesse ao seu afeto. Ela também preferia Una a Faith, cuja beleza e autoconfiança tendiam a ofuscar outras garotas, incluindo a própria Rilla.

En Rilla sentiu uma felicidade profunda enquanto caminhava com seus amigos pela estrada escura e reluzente. O ar cheirava a abetos e pinheiros. Atrás das colinas, as cores do pôr do sol ainda persistiam nos prados. O porto brilhava à frente deles. Um sino de igreja tocou sobre a água, e suas notas suaves desapareceram ao redor dos pontos de terra roxos e escuros. O golfo permanecia azul prateado. Rilla amava a vida — seu brilho e excitação. Ela amava música e conversa alegre. Ela desejava poder caminhar para sempre por aquela estrada de prata e sombra. Era sua primeira festa, e ela esperava ter um tempo maravilhoso. Não tinha nada para se preocupar, exceto o pequeno medo de que ninguém a convidasse para dançar. Era lindo estar viva, ter quinze anos, ser bonita. Ela respirou fundo de alegria — e então parou. Jem estava contando a Faith uma história sobre algo que aconteceu na Guerra dos Bálcãs.

En Jem contou a Faith sobre um médico que perdeu as duas pernas na guerra. Apesar de estar gravemente ferido, ele rastejou entre os feridos, fazendo tudo o que podia para ajudá-los sem pensar em si mesmo. Ele estava amarrando um curativo na perna de outro soldado quando morreu. Quando o encontraram, suas mãos ainda seguravam o curativo apertado, e ele havia salvado a vida daquele homem ao estancar o sangramento. Jem o chamou de um verdadeiro herói.

En Jem e Faith se afastaram mais para que não pudessem ser ouvidos. Gertrude Oliver estremeceu de repente, e Rilla apertou seu braço em sinal de solidariedade.

En Rilla perguntou à Srta. Oliver se ela não achava aquilo terrível, acrescentando que não entendia por que Jem contava histórias tão horríveis quando todos deveriam estar se divertindo.

En A Srta. Oliver perguntou a Rilla se ela achava aquilo horrível; ela mesma achou maravilhoso e bonito. Ela disse que uma história assim fazia alguém se envergonhar de jamais duvidar da natureza humana, e

descreveu a ação do homem como divina. Ela comentou como a humanidade responde ao ideal de sacrifício próprio. Quanto ao seu arrepio, ela não conseguia explicá-lo, já que a noite estava quente. Ela se perguntou se poderia ser alguém andando sobre o local iluminado pelas estrelas que seria seu túmulo, como a superstição sugeriria, mas decidiu não pensar nisso em uma noite tão adorável. Ela disse a Rilla que à noite ela sempre se alegrava por viver no campo, porque lá conheciam o verdadeiro encanto da noite de uma maneira que os moradores da cidade nunca conheciam. Todas as noites no campo eram bonitas, mesmo as tempestuosas; ela amava uma noite de tempestade selvagem na antiga costa do golfo. Quanto a uma noite como esta, era quase bonita demais, pertencente à juventude e ao mundo dos sonhos, e ela tinha meio medo dela.

En Rilla disse que se sentia como se fizesse parte da bela noite.

En A Srta. Oliver comentou que Rilla era nova o suficiente para não ter medo de coisas perfeitas. Em seguida, observou que tinham chegado à Casa dos Sonhos, que parecia solitária neste verão, e perguntou se os Fords não tinham vindo.

En Os Fords e Persis não vieram; apenas Kenneth veio, mas ele ficou com os parentes de sua mãe do outro lado do porto. Eles não o viram muito naquele verão porque ele tinha uma leve claudicação e, portanto, não saía com frequência.

En Alguém perguntou o que havia causado sua claudicação.

En Ele havia quebrado o tornozelo em um jogo de futebol no outono anterior e ficou confinado durante a maior parte do inverno. Desde então, mancava um pouco, mas estava melhorando constantemente e ele esperava se recuperar totalmente em breve. Ele havia visitado Ingleside apenas duas vezes.

En Mary Vance observou que Ethel Reese estava apaixonada por Kenneth, perdendo todo o bom senso quando se tratava dele. Ela relatou que Kenneth tinha acompanhado Ethel para casa depois de uma reunião de oração na igreja, e desde então Ethel se tornou insuportavelmente convencida. Mary considerava muito improvável que um garoto de Toronto como Kenneth jamais se interessasse seriamente por uma garota do interior como Ethel.

En Rilla corou, embora insistisse consigo mesma que não importava se Kenneth acompanhava Ethel muitas vezes para casa. Ela o considerava muito mais velho, amigo de Nan, Di e Faith, que a via apenas como uma criança para provocar. Ela detestava Ethel, que a odiava desde que Walter bateu feio em Dan no Vale do Arco-Íris. Ainda assim, Rilla ressentia a implicação de que uma garota do campo não poderia ser digna da atenção de Kenneth. Além disso, ela sentia que Mary Vance estava se tornando uma mera fofoqueira, preocupada apenas com quem acompanhava quem para casa.

En Na margem do porto abaixo da Casa dos Sonhos, havia um pequeno cais com dois barcos. Jem Blythe capitaneava um, e Joe Milgrave, que conhecia bem os barcos, capitaneava o outro. Joe deixou Miranda Pryor ver sua habilidade enquanto eles corriam pelo porto. O barco de Joe venceu. Mais barcos chegaram da Ponta do Porto e do lado oeste. Risadas preenchiam o ar. A grande torre branca no Cabo dos Quatro Ventos estava iluminada, e seu farol giratório brilhava sobre eles. Uma família de Charlottetown, parentes do faroleiro, estava passando o verão lá. Eles organizaram uma festa para todos os jovens de Quatro Ventos, Glen St. Mary e do outro lado do porto. Enquanto o barco de Jem se aproximava abaixo do farol, Rilla rapidamente tirou seus sapatos pesados e calçou suas sandálias prateadas atrás de Miss Oliver. Ela viu que os degraus de pedra que subiam até o farol estavam cheios de rapazes e iluminados por lanternas chinesas. Ela não queria subir com os sapatos pesados que sua mãe a fez usar. As sandálias machucavam seus pés, mas ninguém poderia perceber enquanto ela subia sorrindo, com seus olhos escuros brilhando e suas bochechas rosadas. Um rapaz do outro lado do porto a convidou para dançar, e eles se juntaram aos outros no pavilhão construído para danças. O pavilhão estava coberto com ramos de abeto e enfeitado com lanternas. Além estava o mar brilhante, à esquerda as dunas de areia iluminadas pela lua, e à direita a costa rochosa com sombras escuras e enseadas claras. Rilla dançou com seu parceiro, apreciando a música que a fazia querer dançar. O vento fresco e o luar brilhante a faziam sentir que a vida era encantadora, e ela sentiu como se seus pés e sua alma tivessem asas.

O Gaiteiro Toca

En A primeira festa de Rilla pareceu um triunfo a princípio. Ela teve tantos parceiros que precisou dividir suas danças. Seus sapatos de prata apertavam e causavam bolhas em seus pés, mas isso não diminuiu seu prazer. No entanto, Ethel Reese lhe deu um mau momento ao chamá-la de lado e dizer que seu vestido estava aberto nas costas e tinha uma mancha. Preocupada, Rilla foi ao camarim no farol e descobriu que a mancha era apenas um pouco de grama e a abertura era pequena devido a um gancho solto. Irene Howard, uma garota mais velha que Rilla admirava, prendeu o gancho e fez elogios que pareciam condescendentes, mas lisonjeiros. Rilla ficou satisfeita com a atenção de Irene, pois Irene era elegante e talentosa, com um caso de amor misterioso que a tornava intrigante. Sentindo-se encorajada, Rilla voltou para a dança e, parando na entrada, avistou Kenneth Ford do outro lado da sala.

En O coração de Rilla deu um pulo quando ela viu Kenneth Ford. Ela havia concluído que ele não viria. Algumas semanas antes, ele a chamara de criança e usara um apelido, Aranha, o que a aborreceu. Agora ele vinha em sua direção, olhando para ela com uma nova expressão nos olhos. Rilla sentiu que era quase demais para suportar, mas ninguém mais parecia notar esse momento.

En Kenneth era um jovem alto e bonito, com uma elegância natural que fazia os outros garotos parecerem sem graça. Ele era considerado excepcionalmente inteligente, com o charme de quem havia vivido em uma cidade distante e frequentado uma grande universidade. Também era visto como um pouco galanteador, provavelmente devido à sua voz charmosa e ao hábito de ouvir as garotas como se o que elas diziam fosse exatamente o que ele sempre quisera ouvir.

En Kenneth perguntou em voz baixa se ela era realmente Rilla-my-Rilla.

En Rilla disse sim com um ceceio e imediatamente desejou poder desaparecer, talvez pulando do rochedo do farol, para escapar de um mundo zombeteiro.

En Rilla ceceava quando criança, mas superou isso, exceto sob estresse. Ela não ceceava há um ano e agora, tentando parecer adulta,

ceceou novamente. O constrangimento era avassalador; ela sentia vontade de chorar e queria que Kenneth fosse embora. A festa parecia completamente arruinada.

En Kenneth a chamou de 'Rilla-my-Rilla' em um tom afetuosos, usando o apelido de Walter. Ela não se ressentiu, mas se sentiu tola por ter ceceado. Mantendo os olhos baixos, ela parecia encantadora. Kenneth achou que ela estava se tornando a bela de Ingleside e queria ver seus olhos.

En Rilla mal podia acreditar no que estava ouvindo.

En Kenneth perguntou se eles poderiam dançar juntos.

En Rilla concordou, forçando a palavra com tanta intensidade que soou abrupta. Ela se encolheu internamente, temendo ter parecido muito ansiosa e ousada. Imaginou o que Kenneth devia pensar dela e lamentou que momentos tão constrangedores sempre ocorressem quando ela desejava parecer o melhor possível.

En Kenneth a guiou para o meio dos dançarinos.

En Ele observou que seu tornozelo estava suficientemente recuperado para pelo menos uma volta pela pista.

En Rilla perguntou sobre seu tornozelo. Internamente, ela se recriminou por fazer a mesma pergunta cansativa; sabia que ele estava cansado de tais indagações, pois o ouvira dizer isso. No entanto, não conseguia pensar em mais nada para dizer.

En Embora Kenneth estivesse cansado de perguntas sobre seu tornozelo, raramente fora perguntado por alguém com uma covinha tão charmosa acima do lábio. Talvez isso explicasse sua resposta paciente de que estava melhorando e causava pouco incômodo, a menos que andasse ou ficasse em pé por longos períodos.

En Ele foi informado de que sua força eventualmente seria tão forte quanto antes, mas ele teria que se abster de jogar futebol naquele outono.

En Rilla e Kenneth dançaram juntos, e Rilla sabia que todas as garotas que observavam a invejavam. Após a dança, eles desceram os degraus de pedra, e Kenneth encontrou um pequeno barco. Eles remaram pelo canal iluminado pela lua até a praia arenosa. Caminharam

na areia até que o tornozelo de Kenneth começou a doer, e então se sentaram entre as dunas. Kenneth falou com ela da mesma forma que havia falado com Nan e Di. Rilla foi tomada por uma timidez que não entendia, então não conseguia falar muito. Ela se preocupava que ele a achasse muito burra. Mas apesar de sua timidez, tudo era maravilhoso: a bela noite iluminada pela lua, o mar brilhante, as pequenas ondas lavando a areia, o vento noturno fresco e brincalhão cantando nas gramas rígidas no topo das dunas, e a música que vinha fraca e docemente através do canal.

En Kenneth recitou suavemente um verso de um dos poemas de Walter, descrevendo o luar como uma melodia alegre para a folia das sereias.

En Rilla e Kenneth estavam sozinhos juntos na bela noite. Ela se sentia desconfortável porque seus chinelos estavam muito apertados, e desejava poder falar tão inteligentemente quanto a Srta. Oliver, ou mesmo tão facilmente quanto falava com outros garotos. Mas as palavras não vinham; ela só podia ouvir e, ocasionalmente, dizer coisas simples. No entanto, seus olhos sonhadores, seu lábio curvo e sua garganta delicada podem ter expressado mais do que as palavras poderiam. Kenneth parecia não ter pressa para voltar. Quando finalmente voltaram, a ceia já havia começado. Ele arrumou um lugar para ela perto da janela da cozinha do farol e sentou-se no parapeito ao lado dela enquanto ela apreciava seu sorvete e bolo. Rilla olhou ao redor e pensou como sua primeira festa havia sido maravilhosa. Ela nunca esqueceria. A sala estava cheia de risos e brincadeiras. Muitos olhos jovens e bonitos brilhavam. Do pavilhão lá fora vinha o som do violino e os passos rítmicos dos dançarinos.

En Uma leve agitação ocorreu entre um grupo de garotos perto da porta. Um jovem, Jack Elliott, do outro lado do porto, abriu caminho e parou na entrada, olhando em volta sombriamente. Jack, um estudante de medicina quieto na McGill, raramente frequentava eventos sociais. Ele havia sido convidado, mas não se esperava que viesse porque tinha que ir a Charlottetown naquele dia e não poderia voltar até tarde. No entanto, ali estava ele, segurando um papel dobrado na mão.

En Gertrude Oliver estremeceu em seu canto. Ela havia gostado da festa porque encontrou um homem mais velho de Charlottetown que se sentia deslocado; sua companhia a fez esquecer seus medos anteriores.

Agora sua inquietação voltou enquanto ela se perguntava que notícias Jack Elliott trazia. Versos de um poema vieram à sua mente sem querer, sobre uma festa noturna e um som profundo como um sino fúnebre. Por que ele não falava se tinha algo a contar? Por que ele ficou ali com uma carranca importante?

En Ela instou Allan Daly a perguntar a Jack Elliott, mas alguém já havia feito isso. A sala ficou subitamente silenciosa. Lá fora, o violinista havia parado e tudo estava quieto. Ouviram o gemido baixo do golfo, uma premonição de uma tempestade já se aproximando do Atlântico. A risada de uma garota subiu das rochas e morreu, como se assustada com o silêncio.

En Jack Elliott anunciou lentamente que a Inglaterra havia declarado guerra à Alemanha naquele dia; a notícia chegara por telégrafo assim que ele saiu da cidade.

En Gertrude Oliver sussurrou uma oração, pensando em seu sonho. Ela murmurou que a primeira onda havia quebrado. Então olhou para Allan Daly e tentou sorrir.

En Ela perguntou se isso era o Armagedom.

En Ele respondeu com gravidade que temia que fosse assim.

En Muitas exclamações surgiram ao redor deles, principalmente de leve surpresa e curiosidade ociosa. Poucos entenderam o significado da mensagem, e menos ainda perceberam que poderia afetá-los pessoalmente. Logo a dança recomeçou e o barulho de prazer cresceu tão alto quanto antes. Gertrude e Allan Daly discutiram a notícia em tons baixos e preocupados. Walter Blythe empalideceu e saiu da sala. Lá fora, encontrou Jem, que subia apressado os degraus de pedra.

En Ele perguntou a Jem se ele tinha ouvido a notícia.

En Jem confirmou que sim, e exclamou com entusiasmo que o Tocador de Flauta havia chegado. Ele se sentia confiante de que a Inglaterra apoiaria a França. Ele havia tentado persuadir o Capitão Josias a içar a bandeira, mas o capitão insistiu que não era apropriado até o nascer do sol. Jack mencionou que voluntários seriam convocados amanhã.

En Enquanto Jem saía correndo, Mary Vance descartou o alvoroço com desdém. Ela estava sentada com Miller Douglas em uma armadilha para lagostas, o que era desconfortável, mas ambos estavam extremamente felizes. Miller era um jovem grande e rude que admirava a língua afiada de Mary e considerava seus olhos como estrelas. Nenhum deles entendia por que Jem queria içar a bandeira do farol. Mary achava que uma guerra na Europa não lhes dizia respeito.

En Walter olhou para ela e teve um de seus estranhos momentos de premonição.

En Walter disse que, antes do fim da guerra, cada pessoa no Canadá sentiria profundamente, que Mary sentiria até a alma e choraria amargamente. Ele declarou que o Flautista tinha chegado e tocaria até que o mundo inteiro ouvisse sua música terrível, e que levariam anos até que a dança da morte terminasse, partindo milhões de corações.

En Mary exclamou 'Imagina só!' porque não conseguia pensar em mais nada para dizer. Ela se sentiu desconfortável sem entender o significado de Walter. Lembrou-se de que Walter sempre falava de forma estranha, e sua menção ao Flautista, que ela não ouvia desde a infância em Rainbow Valley, a deixou incomodada.

En Harvey Crawford se aproximou e perguntou a Walter se ele não estava exagerando. Ele previu que a guerra terminaria em um ou dois meses, com a Inglaterra varrendo a Alemanha do mapa rapidamente.

En Walter respondeu apaixonadamente, perguntando se Harvey achava que uma guerra que a Alemanha preparara por duas décadas poderia terminar em algumas semanas. Ele insistiu que não era um conflito menor nos Bálcãs, mas uma luta de vida ou morte em que a Alemanha pretendia conquistar ou morrer. Ele advertiu que, se a Alemanha vencesse, o Canadá se tornaria uma colônia alemã.

En Harvey deu de ombros e disse que algumas coisas aconteceriam antes disso. Ele mencionou que a marinha britânica teria que ser derrotada, e que ele e Miller causariam problemas, e que alemães não seriam bem-vindos no país deles.

En Harvey desceu os degraus correndo, rindo.

En Mary Vance declarou que os meninos falavam bobagens. Ela levou Miller para a costa rochosa, querendo conversar sem as conversas

tolas de Walter Blythe sobre Flautistas e alemães. Eles deixaram Walter sozinho nos degraus, olhando para Four Winds, mas sem vê-la.

En Para Rilla, a melhor parte da noite havia acabado. Após o anúncio de Jack Elliott, ela sentiu que Kenneth não estava mais interessado nela. Ela se sentiu solitária e infeliz, e se perguntou se a vida era assim: momentos deliciosos que escapam. Ela se sentiu anos mais velha e desejou estar em casa, na cama, chorando no travesseiro.

En Kenneth perguntou a Rilla se ela estava cansada, mas sua voz era gentil, porém distante. Ela sentiu que ele realmente não se importava.

En Rilla perguntou timidamente a Kenneth se ele achava que a guerra os afetaria significativamente no Canadá.

En Kenneth respondeu que a guerra importaria para aqueles com sorte suficiente para poder participar. Ele expressou frustração por seu tornozelo o impedir de se juntar, chamando isso de má sorte.

En Rilla declarou que não via razão para eles lutarem as batalhas da Inglaterra, já que a Inglaterra era perfeitamente capaz de lutar sozinha.

En Kenneth argumentou que o Canadá fazia parte do Império Britânico e que era uma questão de família, exigindo que se apoiassem mutuamente. Ele lamentou que a guerra provavelmente terminaria antes que ele pudesse contribuir.

En Rilla perguntou incrédula se Kenneth realmente se voluntariaria para ir se não fosse pelo seu tornozelo.

En Ele declarou sua certeza de que inúmeros jovens se alistariam. Jem sem dúvida iria, e Jerry Meredith também, embora Walter ainda não fosse robusto o suficiente. Ele admitiu que estava se preocupando por perder a temporada de futebol americano.

En Rilla ficou chocada ao saber que Jem e Jerry poderiam se alistar. Ela não conseguia acreditar; seus pais certamente proibiriam, pois eles ainda não haviam concluído seus estudos. Ela lamentou que Jack Elliott tivesse compartilhado essa notícia perturbadora.

En Mark Warren pediu a Rilla para dançar, e ela concordou, percebendo que Kenneth não se importava se ela dançava ou não. Mais cedo, na praia, ele a olhara como se ela fosse a única pessoa importante, mas agora ela se sentia um ninguém. Seus pensamentos

estavam focados na guerra, um grande jogo a ser disputado em campos de batalha sangrentos por impérios, um jogo do qual as mulheres não participavam. Rilla pensava miseravelmente que as mulheres só podiam sentar e chorar em casa. Ela tentou se convencer de que isso era tolice, que Kenneth não podia ir, que Walter não podia, e que Jem e Jerry teriam mais juízo. Ela decidiu não se preocupar e se divertir. No entanto, Mark Warren era desajeitado; ele atrapalhava os passos e tinha pés muito grandes. Ele a empurrou contra alguém, e ela resolveu nunca mais dançar com ele.

En Rilla continuou dançando, embora seu prazer tivesse desaparecido e suas sapatilhas estivessem machucando. Kenneth parecia ter sumido, e sua primeira festa estava arruinada apesar do começo promissor. Sua cabeça doía e seus dedos dos pés ardiam. Mais tarde, ela desceu até a costa rochosa com alguns amigos do outro lado do porto, onde descansaram enquanto a dança continuava acima. Rilla sentou-se em silêncio, não participando da conversa. Ela se sentiu aliviada quando alguém anunciou que os barcos do outro lado do porto estavam partindo. Após uma subida apressada pela rocha do farol, ela encontrou o pavilhão quase vazio. Olhando ao redor por seus amigos de Glen, não viu nenhum deles. Ela procurou no farol e depois desceu correndo os degraus da rocha, mas não conseguiu avistar o barco de Jem ou de Joe entre os que estavam abaixo.

En Mary Vance exclamou surpresa ao ver Rilla, dizendo que havia assumido que Rilla já teria ido para casa muito antes. Ela estava acenando seu lenço para um barco que se movia rapidamente pelo canal, com Miller Douglas no leme.

En Rilla ofegou, perguntando onde estavam os outros.

En O orador explicou que Jem havia partido há uma hora, Una estava com dor de cabeça, e os outros haviam ido com Joe há cerca de quinze minutos, seguindo em direção a Birch Point. Eles não foram porque o mar estava agitado e passariam mal. Não se importaram de voltar para casa a pé, já que era apenas um quilômetro e meio, e perguntaram a Rilla onde ela estava.

En Rilla respondeu que estava nas rochas com Jem e Mollie Crawford e se perguntou por que não a procuraram.

En O orador garantiu a Rilla que a procuraram, mas não conseguiram encontrá-la, então concluíram que ela devia ter pegado o outro barco. Sugeriram que ela ficasse para passar a noite e se ofereceram para ligar para Ingleside para avisar onde ela estava.

En Rilla percebeu que não tinha outra escolha. Seus lábios tremeram e lágrimas encheram seus olhos, mas ela as conteve, determinada a não deixar Mary Vance vê-la chorar. Ela se sentiu magoada por ser esquecida — ninguém pensou em verificar onde ela estava, nem mesmo Walter. Então, uma lembrança repentina e preocupante a atingiu.

En Ela exclamou que seus sapatos ainda estavam no barco; ela os deixara lá.

En Mary comentou que nunca conhecera alguém tão descuidado e aconselhou Rilla a pedir um par de sapatos emprestado a Hazel Lewison.

En Rilla gritou que não faria isso; declarou que preferia andar descalça a pedir a Hazel, de quem não gostava.

En Mary deu de ombros.

En Mary disse que tudo bem, embora o orgulho muitas vezes tivesse um preço; a experiência ensinaria Rilla a ser mais cuidadosa. Ela então propôs que partissem.

En Ela caminhou pelo beco, mas seus delicados sapatos de salto alto não eram adequados para a estrada áspera e pedregosa. Quando chegou à estrada do porto, não suportou mais os sapatos, então os tirou e andou descalça. Isso também se mostrou doloroso, pois seus pés sensíveis foram machucados pelas pedras e sulcos. Seus calcanhares com bolhas ardião. No entanto, seu desconforto físico foi quase esquecido pela picada da humilhação. Ela pensou que fim horrível para sua linda festa este foi, e imaginou como Ken Ford riria se a visse. Ela chorou, sentindo que ninguém se importava com ela. Ela enxugou as lágrimas com seu cachecol porque seus lenços, como seus sapatos, haviam desaparecido.

En Mary observou que Rilla havia pegado um resfriado, acrescentando que ela deveria ter sabido melhor do que sentar nas rochas ao vento. Ela previu que a mãe de Rilla não a deixaria sair novamente tão cedo. Apesar de admitir que os Lewisons sabiam como

organizar uma festa, Mary expressou sua antipatia por Hazel Lewison. Ela comentou que Hazel e Ethel Reese pareceram irritadas quando viram Rilla dançando com Ken Ford, e descreveu Ken como um galanteador.

En Rilla, tentando controlar seus fungados, discordou desafiadoramente, dizendo que não considerava Ken Ford um galanteador.

En Mary afirmou com condescendência que com a idade vem o conhecimento dos homens. Ela aconselhou Rilla a não acreditar em tudo que os homens dizem e a manter sua dignidade, insinuando que Ken Ford não deveria pensar que poderia conquistá-la facilmente.

En Rilla achou insuportável ser repreendida por Mary Vance. A caminhada na estrada pedregosa com pés descalços e cheios de bolhas foi agonizante. E era intolerável estar chorando sem lenço, incapaz de parar.

En Rilla, que estava claramente perturbada, insistiu entre lágrimas que não estava pensando em Kenneth Ford de jeito nenhum.

En Mary Vance disse a Rilla para não exagerar e para estar disposta a ouvir os mais velhos. Ela afirmou ter visto Rilla escapando para a areia com Ken e ficando lá por um longo tempo, e sugeriu que a mãe de Rilla não aprovaria se soubesse.

En Ainda chorando, Rilla retrucou que informaria sua mãe, a Srta. Oliver e Walter sobre tudo. Ela então perguntou a Mary Vance o que a Sra. Elliott diria se soubesse que Mary havia ficado sentada por horas com Miller Douglas em uma armadilha de lagosta.

En Mary Vance declarou que não tinha intenção de discutir. Em vez disso, ela assumiu uma posição moral superior e disse que Rilla deveria esperar até ser mais velha antes de se envolver em tal comportamento.

En Rilla parou de tentar esconder suas lágrimas. Ela sentiu que tudo havia sido estragado—até a bela e romântica hora ao luar que passara com Kenneth na areia agora parecia vulgar e barata. Ela sentiu um ódio profundo por Mary Vance.

En Mary, confusa, perguntou a Rilla o que estava errado e por que ela estava chorando.

En Rilla soluçou que seus pés doíam muito, agarrando-se ao seu orgulho. Ela achou menos vergonhoso chorar por causa de pés doloridos do que admitir que alguém havia brincado com seus sentimentos, seus amigos a haviam negligenciado e outros a tratado com condescendência.

En Mary respondeu gentilmente que sabia de gordura de ganso na despensa de Cornélia, que era muito melhor do que qualquer creme frio sofisticado, e se ofereceu para aplicar um pouco nos calcanhares de Rilla antes que ela fosse dormir.

En Rilla refletiu amargamente que sua primeira festa, seu primeiro interesse romântico e seu primeiro romance ao luar haviam se resumido a ter gordura de ganso colocada em seus calcanhares.

En Rilla parou de chorar, enojada com a inutilidade das lágrimas, e adormeceu na cama de Mary Vance em um estado de calmo desespero. Lá fora, o amanhecer chegou cinzento em meio a uma tempestade; o Capitão Josias, como prometido, hasteou a Bandeira da União no Farol dos Quatro Ventos, e ela tremulou galantemente no vento feroz contra o céu nublado como um farol inextinguível.

"O Som de uma Partida"

En Rilla desceu pelo bosque de bordos iluminado pelo sol atrás de Ingleside até seu lugar favorito no Vale do Arco-Íris. Sentou-se em uma pedra coberta de musgo entre as samambaias, apoiou o queixo nas mãos e olhou sem foco para o céu azul brilhante da tarde de agosto. O céu parecia tão azul, pacífico e imutável, exatamente como sempre aparecera sobre o vale nos dias finais do verão que ela conseguia lembrar.

En Rilla queria ficar sozinha para pensar e se adaptar ao novo mundo no qual havia sido lançada. Tudo havia mudado tão rapidamente que ela se sentia confusa sobre quem era. Ela se perguntava se ainda poderia ser a mesma garota que dançara no Farol Four Winds apenas seis dias antes. Aqueles seis dias pareciam uma vida inteira para ela. Aquela noite, com todas as suas esperanças, medos, triunfos e humilhações, agora parecia uma história antiga. Ela havia chorado uma vez apenas por ter sido esquecida e ter que voltar para casa com Mary Vance. Agora aquilo parecia tão trivial e absurdo. Rilla sentia que poderia chorar agora, mas não devia. Ela se lembrou das palavras de sua mãe, proferidas com lábios brancos e olhos atormentados, como Rilla nunca tinha visto antes.

En Ela argumentou que, se as mulheres perdessem sua coragem, os homens também perderiam a delas.

En Rilla entendeu que deveria demonstrar a mesma coragem que sua mãe e irmãs. Sua irmã Faith expressou o desejo de se juntar à luta, lamentando não ser homem. Rilla sentiu a necessidade de se refugiar momentaneamente no Vale do Arco-Íris para organizar seus pensamentos. Ela teve que se lembrar de que não era mais uma criança; era uma adulta, e as mulheres eram obrigadas a enfrentar circunstâncias difíceis. Apesar disso, havia conforto na solidão, onde ninguém a veria e interpretaria suas lágrimas como covardia.

En Ela percebeu que precisava ser corajosa, como sua mãe, Nan e Faith. Faith havia exclamado com olhos brilhantes que desejava ser homem para poder ir à guerra. Mas quando seus olhos doíam e sua garganta ardia assim, ela precisava se esconder no Vale do Arco-Íris por um tempo para pensar nas coisas e lembrar a si mesma que não era mais uma criança; ela era adulta, e as mulheres tinham que enfrentar

tais desafios. Ainda assim, era bom se afastar sozinha às vezes, onde ninguém pudesse vê-la e onde ela não precisasse se preocupar que as pessoas a considerassem uma covarde se as lágrimas viessem apesar de seus esforços.

En As samambaias cheiravam doces e amadeiradas. Os galhos macios e plumosos dos abetos balançavam e murmuravam acima. Os sinos dos Amantes das Árvores tilintavam como elfos quando a brisa passava. A névoa era roxa e elusiva, como incenso oferecido em altares nas colinas. As folhas de bordo clareavam ao vento, fazendo o bosque parecer coberto de pálidas flores prateadas. Tudo parecia o mesmo de sempre, mas o mundo inteiro parecia diferente.

En Ela pensou como havia sido má ao desejar que algo dramático acontecesse. Ela ansiava ter aqueles queridos, monótonos e agradáveis dias de volta e jurou nunca mais reclamar deles.

En O mundo de Rilla desmoronou no dia seguinte à festa. Enquanto eles demoravam à mesa de jantar falando sobre a guerra, o telefone tocou. Era uma chamada de longa distância para Jem. Quando ele terminou, desligou com o rosto corado e os olhos brilhando. Antes que ele falasse, sua mãe, Nan e Di empalideceram. Pela primeira vez, Rilla sentiu seu coração bater tão alto que todos deviam ouvir, e algo apertou sua garganta.

En Jem disse a seu pai que estavam convocando voluntários na cidade e que muitos já haviam se alistado. Ele disse que iria naquela noite se alistar.

En A Sra. Blythe gritou angustiadamente, chamando-o de Pequeno Jem, um nome que não usava há muitos anos, e implorou não, não.

En Jem insistiu com sua mãe que ele tinha que fazer isso, e pediu a seu pai confirmação de que ele estava correto.

En Dr. Blythe se levantou, pálido e falando com voz rouca, mas não hesitou nem vacilou em sua decisão.

En Dr. Blythe concordou, dizendo que se Jem se sentia fortemente a respeito, então ele deveria ir em frente.

En Sra. Blythe escondeu o rosto; Walter encarou melancolicamente seu prato; Nan e Di seguraram as mãos uma da outra; Shirley tentou

parecer indiferente; Susan ficou imóvel, incapaz de terminar sua torta, o que era muito incomum para ela, pois acreditava que era errado desperdiçar comida.

En Jem voltou ao telefone, dizendo que precisava ligar para a mansão porque Jerry provavelmente iria querer participar.

En Nan gritou como se tivesse sido esfaqueada, então fugiu da sala, com Di logo atrás. Rilla buscou conforto em Walter, mas ele estava absorto em pensamentos que ela não conseguia penetrar.

En A voz de Jem permaneceu calma, como se ele estivesse organizando um piquenique. Ele confirmou o plano: o encontro seria na estação naquela noite às sete horas, e terminou com um adeus casual.

En Susan apelou para a Sra. Blythe, perguntando se estava sonhando ou acordada. Ela questionou se o menino percebia o que estava dizendo e se realmente pretendia se alistar. Susan declarou ser um ultraje que levassem alguém tão jovem, e insistiu que certamente a Sra. Blythe e o médico não permitiriam.

En A Sra. Blythe disse com a voz embargada que não podiam impedi-lo, e então chamou por Gilbert em desespero.

En O Dr. Blythe aproximou-se por trás de sua esposa e gentilmente pegou sua mão, olhando em seus olhos cinzentos, que ele vira cheios de tamanha angústia desesperada apenas uma vez antes. Ambos se lembraram daquela outra vez — anos antes, na Casa dos Sonhos — quando a pequena Joyce morreu.

Glen "Notes" and Other Matters

Pt/En

Português

Em uma tarde quente, com nuvens douradas, Susan Baker sentou-se na grande sala de estar em Ingleside com uma satisfação sombria. Tendo trabalhado desde as seis da manhã, ela sentia que havia merecido uma hora de descanso e fofoca. Tudo na cozinha tinha corrido bem. Ela podia ver suas amadas peônias, que ela mesma plantara, florescendo em carmesim, rosa prateado e branco, incomparáveis em Glen St. Mary.

Original English

It was a warm, golden-cloudy, lovable afternoon. In the big living-room at Ingleside Susan Baker sat down with a certain grim satisfaction hovering about her like an aura; it was four o'clock and Susan, who had been working incessantly since six that morning, felt that she had fairly earned an hour of repose and gossip. Susan just then was perfectly happy; everything had gone almost uncannily well in the kitchen that day. Dr. Jekyll had not been Mr. Hyde and so had not grated on her nerves; from where she sat she could see the pride of her heart—the bed of peonies of her own planting and culture, blooming as no other peony plot in Glen St. Mary ever did or could bloom, with peonies crimson, peonies silvery pink, peonies white as drifts of winter snow.

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan vestia uma nova blusa de seda preta e um avental branco engomado enfeitado com renda de crochê. Ela se sentia bem-vestida ao abrir o Daily Enterprise para ler as 'Notas' de Glen, que preenchiavam meia coluna. Havia uma manchete sobre o assassinato de um arquiduque em Sarajevo, mas Susan ignorou aquilo; ela buscava as notícias locais. Ela encontrou 'Brevidades de Glen St. Mary' e leu cada item em voz alta para aproveitá-lo plenamente.

Original English

Susan had on a new black silk blouse, quite as elaborate as anything Mrs. Marshall Elliott ever wore, and a white starched apron, trimmed with complicated crocheted lace fully five inches wide, not to mention insertion

to match. Therefore Susan had all the comfortable consciousness of a well-dressed woman as she opened her copy of the Daily Enterprise and prepared to read the Glen "Notes" which, as Miss Cornelia had just informed her, filled half a column of it and mentioned almost everybody at Ingleside. There was a big, black headline on the front page of the Enterprise, stating that some Archduke Ferdinand or other had been assassinated at a place bearing the weird name of Sarajevo, but Susan tarried not over uninteresting, immaterial stuff like that; she was in quest of something really vital. Oh, here it was—"Jottings from Glen St. Mary." Susan settled down keenly, reading each one over aloud to extract all possible gratification from it.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe e sua visitante, Srta. Cornelia, conversavam perto da porta aberta para a varanda, onde uma brisa fresca carregava aromas do jardim e risadas de Rilla, Srta. Oliver e Walter. Onde quer que Rilla Blythe estivesse, havia risadas.

Original English

Mrs. Blythe and her visitor, Miss Cornelia—alias Mrs. Marshall Elliott—were chatting together near the open door that led to the veranda, through which a cool, delicious breeze was blowing, bringing whiffs of phantom perfume from the garden, and charming gay echoes from the vine-hung corner where Rilla and Miss Oliver and Walter were laughing and talking. Wherever Rilla Blythe was, there was laughter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Outro ocupante da sala estava enrolado em um sofá. Essa criatura tinha uma individualidade marcante e era a única coisa viva que Susan realmente odiava.

Original English

There was another occupant of the living-room, curled up on a couch, who must not be overlooked, since he was a creature of marked individuality, and, moreover, had the distinction of being the only living thing whom Susan really hated.

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

Pt/En

Português

Todos os gatos são misteriosos, mas Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde—chamado Doc—era especialmente assim. Ele parecia ter uma personalidade dupla, ou como Susan dizia, era possuído. Quatro anos antes, Rilla tinha um gatinho branco chamado Jack Frost com uma ponta preta no rabo. Susan não gostava de Jack Frost, mas não dava motivo.

Original English

All cats are mysterious but Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde—"Doc" for short—was trebly so. He was a cat of double personality—or else, as Susan vowed, he was possessed by the devil. To begin with, there had been something uncanny about the very dawn of his existence. Four years previously Rilla Blythe had had a treasured darling of a kitten, white as snow, with a saucy black tip to its tail, which she called Jack Frost. Susan disliked Jack Frost, though she could not or would not give any valid reason therefor.

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Pt/En

Português

Susan asseguraria ameaçadoramente à Sra. Blythe que o gato não teria um bom fim.

Original English

"Take my word for it, Mrs. Dr. dear," she was wont to say ominously, "that cat will come to no good."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe perguntaria a Susan a razão de sua convicção.

Original English

"But why do you think so?" Mrs. Blythe would ask.

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

Pt/En

Português

A única resposta de Susan foi que ela não apenas pensava, mas sabia com certeza.

Original English

"I do not think—I know," was all the answer Susan would vouchsafe.

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

Pt/En

Português

Entre o restante da família Ingleside, Jack Frost era um animal de estimação amado; ele era impecavelmente limpo e bem cuidado, seu lindo casaco branco nunca tinha uma marca. Ele tinha hábitos encantadores de ronronar e aconchegar-se, e era completamente honesto.

Original English

With the rest of the Ingleside folk Jack Frost was a favourite; he was so very clean and well groomed, and never allowed a spot or stain to be seen on his beautiful white suit; he had endearing ways of purring and snuggling; he was scrupulously honest.

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

Pt/En

Português

Então, uma tragédia doméstica ocorreu em Ingleside: Jack Frost deu à luz gatinhos!

Original English

And then a domestic tragedy took place at Ingleside. Jack Frost had kittens!

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

Pt/En

Português

Seria impossível descrever o triunfo de Susan. Não fora ela que sempre insistira que o gato se revelaria uma ilusão e uma armadilha? Agora todos podiam ver por si mesmos.

Original English

It would be vain to try to picture Susan's triumph. Had she not always insisted that that cat would turn out to be a delusion and a snare? Now they could see for themselves!

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla ficou com um dos gatinhos, um bonito, com pelo liso e brilhante amarelo-escuro marcado com listras laranja, e orelhas grandes e douradas acetinadas. Ela o chamou de Goldie, um nome que parecia adequado para a criatura brincalhona, que durante sua infância felina não deu nenhuma dica de sua verdadeira natureza sinistra. Susan, claro, avisou a família que não se poderia esperar nada de bom de qualquer descendente daquele diabólico Jack Frost; mas seus avisos de Cassandra foram ignorados.

Original English

Rilla kept one of the kittens, a very pretty one, with peculiarly sleek glossy fur of a dark yellow crossed by orange stripes, and large, satiny, golden ears. She called it Goldie and the name seemed appropriate enough to the little frolicsome creature which, during its kittenhood, gave no indication of the sinister nature it really possessed. Susan, of course, warned the family that no good could be expected from any offspring of that diabolical Jack Frost; but Susan's Cassandra-like croakings were unheeded.

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

Pt/En

Português

Os Blythe estavam tão acostumados a pensar em Jack Frost como sendo do sexo masculino que não conseguiam quebrar o hábito. Continuavam a usar pronomes masculinos, apesar do resultado absurdo. Os visitantes frequentemente se surpreendiam quando Rilla se referia casualmente a Jack e seu gatinho, ou ordenava severamente a Goldie que fosse até sua

mãe e pedisse a ele que lavasse seu pelo.

Original English

The Blythes had been so accustomed to regard Jack Frost as a member of the male sex that they could not get out of the habit. So they continually used the masculine pronoun, although the result was ludicrous. Visitors used to be quite electrified when Rilla referred casually to "Jack and his kitten," or told Goldie sternly, "Go to your mother and get him to wash your fur."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan reclamou amargamente para a Sra. Dr. que aquilo não era decente. Ela mesma se comprometeu a sempre se referir a Jack como 'aquilo' ou 'a fera branca', e pelo menos um coração não se magoou quando 'aquilo' foi acidentalmente envenenado no inverno seguinte.

Original English

"It is not decent, Mrs. Dr. dear," poor Susan would say bitterly. She herself compromised by always referring to Jack as "it" or "the white beast," and one heart at least did not ache when "it" was accidentally poisoned the following winter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Em menos de um ano, 'Goldie' tornou-se claramente um nome inadequado para o gatinho laranja, então Walter, que estava lendo a história de Stevenson, mudou para Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. Em seu humor de Dr. Jekyll, o gato era um felino sonolento, afetuoso, doméstico e amante de almofadas, que gostava de carinho e se orgulhava de ser mimado e acariciado. Ele amava especialmente deitar de costas e ter sua garganta lisa e cor de creme suavemente acariciada enquanto ronronava em satisfação sonolenta. Era um ronronador notável; nenhum gato anterior de Ingleside havia ronronado tão constante e tão extaticamente.

Original English

In a year's time "Goldie" became so manifestly an inadequate name for the orange kitten that Walter, who was just then reading Stevenson's story,

changed it to Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde. In his Dr. Jekyll mood the cat was a drowsy, affectionate, domestic, cushion-loving puss, who liked petting and gloried in being nursed and patted. Especially did he love to lie on his back and have his sleek, cream-coloured throat stroked gently while he purred in somnolent satisfaction. He was a notable purrer; never had there been an Ingleside cat who purred so constantly and so ecstatically.

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Pt/En

Português

Dr. Blythe comentou certa vez que a única coisa que invejava em um gato era seu ronronar, que ele considerava o som mais contente do mundo.

Original English

"The only thing I envy a cat is its purr," remarked Dr. Blythe once, listening to Doc's resonant melody. "It is the most contented sound in the world."

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

Pt/En

Português

Doc era um gato muito bonito. Cada movimento que ele fazia era gracioso, e suas poses eram magníficas. Quando ele se sentava na varanda com sua longa cauda anelada e escura enrolada em volta das patas e fitava o horizonte por um longo tempo, os Blythes sentiam que ele se assemelhava a uma esfinge egípcia ou a uma divindade guardiã adequada.

Original English

Doc was very handsome; his every movement was grace; his poses magnificent. When he folded his long, dusky-ringed tail about his feet and sat him down on the veranda to gaze steadily into space for long intervals the Blythes felt that an Egyptian sphinx could not have made a more fitting Deity of the Portal.

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

Pt/En

Português

Antes da chuva ou do vento, Doc se transformava em uma criatura selvagem com olhos estranhos. A transformação era súbita. Ele saltava de um devaneio com um rosnado feroz e mordida qualquer um que tentasse segurá-lo ou acariciá-lo. Seu pelo parecia mais escuro e seus olhos brilhavam com uma luz maligna. Havia uma beleza estranha nele. Se isso acontecia ao anoitecer, a família Ingleside sentia medo. Ele se tornava um animal aterrorizante, mas Rilla o defendia, dizendo que ele era um gato bonzinho que gostava de rondar. E de fato ele rondava.

Original English

When the Mr. Hyde mood came upon him—which it invariably did before rain, or wind—he was a wild thing with changed eyes. The transformation always came suddenly. He would spring fiercely from a reverie with a savage snarl and bite at any restraining or caressing hand. His fur seemed to grow darker and his eyes gleamed with a diabolical light. There was really an unearthly beauty about him. If the change happened in the twilight all the Ingleside folk felt a certain terror of him. At such times he was a fearsome beast and only Rilla defended him, asserting that he was "such a nice prowly cat." Certainly he prowled.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dr. Jekyll gostava de tomar leite fresco, enquanto Mr. Hyde recusava leite e reclamava da carne. Dr. Jekyll descia as escadas tão silenciosamente que ninguém podia ouvi-lo, mas Mr. Hyde andava pesadamente. Em várias noites, quando Susan estava sozinha, ele se sentava no meio do chão da cozinha e a fitava por uma hora com seus olhos aterrorizantes. Isso a perturbava muito, mas ela tinha medo demais dele para expulsá-lo. Uma vez, ela atirou um pedaço de pau nele, e ele a atacou violentamente. Ela correu para fora e nunca mais tentou incomodar Mr. Hyde. No entanto, ela punia o inocente Dr. Jekyll pelas ações de Mr. Hyde, expulsando-o da cozinha e negando-lhe as guloseimas que ele desejava.

Original English

Dr. Jekyll loved new milk; Mr. Hyde would not touch milk and growled over his meat. Dr. Jekyll came down the stairs so silently that no one could hear him. Mr. Hyde made his tread as heavy as a man's. Several evenings,

when Susan was alone in the house, he "scared her stiff," as she declared, by doing this. He would sit in the middle of the kitchen floor, with his terrible eyes fixed unwinkingly upon hers for an hour at a time. This played havoc with her nerves, but poor Susan really held him in too much awe to try to drive him out. Once she had dared to throw a stick at him and he had promptly made a savage leap towards her. Susan rushed out of doors and never attempted to meddle with Mr. Hyde again—though she visited his misdeeds upon the innocent Dr. Jekyll, chasing him ignominiously out of her domain whenever he dared to poke his nose in and denying him certain savoury tidbits for which he yearned.

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Pt/En

Português

Susan leu em voz alta do jornal, saboreando cada nome enquanto falava. Anunciava que os muitos amigos de Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith e James Blythe estavam encantados em recebê-los de volta do Redmond College algumas semanas antes. James Blythe, que havia obtido seu Bacharelado em Artes em 1913, acabara de completar seu primeiro ano de faculdade de medicina.

Original English

"The many friends of Miss Faith Meredith, Gerald Meredith and James Blythe," read Susan, rolling the names like sweet morsels under her tongue, "were very much pleased to welcome them home a few weeks ago from Redmond College. James Blythe, who was graduated in Arts in 1913, had just completed his first year in medicine."

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Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia observou que Faith Meredith era a criatura mais bonita que ela já vira, e comentou como as crianças haviam melhorado notavelmente desde que Rosemary West chegou ao presbitério. As pessoas quase haviam esquecido seu passado travesso. Ela perguntou a Anne se ela se lembrava de suas antigas travessuras, e expressou surpresa por Rosemary ter lidado tão bem com elas, agindo mais como uma amiga do que como madrasta. Todas as crianças amavam Rosemary, e Una a adorava. Quanto ao pequeno Bruce, Una se dedicava completamente a

ele. Miss Cornelia reconheceu que Bruce era um amor, mas notou que ele se parecia muito com sua tia Ellen, não com Rosemary. Ela acrescentou que Norman Douglas frequentemente brincava em voz alta que a cegonha havia destinado Bruce para ele e Ellen, mas o entregou por engano ao presbitério.

Original English

"Faith Meredith has really got to be the most handsomest creature I ever saw," commented Miss Cornelia above her filet crochet. "It's amazing how those children came on after Rosemary West went to the manse. People have almost forgotten what imps of mischief they were once. Anne, dearie, will you ever forget the way they used to carry on? It's really surprising how well Rosemary got on with them. She's more like a chum than a step-mother. They all love her and Una adores her. As for that little Bruce, Una just makes a perfect slave of herself to him. Of course, he is a darling. But did you ever see any child look as much like an aunt as he looks like his Aunt Ellen? He's just as dark and just as emphatic. I can't see a feature of Rosemary in him. Norman Douglas always vows at the top of his voice that the stork meant Bruce for him and Ellen and took him to the manse by mistake."

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

Pt/En

Português

Mrs. Blythe comentou que Bruce adorava Jem, seguindo-o em silêncio como um cachorrinho fiel sempre que visitava, olhando para ele por baixo de suas sobranceiras negras. Ela acreditava sinceramente que Bruce faria qualquer coisa por Jem.

Original English

"Bruce adores Jem," said Mrs Blythe. "When he comes over here he follows Jem about silently like a faithful little dog, looking up at him from under his black brows. He would do anything for Jem, I verily believe."

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

Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou se Jem e Faith estavam destinados a se tornar um casal.

Original English

"Are Jem and Faith going to make a match of it?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Mrs. Blythe sorriu, sabendo que Miss Cornelia, antes uma tão veemente misândrica, havia de fato se dedicado a arranjar casamentos em seus anos mais avançados.

Original English

Mrs. Blythe smiled. It was well known that Miss Cornelia, who had been such a virulent man-hater at one time, had actually taken to match-making in her declining years.

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Pt/En

Português

Mrs. Blythe respondeu que Jem e Faith ainda eram apenas bons amigos.

Original English

"They are only good friends yet, Miss Cornelia."

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia declarou que eles eram excelentes amigos. Ela afirmou estar totalmente informada sobre todas as atividades dos jovens.

Original English

"Very good friends, believe me," said Miss Cornelia emphatically. "I hear all about the doings of the young fry."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan observou de forma incisiva que não tinha dúvidas de que Mary Vance sabia o que estava acontecendo, mas considerava inadequado discutir crianças arranjando casamentos.

Original English

"I have no doubt that Mary Vance sees that you do, Mrs. Marshall Elliott," said Susan significantly, "but I think it is a shame to talk about children making matches."

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Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia rebateu que Jem tinha vinte e um anos e Faith dezenove, lembrando a Susan que a geração mais velha não era a única adulta.

Original English

"Children! Jem is twenty-one and Faith is nineteen," retorted Miss Cornelia. "You must not forget, Susan, that we old folks are not the only grown-up people in the world."

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Pt/En

Português

Susan ficou ofendida com a observação sobre sua idade; sua objeção não se devia à vaidade, mas a um medo persistente de que outros pudessem considerá-la velha demais para trabalhar. Ela voltou às suas anotações.

Original English

Outraged Susan, who detested any reference to her age—not from vanity but from a haunting dread that people might come to think her too old to work—returned to her "Notes."

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Pt/En

Português

Susan registrou que Carl Meredith e Shirley Blythe haviam voltado da Queen's Academy na sexta-feira anterior. Ela observou que Carl estaria encarregado da escola em Harbour Head no ano seguinte e expressou confiança de que ele seria um professor popular e eficaz.

Original English

"Carl Meredith and Shirley Blythe came home last Friday evening from Queen's Academy. We understand that Carl will be in charge of the school at Harbour Head next year and we are sure he will be a popular and successful teacher."

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia comentou que Carl ensinaria às crianças tudo sobre insetos. Ela observou que ele já havia terminado o Queen's e, embora o Sr. Meredith e Rosemary quisessem que ele fosse direto para Redmond no outono, Carl era muito independente e pretendia ganhar parte de suas despesas universitárias por conta própria. Ela concluiu que isso seria bom para ele.

Original English

"He will teach the children all there is to know about bugs, anyhow," said Miss Cornelia. "He is through with Queen's now and Mr. Meredith and Rosemary wanted him to go right on to Redmond in the fall, but Carl has a very independent streak in him and means to earn part of his own way through college. He'll be all the better for it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan leu que Walter Blythe, que vinha lecionando em Lowbridge por dois anos, havia renunciado e pretendia ir para Redmond naquele outono.

Original English

"Walter Blythe, who has been teaching for the past two years at Lowbridge, has resigned," read Susan. "He intends going to Redmond this

fall."

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia perguntou ansiosamente se Walter já estava forte o suficiente para Redmond.

Original English

"Is Walter quite strong enough for Redmond yet?" queried Miss Cornelia anxiously.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe respondeu que esperavam que ele estivesse até o outono e que um verão de descanso ao ar livre e ao sol lhe faria muito bem.

Original English

"We hope that he will be by the fall," said Mrs. Blythe. "An idle summer in the open air and sunshine will do a great deal for him."

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Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia afirmou enfaticamente que o tifo era difícil de superar, especialmente após o quase acidente de Walter. Ela achou que ele faria bem em adiar a faculdade por mais um ano, mas reconheceu que ele era muito ambicioso. Em seguida, perguntou se Di e Nan também iriam.

Original English

"Typhoid is a hard thing to get over," said Miss Cornelia emphatically, "especially when one has had such a close shave as Walter had. I think he'd do well to stay out of college another year. But then he's so ambitious. Are Di and Nan going too?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele confirmou que ambos queriam lecionar por mais um ano, mas Gilbert achou melhor que fossem para Redmond naquele outono.

Original English

"Yes. They both wanted to teach another year but Gilbert thinks they had better go to Redmond this fall."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela ficou satisfeita com isso, pois eles vigiariam Walter e garantiriam que ele não trabalhasse demais. Então, olhando para Susan, comentou que, depois de ter sido ignorada antes, seria imprudente mencionar que Jerry Meredith estava fazendo olhares para Nan.

Original English

"I'm glad of that. They'll keep an eye on Walter and see that he doesn't study too hard. I suppose," continued Miss Cornelia, with a side glance at Susan, "that after the snub I got a few minutes ago it will not be safe for me to suggest that Jerry Meredith is making sheep's eyes at Nan."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan ignorou o comentário, e a Sra. Blythe riu mais uma vez.

Original English

Susan ignored this and Mrs. Blythe laughed again.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe disse à Srta. Cornelia que já tinha o suficiente para lidar com todos os jovens paquerando ao seu redor, mas achava difícil levar a sério porque eles ainda pareciam crianças. Ela se lembrou de Jem como um bebê na antiga Casa dos Sonhos, e agora ele era um formado acusado de paquerar.

Original English

"Dear Miss Cornelia, I have my hands full, haven't I?—with all these boys and girls sweethearting around me? If I took it seriously it would quite crush me. But I don't—it is too hard yet to realize that they're grown up. When I look at those two tall sons of mine I wonder if they can possibly be the fat, sweet, dimpled babies I kissed and cuddled and sang to slumber the other day—only the other day, Miss Cornelia. Wasn't Jem the dearest baby in the old House of Dreams? and now he's a B.A. and accused of courting."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Cornelia suspirou e observou que todos estavam envelhecendo.

Original English

"We're all growing older," sighed Miss Cornelia.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe mencionou que a única parte dela que se sentia velha era seu tornozelo, que ela havia quebrado muitos anos atrás depois de ser desafiada a andar sobre a cumeeira do celeiro de Barry durante seu tempo em Green Gables. Ela disse que ele doía quando o vento vinha do leste, embora não o chamasse de reumatismo. Ela também falou das crianças e dos Merediths, que estavam ansiosos por um verão animado antes de retornar aos estudos no outono. Ela os descreveu como um grupo alegre que mantinha a casa cheia de risadas e atividade.

Original English

"The only part of me that feels old," said Mrs. Blythe, "is the ankle I broke when Josie Pye dared me to walk the Barry ridge-pole in the Green Gables days. I have an ache in it when the wind is east. I won't admit that it is rheumatism, but it does ache. As for the children, they and the Merediths are planning a gay summer before they have to go back to studies in the fall. They are such a fun-loving little crowd. They keep this house in a perpetual whirl of merriment."

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia perguntou se Rilla frequentaria o Queen's College quando Shirley voltasse.

Original English

"Is Rilla going to Queen's when Shirley goes back?"

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe respondeu que ainda não estava decidido, e ela estava mais inclinada a pensar que Rilla não iria. O pai dela acreditava que Rilla não era forte o suficiente, pois ela havia crescido muito para uma garota de quase quinze anos. A Sra. Blythe disse que não estava ansiosa para mandá-la embora, porque seria triste não ter nenhum de seus filhos em casa no inverno seguinte. Ela brincou que ela e Susan provavelmente acabariam brigando só para quebrar o tédio.

Original English

"It isn't decided yet. I rather fancy not. Her father thinks she is not quite strong enough—she has rather outgrown her strength—she's really absurdly tall for a girl not yet fifteen. I am not anxious to have her go—why, it would be terrible not to have a single one of my babies home with me next winter. Susan and I would fall to fighting with each other to break the monotony."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan sorriu com essa piada, achando engraçada a ideia de ela brigar com a Sra. Blythe.

Original English

Susan smiled at this pleasantry. The idea of her fighting with "Mrs. Dr. dear!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia perguntou se a própria Rilla desejava ir.

Original English

"Does Rilla herself want to go?" asked Miss Cornelia.

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

Pt/En

Português

A oradora disse que Rilla era a única de seus filhos que não tinha ambição. Ela expressou o desejo de que Rilla tivesse mais ambição, observando que Rilla não tinha ideais sérios e parecia querer apenas se divertir.

Original English

"No. The truth is, Rilla is the only one of my flock who isn't ambitious. I really wish she had a little more ambition. She has no serious ideals at all—her sole aspiration seems to be to have a good time."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan defendeu Rilla, argumentando que uma jovem deveria se divertir. Ela acreditava que haveria muito tempo depois para Rilla estudar assuntos sérios.

Original English

"And why should she not have it, Mrs. Dr. dear?" cried Susan, who could not bear to hear a single word against anyone of the Ingleside folk, even from one of themselves. "A young girl should have a good time, and that I will maintain. There will be time enough for her to think of Latin and Greek."

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

Pt/En

Português

A oradora respondeu que desejava que Rilla mostrasse mais responsabilidade e acrescentou que Rilla era excessivamente vaidosa.

Original English

"I should like to see a little sense of responsibility in her, Susan. And you know yourself that she is abominably vain."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan retrucou que Rilla tinha motivos para ser vaidosa porque era a garota mais bonita de Glen St. Mary. Ela questionou a ideia de que alguma das famílias locais pudesse produzir uma tez como a dela. Susan insistiu que não deixaria Rilla ser criticada e então dirigiu sua atenção à Sra. Marshall Elliott.

Original English

"She has something to be vain about," retorted Susan. "She is the prettiest girl in Glen St. Mary. Do you think that all those over-harbour MacAllisters and Crawfords and Elliotts could scare up a skin like Rilla's in four generations? They could not. No, Mrs. Dr. dear, I know my place but I cannot allow you to run down Rilla. Listen to this, Mrs. Marshall Elliott."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan encontrou uma oportunidade de revidar as observações da Srta. Cornelia sobre os interesses românticos das crianças, e leu o item com entusiasmo.

Original English

Susan had found a chance to get square with Miss Cornelia for her digs at the children's love affairs. She read the item with gusto.

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

Pt/En

Português

Miller Douglas decidira não ir para o oeste. Ele considerava a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo suficiente e pretendia continuar cultivando para sua tia, Sra. Alec Davis.

Original English

"Miller Douglas has decided not to go West. He says old P.E.I. is good enough for him and he will continue to farm for his aunt, Mrs. Alec Davis."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan observou a Srta. Cornélia com um olhar aguçado e atento.

Original English

Susan looked keenly at Miss Cornelia.

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan disse à Srta. Cornélia que ouvira que Miller estava cortejando Mary Vance.

Original English

"I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Miller is courting Mary Vance."

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

Pt/En

Português

Essa observação atingiu duramente a Srta. Cornélia. Seu rosto rechonchudo e alegre ficou vermelho.

Original English

This shot pierced Miss Cornelia's armour. Her sony face flushed.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Cornélia declarou secamente que não permitiria que Miller Douglas se associasse a Mary. Ela explicou que ele vinha de uma família humilde: seu pai fora uma espécie de pária entre os Douglas, nunca verdadeiramente aceito, e sua mãe era uma daquelas terríveis Dillons de Harbour Head.

Original English

"I won't have Miller Douglas hanging round Mary," she said crisply. "He comes of a low family. His father was a sort of outcast from the Douglases—they never really counted him in—and his mother was one of those terrible Dillons from the Harbour Head."

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador comentou com a Sra. Marshall Elliott que ouvira dizer que os pais de Mary Vance não eram exatamente aristocráticos.

Original English

"I think I have heard, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, that Mary Vance's own parents were not what you could call aristocratic."

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia retrucou que Mary Vance tinha sido bem criada e era uma jovem inteligente e capaz. Ela insistiu que Mary não se jogaria fora com Miller Douglas, pois ela conhecia as opiniões de Miss Cornelia e nunca a tinha desobedecido.

Original English

"Mary Vance has had a good bringing up and she is a smart, clever, capable girl," retorted Miss Cornelia. "She is not going to throw herself away on Miller Douglas, believe me! She knows my opinion on the matter and Mary has never disobeyed me yet."

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador aconselhou a Sra. Marshall Elliott a não se preocupar, porque a Sra. Alec Davis era igualmente contrária, afirmando que nenhum sobrinho dela se casaria com uma pessoa sem nome como Mary Vance.

Original English

"Well, I do not think you need worry, Mrs. Marshall Elliott, for Mrs. Alec Davis is as much against it as you could be, and says no nephew of hers is ever going to marry a nameless nobody like Mary Vance."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan voltou ao seu trabalho, satisfeita por ter vencido a discussão, e leu outra nota.

Original English

Susan returned to her mutton, feeling that she had got the best of it in this passage of arms, and read another "note."

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

Pt/En

Português

A nota expressava prazer que a Srta. Oliver tinha sido recontratada como professora por mais um ano, e que ela passaria suas merecidas férias em sua casa em Lowbridge.

Original English

"We are pleased to hear that Miss Oliver has been engaged as teacher for another year. Miss Oliver will spend her well-earned vacation at her home in Lowbridge."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sra. Blythe expressou seu alívio por Gertrude permanecer, observando que sentiriam muito sua falta. Ela acrescentou que Gertrude tinha uma influência positiva sobre Rilla, que a admirava profundamente, e que, apesar da diferença de idade, elas eram amigas próximas.

Original English

"I'm so glad Gertrude is going to stay," said Mrs. Blythe. "We would miss her horribly. And she has an excellent influence over Rilla who worships her. They are chums, in spite of the difference in their ages."

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

Pt/En

Português

Alguém comentou que tinha ouvido que Gertrude estava planejando se casar.

Original English

"I thought I heard she was going to be married?"

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

Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor reconheceu que o casamento havia sido mencionado, mas acreditava que havia sido adiado por um ano.

Original English

"I believe it was talked of but I understand it is postponed for a year."

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

Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou sobre a identidade do jovem.

Original English

"Who is the young man?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Sra. Blythe explicou que o jovem era Robert Grant, um advogado de Charlottetown. Ela esperava que Gertrude encontrasse felicidade, pois havia experimentado muita tristeza e sentia as coisas intensamente. A juventude de Gertrude havia passado, e ela estava quase sozinha. Esse novo amor parecia tão notável que ela mal acreditava que duraria. Quando o casamento foi adiado — sem culpa do Sr. Grant, devido a complicações com a herança de seu falecido pai — Gertrude ficou bastante angustiada. Ela interpretou o atraso como um mau presságio, temendo que a felicidade acabasse escapando dela.

Original English

"Robert Grant. He is a young lawyer in Charlottetown. I hope Gertrude will be happy. She has had a sad life, with much bitterness in it, and she feels things with a terrible keenness. Her first youth is gone and she is practically alone in the world. This new love that has come into her life seems such a wonderful thing to her that I think she hardly dares believe in its permanence. When her marriage had to be put off she was quite in despair—though it certainly wasn't Mr. Grant's fault. There were complications in the settlement of his father's estate—his father died last winter—and he could not marry till the tangles were unravelled. But I think

Gertrude felt it was a bad omen and that her happiness would somehow elude her yet."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan observou solenemente à Sra. Dra. que não era sábio apegar-se demais a um homem.

Original English

"It does not do, Mrs. Dr. dear, to set your affections too much on a man," remarked Susan solemnly.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Dra. respondeu que o Sr. Grant estava igualmente apaixonado por Gertrude. Ela explicou que a desconfiança de Gertrude era dirigida ao destino, não a ele. Gertrude tinha uma crença supersticiosa em sonhos, que eles não conseguiram dissipar. A Sra. Dra. confessou que alguns dos sonhos de Gertrude eram perturbadores, embora não deixasse Gilbert ouvi-la dizer isso. Então ela perguntou a Susan que coisa interessante ela tinha descoberto.

Original English

"Mr. Grant is quite as much in love with Gertrude as she is with him, Susan. It is not he whom she distrusts—it is fate. She has a little mystic streak in her—I suppose some people would call her superstitious. She has an odd belief in dreams and we have not been able to laugh it out of her. I must own, too, that some of her dreams—but there, it would not do to let Gilbert hear me hinting such heresy. What have you found of much interest, Susan?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan soltou um grito de surpresa.

Original English

Susan had given an exclamation.

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan leu em voz alta que a Sra. Sophia Crawford havia abandonado sua casa em Lowbridge e moraria com sua sobrinha, a Sra. Albert Crawford. Ela exclamou que esta era sua própria prima Sophia. Elas haviam brigado quando crianças por um cartão da escola dominical e não se falavam desde então. Agora Sophia moraria do outro lado da rua.

Original English

"Listen to this, Mrs. Dr. dear. 'Mrs. Sophia Crawford has given up her house at Lowbridge and will make her home in future with her niece, Mrs. Albert Crawford.' Why that is my own cousin Sophia, Mrs. Dr. dear. We quarrelled when we were children over who should get a Sunday-school card with the words 'God is Love,' wreathed in rosebuds, on it, and have never spoken to each other since. And now she is coming to live right across the road from us."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Dra. aconselhou Susan que ela teria que resolver a velha briga, pois seria inadequado estar de mal com uma vizinha.

Original English

"You will have to make up the old quarrel, Susan. It will never do to be at outs with your neighbours."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan afirmou arrogantemente que a prima Sophia havia começado a briga, então ela também deveria ser a primeira a fazer as pazes. Susan expressou esperança de que era cristã o suficiente para encontrar Sophia no meio do caminho. Ela descreveu Sophia como uma pessoa desagradável que havia sido uma fonte de melancolia por toda a vida. Na última vez que Susan a viu, o rosto de Sophia estava coberto de rugas devido à preocupação e ansiedade constantes. Susan observou que Sophia chorou alto no funeral do primeiro marido, mas se casou novamente dentro de um ano. Susan então mencionou que o próximo artigo de jornal descrevia o culto especial em sua igreja no domingo anterior e comentou que as decorações estavam muito bonitas.

Original English

"Cousin Sophia began the quarrel, so she can begin the making up also, Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan loftily. "If she does I hope I am a good enough Christian to meet her half-way. She is not a cheerful person and has been a wet blanket all her life. The last time I saw her, her face had a thousand wrinkles—maybe more, maybe less—from worrying and foreboding. She howled dreadful at her first husband's funeral but she married again in less than a year. The next note, I see, describes the special service in our church last Sunday night and says the decorations were very beautiful."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Cornélia comentou que o Sr. Pryor desaprovava fortemente as flores na igreja. Ela acrescentou que sempre previra problemas quando aquele homem se mudou de Lowbridge. Ela acreditava que havia sido um erro torná-lo diácono, e eles se arrependeriam. A Srta. Cornélia ouvira que, se as moças continuassem a decorar o púlpito com o que ele chamava de ervas daninhas, ele pararia de frequentar a igreja.

Original English

"Speaking of that reminds me that Mr. Pryor strongly disapproves of flowers in church," said Miss Cornelia. "I always said there would be trouble when that man moved here from Lowbridge. He should never have been put in as elder—it was a mistake and we shall live to rue it, believe me! I have heard that he has said that if the girls continue to 'mess up the pulpit

with weeds' that he will not go to church."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan afirmou que a igreja havia se saído perfeitamente bem antes de o homem a quem chamavam de velho Bigodes-na-Lua chegar a Glen, e ela acreditava que continuaria a se sair sem ele depois que ele partisse.

Original English

"The church got on very well before old Whiskers-on-the-moon came to the Glen and it is my opinion it will get on without him after he is gone," said Susan.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe perguntou quem havia dado a ele aquele apelido ridículo.

Original English

"Who in the world ever gave him that ridiculous nickname?" asked Mrs. Blythe.

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan explicou que os garotos de Lowbridge o chamavam assim desde que ela se lembrava, provavelmente porque o rosto dele era tão redondo e vermelho com uma franja de costeletas arenosas. Ela alertou que ninguém deveria chamá-lo assim perto dele. Ela acrescentou que ele era um homem muito irracional, com muitas ideias peculiares. Embora agora fosse diácono e considerado muito religioso, Susan se lembrava vividamente de um incidente de vinte anos atrás, quando ele foi pego pastando sua vaca no cemitério de Lowbridge. Ela sempre pensava nisso quando ele orava nas reuniões. Susan concluiu que havia pouco de importante no jornal e que ela se interessava pouco por assuntos estrangeiros. Ela então perguntou quem era aquele arquiduque assassinado.

Original English

"Why, the Lowbridge boys have called him that ever since I can remember, Mrs. Dr. dear—I suppose because his face is so round and red, with that fringe of sandy whisker about it. It does not do for anyone to call him that in his hearing, though, and that you may tie to. But worse than his whiskers, Mrs. Dr. dear, he is a very unreasonable man and has a great many queer ideas. He is an elder now and they say he is very religious; but I can well remember the time, Mrs. Dr. dear, twenty years ago, when he was caught pasturing his cow in the Lowbridge graveyard. Yes, indeed, I have not forgotten that, and I always think of it when he is praying in meeting. Well, that is all the notes and there is not much else in the paper of any importance. I never take much interest in foreign parts. Who is this Archduke man who has been murdered?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Miss Cornelia observou que eles não tinham motivo para se importar com os acontecimentos nos Bálcãs, sem saber da terrível resposta que o destino estava preparando. Ela reclamou que os jornais não deveriam publicar histórias tão chocantes, e que o Enterprise estava se tornando muito sensacionalista com seus grandes títulos. Então disse que precisava ir para casa, porque seu marido não comeria a menos que ela estivesse lá. Ao sair, notou o gato Doc agindo de forma estranha, como se estivesse tendo um ataque, antes de pular pela janela.

Original English

"What does it matter to us?" asked Miss Cornelia, unaware of the hideous answer to her question which destiny was even then preparing. "Somebody is always murdering or being murdered in those Balkan States. It's their normal condition and I don't really think that our papers ought to print such shocking things. The Enterprise is getting far too sensational with its big headlines. Well, I must be getting home. No, Anne dearie, it's no use asking me to stay to supper. Marshall has got to thinking that if I'm not home for a meal it's not worth eating—just like a man. So off I go. Merciful goodness, Anne dearie, what is the matter with that cat? Is he having a fit?"—this, as Doc suddenly bounded to the rug at Miss Cornelia's feet, laid back his ears, swore at her, and then disappeared with one fierce leap through the window.

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

Pt/En

Português

Anne explicou que o gato não estava tendo um ataque; ele estava apenas se transformando no Sr. Hyde, o que indicava que chuva ou vento forte chegariam antes da manhã, pois o gato era tão confiável quanto um barômetro.

Original English

"Oh, no. He's merely turning into Mr. Hyde—which means that we shall have rain or high wind before morning. Doc is as good as a barometer."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan expressou alívio por o gato ter ido para fora em vez de causar problemas na cozinha. Ela anunciou que iria preparar o jantar, observando que, com tantos hóspedes em Ingleside, era sensato planejar as refeições cedo.

Original English

"Well, I am thankful he has gone on the rampage outside this time and not into my kitchen," said Susan. "And I am going out to see about supper. With such a crowd as we have at Ingleside now it behooves us to think about our meals betimes."

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

Dew of Morning

Pt/En

Português

Do lado de fora, no gramado de Ingleside, manchas de luz solar dourada se misturavam com sombras convidativas. Rilla Blythe estava deitada balançando em uma rede sob o grande pinheiro escocês, enquanto Gertrude Oliver se sentava junto às raízes da árvore ao lado dela. Perto dali, Walter se esticava na grama, completamente absorto em um romance de cavalaria onde heróis e beldades antigas de séculos passados ganhavam vida vividamente para ele.

Original English

Outside, the Ingleside lawn was full of golden pools of sunshine and plots of alluring shadows. Rilla Blythe was swinging in the hammock under the big Scotch pine, Gertrude Oliver sat at its roots beside her, and Walter was stretched at full length on the grass, lost in a romance of chivalry wherein old heroes and beauties of dead and gone centuries lived vividly again for him.

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla Blythe, a filha mais nova da família Blythe, sentia-se irritada por ninguém a considerar adulta. Com quase quinze anos, era tão alta quanto suas irmãs Di e Nan, e bastante bonita. Tinha olhos castanho-claros, pele clara com sardas e sobrancelhas delicadas que lhe davam uma expressão pensativa. Seu cabelo castanho e uma pequena covinha acima do lábio aumentavam seu charme. Rilla estava satisfeita com seu rosto, mas preocupada com sua figura magra e desejava que sua mãe lhe permitisse usar vestidos mais longos. Ela havia sido rechonchuda quando criança, mas agora era muito magra, o que levava seus irmãos Jem e Shirley a provocá-la chamando-a de 'Aranha'. No entanto, ela se movia com graça, quase como se estivesse dançando. Embora fosse um pouco mimada, a maioria das pessoas a considerava uma garota doce, mesmo que não fosse tão inteligente quanto Nan e Di.

Original English

Rilla was the "baby" of the Blythe family and was in a chronic state of secret indignation because nobody believed she was grown up. She was so nearly fifteen that she called herself that, and she was quite as tall as Di and Nan; also, she was nearly as pretty as Susan believed her to be. She had great, dreamy, hazel eyes, a milky skin dappled with little golden freckles, and delicately arched eyebrows, giving her a demure, questioning look which made people, especially lads in their teens, want to answer it. Her hair was ripely, ruddily brown and a little dent in her upper lip looked as if some good fairy had pressed it in with her finger at Rilla's christening. Rilla, whose best friends could not deny her share of vanity, thought her face would do very well, but worried over her figure, and wished her mother could be prevailed upon to let her wear longer dresses. She, who had been so plump and roly-poly in the old Rainbow Valley days, was incredibly slim now, in the arms-and-legs period. Jem and Shirley harrowed her soul by calling her "Spider." Yet she somehow escaped awkwardness. There was something in her movements that made you think she never walked but

always danced. She had been much petted and was a wee bit spoiled, but still the general opinion was that Rilla Blythe was a very sweet girl, even if she were not so clever as Nan and Di.

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver estava indo para casa naquela noite para as férias. Ela estava hospedada em Ingleside há um ano. Os Blythe a haviam convidado para agradar Rilla, que admirava profundamente sua professora e estava disposta a dividir o quarto. Gertrude Oliver tinha vinte e oito anos e enfrentara muitas lutas na vida. Ela tinha uma aparência marcante, com olhos tristes amendoados castanhos, uma boca inteligente e um tanto zombeteira, e uma grande quantidade de cabelo preto. Ela não era bonita, mas seu rosto tinha um certo charme de interesse e mistério que fascinava Rilla. Até seus humores ocasionais de melancolia e cinismo atraíam Rilla. Esses humores vinham apenas quando a Srta. Oliver estava cansada; caso contrário, ela era uma companheira inspiradora, e os mais jovens em Ingleside nunca pensavam nela como muito mais velha. Walter e Rilla eram seus favoritos, e ela era a confidente de seus desejos secretos. Ela sabia que Rilla ansiava ir a festas como suas irmãs mais velhas, usar vestidos elegantes de noite e ter namorados. Quanto a Walter, ela sabia que ele escrevera uma série de sonetos para Rosamond, ou seja, Faith Meredith, e esperava se tornar professor de literatura inglesa em uma grande faculdade. Ela entendia seu profundo amor pela beleza e seu igualmente forte ódio pela feiura, assim como suas forças e fraquezas.

Original English

Miss Oliver, who was going home that night for vacation, had boarded for a year at Ingleside. The Blythes had taken her to please Rilla who was fathoms deep in love with her teacher and was even willing to share her room, since no other was available. Gertrude Oliver was twenty-eight and life had been a struggle for her. She was a striking-looking girl, with rather sad, almond-shaped brown eyes, a clever, rather mocking mouth, and enormous masses of black hair twisted about her head. She was not pretty but there was a certain charm of interest and mystery in her face, and Rilla found her fascinating. Even her occasional moods of gloom and cynicism had allurements for Rilla. These moods came only when Miss Oliver was tired. At all other times she was a stimulating companion, and the gay set at Ingleside never remembered that she was so much older than themselves. Walter and Rilla were her favourites and she was the

confidante of the secret wishes and aspirations of both. She knew that Rilla longed to be "out"—to go to parties as Nan and Di did, and to have dainty evening dresses and—yes, there is no mincing matters—beaux! In the plural, at that! As for Walter, Miss Oliver knew that he had written a sequence of sonnets "to Rosamond"—i.e., Faith Meredith—and that he aimed at a Professorship of English literature in some big college. She knew his passionate love of beauty and his equally passionate hatred of ugliness; she knew his strength and his weakness.

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Pt/En

Português

Walter era o mais bonito dos garotos de Ingleside. A senhorita Oliver gostava de olhar para ele porque ele era exatamente como o filho que ela gostaria de ter. Ele tinha cabelos pretos e brilhantes, olhos cinza-escuros e vivos, e traços perfeitos. Ele era um poeta em todos os sentidos. A coleção de sonetos que ele escreveu era muito impressionante para um jovem de vinte anos. A senhorita Oliver não era uma crítica tendenciosa e reconhecia que Walter Blythe possuía um talento maravilhoso.

Original English

Walter was, as ever, the handsomest of the Ingleside boys. Miss Oliver found pleasure in looking at him for his good looks—he was so exactly like what she would have liked her own son to be. Glossy black hair, brilliant dark grey eyes, faultless features. And a poet to his fingertips! That sonnet sequence was really a remarkable thing for a lad of twenty to write. Miss Oliver was no partial critic and she knew that Walter Blythe had a wonderful gift.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla amava Walter completamente. Diferente de Jem e Shirley, ele nunca a provocava nem a chamava de "Aranha". Em vez disso, ele lhe deu o apelido afetuoso de "Rilla-my-Rilla", brincando com seu nome verdadeiro, Marilla. Ela havia recebido o nome de sua tia Marilla, que morreu antes que Rilla pudesse se lembrar bem dela. Rilla não gostava do nome Marilla, achando-o antiquado e formal; ela teria preferido ser chamada de Bertha, um nome que considerava bonito e digno. No entanto, ela não se

importava com a versão de Walter para seu nome. Ninguém mais tinha permissão para chamá-la assim, exceto a senhorita Oliver ocasionalmente. O som de "Rilla-my-Rilla" na voz musical de Walter parecia encantador para ela, como o fluxo suave de um riacho. Ela disse à senhorita Oliver que sacrificaria sua vida por Walter se isso o ajudasse. Aos quinze anos, Rilla gostava de usar expressões dramáticas. Sua maior decepção era a suspeita de que Walter compartilhava mais segredos com Di do que com ela.

Original English

Rilla loved Walter with all her heart. He never teased her as Jem and Shirley did. He never called her "Spider." His pet name for her was "Rilla-my-Rilla"—a little pun on her real name, Marilla. She had been named after Aunt Marilla of Green Gables, but Aunt Marilla had died before Rilla was old enough to know her very well, and Rilla detested the name as being horribly old-fashioned and prim. Why couldn't they have called her by her first name, Bertha, which was beautiful and dignified, instead of that silly "Rilla"? She did not mind Walter's version, but nobody else was allowed to call her that, except Miss Oliver now and then. "Rilla-my-Rilla" in Walter's musical voice sounded very beautiful to her—like the lilt and ripple of some silvery brook. She would have died for Walter if it would have done him any good, so she told Miss Oliver. Rilla was as fond of italics as most girls of fifteen are—and the bitterest drop in her cup was her suspicion that he told Di more of his secrets than he told her.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla reclamou com a Srta. Oliver que Walter não achava que ela tivesse idade suficiente para entender seus segredos, mas ela acreditava que sim. Ela garantiu à Srta. Oliver que nunca revelaria esses segredos a ninguém, nem mesmo à Srta. Oliver. Rilla disse que contava tudo a Walter, até mostrava seu diário, e isso a magoava quando ele não compartilhava coisas com ela. No entanto, ele mostrava todos os seus poemas, os quais ela achava maravilhosos. Ela esperava um dia ser tão importante para Walter quanto Dorothy foi para Wordsworth. Ela achava que os poemas de Walter eram melhores do que qualquer coisa que Wordsworth ou Tennyson escreveram.

Original English

"He thinks I'm not grown up enough to understand," she had once lamented rebelliously to Miss Oliver, "but I am! And I would never tell them to a single soul—not even to you, Miss Oliver. I tell you all my own—I just couldn't be happy if I had any secret from you, dearest—but I would never betray his. I tell him everything—I even show him my diary. And it hurts me dreadfully when he doesn't tell me things. He shows me all his poems, though—they are marvellous, Miss Oliver. Oh, I just live in the hope that some day I shall be to Walter what Wordsworth's sister Dorothy was to him. Wordsworth never wrote anything like Walter's poems—nor Tennyson, either."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver disse secamente que não concordaria exatamente com isso, e que ambos escreveram uma grande quantidade de lixo. Notando um olhar magoado nos olhos de Rilla, ela se arrependeu e acrescentou algo apressadamente.

Original English

"I wouldn't say just that. Both of them wrote a great deal of trash," said Miss Oliver dryly. Then, repenting, as she saw a hurt look in Rilla's eye, she added hastily,

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Pt/En

Português

O falante expressou a crença de que Walter um dia se tornaria um grande poeta e garantiu a Rilla que, à medida que ela crescesse, Walter compartilharia mais de seus pensamentos com ela.

Original English

"But I believe Walter will be a great poet, too—some day—and you will have more of his confidence as you grow older."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla lembrou de ter ficado extremamente ansiosa quando Walter esteve no hospital com tifo no ano anterior. Seu pai havia proibido que alguém lhe contasse o quão grave era sua doença até que terminasse, e ela ficou aliviada por não saber, pois não teria suportado. Mesmo sem saber, ela chorava até dormir todas as noites. Ela então comentou amargamente, imitando a Srta. Oliver, que às vezes sentia que Walter se importava mais com o cachorro Monday do que com ela.

Original English

"When Walter was in the hospital with typhoid last year I was almost crazy," sighed Rilla, a little importantly. "They never told me how ill he really was until it was all over—father wouldn't let them. I'm glad I didn't know—I couldn't have borne it. I cried myself to sleep every night as it was. But sometimes," concluded Rilla bitterly—she liked to speak bitterly now and then in imitation of Miss Oliver—"sometimes I think Walter cares more for Dog Monday than he does for me."

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Pt/En

Português

Dog Monday era o cão da família em Ingleside, nomeado assim porque chegou numa segunda-feira quando Walter estava lendo Robinson Crusoe. Embora pertencesse principalmente a Jem, também era muito apegado a Walter. Naquele momento, ele estava deitado ao lado de Walter, com o nariz encostado no braço dele, abanando o rabo feliz sempre que Walter o afagava distraidamente. Monday não era de uma raça específica, mas sim o que Jem chamava de cão comum, e pessoas pouco caridosas achavam que ele era realmente muito comum. Sua aparência não era seu ponto forte: manchas pretas estavam espalhadas aleatoriamente sobre seu corpo amarelo, uma aparentemente cobrindo um olho, e suas orelhas estavam rasgadas de brigas que ele frequentemente perdia. No entanto, ele tinha uma qualidade: sabia que nem todos os cães podiam ser bonitos ou ferozes, mas todo cão podia amar. Dentro de seu corpo feio batia o coração mais afetuoso, leal e fiel de qualquer cão. Algo em seus olhos castanhos parecia quase uma alma. Todos em Ingleside o amavam, até mesmo Susan, embora seu hábito de se esgueirar para o quarto de hóspedes e dormir na cama testasse a afeição dela.

Original English

Dog Monday was the Ingleside dog, so called because he had come into the family on a Monday when Walter had been reading Robinson Crusoe. He really belonged to Jem but was much attached to Walter also. He was lying beside Walter now with nose snuggled against his arm, thumping his tail rapturously whenever Walter gave him an absent pat. Monday was not a collie or a setter or a hound or a Newfoundland. He was just, as Jem said, "plain dog"—very plain dog, uncharitable people added. Certainly, Monday's looks were not his strong point. Black spots were scattered at random over his yellow carcass, one of them, apparently, blotting out an eye. His ears were in tatters, for Monday was never successful in affairs of honour. But he possessed one talisman. He knew that not all dogs could be handsome or eloquent or victorious, but that every dog could love. Inside his homely hide beat the most affectionate, loyal, faithful heart of any dog since dogs were; and something looked out of his brown eyes that was nearer akin to a soul than any theologian would allow. Everybody at Ingleside was fond of him, even Susan, although his one unfortunate propensity of sneaking into the spare room and going to sleep on the bed tried her affection sorely.

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Pt/En

Português

Naquela tarde em particular, Rilla não tinha queixas sobre sua situação atual.

Original English

On this particular afternoon Rilla had no quarrel on hand with existing conditions.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla comentou que junho tinha sido um mês encantador. Ela olhou sonhadora para as pequenas e silenciosas nuvens prateadas que pairavam pacificamente sobre o Vale do Arco-Íris e disse que tinham aproveitado momentos tão adoráveis e um clima perfeito, tornando-o perfeito em todos os sentidos.

Original English

"Hasn't June been a delightful month?" she asked, looking dreamily afar at the little quiet silvery clouds hanging so peacefully over Rainbow Valley. "We've had such lovely times—and such lovely weather. It has just been perfect every way."

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Pt/En

Português

Miss Oliver expressou seu desconforto com a perfeição, considerando-a um sinal ominoso — uma espécie de compensação divina por problemas futuros. Ela havia observado esse padrão com frequência, embora admitisse que junho havia sido encantador.

Original English

"I don't half like that," said Miss Oliver, with a sigh. "It's ominous—somehow. A perfect thing is a gift of the gods—a sort of compensation for what is coming afterwards. I've seen that so often that I don't care to hear people say they've had a perfect time. June has been delightful, though."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla reconheceu a falta de empolgação, observando que o único evento notável em Glen no último ano foi o desmaio da senhora Mead na igreja. Ela confessou que às vezes desejava que algo dramático acontecesse para quebrar a monotonia.

Original English

"Of course, it hasn't been very exciting," said Rilla. "The only exciting thing that has happened in the Glen for a year was old Miss Mead fainting in Church. Sometimes I wish something dramatic would happen once in a while."

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Pt/En

Português

O orador aconselhou Rilla a não desejar drama, já que eventos dramáticos inevitavelmente causam amargura para alguém. Eles comentaram sobre o agradável verão que aguardava os jovens, contrastando-o com seu próprio tempo solitário em Lowbridge.

Original English

"Don't wish it. Dramatic things always have a bitterness for some one. What a nice summer all you gay creatures will have! And me moping at Lowbridge!"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou se a outra pessoa visitaria com frequência. Ela antecipava muita diversão naquele verão, embora esperasse permanecer à margem como de costume. Achava cansativo quando os outros a tratavam como criança, apesar de se sentir crescida.

Original English

"You'll be over often, won't you? I think there's going to be lots of fun this summer, though I'll just be on the fringe of things as usual, I suppose. Isn't it horrid when people think you're a little girl when you're not?"

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Pt/En

Português

A pessoa lembrou Rilla de que ela tinha tempo de sobra para amadurecer e a alertou contra desejar que sua juventude passasse, pois ela passa rápido demais. Eles a asseguraram de que ela logo começaria a experimentar as experiências da vida.

Original English

"There's plenty of time for you to be grown up, Rilla. Don't wish your youth away. It goes too quickly. You'll begin to taste life soon enough."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla riu e declarou que queria experimentar a vida plenamente e ter tudo o que uma garota pudesse desejar. Ela ansiava pelos quinze anos, após os quais não seria mais considerada uma criança. Ouvira dizer que os anos dos quinze aos dezenove eram os melhores para uma garota, e pretendia torná-los maravilhosos, preenchendo-os com prazer.

Original English

"Taste life! I want to eat it," cried Rilla, laughing. "I want everything—everything a girl can have. I'll be fifteen in another month, and then nobody can say I'm a child any longer. I heard someone say once that the years from fifteen to nineteen are the best years in a girl's life. I'm going to make them perfectly splendid—just fill them with fun."

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém comentou que não adiantava muito planejar, já que era bem provável que não se cumprisse o planejado.

Original English

"There's no use thinking about what you're going to do—you are tolerably sure not to do it."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla rebateu que até mesmo o planejamento em si trazia muito prazer.

Original English

"Oh, but you do get a lot of fun out of the thinking," cried Rilla.

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver provocou Rilla de forma afetuosa por sua busca obstinada por diversão, e então perguntou se ela pretendia ir para a faculdade naquele outono.

Original English

"You think of nothing but fun, you monkey," said Miss Oliver indulgently, reflecting that Rilla's chin was really the last word in chins. "Well, what else is fifteen for? But have you any notion of going to college this fall?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla afirmou que não tinha desejo de ir para a faculdade, nem agora nem nunca. Ela não tinha interesse nas matérias acadêmicas que suas irmãs Nan e Di adoravam. Com cinco da família já na faculdade, ela achava que era suficiente. Ela estava perfeitamente contente em ser a burra da família, desde que pudesse ser bonita, popular e encantadora. Ela admitiu que não tinha talentos e achava isso libertador, já que ninguém esperava nada dela. Ela também não gostava de tarefas domésticas e não conseguia aprender a cozinhar. Ela citou seu pai dizendo que ela não trabalhava nem fiava, e concluiu que devia ser um lírio do campo, rindo.

Original English

"No—nor any other fall. I don't want to. I never cared for all those ologies and isms Nan and Di are so crazy about. And there's five of us going to college already. Surely that's enough. There's bound to be one dunce in every family. I'm quite willing to be a dunce if I can be a pretty, popular, delightful one. I can't be clever. I have no talent at all, and you can't imagine how comfortable it is. Nobody expects me to do anything so I'm never pestered to do it. And I can't be a housewifely, cookly creature, either. I hate sewing and dusting, and when Susan couldn't teach me to make biscuits nobody could. Father says I toil not neither do I spin. Therefore, I must be a lily of the field," concluded Rilla, with another laugh.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla foi informada de que era muito jovem para abandonar completamente os estudos.

Original English

"You are too young to give up your studies altogether, Rilla."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla respondeu que sua mãe organizaria um curso de leitura para ela no inverno seguinte, o que aprimoraria o diploma de sua mãe. Ela admitiu que gostava de ler. Ela pediu para não ser olhada com tanta tristeza e desaprovação, explicando que não conseguia ser séria porque tudo parecia brilhante e alegre. Ela ansiava por fazer quinze, dezesseis e dezessete anos.

Original English

"Oh, mother will put me through a course of reading next winter. It will polish up her B.A. degree. Luckily I like reading. Don't look at me so sorrowfully and so disapprovingly, dearest. I can't be sober and serious—everything looks so rosy and rainbowy to me. Next month I'll be fifteen—and next year sixteen—and the year after that seventeen. Could anything be more enchanting?"

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Pt/En

Português

Gertrude Oliver, meio rindo e meio séria, disse a Rilla para bater na madeira.

Original English

"Rap wood," said Gertrude Oliver, half laughingly, half seriously. "Rap wood, Rilla-my-Rilla."

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Moonlit Mirth

Pt/En

Português

Rilla, que dormia com os olhos ligeiramente abertos, de modo que parecia estar sorrindo durante o sono, bocejou, espreguiçou-se e sorriu para Gertrude Oliver. Gertrude havia chegado de Lowbridge na noite anterior e havia sido persuadida a ficar para o baile no farol de Four Winds na noite seguinte.

Original English

Rilla, who still buttoned up her eyes when she went to sleep so that she always looked as if she were laughing in her slumber, yawned, stretched, and smiled at Gertrude Oliver. The latter had come over from Lowbridge the previous evening and had been prevailed upon to remain for the dance at the Four Winds lighthouse the next night.

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Pt/En

Português

Gertrude Oliver refletiu que o novo dia estava chegando e se perguntou o que ele traria para eles.

Original English

"The new day is knocking at the window. What will it bring us, I wonder."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver estremeceu levemente. Ela não cumprimentava os dias com o mesmo entusiasmo que Rilla. Tendo vivido o suficiente, ela sabia que um dia poderia trazer algo terrível.

Original English

Miss Oliver shivered a little. She never greeted the days with Rilla's enthusiasm. She had lived long enough to know that a day may bring a terrible thing.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla continuou dizendo que a melhor coisa sobre os dias era sua imprevisibilidade. Ela gostava de acordar em uma manhã brilhante e imaginar que surpresas o dia poderia reservar. Ela sonhava acordada por dez minutos antes de se levantar, pensando em todas as coisas maravilhosas que poderiam acontecer antes da noite.

Original English

"I think the nicest thing about days is their unexpectedness," went on Rilla. "It's jolly to wake up like this on a golden-fine morning and wonder what surprise packet the day will hand you. I always day-dream for ten minutes before I get up, imagining the heaps of splendid things that may happen before night."

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Pt/En

Português

Gertrude expressou a esperança de que algo muito inesperado acontecesse naquele dia. Ela desejava que o correio trouxesse a notícia de que a guerra entre a Alemanha e a França havia sido evitada.

Original English

"I hope something very unexpected will happen today," said Gertrude. "I hope the mail will bring us news that war has been averted between Germany and France."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla concordou vagamente que a guerra seria terrível, mas pensou que poderia ser emocionante para eles. Ela lembrou que a Guerra dos Bôeres teria sido emocionante, embora não se lembrasse dela. Ela então perguntou à Srta. Oliver se deveria usar seu vestido branco ou o novo verde no baile à beira-mar naquela noite. Ela tinha medo de danificar o verde, mas ele era mais bonito. Ela também perguntou se seu cabelo poderia ser arrumado em um novo estilo que nenhuma das outras garotas locais usava ainda, o que causaria sensação.

Original English

"Oh—yes," said Rilla vaguely. "It will be dreadful if it isn't, I suppose. But it won't really matter much to us, will it? I think a war would be so exciting. The Boer war was, they say, but I don't remember anything about it, of course. Miss Oliver, shall I wear my white dress tonight or my new green one? The green one is by far the prettier, of course, but I'm almost afraid to wear it to a shore dance for fear something will happen to it. And will you do my hair the new way? None of the other girls in the Glen wear it yet and it will make such a sensation."

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou como ela havia convencido sua mãe a permitir que ela fosse ao baile.

Original English

"How did you induce your mother to let you go to the dance?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse à Srta. Oliver que Walter havia convencido seus pais a deixá-la ir à sua primeira festa de adultos. Ela estava ansiosa por isso há uma semana e estava entusiasmada por o sol estar brilhando. Ela planejava usar seu vestido verde e seus sapatos prateados, que eram um presente de Natal da Sra. Ford. Ela esperava que alguns garotos a convidassem para dançar, pois ficaria humilhada se tivesse que ficar sentada sozinha a noite toda. Os filhos do ministro, Carl e Jerry, não podiam dançar, então ela não podia contar com eles.

Original English

"Oh, Walter coaxed her over. He knew I would be heart-broken if I didn't go. It's my first really-truly grown-up party, Miss Oliver, and I've just lain awake at nights for a week thinking it over. When I saw the sun shining this morning I wanted to whoop for joy. It would be simply terrible if it rained tonight. I think I'll wear the green dress and risk it. I want to look my nicest at my first party. Besides, it's an inch longer than my white one. And I'll wear my silver slippers too. Mrs. Ford sent them to me last Christmas and I've never had a chance to wear them yet. They're the dearest things. Oh, Miss Oliver, I do hope some of the boys will ask me to dance. I shall die of

mortification—truly I will, if nobody does and I have to sit stuck up against the wall all the evening. Of course Carl and Jerry can't dance because they're the minister's sons, or else I could depend on them to save me from utter disgrace."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver tranquilizou Rilla, dizendo que ela teria muitos parceiros porque muitos garotos do outro lado do porto estavam vindo, e haveria mais garotos do que garotas.

Original English

"You'll have plenty of partners—all the over-harbour boys are coming—there'll be far more boys than girls."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse que estava feliz por não ser filha de um ministro. Faith estava furiosa por não ter permissão para dançar, mas Una não se importava. Faith fez uma careta de desgosto quando ouviu sobre um puxa-puxa de caramelo para quem não dançava. Rilla também mencionou que todos iriam caminhar até um riacho e depois velejar até o farol, o que ela achava que seria maravilhoso.

Original English

"I'm glad I'm not a minister's daughter," laughed Rilla. "Poor Faith is so furious because she won't dare to dance tonight. Una doesn't care, of course. She has never hankered after dancing. Somebody told Faith there would be a taffy-pull in the kitchen for those who didn't dance and you should have seen the face she made. She and Jem will sit out on the rocks most of the evening, I suppose. Did you know that we are all to walk down as far as that little creek below the old House of Dreams and then sail to the lighthouse? Won't it just be absolutely divine?"

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver respondeu sarcasticamente que usara uma linguagem exagerada quando tinha quinze anos. Ela esperava que a festa fosse chata para ela, pois achava que nenhum dos garotos iria querer dançar com uma mulher mais velha. Ela supôs que Jem e Walter a convidariam para dançar apenas por bondade, então ela não podia compartilhar a empolgação de Rilla.

Original English

"When I was fifteen I talked in italics and superlatives too," said Miss Oliver sarcastically. "I think the party promises to be pleasant for young fry. I expect to be bored. None of those boys will bother dancing with an old maid like me. Jem and Walter will take me out once out of charity. So you can't expect me to look forward to it with your touching young rapture."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou à Srta. Oliver se ela tinha gostado de sua primeira festa.

Original English

"Didn't you have a good time at your first party, though, Miss Oliver?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela admitiu que sua própria juventude havia sido miserável; ela era desleixada e sem graça, e apenas um garoto igualmente desajeitado a convidou para dançar, a quem ela odiava. Ela sentiu que havia perdido uma verdadeira juventude, o que era uma triste perda. Era por isso que ela queria que Rilla desfrutasse de uma juventude maravilhosa e feliz, e esperava que a primeira festa de Rilla fosse uma lembrança agradável para a vida toda.

Original English

"No. I had a hateful time. I was shabby and homely and nobody asked me to dance except one boy, homelier and shabbier than myself. He was so awkward I hated him—and even he didn't ask me again. I had no real

girlhood, Rilla. It's a sad loss. That's why I want you to have a splendid, happy girlhood. And I hope your first party will be one you'll remember all your life with pleasure."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla suspirou que havia sonhado que estava no baile, apenas para descobrir no meio dele que estava usando seu quimono e chinelos de quarto, e acordou horrorizada.

Original English

"I dreamed last night I was at the dance and right in the middle of things I discovered I was dressed in my kimono and bedroom shoes," sighed Rilla. "I woke up with a gasp of horror."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver mencionou que também teve um sonho estranho. Ela explicou que seus sonhos às vezes são muito nítidos e parecem tão reais quanto a vida, não como sonhos normais e confusos.

Original English

"Speaking of dreams—I had an odd one," said Miss Oliver absently. "It was one of those vivid dreams I sometimes have—they are not the vague jumble of ordinary dreams—they are as clear cut and real as life."

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

Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou à Srta. Oliver sobre o que era seu sonho.

Original English

"What was your dream?"

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver descreveu seu sonho: ela estava nos degraus da varanda em Ingleside, olhando para os campos. Ao longe, viu uma longa onda prateada quebrando sobre eles, aproximando-se. O vale estava sendo engolido. Ela pensou que as ondas não alcançariam Ingleside, mas elas vieram rapidamente, quebrando a seus pés, e tudo desapareceu, substituído por uma água tempestuosa. Ela tentou recuar e notou que a borda de seu vestido estava molhada de sangue, então acordou tremendo. Ela sentiu que o sonho tinha um significado sinistro, já que sonhos vívidos assim sempre se tornavam realidade para ela.

Original English

"I was standing on the veranda steps, here at Ingleside, looking down over the fields of the Glen. All at once, far in the distance, I saw a long, silvery, glistening wave breaking over them. It came nearer and nearer—just a succession of little white waves like those that break on the sandshore sometimes. The Glen was being swallowed up. I thought, 'Surely the waves will not come near Ingleside'—but they came nearer and nearer—so rapidly—before I could move or call they were breaking right at my feet—and everything was gone—there was nothing but a waste of stormy water where the Glen had been. I tried to draw back—and I saw that the edge of my dress was wet with blood—and I woke—shivering. I don't like the dream. There was some sinister significance in it. That kind of vivid dream always 'comes true' with me."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla murmurou que esperava que o sinal não pressagiasse uma tempestade vinda do leste que estragasse a festa.

Original English

"I hope it doesn't mean there's a storm coming up from the east to spoil the party," murmured Rilla.

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Pt/En

Português

Miss Oliver chamou Rilla secamente de uma incorrigível garota de quinze anos e garantiu que o tempo não pressagiava nada tão terrível.

Original English

"Incorrigible fifteen!" said Miss Oliver dryly. "No, Rilla-my-Rilla, I don't think there is any danger that it foretells anything so awful as that."

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

Pt/En

Português

Por vários dias, uma corrente subterrânea de tensão havia permeado Ingleside, despercebida apenas por Rilla, que estava absorta em suas próprias preocupações. O Dr. Blythe havia se tornado sério e silencioso sobre o jornal, enquanto Jem e Walter acompanhavam as notícias atentamente. Naquela noite, Jem procurou Walter com entusiasmo.

Original English

There had been an undercurrent of tension in the Ingleside existence for several days. Only Rilla, absorbed in her own budding life, was unaware of it. Dr. Blythe had taken to looking grave and saying little over the daily paper. Jem and Walter were keenly interested in the news it brought. Jem sought Walter out in excitement that evening.

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Pt/En

Português

Jem exclamou que a Alemanha havia declarado guerra à França, e isso provavelmente significava que a Inglaterra também lutaria — e se assim fosse, o Flautista da antiga imaginação de Walter finalmente teria chegado.

Original English

"Oh, boy, Germany has declared war on France. This means that England will fight too, probably—and if she does—well, the Piper of your old fancy will have come at last."

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Pt/En

Português

Walter insistiu lentamente que não era imaginação, mas um pressentimento — uma visão que ele realmente tivera por um momento há muito tempo. Ele então perguntou a Jem o que aconteceria se a Inglaterra realmente lutasse.

Original English

"It wasn't a fancy," said Walter slowly. "It was a presentiment—a vision—Jem, I really saw him for a moment that evening long ago. Suppose England does fight?"

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Pt/En

Português

Jem alegremente declarou que todos teriam que ajudá-la, perguntando como poderiam deixar a velha mãe cinzenta do mar do norte lutar sozinha. Ele acrescentou que Walter não podia ir porque a febre tifoide o havia impedido, e comentou que era uma pena.

Original English

"Why, we'll all have to turn in and help her," cried Jem gaily. "We couldn't let the 'old grey mother of the northern sea' fight it out alone, could we? But you can't go—the typhoid has done you out of that. Sort of a shame, eh?"

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Pt/En

Português

Walter não respondeu se era uma vergonha. Ele olhou silenciosamente através do Glen em direção ao cais azul ondulado além.

Original English

Walter did not say whether it was a shame or not. He looked silently over the Glen to the dimpling blue harbour beyond.

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Pt/En

Português

Jem disse alegremente que eles eram os filhotes e que precisavam lutar com unhas e dentes se houvesse um conflito familiar. Ele achou que seria uma grande aventura. Supôs que Grey ou outros políticos experientes resolveriam a situação no último momento, mas sentiu que seria uma vergonha se a França fosse abandonada. Se não, eles veriam alguma empolgação. Então mencionou que era hora de se preparar para a festa no farol.

Original English

"We're the cubs—we've got to pitch in tooth and claw if it comes to a family row," Jem went on cheerfully, rumpling up his red curls with a strong, lean, sensitive brown hand—the hand of the born surgeon, his father often thought. "What an adventure it would be! But I suppose Grey or some of those wary old chaps will patch matters up at the eleventh hour. It'll be a rotten shame if they leave France in the lurch, though. If they don't, we'll see some fun. Well, I suppose it's time to get ready for the spree at the light."

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Pt/En

Português

Jem saiu da casa assobiando. Walter permaneceu parado por algum tempo, com uma expressão preocupada no rosto. A ideia da guerra havia aparecido tão de repente quanto uma nuvem de tempestade. Apenas alguns dias antes, ninguém sequer a considerava. Agora parecia absurda. Ele sentia que uma solução seria encontrada. Acreditava que a guerra era algo terrível e feio, muito terrível para acontecer entre nações civilizadas no século XX. O simples pensamento ameaçava a beleza da vida e o deixava infeliz. Ele resolveu não pensar nisso. Voltou sua atenção para a beleza do Glen em agosto: as antigas propriedades, os prados, os jardins tranquilos. O céu oeste brilhava como uma pérola dourada, e o luar começava a cobrir o porto de gelo. O ar estava cheio de sons lindos: tordos sonolentos, vento murmurante, folhas de choupo farfalhando e o riso de moças se preparando para um baile. O mundo estava cheio de beleza maravilhosa. Ele decidiu se concentrar apenas nessas coisas e na alegria que lhe proporcionavam. Lembrou a si mesmo que, como Jem dissera, seu histórico de tifo significava que ninguém esperaria que ele fosse à guerra.

Original English

Jem departed whistling "Wi' a hundred pipers and a' and a'," and Walter stood for a long time where he was. There was a little frown on his forehead. This had all come up with the blackness and suddenness of a thundercloud. A few days ago nobody had even thought of such a thing. It was absurd to think of it now. Some way out would be found. War was a hellish, horrible, hideous thing—too horrible and hideous to happen in the twentieth century between civilized nations. The mere thought of it was hideous, and made Walter unhappy in its threat to the beauty of life. He would not think of it—he would resolutely put it out of his mind. How beautiful the old Glen was, in its August ripeness, with its chain of bowery old homesteads, tilled meadows and quiet gardens. The western sky was like a great golden pearl. Far down the harbour was frosted with a dawning moonlight. The air was full of exquisite sounds—sleepy robin whistles, wonderful, mournful, soft murmurs of wind in the twilit trees, rustle of aspen poplars talking in silvery whispers and shaking their dainty, heart-shaped leaves, lilting young laughter from the windows of rooms where the girls were making ready for the dance. The world was steeped in maddening loveliness of sound and colour. He would think only of these things and of the deep, subtle joy they gave him. "Anyhow, no one will expect me to go," he thought. "As Jem says, typhoid has seen to that."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla estava debruçada na janela de seu quarto, vestida para o baile. Um amor-perfeito amarelo escapou de seu cabelo e caiu sobre o parapeito como uma estrela de ouro cadente. Ela tentou pegá-lo, mas não conseguiu. No entanto, ainda havia muitos outros, porque a Srta. Oliver havia trançado uma pequena guirlanda deles para o cabelo de Rilla.

Original English

Rilla was leaning out of her room window, dressed for the dance. A yellow pansy slipped from her hair and fell out over the sill like a falling star of gold. She caught at it vainly—but there were enough left. Miss Oliver had woven a little wreath of them for her pet's hair.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela comentou sobre a bela calmaria e disse que teriam uma noite perfeita. Disse à Srta. Oliver que podia ouvir os velhos sinos do Vale do Arco-Íris com muita clareza, mencionando que eles estavam pendurados lá há mais de dez anos.

Original English

"It's so beautifully calm—isn't that splendid? We'll have a perfect night. Listen, Miss Oliver—I can hear those old bells in Rainbow Valley quite clearly. They've been hanging there for over ten years."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver respondeu que o som daqueles sinos a fazia pensar na música etérea e celestial que Adão e Eva ouviram na descrição do Éden feita por Milton.

Original English

"Their wind chime always makes me think of the aerial, celestial music Adam and Eve heard in Milton's Eden," responded Miss Oliver.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse sonhadora que costumavam se divertir muito no Vale do Arco-Íris quando eram crianças.

Original English

"We used to have such fun in Rainbow Valley when we were children," said Rilla dreamily.

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Pt/En

Português

Ninguém mais brincava no Vale do Arco-Íris; estava quieto nas noites de verão. Walter gostava de ler lá. Jem e Faith se encontravam frequentemente lá. Jerry e Nan iam para lá para se envolver em debates intermináveis sobre tópicos sérios, o que parecia ser sua maneira de namorar. Rilla tinha seu próprio pequeno bosque especial onde gostava de se sentar e sonhar acordada.

Original English

Nobody ever played in Rainbow Valley now. It was very silent on summer evenings. Walter liked to go there to read. Jem and Faith trusted there considerably; Jerry and Nan went there to pursue uninterruptedly the ceaseless wrangles and arguments on profound subjects that seemed to be their preferred method of sweethearting. And Rilla had a beloved little sylvan dell of her own there where she liked to sit and dream.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela disse que precisava ir à cozinha primeiro para se mostrar à Susan, porque Susan nunca a perdoaria se ela pulasse isso.

Original English

"I must run down to the kitchen before I go and show myself off to Susan. She would never forgive me if I didn't."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla irrompeu na cozinha escura de Ingleside, onde Susan calmamente cerzia meias, e sua beleza iluminou o ambiente. Ela vestia um vestido verde decorado com pequenos padrões de margaridas rosas, meias de seda e chinelos prateados. Amores-perfeitos dourados adornavam seu cabelo e sua garganta cremosa. Ela era tão bonita, jovem e radiante que até a prima Sofia Crawford teve que admirá-la, embora raramente admirasse algo terreno. Prima Sofia e Susan tinham se reconciliado ou ao menos deixado de lado a velha briga depois que prima Sofia se mudou para o Glen, e ela vinha frequentemente à noite para uma conversa de

vizinha. Susan nem sempre a recebia com entusiasmo, já que prima Sofia não era exatamente uma companhia divertida. Susan certa vez comentou com a Sra. Dr. que algumas visitas são visitas e outras são visitações, insinuando que as de prima Sofia eram do segundo tipo.

Original English

Rilla whirled into the shadowy kitchen at Ingleside, where Susan was prosaically darning socks, and lighted it up with her beauty. She wore her green dress with its little pink daisy garlands, her silk stockings and silver slippers. She had golden pansies in her hair and at her creamy throat. She was so pretty and young and glowing that even Cousin Sophia Crawford was compelled to admire her—and Cousin Sophia Crawford admired few transient earthly things. Cousin Sophia and Susan had made up, or ignored, their old feud since the former had come to live in the Glen, and Cousin Sophia often came across in the evenings to make a neighbourly call. Susan did not always welcome her rapturously for Cousin Sophia was not what could be called an exhilarating companion. "Some calls are visits and some are visitations, Mrs. Dr. dear," Susan said once, and left it to be inferred that Cousin Sophia's were the latter.

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Pt/En

Português

Prima Sofia tinha um rosto longo, pálido e enrugado, um nariz longo e fino, uma boca longa e fina, e mãos muito longas, finas e pálidas que geralmente ficavam cruzadas resignadamente em seu colo de chita preta. Tudo nela parecia longo, fino e pálido. Ela olhou tristemente para Rilla Blythe e disse, com uma expressão lamentosa...

Original English

Cousin Sophia had a long, pale, wrinkled face, a long, thin nose, a long, thin mouth, and very long, thin, pale hands, generally folded resignedly on her black calico lap. Everything about her seemed long and thin and pale. She looked mournfully upon Rilla Blythe and said sadly,

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Pt/En

Português

Prima Sofia perguntou a Rilla se todo o seu cabelo era dela.

Original English

"Is your hair all your own?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla respondeu indignada que claro que era.

Original English

"Of course it is," cried Rilla indignantly.

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Pt/En

Português

Prima Sofia suspirou e disse que talvez fosse melhor se não fosse, porque ter tanto cabelo tirava a força da pessoa e supostamente era sinal de tísica, embora esperasse que isso não acontecesse com Rilla. Ela supôs que todos dançariam naquela noite, até os filhos do pastor, embora as filhas provavelmente não fossem tão longe. Ela admitiu que nunca aprovou dança, lembrando de uma moça que conheceu que caiu morta enquanto dançava. Ela não conseguia entender como alguém poderia dançar novamente após um julgamento desses.

Original English

"Ah, well!" Cousin Sophia sighed. "It might be better for you if it wasn't! Such a lot of hair takes from a person's strength. It's a sign of consumption, I've heard, but I hope it won't turn out like that in your case. I s'pose you'll all be dancing tonight—even the minister's boys most likely. I s'pose his girls won't go that far. Ah, well, I never held with dancing. I knew a girl once who dropped dead while she was dancing. How any one could ever dance aga' after a judgment like that I cannot comprehend."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou impertinentemente se a mulher já havia dançado novamente.

Original English

"Did she ever dance again?" asked Rilla pertly.

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Pt/En

Português

O interlocutor reiterou que a mulher havia morrido e, portanto, não poderia ter dançado novamente, lamentando-a como uma Kirke de Lowbridge. Em seguida, perguntou a Rilla se ela pretendia sair sem nada cobrindo o pescoço desnudo.

Original English

"I told you she dropped dead. Of course she never danced again, poor creature. She was a Kirke from Lowbridge. You ain't a-going off like that with nothing on your bare neck, are you?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla protestou que a noite estava quente, mas concordou em usar um cachecol quando fossem para a água.

Original English

"It's a hot evening," protested Rilla. "But I'll put on a scarf when we go on the water."

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Pt/En

Português

A prima Sophia contou sombriamente uma história de um barco cheio de jovens que foram velejar no porto quarenta anos atrás em uma noite exatamente como aquela, e todos viraram e se afogaram. Ela expressou esperança de que nada semelhante acontecesse com eles naquela noite. Em seguida, perguntou a Rilla se ela já tinha tentado algo para suas sardas, mencionando que ela mesma achava o suco de tanchagem muito eficaz.

Original English

"I knew of a boat load of young folks who went sailing on that harbour forty years ago just such a night as this—just exactly such a night as this," said Cousin Sophia lugubriously, "and they were upset and drowned—every last one of them. I hope nothing like that'll happen to you tonight. Do you ever try anything for the freckles? I used to find plantain juice real good."

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Pt/En

Português

Susan defendeu Rilla dizendo à prima Sophia que ela era uma especialista em sardas, tendo sido mais sardenta que um sapo quando menina. Susan observou que as sardas de Rilla só apareciam no verão, enquanto as da prima Sophia eram permanentes, e que Rilla tinha uma pele melhor. Ela elogiou a aparência e o penteado de Rilla, mas questionou se Rilla pretendia ir a pé até o porto com aquelas pantufas.

Original English

"You certainly should be a judge of freckles, Cousin Sophia," said Susan, rushing to Rilla's defence. "You were more speckled than any toad when you was a girl. Rilla's only come in summer but yours stayed put, season in and season out; and you had not a ground colour like hers behind them neither. You look real nice, Rilla, and that way of fixing your hair is becoming. But you are not going to walk to the harbour in those slippers, are you?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse a Susan que eles usariam seus sapatos velhos até o porto e carregariam seus chinelos, e então perguntou se ela gostava do vestido dela.

Original English

"Oh, no. We'll all wear our old shoes to the harbour and carry our slippers. Do you like my dress, Susan?"

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Pt/En

Português

A prima Sophia comentou que o vestido de Rilla lembrava um que ela usara quando menina, verde com flores rosa e muitos babados. Ela criticou os vestidos modernos por serem muito curtos e contou a história de como seu próprio vestido foi arruinado por um rasgo e uma xícara de chá. Ela então sugeriu que o vestido de Rilla deveria ser mais comprido porque suas pernas eram muito longas e finas.

Original English

"It minds me of a dress I wore when I was a girl," sighed Cousin Sophia before Susan could reply. "It was green with pink posies on it, too, and it was flounced from the waist to the hem. We didn't wear the skimpy things girls wear nowadays. Ah me, times has changed and not for the better I'm afraid. I tore a big hole in it that night and someone spilled a cup of tea all over it. Ruined it completely. But I hope nothing will happen to your dress. It orter to be a bit longer I'm thinking—your legs are so terrible long and thin."

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Pt/En

Português

Susan respondeu secamente que a Sra. Blythe não aprovava que garotinhas se vestissem como adultas, com a intenção de repreender a prima Sophia. Mas Rilla se sentiu insultada por ser chamada de garotinha. Ela saiu da cozinha indignada, pensando que Susan acreditava que ninguém era adulto até os sessenta anos. Ela também ficou chateada com os comentários da prima Sophia sobre suas sardas e pernas. Rilla sentiu que seu prazer pela noite estava estragado e quase chorou.

Original English

"Mrs. Dr. Blythe does not approve of little girls dressing like grown-up ones," said Susan stiffly, intending merely a snub to Cousin Sophia. But Rilla felt insulted. A little girl indeed! She whisked out of the kitchen in high dudgeon. Another time she wouldn't go down to show herself off to Susan—Susan, who thought nobody was grown up until she was sixty! And that horrid Cousin Sophia with her digs about freckles and legs! What business had an old—an old beanpole like that to talk of anybody else being long and thin? Rilla felt all her pleasure in herself and her evening clouded and spoiled. The very teeth of her soul were set on edge and she could have sat down and cried.

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Pt/En

Português

Mais tarde, o ânimo de Rilla melhorou quando ela se juntou ao grupo alegre que seguia para o farol de Four Winds.

Original English

But later on her spirits rose again when she found herself one of the gay crowd bound for the Four Winds light.

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Pt/En

Português

Os Blythe deixaram Ingleside, com o cachorro Monday uivando do celeiro onde estava trancado para impedi-lo de segui-los. Eles pegaram os Meredith na vila, e outros se juntaram a eles na antiga estrada do porto. Mary Vance, vestida de crepe azul com renda, saiu do portão da Srta. Cornelia e se juntou a Rilla e à Srta. Oliver, que não a receberam calorosamente. Rilla nunca havia esquecido a humilhação de quando Mary a perseguiu com um bacalhau seco. Mary não era popular, mas sua língua afiada a tornava uma companhia estimulante. Di Blythe certa vez disse que Mary Vance era um hábito do qual não conseguiam se livrar, mesmo quando furiosos com ela.

Original English

The Blythes left Ingleside to the melancholy music of howls from Dog Monday, who was locked up in the barn lest he make an uninvited guest at

the light. They picked up the Merediths in the village, and others joined them as they walked down the old harbour road. Mary Vance, resplendent in blue crepe, with lace overdress, came out of Miss Cornelia's gate and attached herself to Rilla and Miss Oliver who were walking together and who did not welcome her over-warmly. Rilla was not very fond of Mary Vance. She had never forgotten the humiliating day when Mary had chased her through the village with a dried codfish. Mary Vance, to tell the truth, was not exactly popular with any of her set. Still, they enjoyed her society—she had such a biting tongue that it was stimulating. "Mary Vance is a habit of ours—we can't do without her even when we are furious with her," Di Blythe had once said.

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Pt/En

Português

A maioria dos jovens estava andando em pares. Jem, como de costume, estava com Faith Meredith, e Jerry Meredith acompanhava Nan Blythe. Di e Walter estavam profundamente envolvidos em uma conversa particular, e Rilla invejava a intimidade deles.

Original English

Most of the little crowd were paired off after a fashion. Jem walked with Faith Meredith, of course, and Jerry Meredith with Nan Blythe. Di and Walter were together, deep in confidential conversation which Rilla envied.

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Pt/En

Português

Carl Meredith acompanhou Miranda Pryor, principalmente para irritar Joe Milgrave, que nutria uma afeição secreta por ela, mas era tímido demais para agir, especialmente sob a luz do luar brilhante. Joe só podia seguir atrás, fervendo por dentro. Miranda, filha do impopular Whiskers-on-the-moon, era uma garota meiga e desprezível, com uma risada nervosa e grandes olhos azuis que pareciam perpetuamente assustados. Ela teria preferido a companhia de Joe à de Carl, mas também sentia um certo orgulho em caminhar com um estudante universitário e filho do pastor.

Original English

Carl Meredith was walking with Miranda Pryor, more to torment Joe Milgrave than for any other reason. Joe was known to have a strong hankering for the said Miranda, which shyness prevented him from indulging on all occasions. Joe might summon enough courage to amble up beside Miranda if the night were dark, but here, in this moonlit dusk, he simply could not do it. So he trailed along after the procession and thought things not lawful to be uttered of Carl Meredith. Miranda was the daughter of Whiskers-on-the-moon; she did not share her father's unpopularity but she was not much run after, being a pale, neutral little creature, somewhat addicted to nervous giggling. She had silvery blonde hair and her eyes were big china blue orbs that looked as if she had been badly frightened when she was little and had never got over it. She would much rather have walked with Joe than with Carl, with whom she did not feel in the least at home. Yet it was something of an honour, too, to have a college boy beside her, and a son of the manse at that.

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Pt/En

Português

Shirley Blythe, um rapaz de dezesseis anos, quieto e sensato, com cabelos e olhos castanhos, caminhava com Una Meredith. Ambos eram naturalmente silenciosos, e Shirley apreciava o fato de Una não o pressionar para conversar. Una, tímida e doce, com olhos azuis sonhadores, admirava secretamente Walter Blythe, um fato conhecido apenas por Rilla. Rilla sentia simpatia por Una e desejava que Walter correspondesse ao seu afeto. Ela também preferia Una a Faith, cuja beleza e autoconfiança tendiam a ofuscar outras garotas, incluindo a própria Rilla.

Original English

Shirley Blythe was with Una Meredith and both were rather silent because such was their nature. Shirley was a lad of sixteen, sedate, sensible, thoughtful, full of a quiet humour. He was Susan's "little brown boy" yet, with his brown hair, brown eyes, and clear brown skin. He liked to walk with Una Meredith because she never tried to make him talk or badgered him with chatter. Una was as sweet and shy as she had been in the Rainbow Valley days, and her large, dark-blue eyes were as dreamy and wistful. She had a secret, carefully-hidden fancy for Walter Blythe that nobody but Rilla ever suspected. Rilla sympathized with it and wished Walter would return it. She liked Una better than Faith, whose beauty and aplomb rather overshadowed other girls—and Rilla did not enjoy being overshadowed.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla sentiu uma felicidade profunda enquanto caminhava com seus amigos pela estrada escura e reluzente. O ar cheirava a abetos e pinheiros. Atrás das colinas, as cores do pôr do sol ainda persistiam nos prados. O porto brilhava à frente deles. Um sino de igreja tocou sobre a água, e suas notas suaves desapareceram ao redor dos pontos de terra roxos e escuros. O golfo permanecia azul prateado. Rilla amava a vida — seu brilho e excitação. Ela amava música e conversa alegre. Ela desejava poder caminhar para sempre por aquela estrada de prata e sombra. Era sua primeira festa, e ela esperava ter um tempo maravilhoso. Não tinha nada para se preocupar, exceto o pequeno medo de que ninguém a convidasse para dançar. Era lindo estar viva, ter quinze anos, ser bonita. Ela respirou fundo de alegria — e então parou. Jem estava contando a Faith uma história sobre algo que aconteceu na Guerra dos Bálcãs.

Original English

But just now she was very happy. It was so delightful to be tripping with her friends down that dark, gleaming road sprinkled with its little spruces and firs, whose balsam made all the air resinous around them. Meadows of sunset afterlight were behind the westerning hills. Before them was the shining harbour. A bell was ringing in the little church over-harbour and the lingering dream-notes died around the dim, amethystine points. The gulf beyond was still silvery blue in the afterlight. Oh, it was all glorious—the clear air with its salt tang, the balsam of the firs, the laughter of her friends. Rilla loved life—its bloom and brilliance; she loved the ripple of music, the hum of merry conversation; she wanted to walk on forever over this road of silver and shadow. It was her first party and she was going to have a splendid time. There was nothing in the world to worry about—not even freckles and over-long legs—nothing except one little haunting fear that nobody would ask her to dance. It was beautiful and satisfying just to be alive—to be fifteen—to be pretty. Rilla drew a long breath of rapture—and caught it midway rather sharply. Jem was telling some story to Faith—something that had happened in the Balkan War.

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Pt/En

Português

Jem contou a Faith sobre um médico que perdeu as duas pernas na guerra. Apesar de estar gravemente ferido, ele rastejou entre os feridos, fazendo tudo o que podia para ajudá-los sem pensar em si mesmo. Ele estava amarrando um curativo na perna de outro soldado quando morreu. Quando o encontraram, suas mãos ainda seguravam o curativo apertado, e ele havia salvado a vida daquele homem ao estancar o sangramento. Jem o chamou de um verdadeiro herói.

Original English

"The doctor lost both his legs—they were smashed to pulp—and he was left on the field to die. And he crawled about from man to man, to all the wounded men round him, as long as he could, and did everything possible to relieve their sufferings—never thinking of himself—he was tying a bit of bandage round another man's leg when he went under. They found them there, the doctor's dead hands still held the bandage tight, the bleeding was stopped and the other man's life was saved. Some hero, wasn't he, Faith? I tell you when I read that—"

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Pt/En

Português

Jem e Faith se afastaram mais para que não pudessem ser ouvidos. Gertrude Oliver estremeceu de repente, e Rilla apertou seu braço em sinal de solidariedade.

Original English

Jem and Faith moved on out of hearing. Gertrude Oliver suddenly shivered. Rilla pressed her arm sympathetically.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou à Srta. Oliver se ela não achava aquilo terrível, acrescentando que não entendia por que Jem contava histórias tão horríveis quando todos deveriam estar se divertindo.

Original English

"Wasn't it dreadful, Miss Oliver? I don't know why Jem tells such gruesome things at a time like this when we're all out for fun."

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver perguntou a Rilla se ela achava aquilo horrível; ela mesma achou maravilhoso e bonito. Ela disse que uma história assim fazia alguém se envergonhar de jamais duvidar da natureza humana, e descreveu a ação do homem como divina. Ela comentou como a humanidade responde ao ideal de sacrifício próprio. Quanto ao seu arrepio, ela não conseguia explicá-lo, já que a noite estava quente. Ela se perguntou se poderia ser alguém andando sobre o local iluminado pelas estrelas que seria seu túmulo, como a superstição sugeriria, mas decidiu não pensar nisso em uma noite tão adorável. Ela disse a Rilla que à noite ela sempre se alegrava por viver no campo, porque lá conheciam o verdadeiro encanto da noite de uma maneira que os moradores da cidade nunca conheciam. Todas as noites no campo eram bonitas, mesmo as tempestuosas; ela amava uma noite de tempestade selvagem na antiga costa do golfo. Quanto a uma noite como esta, era quase bonita demais, pertencente à juventude e ao mundo dos sonhos, e ela tinha meio medo dela.

Original English

"Do you think it dreadful, Rilla? I thought it wonderful—beautiful. Such a story makes one ashamed of ever doubting human nature. That man's action was godlike. And how humanity responds to the ideal of self-sacrifice. As for my shiver, I don't know what caused it. The evening is certainly warm enough. Perhaps someone is walking over the dark, starshiny spot that is to be my grave. That is the explanation the old superstition would give. Well, I won't think of that on this lovely night. Do you know, Rilla, that when night-time comes I'm always glad I live in the country. We know the real charm of night here as town dwellers never do. Every night is beautiful in the country—even the stormy ones. I love a wild night storm on this old gulf shore. As for a night like this, it is almost too beautiful—it belongs to youth and dreamland and I'm half afraid of it."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse que se sentia como se fizesse parte da bela noite.

Original English

"I feel as if I were part of it," said Rilla.

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Pt/En

Português

A Srta. Oliver comentou que Rilla era nova o suficiente para não ter medo de coisas perfeitas. Em seguida, observou que tinham chegado à Casa dos Sonhos, que parecia solitária neste verão, e perguntou se os Fords não tinham vindo.

Original English

"Ah yes, you're young enough not to be afraid of perfect things. Well, here we are at the House of Dreams. It seems lonely this summer. The Fords didn't come?"

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Pt/En

Português

Os Fords e Persis não vieram; apenas Kenneth veio, mas ele ficou com os parentes de sua mãe do outro lado do porto. Eles não o viram muito naquele verão porque ele tinha uma leve claudicação e, portanto, não saía com frequência.

Original English

"Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Persis didn't. Kenneth did—but he stayed with his mother's people over-harbour. We haven't seen a great deal of him this summer. He's a little lame, so didn't go about very much."

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

Pt/En

Português

Alguém perguntou o que havia causado sua claudicação.

Original English

"Lame? What happened to him?"

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Pt/En

Português

Ele havia quebrado o tornozelo em um jogo de futebol no outono anterior e ficou confinado durante a maior parte do inverno. Desde então, mancava um pouco, mas estava melhorando constantemente e ele esperava se recuperar totalmente em breve. Ele havia visitado Ingleside apenas duas vezes.

Original English

"He broke his ankle in a football game last fall and was laid up most of the winter. He has limped a little ever since but it is getting better all the time and he expects it will be all right before long. He has been up to Ingleside only twice."

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Pt/En

Português

Mary Vance observou que Ethel Reese estava apaixonada por Kenneth, perdendo todo o bom senso quando se tratava dele. Ela relatou que Kenneth tinha acompanhado Ethel para casa depois de uma reunião de oração na igreja, e desde então Ethel se tornou insuportavelmente convencida. Mary considerava muito improvável que um garoto de Toronto como Kenneth jamais se interessasse seriamente por uma garota do interior como Ethel.

Original English

"Ethel Reese is simply crazy about him," said Mary Vance. "She hasn't got the sense she was born with where he is concerned. He walked home with her from the over-harbour church last prayer-meeting night and the airs she has put on since would really make you weary of life. As if a Toronto boy like Ken Ford would ever really think of a country girl like Ethel!"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla corou, embora insistisse consigo mesma que não importava se Kenneth acompanhava Ethel muitas vezes para casa. Ela o considerava muito mais velho, amigo de Nan, Di e Faith, que a via apenas como uma criança para provocar. Ela detestava Ethel, que a odiava desde que Walter bateu feio em Dan no Vale do Arco-Íris. Ainda assim, Rilla ressentia a implicação de que uma garota do campo não poderia ser digna da atenção de Kenneth. Além disso, ela sentia que Mary Vance estava se tornando uma mera fofoqueira, preocupada apenas com quem acompanhava quem para casa.

Original English

Rilla flushed. It did not matter to her if Kenneth Ford walked home with Ethel Reese a dozen times—it did not! Nothing that he did mattered to her. He was ages older than she was. He chummed with Nan and Di and Faith, and looked upon her, Rilla, as a child whom he never noticed except to tease. And she detested Ethel Reese and Ethel Reese hated her—always had hated her since Walter had pummelled Dan so notoriously in Rainbow Valley days; but why need she be thought beneath Kenneth Ford's notice because she was a country girl, pray? As for Mary Vance, she was getting to be an out-and-out gossip and thought of nothing but who walked home with people!

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Pt/En

Português

Na margem do porto abaixo da Casa dos Sonhos, havia um pequeno cais com dois barcos. Jem Blythe capitaneava um, e Joe Milgrave, que conhecia bem os barcos, capitaneava o outro. Joe deixou Miranda Pryor ver sua habilidade enquanto eles corriam pelo porto. O barco de Joe venceu. Mais barcos chegaram da Ponta do Porto e do lado oeste. Risadas preenchiam o ar. A grande torre branca no Cabo dos Quatro Ventos estava iluminada, e seu farol giratório brilhava sobre eles. Uma família de Charlottetown, parentes do faroleiro, estava passando o verão lá. Eles organizaram uma festa para todos os jovens de Quatro Ventos, Glen St. Mary e do outro lado do porto. Enquanto o barco de Jem se aproximava abaixo do farol, Rilla rapidamente tirou seus sapatos pesados

e calçou suas sandálias prateadas atrás de Miss Oliver. Ela viu que os degraus de pedra que subiam até o farol estavam cheios de rapazes e iluminados por lanternas chinesas. Ela não queria subir com os sapatos pesados que sua mãe a fez usar. As sandálias machucavam seus pés, mas ninguém poderia perceber enquanto ela subia sorrindo, com seus olhos escuros brilhando e suas bochechas rosadas. Um rapaz do outro lado do porto a convidou para dançar, e eles se juntaram aos outros no pavilhão construído para danças. O pavilhão estava coberto com ramos de abeto e enfeitado com lanternas. Além estava o mar brilhante, à esquerda as dunas de areia iluminadas pela lua, e à direita a costa rochosa com sombras escuras e enseadas claras. Rilla dançou com seu parceiro, apreciando a música que a fazia querer dançar. O vento fresco e o luar brilhante a faziam sentir que a vida era encantadora, e ela sentiu como se seus pés e sua alma tivessem asas.

Original English

There was a little pier on the harbour shore below the House of Dreams, and two boats were moored there. One boat was skippered by Jem Blythe, the other by Joe Milgrave, who knew all about boats and was nothing loth to let Miranda Pryor see it. They raced down the harbour and Joe's boat won. More boats were coming down from the Harbour Head and across the harbour from the western side. Everywhere there was laughter. The big white tower on Four Winds Point was overflowing with light, while its revolving beacon flashed overhead. A family from Charlottetown, relatives of the light's keeper, were summering at the light, and they were giving the party to which all the young people of Four Winds and Glen St. Mary and over-harbour had been invited. As Jem's boat swung in below the lighthouse Rilla desperately snatched off her shoes and donned her silver slippers behind Miss Oliver's screening back. A glance had told her that the rock-cut steps climbing up to the light were lined with boys, and lighted by Chinese lanterns, and she was determined she would not walk up those steps in the heavy shoes her mother had insisted on her wearing for the road. The slippers pinched abominably, but nobody would have suspected it as Rilla tripped smilingly up the steps, her soft dark eyes glowing and questioning, her colour deepening richly on her round, creamy cheeks. The very minute she reached the top of the steps an over-harbour boy asked her to dance and the next moment they were in the pavilion that had been built seaward of the lighthouse for dances. It was a delightful spot, roofed over with fir-boughs and hung with lanterns. Beyond was the sea in a radiance that glowed and shimmered, to the left the moonlit crests and hollows of the sand-dunes, to the right the rocky shore with its inky shadows and its crystalline coves. Rilla and her partner swung in among

the dancers; she drew a long breath of delight; what witching music Ned Burr of the Upper Glen was coaxing from his fiddle—it was really like the magical pipes of the old tale which compelled all who heard them to dance. How cool and fresh the gulf breeze blew; how white and wonderful the moonlight was over everything! This was life—enchanting life. Rilla felt as if her feet and her soul both had wings.

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The Piper Pipes

Pt/En

Português

A primeira festa de Rilla pareceu um triunfo a princípio. Ela teve tantos parceiros que precisou dividir suas danças. Seus sapatos de prata apertavam e causavam bolhas em seus pés, mas isso não diminuiu seu prazer. No entanto, Ethel Reese lhe deu um mau momento ao chamá-la de lado e dizer que seu vestido estava aberto nas costas e tinha uma mancha. Preocupada, Rilla foi ao camarim no farol e descobriu que a mancha era apenas um pouco de grama e a abertura era pequena devido a um gancho solto. Irene Howard, uma garota mais velha que Rilla admirava, prendeu o gancho e fez elogios que pareciam condescendentes, mas lisonjeiros. Rilla ficou satisfeita com a atenção de Irene, pois Irene era elegante e talentosa, com um caso de amor misterioso que a tornava intrigante. Sentindo-se encorajada, Rilla voltou para a dança e, parando na entrada, avistou Kenneth Ford do outro lado da sala.

Original English

Rilla's first party was a triumph—or so it seemed at first. She had so many partners that she had to split her dances. Her silver slippers seemed verily to dance of themselves and though they continued to pinch her toes and blister her heels that did not interfere with her enjoyment in the least. Ethel Reese gave her a bad ten minutes by beckoning her mysteriously out of the pavilion and whispering, with a Reese-like smirk, that her dress gaped behind and that there was a stain on the flounce. Rilla rushed miserably to the room in the lighthouse which was fitted up for a temporary ladies' dressing-room, and discovered that the stain was merely a tiny grass smear and that the gap was equally tiny where a hook had pulled loose. Irene Howard fastened it up for her and gave her some over-sweet, condescending compliments. Rilla felt flattered by Irene's condescension. She was an Upper Glen girl of nineteen who seemed to like the society of

the younger girls—spiteful friends said because she could queen it over them without rivalry. But Rilla thought Irene quite wonderful and loved her for her patronage. Irene was pretty and stylish; she sang divinely and spent every winter in Charlottetown taking music lessons. She had an aunt in Montreal who sent her wonderful things to wear; she was reported to have had a sad love affair—nobody knew just what, but its very mystery allured. Rilla felt that Irene's compliments crowned her evening. She ran gaily back to the pavilion and lingered for a moment in the glow of the lanterns at the entrance looking at the dancers. A momentary break in the whirling throng gave her a glimpse of Kenneth Ford standing at the other side.

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Pt/En

Português

O coração de Rilla deu um pulo quando ela viu Kenneth Ford. Ela havia concluído que ele não viria. Algumas semanas antes, ele a chamara de criança e usara um apelido, Aranha, o que a aborreceu. Agora ele vinha em sua direção, olhando para ela com uma nova expressão nos olhos. Rilla sentiu que era quase demais para suportar, mas ninguém mais parecia notar esse momento.

Original English

Rilla's heart skipped a beat—or, if that be a physiological impossibility, she thought it did. So he was here, after all. She had concluded he was not coming—not that it mattered in the least. Would he see her? Would he take any notice of her? Of course, he wouldn't ask her to dance—that couldn't be hoped for. He thought her just a mere child. He had called her "Spider" not three weeks ago when he had been at Ingleside one evening. She had cried about it upstairs afterwards and hated him. But her heart skipped a beat when she saw that he was edging his way round the side of the pavilion towards her. Was he coming to her—was he?—was he?—yes, he was! He was looking for her—he was here beside her—he was gazing down at her with something in his dark grey eyes that Rilla had never seen in them. Oh, it was almost too much to bear! and everything was going on as before—the dancers were spinning round, the boys who couldn't get partners were hanging about the pavilion, canoodling couples were sitting out on the rocks—nobody seemed to realize what a stupendous thing had happened.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth era um jovem alto e bonito, com uma elegância natural que fazia os outros garotos parecerem sem graça. Ele era considerado excepcionalmente inteligente, com o charme de quem havia vivido em uma cidade distante e frequentado uma grande universidade. Também era visto como um pouco galanteador, provavelmente devido à sua voz charmosa e ao hábito de ouvir as garotas como se o que elas diziam fosse exatamente o que ele sempre quisera ouvir.

Original English

Kenneth was a tall lad, very good looking, with a certain careless grace of bearing that somehow made all the other boys seem stiff and awkward by contrast. He was reported to be awesomely clever, with the glamour of a far-away city and a big university hanging around him. He had also the reputation of being a bit of a lady-killer. But that probably accrued to him from his possession of a laughing, velvety voice which no girl could hear without a heartbeat, and a dangerous way of listening as if she were saying something that he had longed all his life to hear.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth perguntou em voz baixa se ela era realmente Rilla-my-Rilla.

Original English

"Is this Rilla-my-Rilla?" he asked in a low tone.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla disse sim com um ceceio e imediatamente desejou poder desaparecer, talvez pulando do rochedo do farol, para escapar de um mundo zombeteiro.

Original English

"Yeth," said Rilla, and immediately wished she could throw herself headlong down the lighthouse rock or otherwise vanish from a jeering world.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla ceceava quando criança, mas superou isso, exceto sob estresse. Ela não ceceava há um ano e agora, tentando parecer adulta, ceceou novamente. O constrangimento era avassalador; ela sentia vontade de chorar e queria que Kenneth fosse embora. A festa parecia completamente arruinada.

Original English

Rilla had lisped in early childhood; but she had grown out of it. Only on occasions of stress and strain did the tendency re-assert itself. She hadn't lisped for a year; and now at this very moment, when she was so especially desirous of appearing grown up and sophisticated, she must go and lisp like a baby! It was too mortifying; she felt as if tears were going to come into her eyes; the next minute she would be—blubbering—yes, just blubbering—she wished Kenneth would go away—she wished he had never come. The party was spoiled. Everything had turned to dust and ashes.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth a chamou de 'Rilla-my-Rilla' em um tom afetuosos, usando o apelido de Walter. Ela não se ressentiu, mas se sentiu tola por ter ceceado. Mantendo os olhos baixos, ela parecia encantadora. Kenneth achou que ela estava se tornando a bela de Ingleside e queria ver seus olhos.

Original English

And he had called her "Rilla-my-Rilla"—not "Spider" or "Kid" or "Puss," as he had been used to call her when he took any notice whatever of her. She did not at all resent his using Walter's pet name for her; it sounded beautifully in his low caressing tones, with just the faintest suggestion of emphasis on the "my." It would have been so nice if she had not made a fool of herself. She dared not look up lest she should see laughter in his eyes. So she looked down; and as her lashes were very long and dark and her lids very thick and creamy, the effect was quite charming and provocative, and Kenneth reflected that Rilla Blythe was going to be the

beauty of the Ingleside girls after all. He wanted to make her look up—to catch again that little, demure, questioning glance. She was the prettiest thing at the party, there was no doubt of that.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla mal podia acreditar no que estava ouvindo.

Original English

What was he saying? Rilla could hardly believe her ears.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth perguntou se eles poderiam dançar juntos.

Original English

"Can we have a dance?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla concordou, forçando a palavra com tanta intensidade que soou abrupta. Ela se encolheu internamente, temendo ter parecido muito ansiosa e ousada. Imaginou o que Kenneth devia pensar dela e lamentou que momentos tão constrangedores sempre ocorressem quando ela desejava parecer o melhor possível.

Original English

"Yes," said Rilla. She said it with such a fierce determination not to lisp that she fairly blurted the word out. Then she writhed in spirit again. It sounded so bold—so eager—as if she were fairly jumping at him! What would he think of her? Oh, why did dreadful things like this happen, just when a girl wanted to appear at her best?

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

Pt/En

Português

Kenneth a guiou para o meio dos dançarinos.

Original English

Kenneth drew her in among the dancers.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele observou que seu tornozelo estava suficientemente recuperado para pelo menos uma volta pela pista.

Original English

"I think this game ankle of mine is good for one hop around, at least," he said.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou sobre seu tornozelo. Internamente, ela se recriminou por fazer a mesma pergunta cansativa; sabia que ele estava cansado de tais indagações, pois o ouvira dizer isso. No entanto, não conseguia pensar em mais nada para dizer.

Original English

"How is your ankle?" said Rilla. Oh, why couldn't she think of something else to say? She knew he was sick of inquiries about his ankle. She had heard him say so at Ingleside—heard him tell Di he was going to wear a placard on his breast announcing to all and sundry that the ankle was improving, etc. And now she must go and ask this stale question again.

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Pt/En

Português

Embora Kenneth estivesse cansado de perguntas sobre seu tornozelo, raramente fora perguntado por alguém com uma covinha tão charmosa acima do lábio. Talvez isso explicasse sua resposta paciente de que estava melhorando e causava pouco incômodo, a menos que andasse ou ficasse em pé por longos períodos.

Original English

Kenneth was tired of inquiries about his ankle. But then he had not often been asked about it by lips with such an adorable kissable dent just above them. Perhaps that was why he answered very patiently that it was getting on well and didn't trouble him much, if he didn't walk or stand too long at a time.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele foi informado de que sua força eventualmente seria tão forte quanto antes, mas ele teria que se abster de jogar futebol naquele outono.

Original English

"They tell me it will be as strong as ever in time, but I'll have to cut football out this fall."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla e Kenneth dançaram juntos, e Rilla sabia que todas as garotas que observavam a invejavam. Após a dança, eles desceram os degraus de pedra, e Kenneth encontrou um pequeno barco. Eles remaram pelo canal iluminado pela lua até a praia arenosa. Caminharam na areia até que o tornozelo de Kenneth começou a doer, e então se sentaram entre as dunas. Kenneth falou com ela da mesma forma que havia falado com Nan e Di. Rilla foi tomada por uma timidez que não entendia, então não conseguia falar muito. Ela se preocupava que ele a achasse muito burra. Mas apesar de sua timidez, tudo era maravilhoso: a bela noite iluminada pela lua, o mar brilhante, as pequenas ondas lavando a areia, o vento noturno fresco e brincahões cantando nas gramas rígidas no topo das

dunas, e a música que vinha fraca e docemente através do canal.

Original English

They danced together and Rilla knew every girl in sight envied her. After the dance they went down the rock steps and Kenneth found a little flat and they rowed across the moonlit channel to the sand-shore; they walked on the sand till Kenneth's ankle made protest and then they sat down among the dunes. Kenneth talked to her as he had talked to Nan and Di. Rilla, overcome with a shyness she did not understand, could not talk much, and thought he would think her frightfully stupid; but in spite of this it was all very wonderful—the exquisite moonlit night, the shining sea, the tiny little wavelets swishing on the sand, the cool and freakish wind of night crooning in the stiff grasses on the crest of the dunes, the music sounding faintly and sweetly over the channel.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth recitou suavemente um verso de um dos poemas de Walter, descrevendo o luar como uma melodia alegre para a folia das sereias.

Original English

"A merry lilt o' moonlight for mermaidens revelry," quoted Kenneth softly from one of Walter's poems.

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla e Kenneth estavam sozinhos juntos na bela noite. Ela se sentia desconfortável porque seus chinelos estavam muito apertados, e desejava poder falar tão inteligentemente quanto a Srta. Oliver, ou mesmo tão facilmente quanto falava com outros garotos. Mas as palavras não vinham; ela só podia ouvir e, ocasionalmente, dizer coisas simples. No entanto, seus olhos sonhadores, seu lábio curvo e sua garganta delicada podem ter expressado mais do que as palavras poderiam. Kenneth parecia não ter pressa para voltar. Quando finalmente voltaram, a ceia já havia começado. Ele arrumou um lugar para ela perto da janela da cozinha do farol e sentou-se no parapeito ao lado dela enquanto ela apreciava seu sorvete e bolo. Rilla olhou ao redor e pensou como sua primeira festa havia sido maravilhosa. Ela nunca esqueceria. A sala estava cheia de risos e

brincadeiras. Muitos olhos jovens e bonitos brilhavam. Do pavilhão lá fora vinha o som do violino e os passos rítmicos dos dançarinos.

Original English

And just he and she alone together in the glamour of sound and sight! If only her slippers didn't bite so! and if only she could talk cleverly like Miss Oliver—nay, if she could only talk as she did herself to other boys! But words would not come, she could only listen and murmur little commonplace sentences now and again. But perhaps her dreamy eyes and her dented lip and her slender throat talked eloquently for her. At any rate Kenneth seemed in no hurry to suggest going back and when they did go back supper was in progress. He found a seat for her near the window of the lighthouse kitchen and sat on the sill beside her while she ate her ices and cake. Rilla looked about her and thought how lovely her first party had been. She would never forget it. The room re-echoed to laughter and jest. Beautiful young eyes sparkled and shone. From the pavilion outside came the lilt of the fiddle and the rhythmic steps of the dancers.

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

Pt/En

Português

Uma leve agitação ocorreu entre um grupo de garotos perto da porta. Um jovem, Jack Elliott, do outro lado do porto, abriu caminho e parou na entrada, olhando em volta sombriamente. Jack, um estudante de medicina quieto na McGill, raramente frequentava eventos sociais. Ele havia sido convidado, mas não se esperava que viesse porque tinha que ir a Charlottetown naquele dia e não poderia voltar até tarde. No entanto, ali estava ele, segurando um papel dobrado na mão.

Original English

There was a little disturbance among a group of boys crowded about the door; a young fellow pushed through and halted on the threshold, looking about him rather sombrely. It was Jack Elliott from over-harbour—a McGill medical student, a quiet chap not much addicted to social doings. He had been invited to the party but had not been expected to come since he had to go to Charlottetown that day and could not be back until late. Yet here he was—and he carried a folded paper in his hand.

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Pt/En

Português

Gertrude Oliver estremeceu em seu canto. Ela havia gostado da festa porque encontrou um homem mais velho de Charlottetown que se sentia deslocado; sua companhia a fez esquecer seus medos anteriores. Agora sua inquietação voltou enquanto ela se perguntava que notícias Jack Elliott trazia. Versos de um poema vieram à sua mente sem querer, sobre uma festa noturna e um som profundo como um sino fúnebre. Por que ele não falava se tinha algo a contar? Por que ele ficou ali com uma carranca importante?

Original English

Gertrude Oliver looked at him from her corner and shivered again. She had enjoyed the party herself, after all, for she had foregathered with a Charlottetown acquaintance who, being a stranger and much older than most of the guests, felt himself rather out of it, and had been glad to fall in with this clever girl who could talk of world doings and outside events with the zest and vigour of a man. In the pleasure of his society she had forgotten some of her misgivings of the day. Now they suddenly returned to her. What news did Jack Elliott bring? Lines from an old poem flashed unbidden into her mind—"there was a sound of revelry by night"—"Hush! Hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell"—why should she think of that now? Why didn't Jack Elliott speak—if he had anything to tell? Why did he just stand there, glowering importantly?

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela instou Allan Daly a perguntar a Jack Elliott, mas alguém já havia feito isso. A sala ficou subitamente silenciosa. Lá fora, o violinista havia parado e tudo estava quieto. Ouviram o gemido baixo do golfo, uma premonição de uma tempestade já se aproximando do Atlântico. A risada de uma garota subiu das rochas e morreu, como se assustada com o silêncio.

Original English

"Ask him—ask him," she said feverishly to Allan Daly. But somebody else had already asked him. The room grew very silent all at once. Outside the fiddler had stopped for a rest and there was silence there too. Afar off they heard the low moan of the gulf—the presage of a storm already on its way up the Atlantic. A girl's laugh drifted up from the rocks and died away as if

frightened out of existence by the sudden stillness.

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Pt/En

Português

Jack Elliott anunciou lentamente que a Inglaterra havia declarado guerra à Alemanha naquele dia; a notícia chegara por telégrafo assim que ele saiu da cidade.

Original English

"England declared war on Germany today," said Jack Elliott slowly. "The news came by wire just as I left town."

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Pt/En

Português

Gertrude Oliver sussurrou uma oração, pensando em seu sonho. Ela murmurou que a primeira onda havia quebrado. Então olhou para Allan Daly e tentou sorrir.

Original English

"God help us," whispered Gertrude Oliver under her breath. "My dream—my dream! The first wave has broken." She looked at Allan Daly and tried to smile.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou se isso era o Armagedom.

Original English

"Is this Armageddon?" she asked.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu com gravidade que temia que fosse assim.

Original English

"I am afraid so," he said gravely.

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Pt/En

Português

Muitas exclamações surgiram ao redor deles, principalmente de leve surpresa e curiosidade ociosa. Poucos entenderam o significado da mensagem, e menos ainda perceberam que poderia afetá-los pessoalmente. Logo a dança recomeçou e o barulho de prazer cresceu tão alto quanto antes. Gertrude e Allan Daly discutiram a notícia em tons baixos e preocupados. Walter Blythe empalideceu e saiu da sala. Lá fora, encontrou Jem, que subia apressado os degraus de pedra.

Original English

A chorus of exclamations had arisen round them—light surprise and idle interest for the most part. Few there realized the import of the message—fewer still realized that it meant anything to them. Before long the dancing was on again and the hum of pleasure was as loud as ever. Gertrude and Allan Daly talked the news over in low, troubled tones. Walter Blythe had turned pale and left the room. Outside he met Jem, hurrying up the rock steps.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele perguntou a Jem se ele tinha ouvido a notícia.

Original English

"Have you heard the news, Jem?"

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Pt/En

Português

Jem confirmou que sim, e exclamou com entusiasmo que o Tocador de Flauta havia chegado. Ele se sentia confiante de que a Inglaterra apoiaria a França. Ele havia tentado persuadir o Capitão Josias a içar a bandeira, mas o capitão insistiu que não era apropriado até o nascer do sol. Jack mencionou que voluntários seriam convocados amanhã.

Original English

"Yes. The Piper has come. Hurrah! I knew England wouldn't leave France in the lurch. I've been trying to get Captain Josiah to hoist the flag but he says it isn't the proper caper till sunrise. Jack says they'll be calling for volunteers tomorrow."

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

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Jem saía correndo, Mary Vance descartou o alvoroço com desdém. Ela estava sentada com Miller Douglas em uma armadilha para lagostas, o que era desconfortável, mas ambos estavam extremamente felizes. Miller era um jovem grande e rude que admirava a língua afiada de Mary e considerava seus olhos como estrelas. Nenhum deles entendia por que Jem queria içar a bandeira do farol. Mary achava que uma guerra na Europa não lhes dizia respeito.

Original English

"What a fuss to make over nothing," said Mary Vance disdainfully as Jem dashed off. She was sitting out with Miller Douglas on a lobster trap which was not only an unromantic but an uncomfortable seat. But Mary and Miller were both supremely happy on it. Miller Douglas was a big, strapping, uncouth lad, who thought Mary Vance's tongue uncommonly gifted and Mary Vance's white eyes stars of the first magnitude; and neither of them had the least inkling why Jem Blythe wanted to hoist the lighthouse flag. "What does it matter if there's going to be a war over there in Europe? I'm sure it doesn't concern us."

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Pt/En

Português

Walter olhou para ela e teve um de seus estranhos momentos de premonição.

Original English

Walter looked at her and had one of his odd visitations of prophecy.

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Pt/En

Português

Walter disse que, antes do fim da guerra, cada pessoa no Canadá sentiria profundamente, que Mary sentiria até a alma e choraria amargamente. Ele declarou que o Flautista tinha chegado e tocaria até que o mundo inteiro ouvisse sua música terrível, e que levariam anos até que a dança da morte terminasse, partindo milhões de corações.

Original English

"Before this war is over," he said—or something said through his lips—"every man and woman and child in Canada will feel it—you, Mary, will feel it—feel it to your heart's core. You will weep tears of blood over it. The Piper has come—and he will pipe until every corner of the world has heard his awful and irresistible music. It will be years before the dance of death is over—years, Mary. And in those years millions of hearts will break."

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Pt/En

Português

Mary exclamou 'Imagina só!' porque não conseguia pensar em mais nada para dizer. Ela se sentiu desconfortável sem entender o significado de Walter. Lembrou-se de que Walter sempre falava de forma estranha, e sua menção ao Flautista, que ela não ouvia desde a infância em Rainbow Valley, a deixou incomodada.

Original English

"Fancy now!" said Mary who always said that when she couldn't think of anything else to say. She didn't know what Walter meant but she felt uncomfortable. Walter Blythe was always saying odd things. That old Piper

of his—she hadn't heard anything about him since their playdays in Rainbow Valley—and now here he was bobbing up again. She didn't like it, and that was the long and short of it.

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Pt/En

Português

Harvey Crawford se aproximou e perguntou a Walter se ele não estava exagerando. Ele previu que a guerra terminaria em um ou dois meses, com a Inglaterra varrendo a Alemanha do mapa rapidamente.

Original English

"Aren't you painting it rather strong, Walter?" asked Harvey Crawford, coming up just then. "This war won't last for years—it'll be over in a month or two. England will just wipe Germany off the map in no time."

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Pt/En

Português

Walter respondeu apaixonadamente, perguntando se Harvey achava que uma guerra que a Alemanha preparara por duas décadas poderia terminar em algumas semanas. Ele insistiu que não era um conflito menor nos Bálcãs, mas uma luta de vida ou morte em que a Alemanha pretendia conquistar ou morrer. Ele advertiu que, se a Alemanha vencesse, o Canadá se tornaria uma colônia alemã.

Original English

"Do you think a war for which Germany has been preparing for twenty years will be over in a few weeks?" said Walter passionately. "This isn't a paltry struggle in a Balkan corner, Harvey. It is a death grapple. Germany comes to conquer or to die. And do you know what will happen if she conquers? Canada will be a German colony."

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Pt/En

Português

Harvey deu de ombros e disse que algumas coisas aconteceriam antes disso. Ele mencionou que a marinha britânica teria que ser derrotada, e que ele e Miller causariam problemas, e que alemães não seriam bem-vindos no país deles.

Original English

"Well, I guess a few things will happen before that," said Harvey shrugging his shoulders. "The British navy would have to be licked for one; and for another, Miller here, now, and I, we'd raise a dust, wouldn't we, Miller? No Germans need apply for this old country, eh?"

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Pt/En

Português

Harvey desceu os degraus correndo, rindo.

Original English

Harvey ran down the steps laughing.

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Pt/En

Português

Mary Vance declarou que os meninos falavam bobagens. Ela levou Miller para a costa rochosa, querendo conversar sem as conversas tolas de Walter Blythe sobre Flautistas e alemães. Eles deixaram Walter sozinho nos degraus, olhando para Four Winds, mas sem vê-la.

Original English

"I declare, I think all you boys talk the craziest stuff," said Mary Vance in disgust. She got up and dragged Miller off to the rock-shore. It didn't happen often that they had a chance for a talk together; Mary was determined that this one shouldn't be spoiled by Walter Blythe's silly blather about Pipers and Germans and such like absurd things. They left Walter standing alone on the rock steps, looking out over the beauty of Four Winds with brooding eyes that saw it not.

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Pt/En

Português

Para Rilla, a melhor parte da noite havia acabado. Após o anúncio de Jack Elliott, ela sentiu que Kenneth não estava mais interessado nela. Ela se sentiu solitária e infeliz, e se perguntou se a vida era assim: momentos deliciosos que escapam. Ela se sentiu anos mais velha e desejou estar em casa, na cama, chorando no travesseiro.

Original English

The best of the evening was over for Rilla, too. Ever since Jack Elliott's announcement, she had sensed that Kenneth was no longer thinking about her. She felt suddenly lonely and unhappy. It was worse than if he had never noticed her at all. Was life like this—something delightful happening and then, just as you were revelling in it, slipping away from you? Rilla told herself pathetically that she felt years older than when she had left home that evening. Perhaps she did—perhaps she was. Who knows? It does not do to laugh at the pangs of youth. They are very terrible because youth has not yet learned that "this, too, will pass away." Rilla sighed and wished she were home, in bed, crying into her pillow.

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth perguntou a Rilla se ela estava cansada, mas sua voz era gentil, porém distante. Ela sentiu que ele realmente não se importava.

Original English

"Tired?" said Kenneth, gently but absently—oh, so absently. He really didn't care a bit whether she were tired or not, she thought.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou timidamente a Kenneth se ele achava que a guerra os afetaria significativamente no Canadá.

Original English

"Kenneth," she ventured timidly, "you don't think this war will matter much to us in Canada, do you?"

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth respondeu que a guerra importaria para aqueles com sorte suficiente para poder participar. Ele expressou frustração por seu tornozelo o impedir de se juntar, chamando isso de má sorte.

Original English

"Matter? Of course it will matter to the lucky fellows who will be able to take a hand. I won't—thanks to this confounded ankle. Rotten luck, I call it."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla declarou que não via razão para eles lutarem as batalhas da Inglaterra, já que a Inglaterra era perfeitamente capaz de lutar sozinha.

Original English

"I don't see why we should fight England's battles," cried Rilla. "She's quite able to fight them herself."

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth argumentou que o Canadá fazia parte do Império Britânico e que era uma questão de família, exigindo que se apoiassem mutuamente. Ele lamentou que a guerra provavelmente terminaria antes que ele pudesse contribuir.

Original English

"That isn't the point. We are part of the British Empire. It's a family affair. We've got to stand by each other. The worst of it is, it will be over before I can be of any use."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla perguntou incrédula se Kenneth realmente se voluntariaria para ir se não fosse pelo seu tornozelo.

Original English

"Do you mean that you would really volunteer to go if it wasn't for your ankle? asked Rilla incredulously.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele declarou sua certeza de que inúmeros jovens se alistariam. Jem sem dúvida iria, e Jerry Meredith também, embora Walter ainda não fosse robusto o suficiente. Ele admitiu que estava se preocupando por perder a temporada de futebol americano.

Original English

"Sure I would. You see they'll go by thousands. Jem'll be off, I'll bet a cent—Walter won't be strong enough yet, I suppose. And Jerry Meredith—he'll go! And I was worrying about being out of football this year!"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla ficou chocada ao saber que Jem e Jerry poderiam se alistar. Ela não conseguia acreditar; seus pais certamente proibiriam, pois eles ainda não haviam concluído seus estudos. Ela lamentou que Jack Elliott tivesse compartilhado essa notícia perturbadora.

Original English

Rilla was too startled to say anything. Jem—and Jerry! Nonsense! Why father and Mr. Meredith wouldn't allow it. They weren't through college. Oh, why hadn't Jack Elliott kept his horrid news to himself?

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

Pt/En

Português

Mark Warren pediu a Rilla para dançar, e ela concordou, percebendo que Kenneth não se importava se ela dançava ou não. Mais cedo, na praia, ele a olhara como se ela fosse a única pessoa importante, mas agora ela se sentia um ninguém. Seus pensamentos estavam focados na guerra, um grande jogo a ser disputado em campos de batalha sangrentos por impérios, um jogo do qual as mulheres não participavam. Rilla pensava miseravelmente que as mulheres só podiam sentar e chorar em casa. Ela tentou se convencer de que isso era tolice, que Kenneth não podia ir, que Walter não podia, e que Jem e Jerry teriam mais juízo. Ela decidiu não se preocupar e se divertir. No entanto, Mark Warren era desajeitado; ele atrapalhava os passos e tinha pés muito grandes. Ele a empurrou contra alguém, e ela resolveu nunca mais dançar com ele.

Original English

Mark Warren came up and asked her to dance. Rilla went, knowing Kenneth didn't care whether she went or stayed. An hour ago on the sand-shore he had been looking at her as if she were the only being of any importance in the world. And now she was nobody. His thoughts were full of this Great Game which was to be played out on bloodstained fields with empires for stakes—a Game in which womenkind could have no part. Women, thought Rilla miserably, just had to sit and cry at home. But all this was foolishness. Kenneth couldn't go—he admitted that himself—and Walter couldn't—thank goodness for that—and Jem and Jerry would have more sense. She wouldn't worry—she would enjoy herself. But how awkward Mark Warren was! How he bungled his steps! Why, for mercy's sake, did boys try to dance who didn't know the first thing about dancing; and who had feet as big as boats? There, he had bumped her into somebody! She would never dance with him again!

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla continuou dançando, embora seu prazer tivesse desaparecido e suas sapatinhas estivessem machucando. Kenneth parecia ter sumido, e sua primeira festa estava arruinada apesar do começo promissor. Sua cabeça doía e seus dedos dos pés ardiavam. Mais tarde, ela desceu até a costa rochosa com alguns amigos do outro lado do porto, onde descansaram enquanto a dança continuava acima. Rilla sentou-se em silêncio, não

participando da conversa. Ela se sentiu aliviada quando alguém anunciou que os barcos do outro lado do porto estavam partindo. Após uma subida apressada pela rocha do farol, ela encontrou o pavilhão quase vazio. Olhando ao redor por seus amigos de Glen, não viu nenhum deles. Ela procurou no farol e depois desceu correndo os degraus da rocha, mas não conseguiu avistar o barco de Jem ou de Joe entre os que estavam abaixo.

Original English

She danced with others, though the zest was gone out of the performance and she had begun to realize that her slippers hurt her badly. Kenneth seemed to have gone—at least nothing was to be seen of him. Her first party was spoiled, though it had seemed so beautiful at one time. Her head ached—her toes burned. And worse was yet to come. She had gone down with some over-harbour friends to the rock-shore where they all lingered as dance after dance went on above them. It was cool and pleasant and they were tired. Rilla sat silent, taking no part in the gay conversation. She was glad when someone called down that the over-harbour boats were leaving. A laughing scramble up the lighthouse rock followed. A few couples still whirled about in the pavilion but the crowd had thinned out. Rilla looked about her for the Glen group. She could not see one of them. She ran into the lighthouse. Still, no sign of anybody. In dismay she ran to the rock steps, down which the over-harbour guests were hurrying. She could see the boats below—where was Jem's—where was Joe's?

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Pt/En

Português

Mary Vance exclamou surpresa ao ver Rilla, dizendo que havia assumido que Rilla já teria ido para casa muito antes. Ela estava acenando seu lenço para um barco que se movia rapidamente pelo canal, com Miller Douglas no leme.

Original English

"Why, Rilla Blythe, I thought you'd be gone home long ago," said Mary Vance, who was waving her scarf at a boat skimming up the channel, skippered by Miller Douglas.

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla ofegou, perguntando onde estavam os outros.

Original English

"Where are the rest?" gasped Rilla.

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Pt/En

Português

O orador explicou que Jem havia partido há uma hora, Una estava com dor de cabeça, e os outros haviam ido com Joe há cerca de quinze minutos, seguindo em direção a Birch Point. Eles não foram porque o mar estava agitado e passariam mal. Não se importaram de voltar para casa a pé, já que era apenas um quilômetro e meio, e perguntaram a Rilla onde ela estava.

Original English

"Why, they're gone—Jem went an hour ago—Una had a headache. And the rest went with Joe about fifteen minutes ago. See—they're just going around Birch Point. I didn't go because it's getting rough and I knew I'd be seasick. I don't mind walking home from here. It's only a mile and a half. I s'posed you'd gone. Where were you?"

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla respondeu que estava nas rochas com Jem e Mollie Crawford e se perguntou por que não a procuraram.

Original English

"Down on the rocks with Jem and Mollie Crawford. Oh, why didn't they look for me?"

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Pt/En

Português

O orador garantiu a Rilla que a procuraram, mas não conseguiram encontrá-la, então concluíram que ela devia ter pegado o outro barco. Sugeriram que ela ficasse para passar a noite e se ofereceram para ligar para Ingleside para avisar onde ela estava.

Original English

"They did—but you couldn't be found. Then they concluded you must have gone in the other boat. Don't worry. You can stay all night with me and we'll 'phone up to Ingleside where you are."

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Pt/En

Português

Rilla percebeu que não tinha outra escolha. Seus lábios tremeram e lágrimas encheram seus olhos, mas ela as conteve, determinada a não deixar Mary Vance vê-la chorar. Ela se sentiu magoada por ser esquecida — ninguém pensou em verificar onde ela estava, nem mesmo Walter. Então, uma lembrança repentina e preocupante a atingiu.

Original English

Rilla realized that there was nothing else to do. Her lips trembled and tears came into her eyes. She blinked savagely—she would not let Mary Vance see her crying. But to be forgotten like this! To think nobody had thought it worth while to make sure where she was—not even Walter. Then she had a sudden dismayed recollection.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou que seus sapatos ainda estavam no barco; ela os deixara lá.

Original English

"My shoes," she exclaimed. "I left them in the boat."

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary comentou que nunca conhecera alguém tão descuidado e aconselhou Rilla a pedir um par de sapatos emprestado a Hazel Lewison.

Original English

"Well, I never," said Mary. "You're the most thoughtless kid I ever saw. You'll have to ask Hazel Lewison to lend you a pair of shoes."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla gritou que não faria isso; declarou que preferia andar descalça a pedir a Hazel, de quem não gostava.

Original English

"I won't." cried Rilla, who didn't like the said Hazel. "I'll go barefoot first."

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary deu de ombros.

Original English

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary disse que tudo bem, embora o orgulho muitas vezes tivesse um preço; a experiência ensinaria Rilla a ser mais cuidadosa. Ela então propôs que partissem.

Original English

"Just as you like. Pride must suffer pain. It'll teach you to be more careful. Well, let's hike."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela caminhou pelo beco, mas seus delicados sapatos de salto alto não eram adequados para a estrada áspera e pedregosa. Quando chegou à estrada do porto, não suportou mais os sapatos, então os tirou e andou descalça. Isso também se mostrou doloroso, pois seus pés sensíveis foram machucados pelas pedras e sulcos. Seus calcanhares com bolhas ardiam. No entanto, seu desconforto físico foi quase esquecido pela picada da humilhação. Ela pensou que fim horrível para sua linda festa este foi, e imaginou como Ken Ford riria se a visse. Ela chorou, sentindo que ninguém se importava com ela. Ela enxugou as lágrimas com seu cachecol porque seus lenços, como seus sapatos, haviam desaparecido.

Original English

Accordingly they hiked. But to "hike" along a deep-rutted, pebbly lane in frail, silver-hued slippers with high French heels, is not an exhilarating performance. Rilla managed to limp and totter along until they reached the harbour road; but she could go no farther in those detestable slippers. She took them and her dear silk stockings off and started barefoot. That was not pleasant either; her feet were very tender and the pebbles and ruts of the road hurt them. Her blistered heels smarted. But physical pain was almost forgotten in the sting of humiliation. This was a nice predicament! If Kenneth Ford could see her now, limping along like a little girl with a stone bruise! Oh, what a horrid way for her lovely party to end! She just had to cry—it was too terrible. Nobody cared for her—nobody bothered about her at all. Well, if she caught cold from walking home barefoot on a dew-wet road and went into a decline perhaps they would be sorry. She furtively wiped her tears away with her scarf—handkerchiefs seemed to have vanished like shoes!—but she could not help sniffing. Worse and worse!

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary observou que Rilla havia pegado um resfriado, acrescentando que ela deveria ter sabido melhor do que sentar nas rochas ao vento. Ela previu que a mãe de Rilla não a deixaria sair novamente tão cedo. Apesar de admitir que os Lewisons sabiam como organizar uma festa, Mary expressou sua antipatia por Hazel Lewison. Ela comentou que Hazel e Ethel Reese pareceram irritadas quando viram Rilla dançando com Ken Ford, e descreveu Ken como um galanteador.

Original English

"You've got a cold, I see," said Mary. "You ought to have known you would, sitting down in the wind on those rocks. Your mother won't let you go out again in a hurry I can tell you. It's certainly been something of a party. The Lewisons know how to do things, I'll say that for them, though Hazel Lewison is no choice of mine. My, how black she looked when she saw you dancing with Ken Ford. And so did that little hussy of an Ethel Reese. What a flirt he is!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla, tentando controlar seus fungados, discordou desafiadoramente, dizendo que não considerava Ken Ford um galanteador.

Original English

"I don't think he's a flirt," said Rilla as defiantly as two desperate sniffs would let her.

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary afirmou com condescendência que com a idade vem o conhecimento dos homens. Ela aconselhou Rilla a não acreditar em tudo que os homens dizem e a manter sua dignidade, insinuando que Ken Ford não deveria pensar que poderia conquistá-la facilmente.

Original English

"You'll know more about men when you're as old as I am," said Mary patronizingly. "Mind you, it doesn't do to believe all they tell you. Don't let Ken Ford think that all he has to do to get you on a string is to drop his handkerchief. Have more spirit than that, child."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla achou insuportável ser repreendida por Mary Vance. A caminhada na estrada pedregosa com pés descalços e cheios de bolhas foi agonizante. E era intolerável estar chorando sem lenço, incapaz de parar.

Original English

To be thus hectored and patronized by Mary Vance was unendurable! And it was unendurable to walk on stony roads with blistered heels and bare feet! And it was unendurable to be crying and have no handkerchief and not to be able to stop crying!

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla, que estava claramente perturbada, insistiu entre lágrimas que não estava pensando em Kenneth Ford de jeito nenhum.

Original English

"I'm not thinking"—sniff—"about Kenneth"—sniff—"Ford"—two sniffs—"at all," cried tortured Rilla.

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary Vance disse a Rilla para não exagerar e para estar disposta a ouvir os mais velhos. Ela afirmou ter visto Rilla escapando para a areia com Ken e ficando lá por um longo tempo, e sugeriu que a mãe de Rilla não aprovaria se soubesse.

Original English

"There's no need to fly off the handle, child. You ought to be willing to take advice from older people. I saw how you slipped over to the sands with Ken and stayed there ever so long with him. Your mother wouldn't like it if she knew."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ainda chorando, Rilla retrucou que informaria sua mãe, a Srta. Oliver e Walter sobre tudo. Ela então perguntou a Mary Vance o que a Sra. Elliott diria se soubesse que Mary havia ficado sentada por horas com Miller Douglas em uma armadilha de lagosta.

Original English

"I'll tell my mother all about it—and Miss Oliver—and Walter," Rilla gasped between sniffs. "You sat for hours with Miller Douglas on that lobster trap, Mary Vance! What would Mrs. Elliott say to that if she knew?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary Vance declarou que não tinha intenção de discutir. Em vez disso, ela assumiu uma posição moral superior e disse que Rilla deveria esperar até ser mais velha antes de se envolver em tal comportamento.

Original English

"Oh, I'm not going to quarrel with you," said Mary, suddenly retreating to high and lofty ground. "All I say is, you should wait until you're grown-up before you do things like that."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla parou de tentar esconder suas lágrimas. Ela sentiu que tudo havia sido estragado—até a bela e romântica hora ao luar que passara com Kenneth na areia agora parecia vulgar e barata. Ela sentiu um ódio profundo por Mary Vance.

Original English

Rilla gave up trying to hide the fact that she was crying. Everything was spoiled—even that beautiful, dreamy, romantic, moonlit hour with Kenneth on the sands was vulgarized and cheapened. She loathed Mary Vance.

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary, confusa, perguntou a Rilla o que estava errado e por que ela estava chorando.

Original English

"Why, whatever's wrong?" cried mystified Mary. "What are you crying for?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla soluçou que seus pés doíam muito, agarrando-se ao seu orgulho. Ela achou menos vergonhoso chorar por causa de pés doloridos do que admitir que alguém havia brincado com seus sentimentos, seus amigos a haviam negligenciado e outros a tratado com condescendência.

Original English

"My feet—hurt so—" sobbed Rilla clinging to the last shred of her pride. It was less humiliating to admit crying because of your feet than because—because somebody had been amusing himself with you, and your friends had forgotten you, and other people patronized you.

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

Pt/En

Português

Mary respondeu gentilmente que sabia de gordura de ganso na despensa de Cornélia, que era muito melhor do que qualquer creme frio sofisticado, e se ofereceu para aplicar um pouco nos calcanhares de Rilla antes que ela fosse dormir.

Original English

"I daresay they do," said Mary, not unkindly. "Never mind. I know where there's a pot of goose-grease in Cornelia's tidy pantry and it beats all the fancy cold creams in the world. I'll put some on your heels before you go to bed."

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla refletiu amargamente que sua primeira festa, seu primeiro interesse romântico e seu primeiro romance ao luar haviam se resumido a ter gordura de ganso colocada em seus calcanhares.

Original English

Goose-grease on your heels! So this was what your first party and your first beau and your first moonlit romance ended in!

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla parou de chorar, enojada com a inutilidade das lágrimas, e adormeceu na cama de Mary Vance em um estado de calmo desespero. Lá fora, o amanhecer chegou cinzento em meio a uma tempestade; o Capitão Josias, como prometido, hasteou a Bandeira da União no Farol dos Quatro Ventos, e ela tremulou galantemente no vento feroz contra o céu nublado como um farol inextinguível.

Original English

Rilla gave over crying in sheer disgust at the futility of tears and went to sleep in Mary Vance's bed in the calm of despair. Outside, the dawn came greyly in on wings of storm; Captain Josiah, true to his word, ran up the Union Jack at the Four Winds Light and it streamed on the fierce wind against the clouded sky like a gallant unquenchable beacon.

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

"The Sound of a Going"

Pt/En

Português

Rilla desceu pelo bosque de bordos iluminado pelo sol atrás de Ingleside até seu lugar favorito no Vale do Arco-Íris. Sentou-se em uma pedra coberta de musgo entre as samambaias, apoiou o queixo nas mãos e olhou sem foco para o céu azul brilhante da tarde de agosto. O céu parecia tão azul, pacífico e imutável, exatamente como sempre aparecera sobre o vale nos dias finais do verão que ela conseguia lembrar.

Original English

Rilla ran down through the sunlit glory of the maple grove behind Ingleside, to her favourite nook in Rainbow Valley. She sat down on a green-mossed stone among the fern, propped her chin on her hands and stared unseeingly at the dazzling blue sky of the August afternoon—so blue, so peaceful, so unchanged, just as it had arched over the valley in the mellow days of late summer ever since she could remember.

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla queria ficar sozinha para pensar e se adaptar ao novo mundo no qual havia sido lançada. Tudo havia mudado tão rapidamente que ela se sentia confusa sobre quem era. Ela se perguntava se ainda poderia ser a mesma garota que dançara no Farol Four Winds apenas seis dias antes. Aqueles seis dias pareciam uma vida inteira para ela. Aquela noite, com todas as suas esperanças, medos, triunfos e humilhações, agora parecia uma história antiga. Ela havia chorado uma vez apenas por ter sido esquecida e ter que voltar para casa com Mary Vance. Agora aquilo parecia tão trivial e absurdo. Rilla sentia que poderia chorar agora, mas não devia. Ela se lembrou das palavras de sua mãe, proferidas com lábios brancos e olhos atormentados, como Rilla nunca tinha visto antes.

Original English

She wanted to be alone—to think things out—to adjust herself, if it were possible, to the new world into which she seemed to have been transplanted with a suddenness and completeness that left her half bewildered as to her own identity. Was she—could she be—the same Rilla Blythe who had danced at Four Winds Light six days ago—only six days ago? It seemed to Rilla that she had lived as much in those six days as in all her previous life—and if it be true that we should count time by heart-throbs she had. That evening, with its hopes and fears and triumphs and humiliations, seemed like ancient history now. Could she really ever have cried just because she had been forgotten and had to walk home with Mary Vance? Ah, thought Rilla sadly, how trivial and absurd such a cause of tears now appeared to her. She could cry now with a right good will—but she would not—she must not. What was it mother had said, looking, with her white lips and stricken eyes, as Rilla had never seen her mother look before,

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela argumentou que, se as mulheres perdessem sua coragem, os homens também perderiam a delas.

Original English

"When our women fail in courage,

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

Pt/En

Português

Rilla entendeu que deveria demonstrar a mesma coragem que sua mãe e irmãs. Sua irmã Faith expressou o desejo de se juntar à luta, lamentando não ser homem. Rilla sentiu a necessidade de se refugiar momentaneamente no Vale do Arco-Íris para organizar seus pensamentos. Ela teve que se lembrar de que não era mais uma criança; era uma adulta, e as mulheres eram obrigadas a enfrentar circunstâncias difíceis. Apesar disso, havia conforto na solidão, onde ninguém a veria e interpretaria suas lágrimas como covardia.

Original English

Shall our men be fearless still?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela percebeu que precisava ser corajosa, como sua mãe, Nan e Faith. Faith havia exclamado com olhos brilhantes que desejava ser homem para poder ir à guerra. Mas quando seus olhos doíam e sua garganta ardia assim, ela precisava se esconder no Vale do Arco-Íris por um tempo para pensar nas coisas e lembrar a si mesma que não era mais uma criança; ela era adulta, e as mulheres tinham que enfrentar tais desafios. Ainda assim, era bom se afastar sozinha às vezes, onde ninguém pudesse vê-la e onde ela não precisasse se preocupar que as pessoas a considerassem uma covarde se as lágrimas viessem apesar de seus esforços.

Original English

Yes, that was it. She must be brave—like mother—and Nan—and Faith—Faith, who had cried with flashing eyes, "Oh, if I were only a man, to go too!" Only, when her eyes ached and her throat burned like this she had to hide herself in Rainbow Valley for a little, just to think things out and remember that she wasn't a child any longer—she was grown-up and women had to face things like this. But it was—nice—to get away alone now and then, where nobody could see her and where she needn't feel that people thought her a little coward if some tears came in spite of her.

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

Pt/En

Português

As samambaias cheiravam doces e amadeiradas. Os galhos macios e plumosos dos abetos balançavam e murmuravam acima. Os sinos dos Amantes das Árvores tilintavam como elfos quando a brisa passava. A névoa era roxa e elusiva, como incenso oferecido em altares nas colinas. As folhas de bordo clareavam ao vento, fazendo o bosque parecer coberto de pálidas flores prateadas. Tudo parecia o mesmo de sempre, mas o mundo inteiro parecia diferente.

Original English

How sweet and woodsey the ferns smelled! How softly the great feathery boughs of the firs waved and murmured over her! How elfinly rang the bells of the "Tree Lovers"—just a tinkle now and then as the breeze swept by! How purple and elusive the haze where incense was being offered on many an altar of the hills! How the maple leaves whitened in the wind until the grove seemed covered with pale silvery blossoms! Everything was just the same as she had seen it hundreds of times; and yet the whole face of the world seemed changed.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela pensou como havia sido má ao desejar que algo dramático acontecesse. Ela ansiava ter aqueles queridos, monótonos e agradáveis dias de volta e jurou nunca mais reclamar deles.

Original English

"How wicked I was to wish that something dramatic would happen!" she thought. "Oh, if we could only have those dear, monotonous, pleasant days

back again! I would never, never grumble about them again."

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

Pt/En

Português

O mundo de Rilla desmoronou no dia seguinte à festa. Enquanto eles demoravam à mesa de jantar falando sobre a guerra, o telefone tocou. Era uma chamada de longa distância para Jem. Quando ele terminou, desligou com o rosto corado e os olhos brilhando. Antes que ele falasse, sua mãe, Nan e Di empalideceram. Pela primeira vez, Rilla sentiu seu coração bater tão alto que todos deviam ouvir, e algo apertou sua garganta.

Original English

Rilla's world had tumbled to pieces the very day after the party. As they lingered around the dinner table at Ingleside, talking of the war, the telephone had rung. It was a long-distance call from Charlottetown for Jem. When he had finished talking he hung up the receiver and turned around, with a flushed face and glowing eyes. Before he had said a word his mother and Nan and Di had turned pale. As for Rilla, for the first time in her life she felt that every one must hear her heart beating and that something had clutched at her throat.

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

Pt/En

Português

Jem disse a seu pai que estavam convocando voluntários na cidade e que muitos já haviam se alistado. Ele disse que iria naquela noite se alistar.

Original English

"They are calling for volunteers in town, father," said Jem. "Scores have joined up already. I'm going in tonight to enlist."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe gritou angustiadamente, chamando-o de Pequeno Jem, um nome que não usava há muitos anos, e implorou não, não.

Original English

"Oh—Little Jem," cried Mrs. Blythe brokenly. She had not called him that for many years—not since the day he had rebelled against it. "Oh—no—no—Little Jem."

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

Pt/En

Português

Jem insistiu com sua mãe que ele tinha que fazer isso, e pediu a seu pai confirmação de que ele estava correto.

Original English

"I must, mother. I'm right—am I not, father?" said Jem.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dr. Blythe se levantou, pálido e falando com voz rouca, mas não hesitou nem vacilou em sua decisão.

Original English

Dr. Blythe had risen. He was very pale, too, and his voice was husky. But he did not hesitate.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dr. Blythe concordou, dizendo que se Jem se sentia fortemente a respeito, então ele deveria ir em frente.

Original English

"Yes, Jem, yes—if you feel that way, yes—"

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

Pt/En

Português

Sra. Blythe escondeu o rosto; Walter encarou melancolicamente seu prato; Nan e Di seguraram as mãos uma da outra; Shirley tentou parecer indiferente; Susan ficou imóvel, incapaz de terminar sua torta, o que era muito incomum para ela, pois acreditava que era errado desperdiçar comida.

Original English

Mrs. Blythe covered her face. Walter stared moodily at his plate. Nan and Di clasped each others' hands. Shirley tried to look unconcerned. Susan sat as if paralysed, her piece of pie half-eaten on her plate. Susan never did finish that piece of pie—a fact which bore eloquent testimony to the upheaval in her inner woman for Susan considered it a cardinal offence against civilized society to begin to eat anything and not finish it. That was wilful waste, hens to the contrary notwithstanding.

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

Pt/En

Português

Jem voltou ao telefone, dizendo que precisava ligar para a mansão porque Jerry provavelmente iria querer participar.

Original English

Jem turned to the phone again. "I must ring the manse. Jerry will want to go, too."

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

Pt/En

Português

Nan gritou como se tivesse sido esfaqueada, então fugiu da sala, com Di logo atrás. Rilla buscou conforto em Walter, mas ele estava absorto em pensamentos que ela não conseguia penetrar.

Original English

At this Nan had cried out "Oh!" as if a knife had been thrust into her, and rushed from the room. Di followed her. Rilla turned to Walter for comfort but Walter was lost to her in some reverie she could not share.

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

Pt/En

Português

A voz de Jem permaneceu calma, como se ele estivesse organizando um piquenique. Ele confirmou o plano: o encontro seria na estação naquela noite às sete horas, e terminou com um adeus casual.

Original English

"All right," Jem was saying, as coolly as if he were arranging the details of a picnic. "I thought you would—yes, tonight—the seven o'clock—meet me at the station. So long."

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

Pt/En

Português

Susan apelou para a Sra. Blythe, perguntando se estava sonhando ou acordada. Ela questionou se o menino percebia o que estava dizendo e se realmente pretendia se alistar. Susan declarou ser um ultraje que levassem alguém tão jovem, e insistiu que certamente a Sra. Blythe e o médico não permitiriam.

Original English

"Mrs. Dr. dear," said Susan. "I wish you would wake me up. Am I dreaming—or am I awake? Does that blessed boy realize what he is saying? Does he mean that he is going to enlist as a soldier? You do not mean to tell me that they want children like him! It is an outrage. Surely you and the doctor will not permit it."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Sra. Blythe disse com a voz embargada que não podiam impedi-lo, e então chamou por Gilbert em desespero.

Original English

"We can't stop him," said Mrs. Blythe, chokingly. "Oh, Gilbert!"

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

Pt/En

Português

O Dr. Blythe aproximou-se por trás de sua esposa e gentilmente pegou sua mão, olhando em seus olhos cinzentos, que ele vira cheios de tamanha angústia desesperada apenas uma vez antes. Ambos se lembraram daquela outra vez — anos antes, na Casa dos Sonhos — quando a pequena Joyce morreu.

Original English

Dr. Blythe came up behind his wife and took her hand gently, looking down into the sweet grey eyes that he had only once before seen filled with such imploring anguish as now. They both thought of that other time—the day years ago in the House of Dreams when little Joyce had died.

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Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

Adults 'ædʌlts (2 occurrences)

Português: adultos

Simple English: People who are fully grown and not children.

Example: *Adults should follow the rules.*

Uses in this book:

1. She reminded Susan that there were other adults besides the older people.
[Back to B1](#)
2. Susan told Rilla that Mrs. Dr. Blythe did not like young girls dressing like adults. [Back to B1](#)

advised əd'vaɪzd (8 occurrences)

Português: aconselhou

Simple English: Told someone what is best or what to do.

Example: *He advised them not to send a search party for at least twenty-four hours.*

Uses in this book:

1. They advised her not to wish her youth away because it passes too quickly.
[Back to B1](#)
2. Mary advised Rilla not to believe everything men say. [Back to B1](#)
3. Susan advised Rilla to always support the baby's back and to stay calm.
4. She advised Miss Oliver to remember this and trust that God was on their side.
5. Susan advised her not to tell him that, as he might be upset.

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. Carl Meredith was walking with Miranda Pryor, partly to annoy Joe Milgrave. [Back to B1](#)
2. But as soon as they started their work, Irene began to annoy her.
3. They had an idea that they thought was good, and it would also annoy Robert and Amelia.

annoyed /ə'noɪd/ (8 occurrences)

Português: irritado; chateado; aborrecido

Simple English: Feeling slightly angry or irritated about something at times.

Example: *I was annoyed when my friend canceled our plans at the last minute.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla was the youngest Blythe child and was often annoyed because people did not think she was grown up. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was also annoyed with Cousin Sophia for making comments about her freckles and legs. [Back to B1](#)
3. Rilla was annoyed that she was interrupted.
4. Rilla had heard that Irene could be like that when she was annoyed, but she had never believed it before.
5. Rilla said yes, but she was annoyed because Jims was crying so loudly and she wished he would stop.

annoying /ə'noɪɪŋ/ (2 occurrences)

Português: irritante; chato; enervante

Simple English: Causing slight irritation or anger.

Example: *The sound of the clock ticking was really annoying during the test.*

Uses in this book:

1. She found it annoying when people thought she was a little girl. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, Cousin Sophia did not know much about the troubles of the Russian people, but she found the optimistic Susan very annoying.

anymore ,ɛni'mɔ:r (18 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. After a year, the name Goldie did not fit the orange kitten anymore. [Back to B1](#)
2. Nobody played in Rainbow Valley anymore, and it was very quiet on summer evenings. [Back to B1](#)
3. After Jack Elliott's announcement, she felt Kenneth was not thinking about her anymore. [Back to B1](#)
4. Rilla continued dancing, but she was not enjoying it anymore and her feet hurt. [Back to B1](#)
5. She had to remember that she was not a child anymore. [Back to B1](#)

area 'ɛəriə (9 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. Susan defended Rilla, saying she had a good reason to be vain because she was the prettiest girl in the area. [Back to B1](#)
2. She agreed to collect Red Cross supplies from people in the area.
3. The area was calm and quiet, with pretty clouds in the sky and a soft, colourful haze over Rainbow Valley.
4. She pointed out that people were celebrating because their own soldiers were not in danger in that area, but lives were still being lost elsewhere.
5. Susan knew the area around Verdun very well, almost like a military expert.

areas 'ɛəriəz (4 occurrences)

Português: áreas

Simple English: Parts of a place or land.

Example: *The hills and flat areas rose from the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. Outside, the lawn at Ingleside had sunny spots and shady areas. [Back to B1](#)
2. The moonlight lit up some areas while leaving others in deep shadow.
3. Every night, she asked Mrs. Blythe if the French were still holding important areas like Crow's Wood.
4. Throughout the winter, other young men from the Glen and nearby areas came home in small groups.

attract ə'trækt (2 occurrences)

Português: atrair

Simple English: to make someone like or want something

Example: *A boy with syrup on his face won't attract a girl.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also asked if her hair could be styled in a new way that would attract attention. [Back to B1](#)
2. However, the speaker convinced Mrs. Channing, a good singer, to perform, which should attract a large audience.

avoid ə'vɔɪd (6 occurrences)

Português: evitar

Simple English: To stay away from something.

Example: *She avoided the dangerous street.*

Uses in this book:

1. Di Blythe had once said that Mary Vance was a person they could not avoid, even when they were angry with her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Cousin Sophia said sadly that she did not know if England would avoid trouble, and she was very afraid.
3. She explained that Morgan said babies should only be kissed on the forehead to avoid germs, and that was her rule for Jims.

4. She felt ashamed to avoid the phone, so she made herself answer it, but it never became easier.

5. Finally, she instructed Robert to drive around all the puddles to avoid splashing the new buggy.

beam *bi:m* (1 occurrence)

Português: viga

Simple English: A long, thick piece of wood or metal that supports weight.

Example: *She walked carefully on the roof beam.*

Uses in this book:

1. She broke it a long time ago when she walked on a high beam. [Back to B1](#)

boyfriend *'bɔɪfrɛnd* (1 occurrence)

Português: namorado

Simple English: A male partner in a romantic relationship.

Example: *She talked about her boyfriend.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla thought about how her first party, first boyfriend, and first romantic moment had ended with her needing goose-grease on her heels. [Back to B1](#)

boyfriends *'bɔɪfrɛndz* (2 occurrences)

Português: namorados

Simple English: male partners in a romantic relationship

Example: *Ruby wanted many boyfriends and to have fun.*

Uses in this book:

1. She knew Rilla wanted to go to parties like her sisters Nan and Di, wear nice dresses, and have boyfriends. [Back to B1](#)

2. She felt sorry for other girls whose boyfriends could not write such wonderful letters.

branches 'bræɪn.tʃɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: galhos

Simple English: parts of a tree that grow out from the trunk

Example: *They heard branches scratching the window.*

Uses in this book:

1. The large, soft branches of the fir trees moved gently and made a soft sound above her. [Back to B1](#)

bumping 'bʌm.pɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: esbarrando

Simple English: Hitting something or someone by accident.

Example: *He was bumping into people while dancing.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, she found Mark Warren a clumsy dancer, bumping into people and stepping badly. [Back to B1](#)

capsized kæp'saɪzd (1 occurrence)

Português: virou

Simple English: When a boat turns over in the water.

Example: *The boat capsized during the storm.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said they were all drowned when their boat capsized. [Back to B1](#)

chat tʃæt (1 occurrence)

Português: conversa

Simple English: An informal talk between people.

Example: *They had a nice chat while resting.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt she deserved a rest and some time to chat. [Back to B1](#)

comment /'kɒmənt/ (5 occurrences)

Português: comentário; comentar; observação

Simple English: Something said or written to express an opinion.

Example: *She made a useful comment.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan did not pay attention to Miss Cornelia's comment. [Back to B1](#)
2. She remembered Susan's worried face when Jem came home in his military uniform, and Susan's comment that he looked like a man.
3. The evening was nice, even though someone had made a negative comment about the weather.
4. Warren's comment made Susan very angry.
5. At the last meeting, Irene made a comment about knowing the speaker across the square in Charlottetown by her green velvet hat.

commotion kə'moʊʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: confusão

Simple English: A noisy or excited situation.

Example: *There was a small commotion near the door.*

Uses in this book:

1. A group of boys near the door made a small commotion. [Back to B1](#)

confirmed kən'fɜ:rmɪd (3 occurrences)

Português: confirmado

Simple English: Shown to be true.

Example: *This was confirmed when pygmies surrounded them.*

Uses in this book:

1. Someone confirmed that two people wanted to teach for another year. [Back to B1](#)
2. He confirmed it was him and said he was visiting briefly.
3. The agent confirmed that the dog was silent all night, even though his stable door was open.

confusing /kən'fju:ziŋ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: confuso; confundindo; desconcertante

Simple English: Difficult to understand or unclear, causing uncertainty.

Example: *The confusing directions led us to the wrong location for the meeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that her dreams are sometimes very clear and feel as real as life, not like normal, confusing dreams. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was a confusing mix of bangs, rattles, muffled cries, and yowls coming from the kitchen, with loud crashes mixed in.
3. Susan explained that she did not understand the difference between Democrats and Republicans, finding their politics confusing.

criticize /'kɪtɪsaɪz/ (2 occurrences)

Português: criticar

Simple English: To judge something based on positive or negative points.

Example: *It's important to criticize ideas while remaining respectful of the person.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan told the other woman not to criticize Rilla. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was happy with her hair, hat, and dress, thinking Irene would have nothing to criticize.

curious 'kjʊəriəs (1 occurrence)

Português: curioso

Simple English: wanting to know or learn about something

Example: *She was curious about the new student.*

Uses in this book:

1. Many people around them were surprised or curious, but few understood the importance of the message or how it might affect them. [Back to B1](#)

decide *dɪ'saɪd* (3 occurrences)

Português: decidir

Simple English: To choose something after thinking.

Example: *They decided how many people would go.*

Uses in this book:

1. He looked very pale and his voice was rough, but he did not wait to decide.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Mary Vance told Miller that the sinking of the Lusitania, which killed innocent people, made her decide it was time to fight the war.

3. She mentioned she would decide soon where to leave her money because she was old.

delay */dɪ'leɪ/* (1 occurrence)

Português: atraso; demora; atrasar

Simple English: To arrive later than originally planned or expected.

Example: *Our flight faced a delay due to bad weather conditions.*

Uses in this book:

1. Gertrude felt this delay was a bad sign and worried her happiness might disappear. [Back to B1](#)

delayed *dɪ'leɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: atrasado

Simple English: happened later than expected

Example: *His wedding was delayed.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker thought marriage had been discussed, but understood it was delayed for one year. [Back to B1](#)

description *dɪs'krɪpʃən* (2 occurrences)

Português: descrição

Simple English: A statement that explains how something looks or is.

Example: *Her description of the place was very clear.*

Uses in this book:

1. Miss Oliver replied that the sound of the bells always made her think of the beautiful, heavenly music that Adam and Eve heard in Milton's description of Eden. [Back to B1](#)
2. He thought of the description of soldiers between eighteen and forty-five.

difficult *'dɪfɪkəlt* (93 occurrences)

Português: difícil

Simple English: Not easy to do.

Example: *It was difficult to walk through the dense forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. Miss Cornelia stated emphatically that typhoid was difficult to recover from, especially after Walter had been so ill. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mrs. Blythe hoped Gertrude would be happy because she had a difficult life and felt things strongly. [Back to B1](#)
3. Rilla was happy to be the one who was not clever, as it meant nobody expected her to do difficult things. [Back to B1](#)
4. Someone told Rilla that she had a difficult time when she was young. [Back to B1](#)
5. She wished these difficult things did not happen when she wanted to make a good impression. [Back to B1](#)

Dillon *'dɪlən* (1 occurrence)

Português: Dillon

Simple English: A family name or last name.

Example: *His mother was from the Dillon family.*

Uses in this book:

1. His father was not considered part of the Douglas family, and his mother was from the Dillon family, who lived at Harbour Head. [Back to B1](#)

disagreed *,dɪzə'grɪ:d* (15 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan disagreed, saying that a young girl should have fun. [Back to B1](#)

2. Rilla disagreed, reminding him of how he had fought Dan Reese a long time ago.
3. Norman disagreed and wanted to say so, but his wife, Ellen, stopped him.
4. Rilla wrote that Olive wanted lunch served at their meetings, but most members disagreed.
5. Susan disagreed and said she had faith in God and Kitchener.

disappear ,dɪsə'piər (4 occurrences)

Português: desaparecer

Simple English: to go away or become impossible to see

Example: *The magician made the rabbit disappear.*

Uses in this book:

1. Gertrude felt this delay was a bad sign and worried her happiness might disappear. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla said "Yeth" and immediately wished she could disappear from the world because she was so embarrassed. [Back to B1](#)
3. She had seen Jem, Jerry, Walter, and now Ken disappear around road bends.
4. Someone asked Susan if she thought something would disappear suddenly with a loud noise and a bad smell.

disappearing ,dɪsə'piəriŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: desaparecendo

Simple English: Going out of sight or no longer visible.

Example: *The magician was disappearing from the stage.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wondered if life was like this, with good things disappearing just when you enjoyed them. [Back to B1](#)

distant 'dɪstənt (3 occurrences)

Português: distante

Simple English: Far away in space or time, or not close in relationships.

Example: *The younger ones thought of each other as distant cousins.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, the beautiful night, the sea, the small waves, the wind, and the distant music made the experience feel wonderful. [Back to B1](#)
2. Kenneth asked Rilla if she was tired, but he sounded distant. [Back to B1](#)
3. While Nan and Di have grown a little distant because they are away, Rilla has become closer to her mother.

distrust *dɪ'strʌst* (1 occurrence)

Português: desconfiança

Simple English: lack of trust or belief in someone

Example: *There is distrust between the two teams.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said Gertrude did not distrust Mr. Grant, but rather fate. [Back to B1](#)

earlier *'ɜrlɪər* (8 occurrences)

Português: mais cedo

Simple English: before now or before another time

Example: *I arrived earlier than expected.*

Uses in this book:

1. She then looked at Susan and said that after being ignored earlier, she probably should not mention that Jerry Meredith seemed interested in Nan. [Back to B1](#)
2. Earlier, Kenneth had looked at her as if she was the most important person, but now she felt unimportant. [Back to B1](#)
3. She implied that if John Meredith had admitted it earlier, the war might have been avoided.
4. The Rilla from two months earlier would have gone to cry.
5. Susan said that if a certain person had done his duty and joined the war earlier, they would not have had the problems in Serbia.

Embarrassed */ɪm'bærəst/* (10 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. She really hoped some boys would ask her to dance, because she would be very embarrassed if she had to sit alone all evening. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla said "Yeth" and immediately wished she could disappear from the world because she was so embarrassed. [Back to B1](#)
3. She felt embarrassed again. [Back to B1](#)
4. She recited, lisped a few times, and felt embarrassed afterward.
5. Meanwhile, Rilla felt sad and embarrassed.

embarrassing /ɪmˈbærəsɪŋ/ (4 occurrences)

Português: embaraçoso; constringedor; envergonhando

Simple English: Causing feelings of shame or discomfort publicly.

Example: *It was embarrassing when I tripped and fell in front of everyone.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had not lisped for a year, and it was very embarrassing for her to lisp now, especially when she wanted to seem grown-up. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was a very embarrassing situation, especially because Irene Howard was there.
3. She worried if Susan would bring up more embarrassing moments from her past.
4. She also had a strange thought about his nose at the breakfast table, which she found funny and embarrassing to write down.

enchanted ɪnˈtʃæntɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: encantado

Simple English: Feeling very happy or magical.

Example: *Rilla felt happy and enchanted by the music.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla enjoyed the music, the sea, and the moonlight, feeling happy and enchanted. [Back to B1](#)

entered 'en.tərd (5 occurrences)

Português: entrou

Simple English: to go into a place

Example: *When Pepito entered the ring, everyone cheered.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla entered the dark kitchen at Ingleside. [Back to B1](#)
2. The door opened, and Mrs. Blythe entered carrying something light and airy.
3. Susan then entered quietly, like a shadow, and sat beside her.
4. When they found nobody home, they entered through the window and made themselves comfortable.
5. Susan entered the room from outside, looking very pleased.

exaggerating ɪg'zædʒ.ə.reɪ.tɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: exagerar

Simple English: Saying something is bigger or more important than it really is.

Example: *She was exaggerating about the problems with the boys.*

Uses in this book:

1. Harvey Crawford came over and asked Walter if he was exaggerating. [Back to B1](#)

frightening 'fraɪtnɪŋ (5 occurrences)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or scary feelings.

Example: *She was a large and frightening animal.*

Uses in this book:

1. He looked like a frightening animal, but Rilla always defended him, saying he was a "nice prowly cat." He did indeed prowl a lot. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla said she did not understand why Jem told such frightening stories when they were out to enjoy themselves. [Back to B1](#)
3. She explained that the frightening dream still affected her deeply and that they would all need to be brave soon.
4. The most frightening thought was that they might never know what happened to Jem.

5. He looked very frightening.

fullness 'fʊlnəs (1 occurrence)

Português: plenitude

Simple English: The state of being complete or full.

Example: *The Glen was beautiful in its summer fullness.*

Uses in this book:

1. He looked at the beautiful Glen in its summer fullness, with its old houses, fields, and gardens. [Back to B1](#)

goals ɡoʊlz (3 occurrences)

Português: objetivos

Simple English: Things a person wants to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wished Rilla had more ambition because Rilla seemed to have no serious goals and only wanted to enjoy herself. [Back to B1](#)

2. Hindenburg attacked suddenly and fiercely many times, causing worry but not achieving his goals.

3. Others seemed to have clear goals for their lives, but she had none.

gracefully 'ɡreɪsfəli (1 occurrence)

Português: graciosamente

Simple English: In a smooth and elegant way.

Example: *The dancer moved gracefully across the stage.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her brothers teased her by calling her "Spider." However, she moved gracefully, like a dancer. [Back to B1](#)

happily 'hæpɪli (17 occurrences)

Português: felizmente

Simple English: in a happy way

Example: *She smiled happily at the good news.*

Uses in this book:

1. She found a section called "Jottings from Glen St. Mary" and began to read it aloud happily. [Back to B1](#)
2. It especially liked lying on its back while its throat was rubbed, purring loudly and happily. [Back to B1](#)
3. Mrs. Conover answered happily that Mrs. Anderson was very dead, having died about half an hour before.
4. Susan happily agreed, saying the Serbians had defeated the Austrian soldiers and sent them away.
5. He enjoyed his bath and splashed happily, unlike before when he would twist and cry.

harbor 'hɑ:rbər (1 occurrence)

Português: porto

Simple English: a place on the coast where ships stop

Example: *The ship arrived safely at the harbor.*

Uses in this book:

1. The sky behind the hills was still bright from the sunset, and the harbor in front of them was shining. [Back to B1](#)

honor 'ɒnər (1 occurrence)

Português: honra

Simple English: A special award or respect for something good you do.

Example: *Jason was about to receive a great honor.*

Uses in this book:

1. She would have preferred to walk with Joe, but she also felt it was an honor to be with Carl, who was a college student. [Back to B1](#)

housework *'hauswɜrk* (1 occurrence)

Português: trabalho doméstico

Simple English: Jobs like cleaning and cooking done at home.

Example: *She did her housework well.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also said she was not good at housework, hating sewing and dusting, and could not even learn to cook. [Back to B1](#)

illness *'ɪlnəs* (5 occurrences)

Português: doença

Simple English: a state of being sick or unwell

Example: *People forget their illness during emergencies.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought that having so much hair took away a person's strength and could be a sign of illness. [Back to B1](#)

2. She wondered if it was wrong to be happy that Walter had not become strong again as quickly as they had hoped after his illness.

3. Cousin Sophia said that she thought the cat had hydrophobia, a serious illness.

4. She remembered a story about a cat with this illness that bit people, and they died and turned black.

5. Jims had had some ordinary croup this autumn, not the serious illness from last year.

interruption *ˌɪntəˈrʌpʃən* (1 occurrence)

Português: interrupção

Simple English: Something that stops an action or activity.

Example: *The meeting had an interruption because of a phone call.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan once told her that some visits were nice, but others felt like an unwanted interruption. [Back to B1](#)

joke *dʒoʊk* (4 occurrences)

Português: brincar

Simple English: Say or do something funny to make people laugh.

Example: *He likes to joke with his friends.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan smiled at Mrs. Blythe's joke. [Back to B1](#)
2. He added that he did not joke with parsons anymore since he was married.
3. She added that rheumatism was not something to joke about and hoped he would not experience it himself one day.
4. Gertrude felt that the phrase 'no military significance' was terrible and like a cruel joke in their current situation.

mermaids *'mɜrmeɪdz* (1 occurrence)

Português: sereias

Simple English: mythical sea creatures with a woman's body and a fish's tail

Example: *The story was about mermaids dancing in the moonlight.*

Uses in this book:

1. Kenneth softly repeated a line from one of Walter's poems, describing the moonlight as good for mermaids to dance in. [Back to B1](#)

mortified *'mɔrtɪfaɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: envergonhada

Simple English: very embarrassed or ashamed

Example: *She felt mortified and wanted to cry.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt mortified and wanted to cry. [Back to B1](#)

moss *mɒs* (1 occurrence)

Português: musgo

Simple English: small green plants that grow on stones or trees

Example: *She sat on a stone covered in moss.*

Uses in this book:

1. She sat on a stone covered in moss, near some ferns. [Back to B1](#)

naughty 'nɔ:ti (1 occurrence)

Português: travesso

Simple English: behaving badly or not following rules

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

Uses in this book:

1. People had almost forgotten how naughty they used to be. [Back to B1](#)

nearby ,nɪər'baɪ (8 occurrences)

Português: próximo

Simple English: close in distance

Example: *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

Uses in this book:

1. Cousin Sophia, who lived nearby, often visited in the evenings. [Back to B1](#)
2. Walter sat on a stone nearby and held Rilla's hand.
3. Nearby, a large, untidy woman with red hair and a red face was sitting and smoking a pipe.
4. Susan felt more worried because "Whiskers-on-the-Moon" lived nearby.
5. He told her he was sure someone would be nearby, but that he only wanted to see her, Rilla.

negative /'nɛgətɪv/ (7 occurrences)

Português: negativo

Simple English: Focusing on faults and quick to lose hope.

Example: *His negative comments made it hard to enjoy the project.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan described Sophia as not a cheerful person, who had always been negative. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was feeling sad and negative, expecting bad things to happen.
3. The evening was nice, even though someone had made a negative comment about the weather.
4. Susan asked Miss Oliver not to be so negative.
5. She admitted she was not a military expert but could see this, and Sophia could too if she was not so negative.

okay *ou'keɪ* (3 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Everything is all right.

Example: *Is everything okay with the car?*

Uses in this book:

1. Mary thought the party was okay, but she did not like Hazel Lewison. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla felt like she would be okay if she could stop a lump in her throat and her trembling lips.
3. Susan felt it was okay to say he was wrong.

opportunity *,opər'tju:nɪti* (1 occurrence)

Português: oportunidade

Simple English: A good chance to do something.

Example: *He thought it was a good opportunity.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan had found an opportunity to get back at Miss Cornelia for her comments about the children's love lives. [Back to B1](#)

overwhelmed *,ovvər'wɛlmd* (2 occurrences)

Português: sobrecarregados

Simple English: defeated completely or gave up due to too much pressure

Example: *They overwhelmed the guards.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla felt overwhelmed, but no one else seemed to notice this special moment. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla was overwhelmed with strong feelings.

participate */pɑ:r'tɪsɪpɪt/* (1 occurrence)

Português: participar

Simple English: To join an event, activity, or organized group effort.

Example: *I want to participate in the school science fair and showcase my project.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought Kenneth's mind was on the war, a serious game with high stakes where women could not participate. [Back to B1](#)

permission *pər'mɪʃən* (4 occurrences)

Português: permissão

Simple English: approval to do something

Example: *He was there with the queen's permission.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla told Miss Oliver that Walter had helped her get permission to go to her first important party. [Back to B1](#)
2. Kenneth got permission to visit the island.
3. Also, Joe could not get permission to leave work suddenly.
4. He told Shirley that he would not stop him if he felt it was his duty, but he must have his mother's permission first.

persuaded *pər'sweɪdɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: persuadido

Simple English: to convince someone to do something

Example: *She persuaded him to come with us.*

Uses in this book:

1. Someone asked how Rilla's mother was persuaded to allow her to go to the dance. [Back to B1](#)

playful *'pleɪfəl* (3 occurrences)

Português: brincalhão

Simple English: Full of fun and games.

Example: *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

Uses in this book:

1. At first, the kitten seemed playful and did not show its bad nature. [Back to B1](#)
2. He did, and read them a short poem the next day, which had a playful, magical feeling.
3. Every week, another young man from the Glen, who had recently been a playful schoolboy, joined the army.

powerful /'paʊəfəl/ (3 occurrences)

Português: poderoso; potente; possante

Simple English: Having great strength force or ability to influence.

Example: *The powerful engine in the car makes it very fast.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that a powerful force, like a piper playing music, had started and would affect the whole world. [Back to B1](#)
2. When Susan spoke passionately, she was a powerful speaker.
3. This was due to a new, powerful long-range gun that the Germans had invented and used at the start of their attack.

prowl praʊl (1 occurrence)

Português: rondar

Simple English: to move slowly and quietly to find something

Example: *The cat prowled around the house at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. He looked like a frightening animal, but Rilla always defended him, saying he was a "nice prowly cat." He did indeed prowl a lot. [Back to B1](#)

Punish /'pʌnɪʃ/ (5 occurrences)

Português: punir; castigar; puna

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

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

Uses in this book:

1. However, she would punish the innocent Dr. Jekyll for Mr. Hyde's actions, chasing him away and not giving him food he liked. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sometimes she was proud of him, and sometimes she wanted to punish him, but she never felt like kissing him.
3. He suggested she could punish Constantine, but she should not talk about hurting him.
4. John remembered when he had tried to punish Carl as a child and saw how much his eyes resembled Cecilia's.
5. Miranda worried that her father would be very angry and might punish her.

relaxed /rɪ'læksɪ/ (3 occurrences)

Português: relaxado; descontraído; relaxei

Simple English: Feeling calm, at ease, and free from stress or tension.

Example: *After the yoga class, I felt completely relaxed and happy.*

Uses in this book:

1. Kenneth was a tall, handsome boy who seemed more relaxed than the other boys. [Back to B1](#)
2. She wished she could be as relaxed about things as Rilla Blythe.
3. Ken said goodbye in a relaxed way, and Rilla said it back just as casually.

salty 'sɒlti (1 occurrence)

Português: salgado

Simple English: tasting like salt

Example: *The sea air smelled fresh and salty.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla loved the fresh, salty air, the smell of the trees, and her friends' laughter. [Back to B1](#)

section 'sɛkʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: seção

Simple English: One part of something bigger.

Example: *Her poem was in the newspaper's obituary section.*

Uses in this book:

1. She found a section called "Jottings from Glen St. Mary" and began to read it aloud happily. [Back to B1](#)

shady 'ʃeɪdi (2 occurrences)

Português: com sombra

Simple English: protected from the sun

Example: *We sat in a shady spot under the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. Outside, the lawn at Ingleside had sunny spots and shady areas. [Back to B1](#)

2. Rilla read her first love letter in a quiet, shady spot in Rainbow Valley.

shiny /'ʃaɪni/ (3 occurrences)

Português: brilhante; reluzente

Simple English: Bright and smooth, reflecting light effectively visually.

Example: *Her shiny hair reflects the sunlight beautifully during the summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had shiny black hair, bright dark grey eyes, and perfect features. [Back to B1](#)
2. She was standing at Ingleside and saw a long, shiny wave coming across the fields. [Back to B1](#)
3. Her excitement made her cheeks pink, and her hair looked shiny.

smell smɛl (5 occurrences)

Português: cheirar

Simple English: To notice a scent with your nose.

Example: *She can smell fresh flowers.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla loved the fresh, salty air, the smell of the trees, and her friends' laughter. [Back to B1](#)
2. A purple mist hung in the air, like a sweet smell offered on altars on the hills. [Back to B1](#)
3. Walter looked around at the beautiful nature he loved and told Rilla that when he was in France, he would remember these peaceful, moonlit places, the smell of fir trees, and the quiet pools of light.
4. The smell of the mint was pleasant.
5. Someone asked Susan if she thought something would disappear suddenly with a loud noise and a bad smell.

smells smɛlz (1 occurrence)

Português: cheiros

Simple English: things you notice with your nose

Example: *Tarzan could tell different smells apart.*

Uses in this book:

1. A nice breeze was blowing in from the garden, carrying sweet smells. [Back to B1](#)

solution sə'lu:ʃən (2 occurrences)

Português: solução

Simple English: an answer to a problem

Example: *He said they would talk and find a solution.*

Uses in this book:

1. He believed a solution would be found. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla, feeling desperate, told Olive they had to find a solution.

specific spə'sɪfɪk (3 occurrences)

Português: específico

Simple English: special and clear, not general

Example: *She had a specific goal to finish the work.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dog Monday was not a specific breed; Jem called him a "plain dog." He had black spots on his yellow fur, and one eye was partly covered by a spot. [Back to B1](#)
2. On this specific afternoon, Rilla was happy with how things were. [Back to B1](#)
3. She wonders if he remembers a specific night.

Statue /'stætʃu:/ (2 occurrences)

Português: estátua

Simple English: Large object shaped like a person or animal from solid material.

Example: *The statue in the park represents a famous historical figure from our city.*

Uses in this book:

1. When he sat on the porch with his tail around his feet, looking into the distance, the Blythe family felt he looked like a god or a statue. [Back to B1](#)
2. Susan sat like a statue, unable to finish her pie because she felt very upset. [Back to B1](#)

steered *stɪrd* (1 occurrence)

Português: guiou

Simple English: To control the direction of a vehicle or boat.

Example: *He steered the car through the busy street.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mary was waving her scarf at a boat being steered by Miller Douglas. [Back to B1](#)

styled *stɑɪld* (3 occurrences)

Português: estilizado

Simple English: to arrange something in a particular way

Example: *Her hair was styled with mud and wire.*

Uses in this book:

1. She also asked if her hair could be styled in a new way that would attract attention. [Back to B1](#)

2. Susan added that Rilla's freckles only appeared in summer, unlike Cousin Sophia's, and that Rilla looked nice with her hair styled that way. [Back to B1](#)

3. She was wearing an elegant dress and her pale, blonde hair was styled in the newest, most fashionable way.

threatened *'θrɛtənd* (3 occurrences)

Português: ameaçou

Simple English: To say you will harm someone or something.

Example: *He threatened to tell the teacher.*

Uses in this book:

1. Miss Cornelia heard that Mr. Pryor threatened to stop going to church if the girls continued to put 'weeds' on the pulpit. [Back to B1](#)

2. The idea of war made him unhappy because it threatened the beauty of life. [Back to B1](#)

3. He threatened the agent with his pitchfork and told him to leave.

topics *'tɒpɪks* (1 occurrence)

Português: tópicos

Simple English: Subjects to talk or write about.

Example: *They discuss serious topics in class.*

Uses in this book:

1. Jerry and Nan went there to have long arguments about serious topics, which seemed to be how they showed affection. [Back to B1](#)

travel *'trævl* (4 occurrences)

Português: viajar

Simple English: To go from one place to another.

Example: *Tarzan likes to travel in wild places.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was not expected because he had to travel that day and would return late. [Back to B1](#)

2. Susan replied that the British navy could not travel on land.

3. They could not call for help, and the bad weather meant no one could travel through the snow drifts that night.

4. She found it very difficult to travel in the storm and almost got stuck.

uneasy *ʌn'i:zi* (1 occurrence)

Português: inquieto

Simple English: Feeling worried or uncomfortable.

Example: *She felt uneasy before the exam.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt uneasy because she did not understand Walter's words. [Back to B1](#)

unimportant *ʌnɪm'pɔ:tənt* (4 occurrences)

Português: sem importância

Simple English: Not important or not worth attention.

Example: *It was an unimportant mistake.*

Uses in this book:

1. Earlier, Kenneth had looked at her as if she was the most important person, but now she felt unimportant. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt less lonely and unimportant.
3. Miss Oliver asked Mr. Meredith if people thought ants were unimportant when an ant-hill was destroyed.
4. Gertrude restlessly commented that even this star event could not make the fact that the Germans were close to Paris again seem unimportant.

unlike /ʌnˈlaɪk/ (6 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. Susan added that Rilla's freckles only appeared in summer, unlike Cousin Sophia's, and that Rilla looked nice with her hair styled that way. [Back to B1](#)
2. Rilla thought Una was very kind, unlike herself, who was sometimes kind and sometimes not.
3. He enjoyed his bath and splashed happily, unlike before when he would twist and cry.
4. Everyone seemed happy and lively, but no one spoke much about the war ending soon, unlike when Jem had left.
5. Unlike the doctor, Rilla never made fun of Gertrude's dreams.

unlikely /ʌnˈlaɪkli/ (2 occurrences)

Português: improvável; susceptíveis; dificilmente

Simple English: Having a low chance of occurring or being.

Example: *It is unlikely that it will rain tomorrow, so let's go outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mary thought it was unlikely that a boy from Toronto like Kenneth would like a country girl like Ethel. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought Irene Howard could help, but it was unlikely because their society had insulted Irene.

unpopular ʌn'pɒpjələr (1 occurrence)

Português: impopular

Simple English: not liked by many people

Example: *Being too successful often makes people unpopular.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt plain and unpopular, and no one asked her to dance except one boy who was also not popular. [Back to B1](#)

unwanted ʌn'wɒntɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: indesejado

Simple English: not wanted or liked

Example: *She gave an unwanted smile during the meeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. Susan once told her that some visits were nice, but others felt like an unwanted interruption. [Back to B1](#)

upbringing 'ʌp,briŋɪŋ (3 occurrences)

Português: criação

Simple English: The way someone is raised by their family

Example: *His upbringing taught him to be honest.*

Uses in this book:

1. Miss Cornelia replied that Mary Vance had a good upbringing and was a smart, capable girl. [Back to B1](#)

2. Cousin Sophia told Rilla that her father would have to pay for Jims's upbringing.

3. She assured Rilla that Jims could visit whenever Rilla wished and that she would welcome Rilla's advice on his upbringing.

useless 'ju:sləs (4 occurrences)

Português: inútil

Simple English: not helpful or effective

Example: *This broken phone is useless.*

Uses in this book:

1. Rilla stopped crying because she felt it was useless. [Back to B1](#)

2. Everyone else seemed busy, but she felt useless and lonely, like a ghost.
3. She asked if the world's pain was like birth pains for a new, wonderful time, or if it was just a useless
4. She dropped the warm cloth she had ready, feeling it was useless.

witty 'wɪti (1 occurrence)

Português: engraçada

Simple English: showing quick and clever humor

Example: *He is witty and makes everyone laugh.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mary Vance was not very popular, but people found her interesting because she was witty. [Back to B1](#)