

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1



MicMac



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

The Golden Road

Lucy Maud Montgomery

A ESTRADA DOURADA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Golden Road

A Estrada Dourada

Lucy Maud Montgomery

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

Lucy Maud 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

The Golden Road é um romance de Lucy Maud Montgomery, ambientado na vila fictícia de Carlisle, na Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. É uma sequência de The Story Girl, continuando as aventuras do mesmo grupo de crianças. A história é narrada por Beverley King, que, junto com seu irmão Felix, seus primos Dan, Felicity e Cecily King, e seus amigos Peter Craig, Sara Stanley (a Contadora de Histórias) e Sara Ray, forma um círculo unido. A premissa central gira em torno da criação de um jornal chamado Our Magazine pelas crianças, que elas mesmas escrevem e editam, narrando suas vidas diárias, sonhos e os pequenos dramas de sua comunidade rural. Os personagens principais incluem a imaginativa e carismática Contadora de Histórias, que cativa a todos com seus contos; a prática Felicity; a sensível Cecily; o travesso Peter; e as duas Saras. O conflito central surge das tensões entre a inocência infantil e as responsabilidades crescentes da adolescência, bem como das lutas das crianças com desafios pessoais, como doença, segredos de família e o medo da mudança. O cenário é a paisagem idílica e

pastoral da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo no final do século XIX, com suas estações mutáveis e laços comunitários estreitos. A progressão segue as crianças ao longo de um ano de aventuras, desde a publicação de seu jornal até a chegada de um estranho misterioso e o desenrolar de uma comovente história de amor. O tom literário é nostálgico, caloroso e levemente humorístico, com um toque de melancolia, capturando a transição agridoce da infância para a idade adulta. O romance explora temas de memória, narrativa e a estrada dourada da jornada da vida, sem revelar o destino final dos personagens.

Nota editorial

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

Em caso de dúvida ou observações, fale conosco.

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FOREWORD

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FOREWORD

Pt/En Once, people walked on a special road called the golden road. It was a beautiful path through a happy place. Light and shadow mixed together, and each part of the road showed something new and lovely to people who were excited and young.

Pt/En On this road, they heard beautiful music, like from the stars. They smelled sweet, light perfumes, like mist in May. They had many light thoughts and hopeful dreams. Their hearts found happiness in dreams. The future looked good, and life felt like a friendly person with flowers.

Pt/En We may have left the golden road far behind, but we remember it fondly. These memories are very important. People who keep these memories might enjoy this book, because its characters are like travellers on the golden road of youth.

A NEW DEPARTURE

Pt/En The narrator said that they had thought of something fun for the winter. This was said as they sat in a circle around a warm fire in Uncle Alec's kitchen.

Pt/En It had been a windy and wet November day, with dark and strange weather at sunset. Outside, the wind made noise at the windows and rain fell on the roof. A large tree moved a lot in the storm, and the orchard sounded strange, like sad music. But the people inside did not worry about the dark and lonely outside world. They kept it away with the fire's light and their happy young voices.

Pt/En The children were playing Blind-Man's Buff. It was fun at first, but then it stopped being fun. Peter was letting himself be caught too easily so he could catch Felicity. The narrator thought this was strange and mentioned that love is not blind.

Pt/En Cecily said she was tired. Her breathing was fast and her cheeks were red from playing. She suggested they sit down and asked the Story Girl to tell them a story.

Pt/En As they sat down, the Story Girl looked at the narrator. She wanted to tell the narrator about a plan they had been making for some days. It was the Story Girl's idea, but she wanted the narrator to suggest it as if it was their own idea.

Pt/En Someone said that Felicity would not agree to the plan if she did not suggest it. Felicity had been difficult lately about things mentioned. If Felicity disagreed, Peter would also disagree. It would not be fun if not everyone was included.

Pt/En Felicity asked what the plan was. She moved her chair a little away from Peter.

Pt/En The speaker suggested that they should start their own newspaper. They could write everything themselves and put their own stories in it. The speaker asked if they thought it would be fun.

Pt/En Most people looked surprised and confused. However, the Story Girl knew what she needed to do, and she did it.

Pt/En One person said it was a silly idea. She shook her long brown hair and asked if they really thought they could start a newspaper.

Pt/En Felicity became angry, just as they had hoped.

Pt/En Felicity said she thought it was a great idea. She asked why they could not create a newspaper as good as those in town. She mentioned that Uncle Roger said the Daily Enterprise newspaper was not good *anymore*, printing only boring news. She believed they could do better and told Sara Stanley that she was not the only one who could do things.

Pt/En Peter said he thought it would be very fun. He explained that his Aunt Jane had helped edit a newspaper at Queen's Academy, and she told him it was *enjoyable* and very *useful*.

Pt/En The Story Girl tried to hide how happy she was by looking down and frowning.

Pt/En She said that Bev wanted to be the editor, but she did not think he could do it because he had no experience. She also mentioned it would be a lot of work.

Pt/En Felicity replied that some people were too afraid of a little difficulty.

Pt/En Cecily said quietly that she thought it would be nice. She added that none of them had experience as editors, just like Bev, so that should not be a *problem*.

Pt/En Dan asked if it would be printed.

Pt/En The *narrator* said that it could not be printed. They would have to write it out and could buy the paper from the teacher.

Pt/En Dan said he did not think it would be much of a newspaper if it was not printed.

Pt/En Felicity told Dan that what he thought did not matter very much.

Pt/En Dan replied, "Thank you."

Pt/En The Story Girl quickly agreed. She did not want Dan to be against their plan, so she said she would join if everyone else wanted to.

She thought it would be fun and that keeping the copies would be a good idea because they would be valuable when they became famous.

Pt/En Felix wondered if any of them would ever become famous.

Pt/En The *narrator* said that the Story Girl would be famous.

Pt/En Felicity was not sure how the Story Girl could be famous, saying she was just like one of them.

Pt/En The *narrator* then said that it was decided they would have a newspaper and that choosing a name for it was the next important step.

Pt/En Felix asked how often they planned to publish the newspaper.

Pt/En They said it would be published once a month.

Pt/En Dan said he thought newspapers usually came out every day, or at least every week.

Pt/En The *narrator* explained that they could not publish it every week because it would be too much work.

Pt/En Dan agreed that less work was better. He knew Felicity wanted to say something but told her to save her breath. He admitted that he never worked if he could find something else to do.

Pt/En Cecily reminded them that having no work to do was even harder.

Pt/En Cecily said this with *disapproval*.

Pt/En Dan *disagreed*, saying he was like an Irishman who wished the person who started work had finished it.

Pt/En Felix asked if it was decided that Bev would be the editor.

Pt/En Felicity answered for everyone that it was decided.

Pt/En Felix suggested that the name should be "The King Monthly Magazine".

Pt/En Peter thought that name sounded good. He moved his chair closer to Felicity.

Pt/En Cecily shyly said that the name would not include Peter, the Story Girl, and Sara Ray. She felt it was not fair because they were part of the project too.

Pt/En The speaker suggested that Cecily should choose the name.

Pt/En Cecily looked at the Story Girl and Felicity. Then, seeing Felicity's look of *disapproval*, she became more *confident*.

Pt/En She thought it would be good to name the magazine "Our Magazine". She said this would make everyone feel like they were part of it.

Pt/En He agreed to call it "Our Magazine" and said everyone would have a part in it. He explained that if he was the editor, everyone else would have to be sub-editors and manage a section.

Pt/En Cecily said she could not do that.

Pt/En He insisted that she must, saying that their motto was like England's, but for Prince Edward Island: everyone must do their duty. He asked what departments they should have to make it like a real newspaper.

Pt/En Felicity suggested they should have an etiquette department, because The Family Guide magazine had one.

Pt/En The speaker said they would *definitely* have it and that Dan would edit it.

Pt/En Felicity was surprised and a little upset because she had hoped she would be asked to edit it herself.

Pt/En Dan said he could write an etiquette column just as well as the person who did it for the Family Guide. He also asked what he should do if no one sent in questions for the etiquette section.

Pt/En The Story Girl suggested that Dan should *invent* some questions himself. She explained that Uncle Roger said the person who wrote for the Family Guide also made up questions because it seemed unlikely so many people would have problems.

Pt/En The speaker told Felicity she would edit the household department, Felix would edit jokes and the Information Bureau, and Cecily would be the fashion editor. The Story Girl was *assigned* the

personals section and was told to make sure there were some in every issue, even if she had to invent them, like Dan with the etiquette questions.

Pt/En The Story Girl said that Bev would manage the scrap book department and also write the editorials. She noticed I was too shy to say this myself.

Pt/En Peter asked if they would have a page for stories.

Pt/En I replied that they would have one if Peter agreed to be the editor for fiction and poetry.

Pt/En Peter was secretly unhappy about this, but he did not want Felicity to see he was worried.

Pt/En He said "All right" without really thinking about it.

Pt/En The speaker explained the rules for their magazine. They said that the scrapbook section could include anything. However, all other parts of the magazine had to be new and written by the person whose name was on them, unless it was a personal message. They encouraged everyone to try their best, saying the magazine would be very interesting and inspiring.

Pt/En The speaker thought they had used two quotes very well. Most of the others looked impressed, but the Story Girl did not seem to be.

Pt/En Cecily asked, sounding a little sad, if there was any job for Sara Ray. She worried that Sara would feel bad if she was not included.

Pt/En The speaker had forgotten about Sara Ray. Usually, only Cecily remembered Sara unless she was present. However, they decided to make Sara the advertising manager, which sounded important but did not mean much.

Pt/En The speaker said they would start the magazine and hoped to release the first issue around January 1st. They felt relieved that the project had started easily. They also warned that Uncle Roger must not see it, because he would make fun of it.

Pt/En Peter was not happy. He felt forced to be the fiction editor. He said he hoped their plan would work.

Pt/En The narrator told him that they would succeed if they really wanted to. They said that if someone is determined, they can find a way to achieve their goals.

Pt/En The Story Girl said that Ursula Townley had said something similar. Ursula said this when her father locked her in her room because she wanted to run away with Kenneth MacNair.

Pt/En The group listened closely, hoping to hear an interesting story.

Pt/En The narrator asked who Ursula Townley and Kenneth MacNair were.

Pt/En The speaker explained that Kenneth MacNair was a cousin of the Awkward Man's grandfather. Ursula Townley was a very beautiful and popular woman on the Island. The speaker asked who had read the story to them from a brown book.

Pt/En The speaker was very surprised and said it could not have been the Awkward Man himself.

Pt/En The Story Girl said that the Awkward Man had read the story to her. She met him in the woods while looking for ferns. He was writing in his brown book. She asked him to read something, and he read her the story of Ursula and Kenneth.

Pt/En Felicity asked how the Story Girl had the courage to ask. Cecily also thought the Story Girl had gone too far.

Pt/En Felix told them to forget that and asked the Story Girl to tell them the story, as that was the most important thing.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she would tell the story as the Awkward Man had read it. She explained that she could not include all his beautiful descriptions because she could not remember them all, even though he had read the story to her two times.

A WILL, A WAY AND A WOMAN

Pt/En More than a hundred years ago, Ursula Townley was waiting for Kenneth MacNair in a large beech forest. Brown nuts were falling, and the wind in October made the leaves move on the ground like dancing people.

Pt/En Peter asked what "pixy-people" were, forgetting that the Story Girl did not like to be interrupted.

Pt/En Cecily whispered for Peter to be quiet. She thought that "pixy-people" was just one of the Awkward Man's special ways of describing things.

Pt/En There were farms between the forest and the sea. But behind these farms and on the sides were woods. Prince Edward Island was very different a hundred years ago. There were not many people, and they lived far apart. Old Hugh Townley even said he knew everyone on the island.

Pt/En Old Hugh was a well-known man. People knew him because he was rich, generous, proud, and strong. He also had a daughter who was the most beautiful young woman on Prince Edward Island.

Pt/En Many young men liked her because she was beautiful. She had so many people who wanted to be her *boyfriend* that the other girls were jealous and disliked her.

Pt/En Dan said quietly that this was true.

Pt/En However, the only man she liked was someone her father, Old Hugh, strongly disliked. This man was Kenneth MacNair, a young sea captain from the next village. Old Hugh had forbidden Kenneth from visiting their home and was very angry about it. The reason for this was a political argument from many years before, when Kenneth's father had won an election against Old Hugh. This old *disagreement* caused a family feud, and because of it, Ursula had to meet Kenneth secretly.

Pt/En Felicity asked if Kenneth MacNair was from a Conservative or Grit political party.

Pt/En The Story Girl said impatiently that it did not matter who Kenneth was, because anyone from a hundred years ago would seem

romantic. Ursula could not see Kenneth very often. This was because Kenneth lived fifteen miles away and was often away from home on his boat. On this particular day, it had been nearly three months since they had last met.

Pt/En The Sunday before, young Sandy MacNair went to church in Carlyle. He had woken up early that morning and walked eight miles along the shore without shoes. He paid a fisherman to take him across the channel. Then he walked another eight miles to the church. He did this mainly to deliver a letter for his brother, Kenneth, rather than for religious reasons. He gave the letter to Ursula in the crowd as people left the church. The letter asked Ursula to meet Kenneth in the beechwood the next afternoon. So, Ursula secretly went to the wood while her father and stepmother thought she was working in the granary loft.

Pt/En Felicity said strictly that it was very wrong of Ursula to deceive her parents.

Pt/En The Story Girl could not disagree with Felicity, so she cleverly changed the subject.

Pt/En The Story Girl said proudly that she was not saying what Ursula Townley should have done. She was only saying what Ursula actually did. She added that if people did not want to hear the story, they did not have to listen. She also mentioned that there would not be many stories if people always did the right thing.

Pt/En When Kenneth arrived, Ursula and he met. They had not seen each other for three months, so their meeting was a little shy at first. After about thirty minutes, Ursula spoke.

Pt/En Ursula told Kenneth she could not stay for long because people would notice her absence. She asked him what the important matter was that he had written about.

Pt/En Kenneth told Ursula his news. He explained that his ship, The Fair Lady, would sail from Charlottetown harbour at dawn the next Saturday. He said the ship was going to Buenos Ayres and that this journey meant a safe return by May.

Pt/En Ursula was shocked when she heard this. She became pale and started to cry. She asked Kenneth how he could think of leaving her and called him cruel.

Pt/En Kenneth laughed and told Ursula not to worry. He explained that the captain of The Fair Lady would take his bride with him. He suggested they would spend their honeymoon at sea and the winter in a warm, southern place.

Pt/En Ursula asked Kenneth if he wanted her to run away with him.

Pt/En Kenneth replied that there was nothing else they could do.

Pt/En Ursula protested that she could not go, mentioning her father.

Pt/En Kenneth said they would not ask her father until later. He urged Ursula to come, saying it was the only way and that they had always known this would happen. He explained that her father would not forgive him because of his own father. He asked her not to fail him, and to think about how sad it would be to part for a long time if she sent him away alone on his voyage. He encouraged her to be brave, and they could ignore the old family arguments and sail south on The Fair Lady. He told her he had a plan.

Pt/En Ursula asked to hear his plan, and she started to feel calmer.

Pt/En Someone asked Ursula if she was invited to a dance at The Springs on Friday night.

Pt/En Ursula answered yes.

Pt/En The speaker said he was not invited but would be in the fir grove behind the house with two horses. He asked Ursula to meet him there when the dancing was *busiest*. He explained that it was a fifteen-mile ride to Charlottetown, where a minister, his friend, would marry them. He added that by the time the dancers were tired, they would be on a *ship*, free from problems.

Pt/En Ursula asked what would happen if she did not meet him in the fir grove.

Pt/En He replied that if she did not meet him, he would sail to South America the next morning, and Kenneth MacNair would not return for many years.

Pt/En Ursula thought Kenneth wanted her to run away with him, so she agreed. Felicity thought this was wrong. Felicity believed Ursula should have waited for a proper wedding with a silk dress and presents,

but Ursula did not do this. She was not as careful as Felicity would have been.

Pt/En Felicity called Ursula a "shameless hussy". Felicity was angry at Ursula, who was already dead. She could not show her anger to the Story Girl, so she directed it at Ursula instead.

Pt/En Felicity was told that Ursula was just a spirited girl. The speaker said they would have done the same. On Friday night, Ursula prepared for a dance with a brave heart. She was going to The Springs with her uncle and aunt. They would travel in old Hugh's carriage, which was the only one in Carlyle. They planned to arrive before dark because the October nights were long and the roads were difficult.

Pt/En When Ursula was ready, she looked in the mirror and was pleased with her appearance. She was wearing a sea-green silk dress that had been brought from England a year before and worn only once. It was a fine, stiff silk. The dress made Ursula's red cheeks and bright eyes stand out, along with her dark brown hair.

Pt/En As Ursula turned from the mirror, she heard her father shouting angrily downstairs. She became pale and ran into the hall. Her father was coming upstairs, very angry. Downstairs, Ursula saw her stepmother looking worried. At the door was Malcolm Ramsay, a local young man who had liked Ursula for a long time. Ursula had always disliked him.

Pt/En Old Hugh called Ursula. He told her to say that a man was lying. The man said Ursula met Kenneth MacNair in the beechgrove last Tuesday. Hugh wanted Ursula to say this was not true.

Pt/En Ursula was not afraid. She looked at Ramsay in a way that showed she did not respect him.

Pt/En Ursula told Hugh that the man was a spy, but he was telling the truth about one thing. She said that she did meet Kenneth MacNair last Tuesday.

Pt/En Old Hugh was very angry that Ursula admitted meeting Kenneth MacNair. He ordered her back to her room immediately. He told her to take off her nice clothes, that she could not go to any more dances, and that she must stay in her room until he decided to let her out. He also told her to take her knitting and do that instead of going to a dance.

Pt/En Hugh threw a roll of knitting into Ursula's room. Ursula knew she had to go in, or he would carry her. She gave Ramsay a look that made him feel bad, and then walked into her room proudly. The door was locked behind her. She was very angry, ashamed, and disappointed. She walked around her room to calm down. She could hear her uncle and aunt leaving in their carriage, which did not make her feel better.

Pt/En Ursula was very upset and crying. She worried that Kenneth would be very angry with her because he might think she had failed him. She wanted to send him a message to explain, but she could not find a way. She felt desperate and thought about jumping from the window, but knew it would not solve her problem.

Pt/En The afternoon went by. As the sun began to set, Ursula heard horses. She looked out and saw Andrew Kinnear tying his horse. He was a confident young man and a friend of her father. Ursula thought he would be at a dance that night and hoped she could speak with him for a moment.

Pt/En After Andrew went inside, Ursula turned from the window and almost fell over a large ball of yarn her father had left on the floor. She looked at it for a moment, then decided to use it. She quickly wrote a short note to Kenneth MacNair. She then unwound some of the gray yarn, attached the note, and rewound the yarn to hide it. She thought a gray ball would not be noticed easily, unlike a white paper. Then, she quietly opened her window and waited.

Pt/En It was getting dark when Andrew left. Luckily, her father did not come to the door with him. As Andrew untied his horse, Ursula threw the yarn ball. She aimed carefully, and it hit Andrew squarely on the head, just as she had planned. Andrew looked up at her window. Ursula leaned out, put her finger to her lips as a warning, pointed to the ball, and nodded. Andrew looked a little confused. He picked up the ball, got on his horse, and rode away quickly.

Pt/En Ursula felt that things were going well so far. But she wondered if Andrew would understand her message. She questioned if he was clever enough to look inside the large yarn ball for the hidden note. She also wondered if he would actually go to the dance.

Pt/En The evening passed very slowly for Ursula. She felt restless and couldn't sleep. Around midnight, she heard small stones hitting her

window. She quickly looked out and saw Kenneth MacNair standing in the dark below.

Pt/En Ursula asked Kenneth if he had received her letter and if it was safe for him to be there.

Pt/En Kenneth replied that it was safe. He explained that Ursula's father was asleep and he had waited for his light to go out. He told Ursula to come down quickly, as the horses were ready, and they could still reach Charlottetown by morning.

Pt/En Ursula told Kenneth that she was locked in, but asked him to get the ladder from behind the new barn.

Pt/En A short time later, Ursula, wearing a hood and *cloak*, climbed down the ladder quietly. Within minutes, she and Kenneth were riding away on the road.

Pt/En Kenneth told Ursula that they had a *challenging* ride ahead.

Pt/En Ursula told Kenneth she would ride with him anywhere. The *narrator* notes that people were less *formal* then. As the sun rose over the sea, The Fair Lady *ship* left Charlottetown harbour. On the deck, Kenneth and Ursula MacNair stood together. Ursula held a ball of gray yarn, which was very important to her.

Pt/En Dan *yawned* and said he liked that kind of story because nobody died in it, which he thought was good.

Pt/En The *narrator* asked if old Hugh had forgiven Ursula.

Pt/En The Story Girl explained that the story in the brown book ended there, but the Awkward Man said Hugh eventually forgave Ursula.

Pt/En Cecily said that she thought it must be romantic to be run away with. She sounded a little sad.

Pt/En Felicity told Cecily King not to have such silly ideas. She spoke in a serious way.

THE CHRISTMAS HARP

Pt/En Everyone in the King family was very excited because Christmas was coming soon. There were many secrets. People saved money for weeks and checked their savings carefully every day. They hid handmade gifts and had quiet talks about them. Nobody was jealous, which was unusual. Felicity and her mother were busy preparing for the holiday. Aunt Janet did not include Cecily and the Story Girl in these preparations, and Felicity seemed happy about this. Cecily was unhappy about being left out and told me about it.

Pt/En Cecily told me she was part of the family just like Felicity. She was angry that Felicity did not let her help with anything. Cecily explained that when she offered to prepare raisins for the mince-meat, Felicity refused, saying she would do it herself because Christmas mince-meat was very special. Cecily felt that Felicity acted like she knew much more about cooking than others, and this made Cecily very angry.

Pt/En I told Cecily that it would be good if Felicity made a mistake in her cooking sometimes. Then, perhaps, Felicity would not think she was better than everyone else.

Pt/En Aunts Janet and Olivia kept all the packages that arrived from friends. They would open them on the day of the feast. The last week before Christmas felt very long. Finally, Christmas day came. It was cold and frosty outside, but inside the house was warm and full of joy. Uncle Roger, Aunt Olivia, and the Story Girl came to visit early. Peter also came, and everyone was happy to see him. They had been worried he might not be able to spend Christmas with them because his mother wanted him to stay home.

Pt/En Peter told the narrator sadly that he should go home. He explained that his mother could not afford to buy a turkey for their Christmas dinner. He also said his mother cried on holidays because they reminded her of his father, which made things not cheerful. Peter remembered that Aunt Jane used to say no man was worth crying over. He thought he would have to spend Christmas at home.

Pt/En However, at the last minute, a cousin of Mrs. Craig's invited her to spend Christmas in Charlottetown. Peter was then given a choice: he could go with his mother or stay. He happily chose to stay with his

friends. So, everyone was together, except for Sara Ray. Sara had been invited, but her mother did not allow her to come.

Pt/En The Story Girl said angrily that Sara Ray's mother was a nuisance. She believed the mother tried to make her daughter unhappy and would not let her go to the party that night.

Pt/En Cecily said with sympathy that it was making Sara very sad that she couldn't go. Cecily worried that she might not enjoy herself because she would be thinking of Sara, who was probably home alone reading the Bible while they were at the party.

Pt/En Felicity told her that Sara might be doing something more useful than reading the Bible.

Pt/En Cecily explained that Mrs. Ray made Sara read the Bible as a punishment. When Sara cried to go somewhere, Mrs. Ray made her read seven chapters. Cecily thought this would not make Sara like the Bible. She also worried that she would not be able to talk about the party with Sara afterwards, which would spoil half the fun.

Pt/En Felix tried to comfort Cecily by saying she could tell Sara all about the party.

Pt/En Cecily replied that just telling Sara was not the same as talking it over, because it felt like only one person was talking.

Pt/En Opening presents was exciting. Everyone got enough gifts to feel they were not forgotten. The Story Girl received a box from her father in Paris with many beautiful things. Inside was a new dark red silk dress with many ruffles and bows, and matching red satin slippers with gold buckles. Aunt Janet was shocked by the high heels. Felicity said she thought the Story Girl would get tired of wearing so much red. Cecily told the narrator that when you receive too many gifts at once, you do not appreciate them as much as when you get only a few.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she would never get tired of the colour red. She explained that she loved it because it was rich and glowing. She felt much smarter and had many new thoughts when she wore red clothes. She called her red dress a darling, silky thing.

Pt/En She put the dress on her shoulder and danced around the kitchen.

Pt/En Aunt Janet told the Story Girl not to be silly. Aunt Janet was a kind woman, but she thought it was strange that her sister's daughter could wear silk dresses. Aunt Janet's own daughters had to wear simpler cotton dresses because silk dresses were very rare and expensive at that time.

Pt/En The Story Girl also received a present from the Awkward Man. It was a small, old book that looked worn and had many marks inside.

Pt/En Felicity exclaimed that the book was old and not new. She said she did not think the Awkward Man was mean, no matter what else he might be.

Pt/En The Story Girl told Felicity that she did not understand. The Story Girl explained that she liked the old book much more than a new one. She said it was a book the owner had read many times and loved. It was like a friend. A new book would not mean anything to her. She felt it was a great honor that the owner gave her this book and she was very proud of it.

Pt/En Felicity replied that she did not understand and did not want to. She said she would only give new Christmas presents and would not thank anyone for an old one.

Pt/En Peter was very happy because Felicity gave him a present that she made herself. It was a bookmark with a picture of a goblet. Below it, it said, "Touch Not The Cup." Peter did not drink alcohol, so it was strange for Felicity to choose this message. But Peter was happy, and no one criticized his gift. Later, Felicity told the narrator that she made the bookmark for Peter because his father used to drink before he left.

Pt/En Felicity explained that she thought Peter should be warned early.

Pt/En Even Pat received a blue ribbon, but he quickly lost it. Pat did not care about decorating himself.

Pt/En They had a wonderful Christmas dinner, eating much more than was healthy. They felt safe and happy on that special day. In the evening, they went to a party at Kitty Marr's house.

Pt/En It was a pleasant December evening. The air was mild, like autumn, and there was no snow. The fields were brown and quiet. A

calm, dreamlike feeling was over the land, the woods, and the meadows. Nature seemed to be resting before the long winter.

Pt/En At first, Aunt Janet said they could not go to the party. But Uncle Alec agreed, perhaps because Cecily looked sad. Uncle Alec liked Cecily very much and was very kind to her. The narrator noticed that Cecily was paler and thinner than before, and looked tired. Uncle Alec told Aunt Janet he did not want Cecily to look like her Aunt Felicity.

Pt/En Aunt Janet said that Cecily was fine and was just growing quickly. She told Uncle Alec not to be silly.

Pt/En After this talk, Cecily was given cream to drink, while others had only milk. Aunt Janet also made sure Cecily wore her rubbers when she went outside.

Pt/En On a happy Christmas evening, no one felt worried. Cecily looked very pretty. Felicity was beautiful. The Story Girl looked charming in her red dress. However, Aunt Olivia said she could not wear her red satin shoes and must wear strong shoes instead.

Pt/En Aunt Olivia told someone that she understood how they felt about their shoes. But she explained that the roads in December were wet. She said that if they were going to walk to Marrs', they could not wear those fancy shoes, even with boots. Aunt Olivia asked them to be brave and show they cared more about important things than small red satin shoes.

Pt/En Uncle Roger commented that the red silk dress would make the other girls at the party sad. He also said that wearing the slippers would upset them. He advised Sara not to wear them, so that the other girls could still have a little bit of happiness.

Pt/En Felicity quietly asked what Uncle Roger meant.

Pt/En Dan said that Uncle Roger meant the girls were jealous because of the Story Girl's dress.

Pt/En Felicity said she was not a jealous person. She added that the other girl could have the dress, especially because of her good complexion.

Pt/En Everyone enjoyed the party a lot. They also enjoyed the walk home afterwards. They walked through dark fields with starlight on them.

The constellation Orion was high in the sky, and a red moon was rising. A small river flowed near them for part of the way, making a happy sound as they walked in the dark.

Pt/En Felicity and Peter did not walk with the others. Peter must have been very happy that Christmas night. When they left the Marr house, he had asked Felicity if he could walk her home. To everyone's surprise, Felicity took his arm and they left together. She seemed very proper and was not bothered by Dan's mocking shout. The narrator wanted to ask the Story Girl to walk home with him but was too afraid. He was jealous of Peter's easy manner. So, Dan, Felix, Cecily, the Story Girl, and the narrator walked hand in hand. They walked through James Frewen's woods, staying a little closer together because they thought the woods might be strange. The wind in the fir trees made a loud, deep sound high above them. This music from the wind might have reminded the Story Girl of an old story.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she had read a nice story the night before from one of Aunt Olivia's books. She said the story was called 'The Christmas Harp'. She asked if they would like to hear it, thinking it would be a good story for that part of the road.

Pt/En Cecily asked nervously if the story had any ghosts in it.

Pt/En The story was about a young shepherd who loved music but found it hard to play his harp. He wanted to share the beautiful music in his heart. One Christmas night, angels appeared to the shepherds. At that moment, the young shepherd's harp began to play the same music as the angels. He understood that this music expressed all his deepest wishes. From then on, his harp always played this special music. He traveled the world sharing it. Wherever the music was heard, people stopped fighting and became peaceful and kind. No one could feel angry or hopeless after hearing it. The music became part of everyone who listened. The shepherd grew old, but he continued to travel and share the music. Near the end of his life, he fell by the road. A shining figure told him that the music came from the goodness in his own soul. The figure explained that his gift of music to the world would never end. When the sun rose, the old shepherd was dead, smiling, with a broken harp.

Pt/En They finished the story as they left the woods. Their home was on the hill across from them. A light in the kitchen window showed that Aunt Janet was still awake, waiting for the children to come home safely.

Pt/En Dan said their mother was waiting up for them. He thought it would be funny if she opened the door just as Felicity and Peter arrived. He guessed she would be angry because it was almost midnight.

Pt/En Cecily said Christmas was almost over. She asked if it had been a nice one, as it was the first time they had all spent it together. She wondered if they would ever spend another Christmas together.

Pt/En Dan replied happily that they would spend many more Christmases together. He asked why not.

Pt/En Cecily answered that she didn't know. She walked a little slower. She felt that things were too pleasant and might not continue.

Pt/En Dan said that if Willy Fraser had been as brave as Peter, Miss Cecily King might not have been so sad. He said this meaningfully.

Pt/En Cecily shook her head and did not want to reply. She thought that a self-respecting young lady must ignore some remarks.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Pt/En After a white Christmas, we had a white New Year because of heavy snow. It was very *wintery* in the orchard. The snow made the paths look like ivory and crystal. The bare trees looked *magical* against the snow. The *area* near Uncle Stephen's Walk was covered in smooth snow, looking like a beautiful, clean street.

Pt/En On New Year's Eve, we were in Uncle Alec's kitchen. The Story Girl and Peter were there. Sara Ray's mother said she could come but had to be home by eight o'clock. Cecily was happy to see her. However, the boys did not like it when Sara Ray came because Aunt Janet made one of them walk her home after dark. They hated this because Sara Ray was always very aware of having an escort. They knew she would later tell her friends that someone had walked her home, making it sound like a special event. The boys felt that being made to walk her home was different from choosing to walk a young lady home, and they thought Sara Ray should understand this.

Pt/En Outside, a bright pink sunset was behind cold fir trees. Long snowy fields looked pink in the light from the west. Snow piles near the fields and on the path looked like marble waves with *foamy* tops, as if by magic.

Pt/En Slowly, the bright colours faded, and a *magical* winter twilight began as the moon rose. The sky was a deep blue. Stars appeared over the white valleys, and the earth looked like a beautiful carpet for the new year.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she was happy it snowed. She felt that if it hadn't, the New Year would have seemed old and dull. She thought the idea of a New Year was serious because it had 365 days that had not happened yet.

Pt/En Felix replied that he did not expect anything very exciting to happen in those days. He felt life was boring because it was his turn to go home with Sara Ray.

Pt/En Cecily said she was a little scared thinking about all the things that might happen. She remembered Miss Marwood saying that what

matters most in the end is what we do during the year, not what we receive from it.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she was always happy to see a New Year. She wished they could celebrate like people in Norway. In Norway, she explained, the whole family stayed awake until midnight. Then, when it was twelve o'clock, the father opened the door to welcome the New Year. She thought it was a lovely custom.

Pt/En Dan said that if their mother allowed them to stay up until midnight, they could do that too. However, he added that she never would, and he thought this was unfair.

Pt/En The Story Girl stated firmly that if she ever had children, she would let them stay up late to watch the New Year arrive.

Pt/En Peter agreed with her, saying he would also let his children stay up. But he added that on other nights, they would have to go to bed at seven o'clock.

Pt/En Felicity told them they should be ashamed for talking about such things, looking shocked.

Pt/En Peter felt shy and moved back. He thought he had broken a rule from the Family Guide.

Pt/En He quietly said that he did not know it was wrong to mention children.

Pt/En The Story Girl suggested that they should make some New Year resolutions, saying that New Year's Eve was the right time for them.

Pt/En Felicity said she could not think of any resolutions she wanted to make because she was happy with herself.

Pt/En Dan replied in a joking way that he could suggest some resolutions for her.

Pt/En Cecily said she wanted to make many things, but she was afraid it would be too difficult to keep them all.

Pt/En The narrator suggested that they all make a few things just for fun and try to keep them. They also decided to get paper and ink to write them down, which would make the promises feel more serious and important.

Pt/En The Story Girl suggested pinning the written promises on their bedroom walls. She also said that every time someone broke a promise, they should put a cross next to it. This would show their progress and make them feel ashamed if they had too many crosses.

Pt/En Felix suggested *creating* a special *list* in their magazine called a "Roll of Honour." Each month, they would publish the names of the people who kept all their promises perfectly.

Pt/En Felicity thought the whole idea was silly, but she joined the group around the table. For a long time, she sat with an empty sheet of paper in front of her.

Pt/En The *narrator* suggested that everyone should make a resolution, and he would go first.

Pt/En He remembered with embarrassment some *recent* arguments he had with Felicity. Then, he wrote carefully,

Pt/En he would try to always keep his temper.

Pt/En Felicity said in a helpful way that he had better do that.

Pt/En It was Dan's turn next.

Pt/En He said he could not think of anything to begin with, and he was biting his penholder hard.

Pt/En Felicity suggested that he could make a promise not to eat *poisonous* berries.

Pt/En Dan replied that it would be better for him to make a promise not to *annoy* people all the time.

Pt/En Cecily asked them not to *argue* on the last night of the old year.

Pt/En Sara Ray suggested that he could promise not to *argue* at any time.

Pt/En Dan *disagreed*, saying that some promises are impossible to keep. He explained that in his family, you must *argue* with certain people to live. However, he decided he would not do things just to *annoy* others.

Pt/En Felicity was in a very bad mood that night and laughed unpleasantly. Cecily gave her a strong *push*, which likely stopped Felicity from saying anything more.

Pt/En Felix wrote that he would not eat any apples.

Pt/En Peter asked Felix in surprise why he wanted to stop eating apples.

Pt/En Felix replied that it was not important.

Pt/En Felicity sweetly told them that eating apples could make people fat.

Pt/En The *narrator* said doubtfully that it seemed like a strange kind of resolution. They thought resolutions should be about stopping bad habits or doing good things.

Pt/En Felix defiantly said that the *narrator* could make resolutions that suited them, and he would make resolutions that suited himself.

Pt/En Peter carefully wrote that he would never get drunk.

Pt/En The Story Girl said in surprise that Peter never got drunk anyway.

Pt/En Peter argued that it would be easier to keep the resolution.

Pt/En Dan complained that it was not fair. He said that if everyone made a resolution not to do things they never did, they would all be on the Roll of Honour.

Pt/En Felicity told them to leave Peter alone. She said it was a very good resolution and that everyone should make it.

Pt/En The Story Girl wrote that she would not be jealous.

Pt/En The *narrator* asked, surprised, if she was jealous.

Pt/En The Story Girl blushed and agreed. She said she knew one thing, but she would not say what it was.

Pt/En Sara Ray also admitted that she felt jealous sometimes. She decided her first promise would be to try not to feel jealous when other girls at school talked about being sick.

Pt/En Felix asked in surprise if she wanted to be sick.

Pt/En Sara Ray explained that being sick made a person feel important.

Pt/En Cecily wrote that she planned to improve her mind by reading good books and listening to older people.

Pt/En Felicity cried that the information came from the Sunday School paper.

Pt/En Cecily said with dignity that it was not important where she got it. She added that the most important thing was to keep it.

Pt/En The *narrator* told Felicity that it was her turn.

Pt/En Felicity tossed her beautiful golden head.

Pt/En Felicity explained that she was not going to make any resolutions and told the *narrator* to go on themselves.

Pt/En The *narrator* wrote that they would always study their grammar lesson. However, they really hated grammar a lot.

Pt/En Sara Ray agreed and said she also hated grammar. She thought it was not important.

Pt/En Sara liked using big words, but she did not always use the *correct* word. The *narrator* thought that Sara probably meant "uninteresting" when she said "unimportant".

Pt/En Dan wrote that he would not get angry at Felicity if he could *avoid* it.

Pt/En Felicity exclaimed that she was sure she never did anything to make Dan angry.

Pt/En Peter said he didn't think it was polite to make rules for his sisters.

Pt/En Felicity said he could not keep his promise because he had a very bad temper.

Pt/En Dan said it was a family *problem* and he broke his promise very quickly.

Pt/En Felicity teased him, saying that was *typical*.

Pt/En Felix wrote that he would do all his *math* problems without any help.

Pt/En Sara Ray sighed and said she wished she could solve a problem, but it would not be useful. She explained that she needed Judy Pineau to help her with the difficult multiplication homework from school. Sara said that Judy was not a good reader and could not spell at all, but she was very good at math. Sara felt hopeless and was sure she would never understand compound multiplication.

Pt/En Sara said that multiplication was a problem.

Pt/En She also said that division was just as bad.

Pt/En She found the rule of three confusing.

Pt/En And she felt fractions made her feel crazy.

Pt/En Dan was quoted.

Pt/En Sara sighed that she had not yet learned fractions. She hoped she would be too old for school before she had to learn them. She disliked math but really loved geography.

Pt/En Peter wrote that he would not play a game on the blank pages of his hymn book during church.

Pt/En Felicity asked in shock if someone had ever done such a thing.

Pt/En Peter nodded, looking ashamed.

Pt/En The speaker explained that on a Sunday when Mr. Bailey preached, he felt very tired because the sermon was very long. He also said he did not understand what the preacher was talking about. So, he played a game with a boy from Markdale while sitting in the gallery.

Pt/En Felicity told the speaker seriously that she hoped he would not play games in their pew if he did it again.

Pt/En Peter replied that he would not do it again because he felt bad for the rest of the day.

Pt/En The Story Girl wrote that she would try not to get upset when people interrupted her stories, but she added with a sigh that it would be difficult.

Pt/En Felicity said that she did not mind being interrupted.

Pt/En Cecily wrote that she would try to be cheerful and smile all the time.

Pt/En Sara Ray said loyally that Cecily was cheerful all the time.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she did not think they should be cheerful all the time, because the Bible says people should cry with those who are sad.

Pt/En Cecily suggested that maybe they should cry in a cheerful way.

Pt/En Dan said it was like feeling sorry for someone but being glad that you were not in their difficult situation.

Pt/En Felicity told Dan not to be disrespectful.

Pt/En The Story Girl said she knew a story about Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. Mrs. Davidson always smiled, which annoyed her husband. He once asked her why she was smiling. She explained that everything was so nice and pleasant that she had to smile.

Pt/En Later, many bad things happened: their crops failed, their best cow died, Mrs. Davidson got sick, and Mr. Davidson broke his leg. But Mrs. Davidson still smiled. Her husband asked her why she was smiling now. She replied that everything was so dark and unpleasant that she had to smile. He told her she should rest her face sometimes.

Pt/En Sara Ray wrote that she would not talk about gossip.

Pt/En Cecily asked Sara if she thought that was too strict. Cecily explained that mean gossip was wrong, but harmless gossip was okay. She gave an example: saying Emmy MacPhail would get a new fur collar was harmless, but saying she couldn't afford it because her father owed money for oats would be mean gossip. Cecily advised Sara to only write about mean gossip.

Pt/En Sara agreed to the change.

Pt/En The speaker stated that their third promise was to be polite to everyone, and this promise was accepted without any discussion.

Pt/En Dan wrote that he would try not to use slang because Cecily did not like it.

Pt/En Felicity said that she thought some slang sounded very nice.

Pt/En Dan smiled and said that the Family Guide called slang very common or *unrefined*. He asked Sara Stanley if she agreed.

Pt/En The Story Girl asked them not to disturb her because she was thinking a beautiful thought.

Pt/En Felicity announced she had decided to make a resolution. She remembered Mr. Marwood had said that thinking beautiful thoughts would make their lives beautiful. So, she planned to think one beautiful thought each morning before eating breakfast.

Pt/En Dan asked if she could only think of one beautiful thought each day.

Pt/En The *narrator* asked why she wanted to think the thought before breakfast.

Pt/En Peter said it was easier to think on an empty stomach, but Felicity looked at him angrily.

Pt/En She explained with dignity that she chose that time. She said that when she brushes her hair in the morning, she will see her resolution in the mirror and remember it.

Pt/En The Story Girl said that Mr. Marwood meant all their thoughts should be beautiful. She explained that if thoughts were beautiful, people would not be afraid to say what they think.

Pt/En Felix said strongly that people should not be afraid to say what they think. He decided he would always say exactly what he thought.

Pt/En Dan asked if Felix expected to live through the year if he did that.

Pt/En The Story Girl said it might be easy to say what you think if you were always sure what you thought. She added that she often could not be sure.

Pt/En Felicity asked Felix how he would feel if people always told him exactly what they thought.

Pt/En Felix replied that he did not care much what some people thought about him.

Pt/En Felicity then said that Felix did not like it when anyone told him he was fat.

Pt/En Poor Cecily sadly asked them to stop saying sarcastic things to each other. She said it sounded bad on the last night of the year and wondered where they would all be next year. She then told Peter it was his turn.

Pt/En Peter wrote that he would try to say his prayers every night regularly. He added that he would not say them twice one night because he might not have time the next day, as he did the night before the party.

Pt/En Felicity told Peter that she thought he only prayed when he went to church. She mentioned that she had not helped him go to church and had actually been against it.

Pt/En Peter answered that he did pray. He explained that his Aunt Jane had taught him. His mother was too busy because his father had left, and she had to work day and night.

Pt/En The Story Girl wrote that she would learn to cook, and she looked *unhappy*.

Pt/En Felicity started to tell the Story Girl not to make certain kinds of puddings, but she stopped suddenly. Cecily had nudged her, perhaps remembering the Story Girl's promise not to tell stories if she was teased about a pudding made from sawdust. Everyone knew what Felicity had meant to say, and the Story Girl looked at her angrily.

Pt/En Sara Ray wrote that she would not cry because her mother would not starch her aprons.

Pt/En Dan kindly suggested that Sara should try not to cry about anything.

Pt/En Sara Ray sadly shook her head.

Pt/En Sara answered that it was too *difficult* to keep that promise. She said that sometimes she felt she needed to cry, and it made her feel better.

Pt/En Dan quietly told Cecily that it was not a relief to the people who had to hear her crying.

Pt/En Cecily whispered back for Dan to be quiet and not to hurt Sara's feelings on their last night of the year. Cecily said she would try not to worry about her hair not being curly, but she would always wish it was.

Pt/En Dan asked her why she did not curl her hair like she did before.

Pt/En Cecily replied sadly that she had not used curl papers since Peter was very ill with measles. She explained that she had decided not to because she was not sure it was the right thing to do.

Pt/En The writer wrote that they would keep their *fingernails* neat and clean. They said they had made four promises and would not make any more because four was enough.

Pt/En Felix wrote that he would always think twice before he spoke.

Pt/En Dan commented that Felix's promise was a waste of time. However, Dan thought Felix would need to do it if he always said what he thought.

Pt/En Peter said he would stop with three.

Pt/En The Story Girl wrote that she wanted to have all the good times she could.

Pt/En Dan said that he thought it was sensible.

Pt/En Felix commented that it was an easy promise to keep.

Pt/En Sara Ray wrote that she would try to like reading the Bible.

Pt/En Felicity exclaimed that they should enjoy reading the Bible without trying.

Pt/En Sara Ray spiritedly retorted that if someone had to read seven chapters of the Bible every time they were naughty, they would not like it either.

Pt/En Cecily decided that she would try to believe only half of what she heard.

Pt/En Dan scoffed and asked which half she would believe.

Pt/En Sweet Cecily simply said she would believe the best half.

Pt/En Sara Ray wrote that she would try to always obey her mother. She sighed because she knew it would be hard. She also said that she would only make one thing.

Pt/En The Story Girl said that Felicity had only made one.

Pt/En Felicity said proudly that she thought it was better to make just one thing and keep it, rather than make many and not keep them.

Pt/En Felicity had the last word because it was time for Sara Ray to leave. Their group broke up. Sara and Felix went away, and the others watched them go down the lane in the moonlight. Sara walked carefully in one track, and Felix walked seriously in another. The *narrator* thought her mischievous brother did not notice the beautiful, shining night.

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FOREWORD

PT Once upon a time we all walked on the golden road. It was a fair highway, through the Land of Lost Delight; shadow and sunshine were blessedly mingled, and every turn and dip revealed a fresh charm and a new loveliness to eager hearts and unspoiled eyes.

PT On that road we heard the song of morning stars; we drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as a May mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes; our hearts sought and found the boon of dreams; the years waited beyond and they were very fair; life was a rose-lipped comrade with purple flowers dripping from her fingers.

PT We may long have left the golden road behind, but its memories are the dearest of our eternal possessions; and those who cherish them as such may haply find a pleasure in the pages of this book, whose people are pilgrims on the golden road of youth.

A NEW DEPARTURE

PT "I've thought of something amusing for the winter," I said as we drew into a half-circle around the glorious wood-fire in Uncle Alec's kitchen.

PT It had been a day of wild November wind, closing down into a wet, eerie twilight. Outside, the wind was shrilling at the windows and around the eaves, and the rain was playing on the roof. The old willow at the gate was writhing in the storm and the orchard was a place of weird music, born of all the tears and fears that haunt the halls of night. But little we cared for the gloom and the loneliness of the outside world; we kept them at bay with the light of the fire and the laughter of our young lips.

PT We had been having a splendid game of Blind-Man's Buff. That is, it had been splendid at first; but later the fun went out of it because we found that Peter was, of malice prepense, allowing himself to be caught too easily, in order that he might have the pleasure of catching Felicity—which he never failed to do, no matter how tightly his eyes were bound. What remarkable goose said that love is blind? Love can see through five folds of closely-woven muffler with ease!

PT "I'm getting tired," said Cecily, whose breath was coming rather quickly and whose pale cheeks had bloomed into scarlet. "Let's sit down and get the Story Girl to tell us a story."

PT But as we dropped into our places the Story Girl shot a significant glance at me which intimated that this was the psychological moment for introducing the scheme she and I had been secretly developing for some days. It was really the Story Girl's idea and none of mine. But she had insisted that I should make the suggestion as coming wholly from myself.

PT "If you don't, Felicity won't agree to it. You know yourself, Bev, how contrary she's been lately over anything I mention. And if she goes against it Peter will too—the ninny!—and it wouldn't be any fun if we weren't all in it."

PT "What is it?" asked Felicity, drawing her chair slightly away from Peter's.

PT "It is this. Let us get up a newspaper of our own—write it all ourselves, and have all we do in it. Don't you think we can get a lot of fun out of it?"

PT Everyone looked rather blank and amazed, except the Story Girl. She knew what she had to do, and she did it.

PT "What a silly idea!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous toss of her long brown curls. "Just as if WE could get up a newspaper!"

PT Felicity fired up, exactly as we had hoped.

PT "I think it's a splendid idea," she said enthusiastically. "I'd like to know why we couldn't get up as good a newspaper as they have in town! Uncle Roger says the Daily Enterprise has gone to the dogs—all the news it prints is that some old woman has put a shawl on her head and gone across the road to have tea with another old woman. I guess we could do better than that. You needn't think, Sara Stanley, that nobody but you can do anything."

PT "I think it would be great fun," said Peter decidedly. "My Aunt Jane helped edit a paper when she was at Queen's Academy, and she said it was very amusing and helped her a great deal."

PT The Story Girl could hide her delight only by dropping her eyes and frowning.

PT "Bev wants to be editor," she said, "and I don't see how he can, with no experience. Anyhow, it would be a lot of trouble."

PT "Some people are so afraid of a little bother," retorted Felicity.

PT "I think it would be nice," said Cecily timidly, "and none of us have any experience of being editors, any more than Bev, so that wouldn't matter."

PT "Will it be printed?" asked Dan.

PT "Oh, no," I said. "We can't have it printed. We'll just have to write it out—we can buy foolscap from the teacher."

PT "I don't think it will be much of a newspaper if it isn't printed," said Dan scornfully.

PT "It doesn't matter very much what YOU think," said Felicity.

PT "Thank you," retorted Dan.

PT "Of course," said the Story Girl hastily, not wishing to have Dan turned against our project, "if all the rest of you want it I'll go in for it too. I daresay it would be real good fun, now that I come to think of it. And we'll keep the copies, and when we become famous they'll be quite valuable."

PT "I wonder if any of us ever will be famous," said Felix.

PT "The Story Girl will be," I said.

PT "I don't see how she can be," said Felicity skeptically. "Why, she's just one of us."

PT "Well, it's decided, then, that we're to have a newspaper," I resumed briskly. "The next thing is to choose a name for it. That's a very important thing."

PT "How often are you going to publish it?" asked Felix.

PT "Once a month."

PT "I thought newspapers came out every day, or every week at least," said Dan.

PT "We couldn't have one every week," I explained. "It would be too much work."

PT "Well, that's an argument," admitted Dan. "The less work you can get along with the better, in my opinion. No, Felicity, you needn't say it. I know exactly what you want to say, so save your breath to cool your porridge. I agree with you that I never work if I can find anything else to do."

PT "Remember it is harder still To have no work to do,"

PT quoted Cecily reprovingly.

PT "I don't believe THAT," rejoined Dan. "I'm like the Irishman who said he wished the man who begun work had stayed and finished it."

PT "Well, is it decided that Bev is to be editor?" asked Felix.

PT "Of course it is," Felicity answered for everybody.

PT "Then," said Felix, "I move that the name be The King Monthly Magazine."

PT "That sounds fine," said Peter, hitching his chair a little nearer Felicity's.

PT "But," said Cecily timidly, "that will leave out Peter and the Story Girl and Sara Ray, just as if they didn't have a share in it. I don't think that would be fair."

PT "You name it then, Cecily," I suggested.

PT "Oh!" Cecily threw a deprecating glance at the Story Girl and Felicity. Then, meeting the contempt in the latter's gaze, she raised her head with unusual spirit.

PT "I think it would be nice just to call it Our Magazine," she said. "Then we'd all feel as if we had a share in it."

PT "Our Magazine it will be, then," I said. "And as for having a share in it, you bet we'll all have a share in it. If I'm to be editor you'll all have to be sub-editors, and have charge of a department."

PT "Oh, I couldn't," protested Cecily.

PT "You must," I said inexorably. "England expects everyone to do his duty.' That's our motto—only we'll put Prince Edward Island in place of England. There must be no shirking. Now, what departments will we have? We must make it as much like a real newspaper as we can."

PT "Well, we ought to have an etiquette department, then," said Felicity. "The Family Guide has one."

PT "Of course we'll have one," I said, "and Dan will edit it."

PT "Dan!" exclaimed Felicity, who had fondly expected to be asked to edit it herself.

PT "I can run an etiquette column as well as that idiot in the Family Guide, anyhow," said Dan defiantly. "But you can't have an etiquette department unless questions are asked. What am I to do if nobody asks any?"

PT "You must make some up," said the Story Girl. "Uncle Roger says that is what the Family Guide man does. He says it is impossible that there can be as many hopeless fools in the world as that column would stand for otherwise."

PT "We want you to edit the household department, Felicity," I said, seeing a cloud lowering on that fair lady's brow. "Nobody can do that as well as you. Felix will edit the jokes and the Information Bureau, and Cecily must be fashion editor. Yes, you must, Sis. It's easy as wink. And the Story Girl will attend to the personals. They're very important. Anyone can contribute a personal, but the Story Girl is to see there are some in every issue, even if she has to make them up, like Dan with the etiquette."

PT "Bev will run the scrap book department, besides the editorials," said the Story Girl, seeing that I was too modest to say it myself.

PT "Aren't you going to have a story page?" asked Peter.

PT "We will, if you'll be fiction and poetry editor," I said.

PT Peter, in his secret soul, was dismayed, but he would not blanch before Felicity.

PT "All right," he said, recklessly.

PT "We can put anything we like in the scrap book department," I explained, "but all the other contributions must be original, and all must have the name of the writer signed to them, except the personals. We must all do our best. Our Magazine is to be 'a feast of reason and flow of soul.'"

PT I felt that I had worked in two quotations with striking effect. The others, with the exception of the Story Girl, looked suitably impressed.

PT "But," said Cecily, reproachfully, "haven't you anything for Sara Ray to do? She'll feel awful bad if she is left out."

PT I had forgotten Sara Ray. Nobody, except Cecily, ever did remember Sara Ray unless she was on the spot. But we decided to put her in as advertising manager. That sounded well and really meant very little.

PT "Well, we'll go ahead then," I said, with a sigh of relief that the project had been so easily launched. "We'll get the first issue out about the first of January. And whatever else we do we mustn't let Uncle Roger get hold of it. He'd make such fearful fun of it."

PT "I hope we can make a success of it," said Peter moodily. He had been moody ever since he was entrapped into being fiction editor.

PT "It will be a success if we are determined to succeed," I said. "Where there is a will there is always a way."

PT "That's just what Ursula Townley said when her father locked her in her room the night she was going to run away with Kenneth MacNair," said the Story Girl.

PT We pricked up our ears, scenting a story.

PT "Who were Ursula Townley and Kenneth MacNair?" I asked.

PT "Kenneth MacNair was a first cousin of the Awkward Man's grandfather, and Ursula Townley was the belle of the Island in her day. Who do you suppose told me the story—no, read it to me, out of his brown book?"

PT "Never the Awkward Man himself!" I exclaimed incredulously.

PT "Yes, he did," said the Story Girl triumphantly. "I met him one day last week back in the maple woods when I was looking for ferns. He was sitting by the spring, writing in his brown book. He hid it when he saw me and looked real silly; but after I had talked to him awhile I just asked him about it, and told him that the gossips said he wrote poetry in it, and if he did would he tell me, because I was dying to know. He said he wrote a little of everything in it; and then I begged him to read me something out of it, and he read me the story of Ursula and Kenneth."

PT "I don't see how you ever had the face," said Felicity; and even Cecily looked as if she thought the Story Girl had gone rather far.

PT "Never mind that," cried Felix, "but tell us the story. That's the main thing."

PT "I'll tell it just as the Awkward Man read it, as far as I can," said the Story Girl, "but I can't put all his nice poetical touches in, because I can't remember them all, though he read it over twice for me."

A WILL, A WAY AND A WOMAN

PT "One day, over a hundred years ago, Ursula Townley was waiting for Kenneth MacNair in a great beechwood, where brown nuts were falling and an October wind was making the leaves dance on the ground like pixy-people."

PT "What are pixy-people?" demanded Peter, forgetting the Story Girl's dislike of interruptions.

PT "Hush," whispered Cecily. "That is only one of the Awkward Man's poetical touches, I guess."

PT "There were cultivated fields between the grove and the dark blue gulf; but far behind and on each side were woods, for Prince Edward Island a hundred years ago was not what it is today. The settlements were few and scattered, and the population so scanty that old Hugh Townley boasted that he knew every man, woman and child in it.

PT "Old Hugh was quite a noted man in his day. He was noted for several things—he was rich, he was hospitable, he was proud, he was masterful—and he had for daughter the handsomest young woman in Prince Edward Island.

PT "Of course, the young men were not blind to her good looks, and she had so many lovers that all the other girls hated her—"

PT "You bet!" said Dan, aside—

PT "But the only one who found favour in her eyes was the very last man she should have pitched her fancy on, at least if old Hugh were the judge. Kenneth MacNair was a dark-eyed young sea-captain of the next settlement, and it was to meet him that Ursula stole to the beechwood on that autumn day of crisp wind and ripe sunshine. Old Hugh had forbidden his house to the young man, making such a scene of fury about it that even Ursula's high spirit quailed. Old Hugh had really nothing against Kenneth himself; but years before either Kenneth or Ursula was born, Kenneth's father had beaten Hugh Townley in a hotly contested election. Political feeling ran high in those days, and old Hugh had never forgiven the MacNair his victory. The feud between the families dated from that tempest in the provincial teapot, and the surplus of votes on the wrong

side was the reason why, thirty years after, Ursula had to meet her lover by stealth if she met him at all."

PT "Was the MacNair a Conservative or a Grit?" asked Felicity.

PT "It doesn't make any difference what he was," said the Story Girl impatiently. "Even a Tory would be romantic a hundred years ago. Well, Ursula couldn't see Kenneth very often, for Kenneth lived fifteen miles away and was often absent from home in his vessel. On this particular day it was nearly three months since they had met.

PT "The Sunday before, young Sandy MacNair had been in Carlyle church. He had risen at dawn that morning, walked bare-footed for eight miles along the shore, carrying his shoes, hired a harbour fisherman to row him over the channel, and then walked eight miles more to the church at Carlyle, less, it is to be feared, from a zeal for holy things than that he might do an errand for his adored brother, Kenneth. He carried a letter which he contrived to pass into Ursula's hand in the crowd as the people came out. This letter asked Ursula to meet Kenneth in the beechwood the next afternoon, and so she stole away there when suspicious father and watchful stepmother thought she was spinning in the granary loft."

PT "It was very wrong of her to deceive her parents," said Felicity primly.

PT The Story Girl couldn't deny this, so she evaded the ethical side of the question skillfully.

PT "I am not telling you what Ursula Townley ought to have done," she said loftily. "I am only telling you what she DID do. If you don't want to hear it you needn't listen, of course. There wouldn't be many stories to tell if nobody ever did anything she shouldn't do.

PT "Well, when Kenneth came, the meeting was just what might have been expected between two lovers who had taken their last kiss three months before. So it was a good half-hour before Ursula said,

PT "Oh, Kenneth, I cannot stay long—I shall be missed. You said in your letter that you had something important to talk of. What is it?"

PT "My news is this, Ursula. Next Saturday morning my vessel, The Fair Lady, with her captain on board, sails at dawn from Charlottetown

harbour, bound for Buenos Ayres. At this season this means a safe and sure return—next May.'

PT "Kenneth!" cried Ursula. She turned pale and burst into tears. 'How can you think of leaving me? Oh, you are cruel!'

PT "Why, no, sweetheart,' laughed Kenneth. 'The captain of The Fair Lady will take his bride with him. We'll spend our honeymoon on the high seas, Ursula, and the cold Canadian winter under southern palms.'

PT "You want me to run away with you, Kenneth?' exclaimed Ursula.

PT "Indeed, dear girl, there's nothing else to do!'

PT "Oh, I cannot!' she protested. 'My father would—'

PT "We'll not consult him—until afterward. Come, Ursula, you know there's no other way. We've always known it must come to this. YOUR father will never forgive me for MY father. You won't fail me now. Think of the long parting if you send me away alone on such a voyage. Pluck up your courage, and we'll let Townleys and MacNairs whistle their mouldy feuds down the wind while we sail southward in The Fair Lady. I have a plan.'

PT "Let me hear it,' said Ursula, beginning to get back her breath.

PT "There is to be a dance at The Springs Friday night. Are you invited, Ursula?'

PT "Yes.'

PT "Good. I am not—but I shall be there—in the fir grove behind the house, with two horses. When the dancing is at its height you'll steal out to meet me. Then 'tis but a fifteen mile ride to Charlottetown, where a good minister, who is a friend of mine, will be ready to marry us. By the time the dancers have tired their heels you and I will be on our vessel, able to snap our fingers at fate.'

PT "And what if I do not meet you in the fir grove?' said Ursula, a little impertinently.

PT "If you do not, I'll sail for South America the next morning, and many a long year will pass ere Kenneth MacNair comes home again.'

PT "Perhaps Kenneth didn't mean that, but Ursula thought he did, and it decided her. She agreed to run away with him. Yes, of course that was wrong, too, Felicity. She ought to have said, 'No, I shall be married respectably from home, and have a wedding and a silk dress and bridesmaids and lots of presents.' But she didn't. She wasn't as prudent as Felicity King would have been."

PT "She was a shameless hussy," said Felicity, venting on the long-dead Ursula that anger she dare not visit on the Story Girl.

PT "Oh, no, Felicity dear, she was just a lass of spirit. I'd have done the same. And when Friday night came she began to dress for the dance with a brave heart. She was to go to The Springs with her uncle and aunt, who were coming on horseback that afternoon, and would then go on to The Springs in old Hugh's carriage, which was the only one in Carlyle then. They were to leave in time to reach The Springs before nightfall, for the October nights were dark and the wooded roads rough for travelling.

PT "When Ursula was ready she looked at herself in the glass with a good deal of satisfaction. Yes, Felicity, she was a vain baggage, that same Ursula, but that kind didn't all die out a hundred years ago. And she had good reason for being vain. She wore the sea-green silk which had been brought out from England a year before and worn but once—at the Christmas ball at Government House. A fine, stiff, rustling silk it was, and over it shone Ursula's crimson cheeks and gleaming eyes, and masses of nut brown hair.

PT "As she turned from the glass she heard her father's voice below, loud and angry. Growing very pale, she ran out into the hall. Her father was already half way upstairs, his face red with fury. In the hall below Ursula saw her step-mother, looking troubled and vexed. At the door stood Malcolm Ramsay, a homely neighbour youth who had been courting Ursula in his clumsy way ever since she grew up. Ursula had always hated him.

PT "Ursula!" shouted old Hugh, 'come here and tell this scoundrel he lies. He says that you met Kenneth MacNair in the beechgrove last Tuesday. Tell him he lies! Tell him he lies!'

PT "Ursula was no coward. She looked scornfully at poor Ramsay.

PT "The creature is a spy and a tale-bearer,' she said, 'but in this he does not lie. I DID meet Kenneth MacNair last Tuesday.'

PT "And you dare to tell me this to my face!" roared old Hugh. 'Back to your room, girl! Back to your room and stay there! Take off that finery. You go to no more dances. You shall stay in that room until I choose to let you out. No, not a word! I'll put you there if you don't go. In with you—ay, and take your knitting with you. Occupy yourself with that this evening instead of kicking your heels at The Springs!'

PT "He snatched a roll of gray stocking from the hall table and flung it into Ursula's room. Ursula knew she would have to follow it, or be picked up and carried in like a naughty child. So she gave the miserable Ramsay a look that made him cringe, and swept into her room with her head in the air. The next moment she heard the door locked behind her. Her first proceeding was to have a cry of anger and shame and disappointment. That did no good, and then she took to marching up and down her room. It did not calm her to hear the rumble of the carriage out of the gate as her uncle and aunt departed.

PT "Oh, what's to be done?" she sobbed. 'Kenneth will be furious. He will think I have failed him and he will go away hot with anger against me. If I could only send a word of explanation I know he would not leave me. But there seems to be no way at all—though I have heard that there's always a way when there's a will. Oh, I shall go mad! If the window were not so high I would jump out of it. But to break my legs or my neck would not mend the matter.'

PT "The afternoon passed on. At sunset Ursula heard hoof-beats and ran to the window. Andrew Kinnear of The Springs was tying his horse at the door. He was a dashing young fellow, and a political crony of old Hugh. No doubt he would be at the dance that night. Oh, if she could get speech for but a moment with him!

PT "When he had gone into the house, Ursula, turning impatiently from the window, tripped and almost fell over the big ball of homespun yarn her father had flung on the floor. For a moment she gazed at it resentfully—then, with a gay little laugh, she pounced on it. The next moment she was at her table, writing a brief note to Kenneth MacNair. When it was written, Ursula unwound the gray ball to a considerable depth, pinned the note on it, and rewound the yarn over it. A gray ball, the

color of the twilight, might escape observation, where a white missive fluttering down from an upper window would surely be seen by someone. Then she softly opened her window and waited.

PT "It was dusk when Andrew went away. Fortunately old Hugh did not come to the door with him. As Andrew untied his horse Ursula threw the ball with such good aim that it struck him, as she had meant it to do, squarely on the head. Andrew looked up at her window. She leaned out, put her finger warningly on her lips, pointed to the ball, and nodded. Andrew, looking somewhat puzzled, picked up the ball, sprang to his saddle, and galloped off.

PT "So far, well, thought Ursula. But would Andrew understand? Would he have wit enough to think of exploring the big, knobby ball for its delicate secret? And would he be at the dance after all?

PT "The evening dragged by. Time had never seemed so long to Ursula. She could not rest or sleep. It was midnight before she heard the patter of a handful of gravel on her window-panes. In a trice she was leaning out. Below in the darkness stood Kenneth MacNair.

PT "Oh, Kenneth, did you get my letter? And is it safe for you to be here?"

PT "Safe enough. Your father is in bed. I've waited two hours down the road for his light to go out, and an extra half-hour to put him to sleep. The horses are there. Slip down and out, Ursula. We'll make Charlottetown by dawn yet.'

PT "That's easier said than done, lad. I'm locked in. But do you go out behind the new barn and bring the ladder you will find there.'

PT "Five minutes later, Miss Ursula, hooded and cloaked, scrambled soundlessly down the ladder, and in five more minutes she and Kenneth were riding along the road.

PT "There's a stiff gallop before us, Ursula,' said Kenneth.

PT "I would ride to the world's end with you, Kenneth MacNair,' said Ursula. Oh, of course she shouldn't have said anything of the sort, Felicity. But you see people had no etiquette departments in those days. And when the red sunlight of a fair October dawn was shining over the gray sea The Fair Lady sailed out of Charlottetown harbour. On her deck

stood Kenneth and Ursula MacNair, and in her hand, as a most precious treasure, the bride carried a ball of gray homespun yarn."

PT "Well," said Dan, yawning, "I like that kind of a story. Nobody goes and dies in it, that's one good thing."

PT "Did old Hugh forgive Ursula?" I asked.

PT "The story stopped there in the brown book," said the Story Girl, "but the Awkward Man says he did, after awhile."

PT "It must be rather romantic to be run away with," remarked Cecily, wistfully.

PT "Don't you get such silly notions in your head, Cecily King," said Felicity, severely.

THE CHRISTMAS HARP

PT Great was the excitement in the houses of King as Christmas drew nigh. The air was simply charged with secrets. Everybody was very penurious for weeks beforehand and hoards were counted scrutinizingly every day. Mysterious pieces of handiwork were smuggled in and out of sight, and whispered consultations were held, about which nobody thought of being jealous, as might have happened at any other time. Felicity was in her element, for she and her mother were deep in preparations for the day. Cecily and the Story Girl were excluded from these doings with indifference on Aunt Janet's part and what seemed ostentatious complacency on Felicity's. Cecily took this to heart and complained to me about it.

PT "I'm one of this family just as much as Felicity is," she said, with as much indignation as Cecily could feel, "and I don't think she need shut me out of everything. When I wanted to stone the raisins for the mince-meat she said, no, she would do it herself, because Christmas mince-meat was very particular—as if I couldn't stone raisins right! The airs Felicity puts on about her cooking just make me sick," concluded Cecily wrathfully.

PT "It's a pity she doesn't make a mistake in cooking once in a while herself," I said. "Then maybe she wouldn't think she knew so much more than other people."

PT All parcels that came in the mail from distant friends were taken charge of by Aunts Janet and Olivia, not to be opened until the great day of the feast itself. How slowly the last week passed! But even watched pots will boil in the fulness of time, and finally Christmas day came, gray and dour and frost-bitten without, but full of revelry and rose-red mirth within. Uncle Roger and Aunt Olivia and the Story Girl came over early for the day; and Peter came too, with his shining, morning face, to be hailed with joy, for we had been afraid that Peter would not be able to spend Christmas with us. His mother had wanted him home with her.

PT "Of course I ought to go," Peter had told me mournfully, "but we won't have turkey for dinner, because ma can't afford it. And ma always cries on holidays because she says they make her think of father. Of course she can't help it, but it ain't cheerful. Aunt Jane wouldn't have

cried. Aunt Jane used to say she never saw the man who was worth spoiling her eyes for. But I guess I'll have to spend Christmas at home."

PT At the last moment, however, a cousin of Mrs. Craig's in Charlottetown invited her for Christmas, and Peter, being given his choice of going or staying, joyfully elected to stay. So we were all together, except Sara Ray, who had been invited but whose mother wouldn't let her come.

PT "Sara Ray's mother is a nuisance," snapped the Story Girl. "She just lives to make that poor child miserable, and she won't let her go to the party tonight, either."

PT "It is just breaking Sara's heart that she can't," said Cecily compassionately. "I'm almost afraid I won't enjoy myself for thinking of her, home there alone, most likely reading the Bible, while we're at the party."

PT "She might be worse occupied than reading the Bible," said Felicity rebukingly.

PT "But Mrs. Ray makes her read it as a punishment," protested Cecily. "Whenever Sara cries to go anywhere—and of course she'll cry tonight—Mrs. Ray makes her read seven chapters in the Bible. I wouldn't think that would make her very fond of it. And I'll not be able to talk the party over with Sara afterwards—and that's half the fun gone."

PT "You can tell her all about it," comforted Felix.

PT "Telling isn't a bit like talking it over," retorted Cecily. "It's too one-sided."

PT We had an exciting time opening our presents. Some of us had more than others, but we all received enough to make us feel comfortably that we were not unduly neglected in the matter. The contents of the box which the Story Girl's father had sent her from Paris made our eyes stick out. It was full of beautiful things, among them another red silk dress—not the bright, flame-hued tint of her old one, but a rich, dark crimson, with the most distracting flounces and bows and ruffles; and with it were little red satin slippers with gold buckles, and heels that made Aunt Janet hold up her hands in horror. Felicity remarked scornfully that she would have thought the Story Girl would get tired wearing red so much, and even Cecily commented apart to me that she thought when you got so many

things all at once you didn't appreciate them as much as when you only got a few.

PT "I'd never get tired of red," said the Story Girl. "I just love it—it's so rich and glowing. When I'm dressed in red I always feel ever so much cleverer than in any other colour. Thoughts just crowd into my brain one after the other. Oh, you darling dress—you dear, sheeny, red-rosy, glistening, silky thing!"

PT She flung it over her shoulder and danced around the kitchen.

PT "Don't be silly, Sara," said Aunt Janet, a little stimy. She was a good soul, that Aunt Janet, and had a kind, loving heart in her ample bosom. But I fancy there were times when she thought it rather hard that the daughter of a roving adventurer—as she considered him—like Blair Stanley should disport herself in silk dresses, while her own daughters must go clad in gingham and muslin—for those were the days when a feminine creature got one silk dress in her lifetime, and seldom more than one.

PT The Story Girl also got a present from the Awkward Man—a little, shabby, worn volume with a great many marks on the leaves.

PT "Why, it isn't new—it's an old book!" exclaimed Felicity. "I didn't think the Awkward Man was mean, whatever else he was."

PT "Oh, you don't understand, Felicity," said the Story Girl patiently. "And I don't suppose I can make you understand. But I'll try. I'd ten times rather have this than a new book. It's one of his own, don't you see—one that he has read a hundred times and loved and made a friend of. A new book, just out of a shop, wouldn't be the same thing at all. It wouldn't MEAN anything. I consider it a great compliment that he has given me this book. I'm prouder of it than of anything else I've got."

PT "Well, you're welcome to it," said Felicity. "I don't understand and I don't want to. I wouldn't give anybody a Christmas present that wasn't new, and I wouldn't thank anybody who gave me one."

PT Peter was in the seventh heaven because Felicity had given him a present—and, moreover, one that she had made herself. It was a bookmark of perforated cardboard, with a gorgeous red and yellow worsted goblet worked on it, and below, in green letters, the solemn warning, "Touch Not The Cup." As Peter was not addicted to habits of

intemperance, not even to looking on dandelion wine when it was pale yellow, we did not exactly see why Felicity should have selected such a device. But Peter was perfectly satisfied, so nobody cast any blight on his happiness by carping criticism. Later on Felicity told me she had worked the bookmark for him because his father used to drink before he ran away.

PT "I thought Peter ought to be warned in time," she said.

PT Even Pat had a ribbon of blue, which he clawed off and lost half an hour after it was tied on him. Pat did not care for vain adornments of the body.

PT We had a glorious Christmas dinner, fit for the halls of Lucullus, and ate far more than was good for us, none daring to make us afraid on that one day of the year. And in the evening—oh, rapture and delight!—we went to Kitty Marr's party.

PT It was a fine December evening; the sharp air of morning had mellowed until it was as mild as autumn. There had been no snow, and the long fields, sloping down from the homestead, were brown and mellow. A weird, dreamy stillness had fallen on the purple earth, the dark fir woods, the valley rims, the sere meadows. Nature seemed to have folded satisfied hands to rest, knowing that her long wintry slumber was coming upon her.

PT At first, when the invitations to the party had come, Aunt Janet had said we could not go; but Uncle Alec interceded in our favour, perhaps influenced thereto by Cecily's wistful eyes. If Uncle Alec had a favourite among his children it was Cecily, and he had grown even more indulgent towards her of late. Now and then I saw him looking at her intently, and, following his eyes and thought, I had, somehow, seen that Cecily was paler and thinner than she had been in the summer, and that her soft eyes seemed larger, and that over her little face in moments of repose there was a certain languor and weariness that made it very sweet and pathetic. And I heard him tell Aunt Janet that he did not like to see the child getting so much the look of her Aunt Felicity.

PT "Cecily is perfectly well," said Aunt Janet sharply. "She's only growing very fast. Don't be foolish, Alec."

PT But after that Cecily had cups of cream where the rest of us got only milk; and Aunt Janet was very particular to see that she had her rubbers on whenever she went out.

PT On this merry Christmas evening, however, no fears or dim foreshadowings of any coming event clouded our hearts or faces. Cecily looked brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her, with her softly shining eyes and the nut brown gloss of her hair. Felicity was too beautiful for words; and even the Story Girl, between excitement and the crimson silk array, blossomed out with a charm and allurements more potent than any regular loveliness—and this in spite of the fact that Aunt Olivia had tabooed the red satin slippers and mercilessly decreed that stout shoes should be worn.

PT "I know just how you feel about it, you daughter of Eve," she said, with gay sympathy, "but December roads are damp, and if you are going to walk to Marrs' you are not going to do it in those frivolous Parisian concoctions, even with overboots on; so be brave, dear heart, and show that you have a soul above little red satin shoes."

PT "Anyhow," said Uncle Roger, "that red silk dress will break the hearts of all the feminine small fry at the party. You'd break their spirits, too, if you wore the slippers. Don't do it, Sara. Leave them one wee loophole of enjoyment."

PT "What does Uncle Roger mean?" whispered Felicity.

PT "He means you girls are all dying of jealousy because of the Story Girl's dress," said Dan.

PT "I am not of a jealous disposition," said Felicity loftily, "and she's entirely welcome to the dress—with a complexion like that."

PT But we enjoyed that party hugely, every one of us. And we enjoyed the walk home afterwards, through dim, enshadowed fields where silvery star-beams lay, while Orion trod his stately march above us, and a red moon climbed up the black horizon's rim. A brook went with us part of the way, singing to us through the dark—a gay, irresponsible vagabond of valley and wilderness.

PT Felicity and Peter walked not with us. Peter's cup must surely have brimmed over that Christmas night. When we left the Marr house, he had boldly said to Felicity, "May I see you home?" And Felicity, much to our

amazement, had taken his arm and marched off with him. The primness of her was indescribable, and was not at all ruffled by Dan's hoot of derision. As for me, I was consumed by a secret and burning desire to ask the Story Girl if I might see HER home; but I could not screw my courage to the sticking point. How I envied Peter his easy, insouciant manner! I could not emulate him, so Dan and Felix and Cecily and the Story Girl and I all walked hand in hand, huddling a little closer together as we went through James Frewen's woods—for there are strange harps in a fir grove, and who shall say what fingers sweep them? Mighty and sonorous was the music above our heads as the winds of the night stirred the great boughs tossing athwart the starlit sky. Perhaps it was that aeolian harmony which recalled to the Story Girl a legend of elder days.

PT "I read such a pretty story in one of Aunt Olivia's books last night," she said. "It was called 'The Christmas Harp.' Would you like to hear it? It seems to me it would just suit this part of the road."

PT "There isn't anything about—about ghosts in it, is there?" said Cecily timidly.

PT "Oh, no, I wouldn't tell a ghost story here for anything. I'd frighten myself too much. This story is about one of the shepherds who saw the angels on the first Christmas night. He was just a youth, and he loved music with all his heart, and he longed to be able to express the melody that was in his soul. But he could not; he had a harp and he often tried to play on it; but his clumsy fingers only made such discord that his companions laughed at him and mocked him, and called him a madman because he would not give it up, but would rather sit apart by himself, with his arms about his harp, looking up into the sky, while they gathered around their fire and told tales to wile away their long night vigils as they watched their sheep on the hills. But to him the thoughts that came out of the great silence were far sweeter than their mirth; and he never gave up the hope, which sometimes left his lips as a prayer, that some day he might be able to express those thoughts in music to the tired, weary, forgetful world. On the first Christmas night he was out with his fellow shepherds on the hills. It was chill and dark, and all, except him, were glad to gather around the fire. He sat, as usual, by himself, with his harp on his knee and a great longing in his heart. And there came a marvellous light in the sky and over the hills, as if the darkness of the night had suddenly blossomed into a wonderful meadow of flowery flame;

and all the shepherds saw the angels and heard them sing. And as they sang, the harp that the young shepherd held began to play softly by itself, and as he listened to it he realized that it was playing the same music that the angels sang and that all his secret longings and aspirations and strivings were expressed in it. From that night, whenever he took the harp in his hands, it played the same music; and he wandered all over the world carrying it; wherever the sound of its music was heard hate and discord fled away and peace and good-will reigned. No one who heard it could think an evil thought; no one could feel hopeless or despairing or bitter or angry. When a man had once heard that music it entered into his soul and heart and life and became a part of him for ever. Years went by; the shepherd grew old and bent and feeble; but still he roamed over land and sea, that his harp might carry the message of the Christmas night and the angel song to all mankind. At last his strength failed him and he fell by the wayside in the darkness; but his harp played as his spirit passed; and it seemed to him that a Shining One stood by him, with wonderful starry eyes, and said to him, 'Lo, the music thy harp has played for so many years has been but the echo of the love and sympathy and purity and beauty in thine own soul; and if at any time in the wanderings thou hadst opened the door of that soul to evil or envy or selfishness thy harp would have ceased to play. Now thy life is ended; but what thou hast given to mankind has no end; and as long as the world lasts, so long will the heavenly music of the Christmas harp ring in the ears of men.' When the sun rose the old shepherd lay dead by the roadside, with a smile on his face; and in his hands was a harp with all its strings broken."

PT We left the fir woods as the tale was ended, and on the opposite hill was home. A dim light in the kitchen window betokened that Aunt Janet had no idea of going to bed until all her young fry were safely housed for the night.

PT "Ma's waiting up for us," said Dan. "I'd laugh if she happened to go to the door just as Felicity and Peter were strutting up. I guess she'll be cross. It's nearly twelve."

PT "Christmas will soon be over," said Cecily, with a sigh. "Hasn't it been a nice one? It's the first we've all spent together. Do you suppose we'll ever spend another together?"

PT "Lots of 'em," said Dan cheerily. "Why not?"

PT "Oh, I don't know," answered Cecily, her footsteps lagging somewhat. "Only things seem just a little too pleasant to last."

PT "If Willy Fraser had had as much spunk as Peter, Miss Cecily King mightn't be so low spirited," quoth Dan, significantly.

PT Cecily tossed her head and disdained reply. There are really some remarks a self-respecting young lady must ignore.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

PT If we did not have a white Christmas we had a white New Year. Midway between the two came a heavy snowfall. It was winter in our orchard of old delights then,—so truly winter that it was hard to believe summer had ever dwelt in it, or that spring would ever return to it. There were no birds to sing the music of the moon; and the path where the apple blossoms had fallen were heaped with less fragrant drifts. But it was a place of wonder on a moonlight night, when the snowy arcades shone like avenues of ivory and crystal, and the bare trees cast fairy-like traceries upon them. Over Uncle Stephen's Walk, where the snow had fallen smoothly, a spell of white magic had been woven. Taintless and wonderful it seemed, like a street of pearl in the new Jerusalem.

PT On New Year's Eve we were all together in Uncle Alec's kitchen, which was tacitly given over to our revels during the winter evenings. The Story Girl and Peter were there, of course, and Sara Ray's mother had allowed her to come up on condition that she should be home by eight sharp. Cecily was glad to see her, but the boys never hailed her arrival with over-much delight, because, since the dark began to come down early, Aunt Janet always made one of us walk down home with her. We hated this, because Sara Ray was always so maddeningly self-conscious of having an escort. We knew perfectly well that next day in school she would tell her chums as a "dead" secret that "So-and-So King saw her home" from the hill farm the night before. Now, seeing a young lady home from choice, and being sent home with her by your aunt or mother are two entirely different things, and we thought Sara Ray ought to have sense enough to know it.

PT Outside there was a vivid rose of sunset behind the cold hills of fir, and the long reaches of snowy fields glowed fairily pink in the western light. The drifts along the edges of the meadows and down the lane looked as if a series of breaking waves had, by the lifting of a magician's wand, been suddenly transformed into marble, even to their toppling curls of foam.

PT Slowly the splendour died, giving place to the mystic beauty of a winter twilight when the moon is rising. The hollow sky was a cup of blue. The stars came out over the white glens and the earth was covered with a kingly carpet for the feet of the young year to press.

PT "I'm so glad the snow came," said the Story Girl. "If it hadn't the New Year would have seemed just as dingy and worn out as the old. There's something very solemn about the idea of a New Year, isn't there? Just think of three hundred and sixty-five whole days, with not a thing happened in them yet."

PT "I don't suppose anything very wonderful will happen in them," said Felix pessimistically. To Felix, just then, life was flat, stale and unprofitable because it was his turn to go home with Sara Ray.

PT "It makes me a little frightened to think of all that may happen in them," said Cecily. "Miss Marwood says it is what we put into a year, not what we get out of it, that counts at last."

PT "I'm always glad to see a New Year," said the Story Girl. "I wish we could do as they do in Norway. The whole family sits up until midnight, and then, just as the clock is striking twelve, the father opens the door and welcomes the New Year in. Isn't it a pretty custom?"

PT "If ma would let us stay up till twelve we might do that too," said Dan, "but she never will. I call it mean."

PT "If I ever have children I'll let them stay up to watch the New Year in," said the Story Girl decidedly.

PT "So will I," said Peter, "but other nights they'll have to go to bed at seven."

PT "You ought to be ashamed, speaking of such things," said Felicity, with a scandalized face.

PT Peter shrank into the background abashed, no doubt believing that he had broken some Family Guide precept all to pieces.

PT "I didn't know it wasn't proper to mention children," he muttered apologetically.

PT "We ought to make some New Year resolutions," suggested the Story Girl. "New Year's Eve is the time to make them."

PT "I can't think of any resolutions I want to make," said Felicity, who was perfectly satisfied with herself.

PT "I could suggest a few to you," said Dan sarcastically.

PT "There are so many I would like to make," said Cecily, "that I'm afraid it wouldn't be any use trying to keep them all."

PT "Well, let's all make a few, just for the fun of it, and see if we can keep them," I said. "And let's get paper and ink and write them out. That will make them seem more solemn and binding."

PT "And then pin them up on our bedroom walls, where we'll see them every day," suggested the Story Girl, "and every time we break a resolution we must put a cross opposite it. That will show us what progress we are making, as well as make us ashamed if we have too many crosses."

PT "And let's have a Roll of Honour in Our Magazine," suggested Felix, "and every month we'll publish the names of those who keep their resolutions perfect."

PT "I think it's all nonsense," said Felicity. But she joined our circle around the table, though she sat for a long time with a blank sheet before her.

PT "Let's each make a resolution in turn," I said. "I'll lead off."

PT And, recalling with shame certain unpleasant differences of opinion I had lately had with Felicity, I wrote down in my best hand,

PT "I shall try to keep my temper always."

PT "You'd better," said Felicity tactfully.

PT It was Dan's turn next.

PT "I can't think of anything to start with," he said, gnawing his penholder fiercely.

PT "You might make a resolution not to eat poison berries," suggested Felicity.

PT "You'd better make one not to nag people everlastingly," retorted Dan.

PT "Oh, don't quarrel the last night of the old year," implored Cecily.

PT "You might resolve not to quarrel any time," suggested Sara Ray.

PT "No, sir," said Dan emphatically. "There's no use making a resolution you CAN'T keep. There are people in this family you've just GOT to quarrel with if you want to live. But I've thought of one—I won't do things to spite people."

PT Felicity—who really was in an unbearable mood that night—laughed disagreeably; but Cecily gave her a fierce nudge, which probably restrained her from speaking.

PT "I will not eat any apples," wrote Felix.

PT "What on earth do you want to give up eating apples for?" asked Peter in astonishment.

PT "Never mind," returned Felix.

PT "Apples make people fat, you know," said Felicity sweetly.

PT "It seems a funny kind of resolution," I said doubtfully. "I think our resolutions ought to be giving up wrong things or doing right ones."

PT "You make your resolutions to suit yourself and I'll make mine to suit myself," said Felix defiantly.

PT "I shall never get drunk," wrote Peter painstakingly.

PT "But you never do," said the Story Girl in astonishment.

PT "Well, it will be all the easier to keep the resolution," argued Peter.

PT "That isn't fair," complained Dan. "If we all resolved not to do the things we never do we'd all be on the Roll of Honour."

PT "You let Peter alone," said Felicity severely. "It's a very good resolution and one everybody ought to make."

PT "I shall not be jealous," wrote the Story Girl.

PT "But are you?" I asked, surprised.

PT The Story Girl coloured and nodded. "Of one thing," she confessed, "but I'm not going to tell what it is."

PT "I'm jealous sometimes, too," confessed Sara Ray, "and so my first resolution will be 'I shall try not to feel jealous when I hear the other girls in school describing all the sick spells they've had.'"

PT "Goodness, do you want to be sick?" demanded Felix in astonishment.

PT "It makes a person important," explained Sara Ray.

PT "I am going to try to improve my mind by reading good books and listening to older people," wrote Cecily.

PT "You got that out of the Sunday School paper," cried Felicity.

PT "It doesn't matter where I got it," said Cecily with dignity. "The main thing is to keep it."

PT "It's your turn, Felicity," I said.

PT Felicity tossed her beautiful golden head.

PT "I told you I wasn't going to make any resolutions. Go on yourself."

PT "I shall always study my grammar lesson," I wrote—I, who loathed grammar with a deadly loathing.

PT "I hate grammar too," sighed Sara Ray. "It seems so unimportant."

PT Sara was rather fond of a big word, but did not always get hold of the right one. I rather suspected that in the above instance she really meant uninteresting.

PT "I won't get mad at Felicity, if I can help it," wrote Dan.

PT "I'm sure I never do anything to make you mad," exclaimed Felicity.

PT "I don't think it's polite to make resolutions about your sisters," said Peter.

PT "He can't keep it anyway," scoffed Felicity. "He's got such an awful temper."

PT "It's a family failing," flashed Dan, breaking his resolution ere the ink on it was dry.

PT "There you go," taunted Felicity.

PT "I'll work all my arithmetic problems without any help," scribbled Felix.

PT "I wish I could resolve that, too," sighed Sara Ray, "but it wouldn't be any use. I'd never be able to do those compound multiplication sums

the teacher gives us to do at home every night if I didn't get Judy Pineau to help me. Judy isn't a good reader and she can't spell AT ALL, but you can't stick her in arithmetic as far as she went herself. I feel sure," concluded poor Sara, in a hopeless tone, "that I'll NEVER be able to understand compound multiplication."

PT "Multiplication is vexation,

PT Division is as bad,

PT The rule of three perplexes me,

PT And fractions drive me mad,"

PT quoted Dan.

PT "I haven't got as far as fractions yet," sighed Sara, "and I hope I'll be too big to go to school before I do. I hate arithmetic, but I am PASSIONATELY fond of geography."

PT "I will not play tit-tat-x on the fly leaves of my hymn book in church," wrote Peter.

PT "Mercy, did you ever do such a thing?" exclaimed Felicity in horror.

PT Peter nodded shamefacedly.

PT "Yes—that Sunday Mr. Bailey preached. He was so long-winded, I got awful tired, and, anyway, he was talking about things I couldn't understand, so I played tit-tat-x with one of the Markdale boys. It was the day I was sitting up in the gallery."

PT "Well, I hope if you ever do the like again you won't do it in OUR pew," said Felicity severely.

PT "I ain't going to do it at all," said Peter. "I felt sort of mean all the rest of the day."

PT "I shall try not to be vexed when people interrupt me when I'm telling stories," wrote the Story Girl. "but it will be hard," she added with a sigh.

PT "I never mind being interrupted," said Felicity.

PT "I shall try to be cheerful and smiling all the time," wrote Cecily.

PT "You are, anyway," said Sara Ray loyally.

PT "I don't believe we ought to be cheerful ALL the time," said the Story Girl. "The Bible says we ought to weep with those who weep."

PT "But maybe it means that we're to weep cheerfully," suggested Cecily.

PT "Sorter as if you were thinking, 'I'm very sorry for you but I'm mighty glad I'm not in the scrape too,'" said Dan.

PT "Dan, don't be irreverent," rebuked Felicity.

PT "I know a story about old Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Markdale," said the Story Girl. "She was always smiling and it used to aggravate her husband, so one day he said very crossly, 'Old lady, what ARE you grinning at?' 'Oh, well, Abiram, everything's so bright and pleasant, I've just got to smile.'

PT "Not long after there came a time when everything went wrong—the crop failed and their best cow died, and Mrs. Davidson had rheumatism; and finally Mr. Davidson fell and broke his leg. But still Mrs. Davidson smiled. 'What in the dickens are you grinning about now, old lady?' he demanded. 'Oh, well, Abiram,' she said, 'everything is so dark and unpleasant I've just got to smile.' 'Well,' said the old man crossly, 'I think you might give your face a rest sometimes.'

PT "I shall not talk gossip," wrote Sara Ray with a satisfied air.

PT "Oh, don't you think that's a little TOO strict?" asked Cecily anxiously. "Of course, it's not right to talk MEAN gossip, but the harmless kind doesn't hurt. If I say to you that Emmy MacPhail is going to get a new fur collar this winter, THAT is harmless gossip, but if I say I don't see how Emmy MacPhail can afford a new fur collar when her father can't pay my father for the oats he got from him, that would be MEAN gossip. If I were you, Sara, I'd put MEAN gossip."

PT Sara consented to this amendment.

PT "I will be polite to everybody," was my third resolution, which passed without comment.

PT "I'll try not to use slang since Cecily doesn't like it," wrote Dan.

PT "I think some slang is real cute," said Felicity.

PT "The Family Guide says it's very vulgar," grinned Dan. "Doesn't it, Sara Stanley?"

PT "Don't disturb me," said the Story Girl dreamily. "I'm just thinking a beautiful thought."

PT "I've thought of a resolution to make," cried Felicity. "Mr. Marwood said last Sunday we should always try to think beautiful thoughts and then our lives would be very beautiful. So I shall resolve to think a beautiful thought every morning before breakfast."

PT "Can you only manage one a day?" queried Dan.

PT "And why before breakfast?" I asked.

PT "Because it's easier to think on an empty stomach," said Peter, in all good faith. But Felicity shot a furious glance at him.

PT "I selected that time," she explained with dignity, "because when I'm brushing my hair before my glass in the morning I'll see my resolution and remember it."

PT "Mr. Marwood meant that ALL our thoughts ought to be beautiful," said the Story Girl. "If they were, people wouldn't be afraid to say what they think."

PT "They oughtn't to be afraid to, anyhow," said Felix stoutly. "I'm going to make a resolution to say just what I think always."

PT "And do you expect to get through the year alive if you do?" asked Dan.

PT "It might be easy enough to say what you think if you could always be sure just what you DO think," said the Story Girl. "So often I can't be sure."

PT "How would you like it if people always said just what they think to you?" asked Felicity.

PT "I'm not very particular what SOME people think of me," rejoined Felix.

PT "I notice you don't like to be told by anybody that you're fat," retorted Felicity.

PT "Oh, dear me, I do wish you wouldn't all say such sarcastic things to each other," said poor Cecily plaintively. "It sounds so horrid the last night of the old year. Dear knows where we'll all be this night next year. Peter, it's your turn."

PT "I will try," wrote Peter, "to say my prayers every night regular, and not twice one night because I don't expect to have time the next,—like I did the night before the party," he added.

PT "I s'pose you never said your prayers until we got you to go to church," said Felicity—who had had no hand in inducing Peter to go to church, but had stoutly opposed it, as recorded in the first volume of our family history.

PT "I did, too," said Peter. "Aunt Jane taught me to say my prayers. Ma hadn't time, being as father had run away; ma had to wash at night same as in day-time."

PT "I shall learn to cook," wrote the Story Girl, frowning.

PT "You'd better resolve not to make puddings of—" began Felicity, then stopped as suddenly as if she had bitten off the rest of her sentence and swallowed it. Cecily had nudged her, so she had probably remembered the Story Girl's threat that she would never tell another story if she was ever twitted with the pudding she had made from sawdust. But we all knew what Felicity had started to say and the Story Girl dealt her a most uncousinly glance.

PT "I will not cry because mother won't starch my aprons," wrote Sara Ray.

PT "Better resolve not to cry about anything," said Dan kindly.

PT Sara Ray shook her head forlornly.

PT "That would be too hard to keep. There are times when I HAVE to cry. It's a relief."

PT "Not to the folks who have to hear you," muttered Dan aside to Cecily.

PT "Oh, hush," whispered Cecily back. "Don't go and hurt her feelings the last night of the old year. Is it my turn again? Well, I'll resolve not to

worry because my hair is not curly. But, oh, I'll never be able to help wishing it was."

PT "Why don't you curl it as you used to do, then?" asked Dan.

PT "You know very well that I've never put my hair up in curl papers since the time Peter was dying of the measles," said Cecily reproachfully. "I resolved then I wouldn't because I wasn't sure it was quite right."

PT "I will keep my finger-nails neat and clean," I wrote. "There, that's four resolutions. I'm not going to make any more. Four's enough."

PT "I shall always think twice before I speak," wrote Felix.

PT "That's an awful waste of time," commented Dan, "but I guess you'll need to if you're always going to say what you think."

PT "I'm going to stop with three," said Peter.

PT "I will have all the good times I can," wrote the Story Girl.

PT "THAT'S what I call sensible," said Dan.

PT "It's a very easy resolution to keep, anyhow," commented Felix.

PT "I shall try to like reading the Bible," wrote Sara Ray.

PT "You ought to like reading the Bible without trying to," exclaimed Felicity.

PT "If you had to read seven chapters of it every time you were naughty I don't believe you would like it either," retorted Sara Ray with a flash of spirit.

PT "I shall try to believe only half of what I hear," was Cecily's concluding resolution.

PT "But which half?" scoffed Dan.

PT "The best half," said sweet Cecily simply.

PT "I'll try to obey mother ALWAYS," wrote Sara Ray, with a tremendous sigh, as if she fully realized the difficulty of keeping such a resolution. "And that's all I'm going to make."

PT "Felicity has only made one," said the Story Girl.

PT "I think it better to make just one and keep it than make a lot and break them," said Felicity loftily.

PT She had the last word on the subject, for it was time for Sara Ray to go, and our circle broke up. Sara and Felix departed and we watched them down the lane in the moonlight—Sara walking demurely in one runner track, and Felix stalking grimly along in the other. I fear the romantic beauty of that silver shining night was entirely thrown away on my mischievous brother.

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PREFÁCIO

En No passado, todos viajavam pela estrada dourada. Era uma bela rodovia que passava pela Terra da Alegria Perdida, onde luz e sombra se misturavam perfeitamente. Cada curva e declive revelava uma nova beleza àqueles que ainda eram ansiosos e inocentes.

En Ao longo dessa estrada, eles ouviam a música das estrelas da manhã e respiravam fragrâncias delicadas e doces como a névoa de maio. Estavam cheios de pensamentos leves e esperanças coloridas como o arco-íris. Seus corações encontravam conforto nos sonhos, e o futuro parecia brilhante. A vida parecia uma companheira amigável carregando flores.

En Embora possamos ter deixado a estrada dourada há muito tempo, suas memórias permanecem como nossos tesouros mais preciosos. Aqueles que as valorizam podem encontrar prazer neste livro, pois seus personagens são viajantes na estrada dourada da juventude.

UMA NOVA PARTIDA

En Anunciei que tinha pensado em algo divertido para fazer durante o inverno. Estávamos reunidos em um semicírculo ao redor da lareira aquecida a lenha na cozinha do Tio Alec.

En O dia havia sido tempestuoso com um vento selvagem de novembro, terminando em um crepúsculo úmido e estranho. Lá fora, o vento uivava nas janelas e a chuva batia no telhado. O velho salgueiro perto do portão se torcia na tempestade, e o pomar produzia sons estranhos como música triste. Mas o grupo dentro de casa ignorava o exterior escuro e solitário, mantendo-o afastado com a luz do fogo e suas risadas juvenis.

En Nós estávamos jogando *Cabra Cega*, o que foi divertido no início. No entanto, tornou-se menos agradável porque percebemos que Peter estava deliberadamente se deixando pegar facilmente apenas para poder pegar *Felicity*, o que ele sempre fazia, não importa quão bem seus olhos estivessem cobertos. Alguém disse uma vez que o amor é cego, mas o amor pode facilmente enxergar através de um cachecol grosso.

En *Cecily* disse que estava ficando cansada, sua respiração estava rápida e suas bochechas coradas. Ela sugeriu que se sentassem e pedissem à *Garota das Histórias* para contar uma história.

En Enquanto nos sentávamos, a *Garota das Histórias* me deu um olhar significativo, indicando que era o momento certo para apresentar o plano que ela e eu vínhamos secretamente preparando há alguns dias. A ideia era inteiramente dela, mas ela queria que eu a apresentasse como se fosse minha.

En Ela disse que, se eu não fizesse, *Felicity* não concordaria. Ela destacou como *Felicity* tinha sido contrária ultimamente em relação a qualquer coisa que ela propusesse. Se *Felicity* se opusesse, Peter também o faria, e não seria divertido se todos não estivessem incluídos.

En *Felicity* perguntou qual era o plano, afastando levemente sua cadeira de Peter.

En O orador propôs que eles criassem seu próprio jornal, escrevendo tudo eles mesmos e incluindo todas as suas atividades. Ele perguntou se eles achavam que seria divertido.

En Todos pareciam confusos e surpresos, exceto a Garota das Histórias, que sabia seu dever e o cumpriu sem hesitação.

En Ela descartou a ideia como tola, balançando seus longos cachos castanhos com desdém, e questionou como eles poderiam possivelmente iniciar um jornal.

En Felicity ficou irritada, exatamente como eles haviam previsto.

En Felicity apoiou entusiasticamente a ideia, questionando por que eles não poderiam fazer um jornal tão bom quanto o da cidade. Ela citou a crítica do Tio Roger ao Daily Enterprise, que, segundo ele, publicava notícias triviais como velhinhas visitando umas às outras para o chá. Ela afirmou que eles poderiam superar isso e disse a Sara Stanley que ela não era a única pessoa capaz.

En Peter expressou sua crença de que seria muito divertido. Ele mencionou que sua tia Jane havia ajudado na edição de um jornal durante seu tempo na Queen's Academy, e ela descreveu a experiência como agradável e muito benéfica.

En A Garota das Histórias só conseguia esconder sua empolgação baixando o olhar e fazendo uma careta.

En Ela comentou que Bev desejava se tornar editor, mas duvidava de sua habilidade devido à falta de experiência. Além disso, ela acrescentou, isso envolveria muitos problemas.

En Felicity retrucou que algumas pessoas tinham muito medo de um pequeno incômodo.

En Cecily expressou timidamente sua opinião de que seria legal, acrescentando que nenhum deles tinha mais experiência como editores do que Bev, então aquela objeção particular era irrelevante.

En Dan perguntou se seria impresso.

En O narrador respondeu que não poderia ser impresso, então teriam que escrevê-lo à mão e poderiam comprar papel almaço com o professor.

En Dan comentou com desdém que um jornal que não fosse impresso não seria grande coisa.

En Felicity retrucou que o que Dan pensava não importava muito.

En Dan retrucou com um agradecimento sarcástico.

En Sem querer que Dan se voltasse contra o plano, a Garota das Histórias concordou rapidamente. Ela disse que, se todos os outros quisessem fazer, ela também se juntaria. Refletindo, ela achou que seria realmente muito divertido, e sugeriu que manter as cópias seria uma boa ideia, já que poderiam se tornar valiosas quando fossem famosos.

En Felix expressou dúvida, questionando se algum deles algum dia alcançaria a fama.

En Eu afirmei com confiança que a Garota das Histórias seria famosa.

En Felicity estava cética, questionando como a Garota das Histórias poderia ser famosa, já que ela não era diferente dos outros.

En Anunciei rapidamente que a decisão estava tomada de ter um jornal, e o próximo assunto importante era escolher um nome para ele.

En Felix perguntou com que frequência eles pretendiam publicá-lo.

En Seria publicado uma vez por mês.

En Dan observou que ele supunha que os jornais eram publicados diariamente ou pelo menos semanalmente.

En O narrador explicou que uma publicação semanal não era viável porque exigiria muito esforço.

En Dan concedeu que o argumento tinha mérito, acrescentando que acreditava que menos trabalho era preferível. Ele interrompeu Felicity, alegando saber o que ela estava prestes a dizer e dizendo-lhe para guardar suas palavras. Ele admitiu que concordava com a crítica não dita: ele nunca trabalhava quando podia evitar.

En Cecily lembrou-lhes que não ter trabalho era ainda mais desafiador.

En Cecily citou isso com desaprovação.

En Dan discordou, comparando-se a um irlandês que desejava que o iniciador do trabalho o tivesse concluído.

En Felix perguntou se já estava decidido que Bev seria o editor.

En Felicity respondeu com confiança em nome de todos que realmente estava decidido.

En Felix então propôs que a revista se chamasse The King Monthly Magazine.

En Peter concordou que o nome parecia bom e aproximou um pouco sua cadeira de Felicity.

En Cecily timidamente apontou que o nome proposto excluiria Peter, a Story Girl e Sara Ray, como se eles não tivessem parte no projeto. Ela achou que isso seria injusto.

En Sugeriu que a própria Cecily desse o nome.

En Cecily lançou um olhar hesitante para a Story Girl e Felicity. Então, ao perceber o desprezo nos olhos de Felicity, ergueu a cabeça com uma determinação inesperada.

En Ela sugeriu que simplesmente chamassem a revista de "Nossa Revista", pois isso faria com que todos se sentissem incluídos e engajados.

En Eu concordei que a revista se chamaria "Nossa Revista" e enfatizei que todos teriam uma parte. Propus que se eu fosse o editor, os outros se tornariam subeditores, cada um responsável por um departamento.

En Cecily protestou que não poderia assumir tal papel.

En Insisti firmemente que ela devia, adotando um lema inspirado no chamado ao dever da Inglaterra, mas substituindo por Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Declarei que não haveria como evitar responsabilidades e então perguntei quais departamentos deveriam criar para fazer a revista parecer um jornal de verdade.

En Felicity sugeriu que incluíssem um departamento de etiqueta, observando que "O Guia da Família" tinha um.

En O orador declarou com confiança que eles incluiriam a seção e que Dan seria seu editor.

En Felicity exclamou surpresa, tendo alimentado a esperança de que seria ela a convidada para editar a coluna.

En Dan afirmou desafiadoramente que poderia administrar uma coluna de etiqueta com tanta competência quanto o escritor do Guia da Família, mas destacou que um departamento de etiqueta exigia perguntas submetidas e se perguntou o que fazer se nenhuma chegasse.

En A Garota das Histórias aconselhou Dan a fabricar algumas perguntas, citando a afirmação do Tio Roger de que o colunista do Guia da Família fazia o mesmo, já que era improvável que existissem tantas perguntas realmente tolas na realidade.

En Percebendo a careta de Felicity, o orador insistiu que ela era a melhor escolha para editar o departamento doméstico. Felix foi designado para as piadas e o Bureau de Informações, enquanto Cecily foi nomeada editora de moda — uma tarefa simples. A Garota das Histórias assumiu a seção de pessoais, com a responsabilidade de garantir que cada edição contivesse algumas, mesmo que tivesse que inventá-las, assim como Dan faria com os conselhos de etiqueta.

En A Garota das Histórias explicou que Bev cuidaria do departamento de recortes além de escrever os editoriais, observando que eu era modesto demais para mencionar isso.

En Peter perguntou se eles teriam uma página dedicada a histórias.

En Eu respondi que sim, desde que Peter concordasse em atuar como editor de ficção e poesia.

En Peter sentiu-se secretamente desanimado, mas recusou-se a demonstrar qualquer fraqueza na frente de Felicity.

En Ele concordou imprudentemente, sem considerar totalmente as consequências.

En O palestrante explicou que a seção de recortes podia incluir qualquer coisa. Todas as outras partes da revista tinham que ser originais e assinadas pelo escritor, exceto os anúncios pessoais. Esperava-se que todos fizessem o seu melhor, e a revista pretendia ser um banquete de razão e fluxo de alma.

En O narrador sentiu orgulho de ter incluído duas citações de forma eficaz. A maioria dos outros pareceu devidamente impressionada, embora a Garota das Histórias não compartilhasse dessa reação.

En Cecily perguntou, com reprovação, se havia alguma tarefa para Sara Ray, expressando preocupação de que Sara se sentiria muito magoada se fosse excluída.

En O narrador admitiu ter se esquecido de Sara Ray. Apenas Cecily se lembrava dela, a menos que ela estivesse presente. No entanto, decidiram nomeá-la como gerente de publicidade, um título que soava impressionante, mas trazia pouca responsabilidade.

En O narrador suspirou de alívio com o lançamento fácil e anunciou que prosseguiriam. A primeira edição estava planejada para o início de janeiro. Ele alertou que, em hipótese alguma, o Tio Roger deveria ver a revista, pois zombaria dela impiedosamente.

En Peter disse melancolicamente que esperava que pudessem ter sucesso. Ele estava sombrio desde que foi encurralado no cargo de editor de ficção.

En Eu respondi que seria um sucesso se estivéssemos determinados a ter sucesso, acrescentando que onde há vontade, há sempre um caminho.

En A Garota das Histórias disse que Ursula Townley dissera exatamente isso quando seu pai a trancou em seu quarto na noite em que ela ia fugir com Kenneth MacNair.

En Nós aguçamos os ouvidos, sentindo que uma história estava por vir.

En Perguntei quem eram Ursula Townley e Kenneth MacNair.

En O orador explicou que Kenneth MacNair era primo de primeiro grau do avô do Homem Desajeitado, e que Ursula Townley era a jovem mais bonita e admirada da Ilha em sua época. Em seguida, o orador perguntou quem eles achavam que havia contado a história e esclareceu que a pessoa a havia lido em voz alta de um livro marrom.

En O orador exclamou incrédulo que não poderia ter sido o próprio Homem Desajeitado quem leu a história.

En A Garota das Histórias confirmou triunfantemente que era de fato o Homem Desajeitado. Ela contou que o encontrou um dia na floresta de bordos enquanto procurava samambaias; ele estava sentado perto da nascente, escrevendo em seu livro marrom. Quando ele a viu, escondeu

o livro e pareceu envergonhado. Depois de conversar um pouco com ele, ela perguntou diretamente sobre o livro, mencionando o boato de que ele escrevia poesia nele. Ela implorou que ele lesse algo, e ele leu para ela a história de Ursula e Kenneth.

En Felicity expressou que não entendia como a Garota das Histórias teve a audácia de perguntar tal coisa, e Cecily também parecia achar que a Garota das Histórias tinha sido um tanto ousada demais.

En Felix disse para eles esquecerem isso e insistiu que contar a história era o mais importante.

En A Garota das Histórias anunciou que recontaria a história como o Homem Estranho a havia lido, da melhor forma que pudesse, mas reconheceu que não conseguiria reproduzir todos os seus elegantes toques poéticos, pois não se lembrava de todos, apesar de ele a ter lido duas vezes para seu benefício.

UMA VONTADE, UM CAMINHO E UMA MULHER

En Há mais de um século, Ursula Townley esperava Kenneth MacNair em uma vasta floresta de faias, onde nozes marrons caíam e um vento de outubro fazia as folhas brincarem no chão como duendes.

En Peter interrompeu para perguntar o que significava 'povo duende', esquecendo-se momentaneamente de que a Garota das Histórias não gostava de ser interrompida.

En Cecily o fez silenciar, sugerindo que 'povo duende' era apenas um dos floreios poéticos do Homem Estranho.

En Entre o bosque e o golfo escuro havia campos cultivados, mas muito atrás e de cada lado se estendiam florestas, pois a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo há um século pouco se parecia com seu estado atual. Os assentamentos eram escassos e dispersos, e a população era tão pequena que o velho Hugh Townley se gabava de conhecer cada homem, mulher e criança na ilha.

En O Velho Hugh era um homem conhecido em sua época. Era conhecido por ser rico, generoso, orgulhoso e autoritário. Sua filha era considerada a jovem mais bonita da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

En Naturalmente, os jovens notavam sua beleza, e ela tinha tantos admiradores que as outras garotas a ressentiam.

En Dan concordou silenciosamente.

En No entanto, o único homem que ela favorecia era alguém de quem seu pai desaprovava fortemente. Kenneth MacNair era um jovem capitão do mar de um assentamento vizinho. Para encontrá-lo, Úrsula ia secretamente ao bosque de faias em dias de outono. O Velho Hugh havia proibido Kenneth de entrar em sua casa após uma discussão furiosa. A rivalidade originou-se de uma eleição política anos antes, quando o pai de Kenneth derrotou Hugh. Essa velha rivalidade forçou Úrsula a encontrar seu amante em segredo.

En Felicity perguntou se o MacNair era um Conservador ou um Grit.

En A Garota Contadora de Histórias disse impacientemente que não importava o que ele era, porque até mesmo um Tory pareceria romântico vindo de cem anos atrás. Úrsula não podia ver Kenneth com frequência, já que ele morava a quinze milhas de distância e estava frequentemente no mar. Naquele dia, já fazia quase três meses desde o último encontro deles.

En No domingo anterior, o jovem Sandy MacNair tinha ido à igreja em Carlyle. Ele acordou de madrugada, caminhou descalço por oito milhas ao longo da costa carregando seus sapatos, contratou um pescador para remar através do canal, e então caminhou mais oito milhas até a igreja. Ele fez isso mais para entregar uma carta para seu amado irmão Kenneth do que por devoção religiosa. Ele passou a carta para Úrsula na multidão enquanto as pessoas saíam da igreja. A carta pedia que Úrsula encontrasse Kenneth na faia no dia seguinte à tarde. Então ela foi secretamente para lá enquanto seu pai desconfiado e sua madrastra vigilante acreditavam que ela estava fiando no sótão do celeiro.

En Felicity disse com recato que era muito errado da parte de Úrsula enganar seus pais.

En A Garota Contadora de Histórias não podia negar isso, então ela habilmente evitou o aspecto ético da questão.

En Ela disse arrogantemente que não estava contando a eles o que Úrsula Townley deveria ter feito, apenas o que ela realmente fez. Se eles não quisessem ouvir, não precisavam. Ela acrescentou que haveria poucas histórias se ninguém nunca fizesse algo que não deveria.

En Como Kenneth e Ursula haviam se beijado pela última vez três meses antes, o reencontro deles foi totalmente previsível para dois amantes — tímido e lento. Passou-se meia hora até que Ursula finalmente falou.

En Ursula explicou que não poderia ficar muito tempo, pois sua ausência seria notada. Ela lembrou a ele que ele havia mencionado um assunto importante em sua carta e pediu que ele o revelasse.

En Kenneth anunciou que seu navio, The Fair Lady, partiria do porto de Charlottetown ao amanhecer do sábado seguinte, com destino a Buenos Aires. Ele acrescentou que a estação garantia um retorno seguro até o maio seguinte.

En Ursula gritou o nome dele, empalideceu e começou a chorar. Ela o acusou de crueldade, exigindo como ele poderia sequer considerar deixá-la.

En Kenneth riu e garantiu a ela que não se preocupasse. Ele explicou que o capitão do The Fair Lady levaria sua noiva junto, então eles passariam a lua de mel no mar e o frio inverno canadense sob palmeiras do sul.

En Ursula perguntou a Kenneth se ele realmente queria que ela fugisse com ele.

En Ele insistiu que não havia outra opção para eles.

En Ursula protestou, dizendo que não podia, e deu a entender que seu pai se oporia.

En Kenneth respondeu que não consultariam o pai dela até depois do fato. Ele a incentivou a vir com ele, explicando que o pai dela nunca o perdoaria por causa da briga de seus pais. Lembrou-lhe que sempre souberam que isso aconteceria, e que se ela o mandasse embora sozinho, a separação seria longa e dolorosa. Ele a encorajou a ser corajosa, a ignorar os velhos conflitos e a velejar para o sul no Fair Lady. Ele disse que tinha um plano.

En Ursula pediu para ouvir seu plano, começando a se acalmar.

En Alguém disse a Ursula que haveria um baile em The Springs na noite de sexta-feira e perguntou se ela estava convidada.

En Ursula respondeu que sim.

En Ele explicou que, embora não estivesse convidado, estaria no bosque de abetos atrás da casa com dois cavalos. Ele insistiu para que Ursula escapasse quando a dança estivesse no auge e o encontrasse lá. Eles poderiam então cavalgar quinze milhas até Charlottetown, onde um ministro amigo os casaria. Quando os dançarinos se cansassem, eles estariam a bordo de um navio, capazes de desafiar o destino.

En Ursula perguntou, de forma bastante atrevida, o que aconteceria se ela não o encontrasse no bosque de abetos.

En Ele respondeu que, se ela não viesse, ele navegaria para a América do Sul na manhã seguinte, e levaria muitos anos até Kenneth MacNair voltar.

En Ursula interpretou mal as palavras de Kenneth, o que a levou a concordar em fugir com ele. Felicity afirmou que isso também era errado. Ursula deveria ter insistido em um casamento adequado em casa, com todos os adornos, mas não o fez. Ela não foi tão cautelosa quanto Felicity teria sido.

En Felicity chamou Ursula de uma sem-vergonha, liberando a fúria que não podia demonstrar em relação à Garota das Histórias.

En O narrador corrigiu Felicity, dizendo que Ursula era apenas uma garota espirituosa, e acrescentou que ela própria teria feito o mesmo. Na sexta-feira à noite, Ursula se vestiu para o baile com coragem. Ela iria para The Springs com seu tio e sua tia, que chegariam a cavalo naquela tarde. Eles então pegariam a carruagem do velho Hugh, a única em Carlyle, para ir a The Springs. Planejavam partir cedo o suficiente para chegar antes do anoitecer, porque as noites de outubro eram escuras e as estradas arborizadas eram acidentadas para viajar.

En Quando Ursula terminou de se vestir, admirou-se no espelho com considerável satisfação. Ela tinha razão para ser vaidosa. Usava um vestido de seda verde-mar que havia sido importado da Inglaterra um ano antes e usado apenas uma vez. Era um tecido rígido e farfalhante. Contra a seda, suas bochechas coradas, olhos brilhantes e cabelos castanho-avelã reluziam intensamente.

En Ao se virar do espelho, Ursula ouviu seu pai gritando com raiva lá embaixo. Ela ficou muito pálida e correu para o corredor. Seu pai já estava no meio da escada, o rosto vermelho de fúria. Lá embaixo, ela viu sua madrastra parecendo preocupada e irritada. Na porta estava Malcolm Ramsay, um vizinho simples que a cortejava desajeitadamente desde que ela cresceu. Ursula sempre o desprezou.

En O velho Hugh chamou Ursula e exigiu que ela viesse refutar a acusação de que havia encontrado Kenneth MacNair no bosque de faias na terça-feira anterior. Ele insistiu que ela declarasse o homem um mentiroso.

En Ursula, sem demonstrar medo, olhou para Ramsay com desprezo.

En Ursula reconheceu que o homem, embora espião e fofoqueiro, estava dizendo a verdade: ela de fato encontrara Kenneth MacNair na terça-feira anterior.

En Enfurecido, o velho Hugh ordenou que Ursula fosse imediatamente para seu quarto, tirasse suas roupas elegantes e lá permanecesse até que ele permitisse sua saída. Ele a proibiu de participar de mais bailes e disse a ela para se ocupar com tricô em vez de ir ao The Springs.

En Hugh pegou um rolo de meia cinza e o jogou no quarto de Ursula. Sabendo que teria que segui-lo ou ser carregada, Ursula lançou um olhar fulminante para Ramsay e entrou com a cabeça erguida. A porta foi trancada atrás dela. Ela chorou de raiva e vergonha, depois andou de um lado para o outro, mas o som da carruagem partindo só piorou seu humor.

En Ursula chorava desesperada, temendo a ira de Kenneth e sua partida enfurecida. Ela ansiava enviar uma palavra de explicação, mas não via meios, embora lembrasse que a vontade muitas vezes encontra um caminho. Sobrecarregada, considerou pular da janela, mas reconheceu que se ferir não resolveria a situação.

En Ao cair da noite, o som de cascos atraiu Ursula à janela. Ela viu Andrew Kinnear, um jovem elegante e aliado político de seu pai, desmontar. Sabendo que ele iria ao baile naquela noite, ela ansiava por uma chance de falar com ele.

En Assim que Andrew entrou, Ursula se virou da janela e tropeçou em um grande novelo de lã caseira deixado por seu pai. Após um momento de irritação, ela agarrou uma ideia. Rapidamente escreveu um bilhete para Kenneth, então desenrolou a lã, prendeu o bilhete dentro e o enrolou novamente. O novelo cinza, misturando-se ao crepúsculo, passaria despercebido — ao contrário de um papel branco esvoaçando da janela. Então ela abriu a janela e esperou.

En Ao anoitecer, quando Andrew partiu, o velho Hugh não o acompanhou. Enquanto Andrew desamarrava seu cavalo, Ursula atirou o novelo com mira precisa, acertando-o na cabeça como pretendia. Ele olhou para cima; ela se inclinou para fora, pressionou um dedo aos lábios, apontou para o novelo e acenou. Confuso, Andrew pegou o novelo, montou e galopou para longe.

En Até aqui, tudo bem, pensou Ursula. Mas ela duvidava se Andrew entenderia seu plano — ele seria esperto o suficiente para examinar o novelo irregular em busca de sua mensagem oculta? E ele realmente iria ao baile?

En A noite parecia interminável. Ursula achou impossível descansar ou dormir. À meia-noite, ela foi surpreendida pelo som de um punhado de cascalho contra sua janela. Imediatamente, ela se inclinou para fora e viu Kenneth MacNair parado na escuridão abaixo.

En Ursula perguntou a Kenneth se ele havia recebido sua carta e se era seguro para ele estar ali.

En Kenneth garantiu a ela que era seguro. Ele explicou que o pai dela estava dormindo; ele havia esperado até a luz se apagar e depois mais meia hora para garantir que ele estivesse dormindo. Os cavalos estavam prontos, e eles ainda poderiam chegar a Charlottetown ao amanhecer.

En Ursula respondeu que era mais fácil falar do que fazer, já que ela estava trancada. Ela instruiu ele a ir atrás do novo celeiro e pegar a escada que ela havia deixado lá.

En Cinco minutos depois, Ursula, usando um capuz e uma capa, desceu silenciosamente pela escada. Dentro de mais cinco minutos, ela e Kenneth estavam cavalgando pela estrada em direção a Charlottetown.

En Kenneth disse a Ursula que eles tinham uma cavalgada exigente pela frente.

En Ursula disse que cavalgaria até o fim do mundo com Kenneth. O narrador observou que ela não deveria ter dito algo assim, mas as pessoas naquela época não tinham departamentos de etiqueta. Então, enquanto a luz vermelha de um belo amanhecer de outubro brilhava sobre o mar cinzento, *The Fair Lady* zarpou do porto de Charlottetown. Em seu convés estavam Kenneth e Ursula MacNair, e em sua mão, como um tesouro precioso, a noiva carregava um novelo de lã cinzenta caseira.

En Dan bocejou e comentou que gostou daquela história porque ninguém morreu nela, o que ele considerou um aspecto positivo.

En O narrador perguntou se o velho Hugh havia perdoado Ursula.

En A Garota das Histórias afirmou que a história no livro marrom terminava naquele ponto, mas de acordo com o Homem Desajeitado, Hugh acabou perdendo Ursula após algum tempo.

En Cecily comentou com saudade que ser raptada devia ser bastante romântico.

En Felicity disse severamente a Cecily King para não ter ideias tão tolas.

A HARPA DE NATAL

En Conforme o Natal se aproximava, uma grande agitação tomava conta da casa dos King. O ar estava carregado de segredos; todos economizavam dinheiro meticulosamente por semanas e contavam suas economias diariamente. Peças misteriosas de artesanato eram escondidas e retiradas da vista, e consultas sussurradas aconteciam sem o ciúme que poderia surgir em outras épocas. Felicity e sua mãe estavam profundamente imersas nos preparativos, enquanto Cecily e a Garota das Histórias eram excluídas com indiferença por parte da tia Janet e uma aparente complacência de Felicity. Cecily levou isso a sério e reclamou com o narrador.

En Cecily reclamou indignada que ela era tão membro da família quanto Felicity e não deveria ser excluída de tudo. Quando ela se ofereceu para tirar os caroços das uvas-passas para o mincemeat, Felicity recusou, dizendo que o mincemeat de Natal era muito especial, como se Cecily fosse incapaz de fazer direito. Cecily concluiu que as pretensões de Felicity sobre sua culinária a deixavam doente.

En O narrador observou que era uma pena que Felicity não cometesse um erro na cozinha de vez em quando; então talvez ela não se achasse tão superior aos outros.

En Todos os pacotes que chegavam de amigos distantes eram guardados pelas tias Janet e Olivia para serem abertos apenas no dia da festa. A última semana passou muito lentamente, mas finalmente o Dia de Natal chegou. Estava cinzento e gelado lá fora, mas dentro havia alegria e celebração. O tio Roger, a tia Olivia e a Garota das Histórias vieram cedo, e Pedro também veio com o rosto radiante. Todos ficaram contentes em vê-lo, pois temiam que ele não pudesse passar o Natal com eles porque sua mãe queria que ele ficasse em casa.

En Pedro tinha dito ao narrador tristemente que sentia que deveria ir para casa, mas que não teriam peru no jantar porque sua mãe não podia pagar. Ele acrescentou que sua mãe sempre chorava nos feriados porque eles a lembravam de seu pai, o que tornava as coisas desagradáveis. Ele lembrou que a tia Jane costumava dizer que nenhum homem valia a pena chorar por ele. Ainda assim, ele pensou que teria que passar o Natal em casa.

En No último momento, porém, uma prima da Sra. Craig a convidou para passar o Natal em Charlottetown. Pedro teve a escolha de ir ou ficar, e ele felizmente escolheu ficar. Assim, todo o grupo estava junto, exceto Sara Ray, que havia sido convidada, mas cuja mãe não permitiu que ela viesse.

En A Garota das Histórias disse asperamente que a mãe de Sara Ray era um incômodo, que parecia viver apenas para tornar a pobre criança infeliz, e que não deixaria Sara ir à festa naquela noite também.

En Cecily disse com compaixão que estava partindo o coração de Sara não poder vir. Cecily até temia que não fosse se divertir porque estaria pensando em Sara, sozinha em casa, provavelmente lendo a Bíblia, enquanto eles estavam na festa.

En Felicity a repreendeu, observando que havia maneiras piores de passar o tempo do que ler a Bíblia.

En Cecily objetou, apontando que a Sra. Ray forçava Sara a ler a Bíblia como punição. Ela explicou que sempre que Sara chorava para ir a algum lugar — o que certamente faria naquela noite — a Sra. Ray a fazia ler sete capítulos. Cecily duvidava que isso promovesse qualquer apreço pela Bíblia, e lamentou que depois não poderia discutir a festa com Sara, o que considerava metade do prazer.

En Felix ofereceu consolo, sugerindo que Cecily poderia simplesmente contar tudo a Sara depois.

En Cecily retrucou que contar não era nem um pouco a mesma coisa que discutir, pois era unilateral demais.

En As crianças se divertiram muito abrindo seus presentes. Embora alguns tenham recebido mais que outros, todos ganharam o suficiente para se sentir lembrados. A caixa enviada pelo pai da Garota dos Contos de Paris os surpreendeu com seu conteúdo: muitos itens bonitos, incluindo outro vestido de seda vermelha, desta vez um carmesim escuro em vez do tom flamejante do antigo, adornado com folhos, laços e babados. Vieram com sapatinhos de cetim vermelho com fivelas douradas e saltos tão altos que a Tia Janet ficou horrorizada. Felicity comentou com desdém que seria de se pensar que a Garota dos Contos se cansaria de usar tanto vermelho, e Cecily confidenciou ao narrador

que receber tantos presentes de uma vez poderia diminuir a apreciação, em comparação com receber apenas alguns.

En A Garota das Histórias declarou que jamais se cansaria da cor vermelha. Ela a adorava por sua riqueza e brilho. Ao vestir vermelho, sentia-se muito mais inteligente e sua mente transbordava de ideias. Ela se dirigiu ao vestido com carinho, elogiando sua beleza sedosa e cintilante.

En Ela jogou o vestido sobre o ombro e girou pela cozinha.

En Tia Janet repreendeu Sara gentilmente por sua tolice. Embora Tia Janet fosse uma mulher de bom coração, ela não conseguia evitar sentir que era injusto que a filha de um aventureiro errante, como ela via Blair Stanley, pudesse ostentar vestidos de seda enquanto suas próprias filhas tinham que se contentar com algodão e musselina. Naquela época, uma mulher podia possuir apenas um vestido de seda em toda a vida.

En O Homem Estranho também deu um presente à Garota das Histórias: um livrinho gasto, com suas páginas cobertas de inúmeras marcações.

En Felicity observou que o livro não era novo, mas velho. Ela confessou que nunca pensara que o Homem Estranho seria mesquinho, independentemente de seus outros defeitos.

En A Garota das Histórias explicou pacientemente a Felicity que ela não entendia, mas tentaria fazê-la entender. Ela disse que preferia muito mais o livro velho do que um novo, porque era do próprio dono, um que ele tinha lido muitas vezes e amado, tornando-o como um amigo. Um livro novo de uma loja não significaria a mesma coisa. Ela considerava um grande elogio e tinha mais orgulho dele do que de qualquer outra coisa que possuía.

En Felicity respondeu que não entendia e não queria entender. Ela disse que nunca daria a ninguém um presente de Natal usado e também não agradeceria a ninguém por um.

En Peter ficou absolutamente encantado porque Felicity lhe dera um presente feito por ela mesma. Era um marcador de papelão com um cálice de lã vermelha e amarela e o aviso 'Não Toque no Cálice' em verde. Como Peter não era dado à bebida, nem mesmo ao vinho de dente-de-leão, a mensagem parecia estranha, mas ele ficou

perfeitamente satisfeito, então ninguém estragou sua felicidade com críticas. Mais tarde, Felicity contou à narradora que tinha feito o marcador para Peter porque o pai dele costumava beber antes de fugir.

En Felicity disse que achava que Peter deveria ser avisado a tempo.

En Até Pat recebeu uma fita azul, mas ele a arrancou e perdeu meia hora depois de ter sido amarrada nele. Pat não tinha interesse em adornos corporais vaidosos.

En Eles tiveram um jantar de Natal esplêndido, tão luxuoso quanto qualquer banquete, e comeram demais. Naquele dia, ninguém os fez sentir medo. Naquela noite, para sua grande alegria, eles foram à festa de Kitty Marr.

En Era uma bela noite de dezembro. O ar frio da manhã havia suavizado para um calor ameno de outono. Não havia neve, e os longos campos que desciam da propriedade estavam marrons e macios. Um estranho silêncio sonolento havia se instalado sobre a terra púrpura, os bosques escuros de abetos, as bordas do vale e os prados secos. A natureza parecia ter cruzado as mãos em satisfação, descansando antes de seu longo sono de inverno.

En Quando os convites para a festa chegaram, a tia Janet inicialmente se recusou a deixá-los ir. Mas o tio Alec a convenceu, talvez movido pela expressão melancólica de Cecily. Se o tio Alec tinha um favorito entre seus filhos, era Cecily, e ele havia se tornado ainda mais indulgente com ela ultimamente. O narrador frequentemente o via olhando para ela atentamente e, seguindo seu olhar, notou que Cecily estava mais pálida e magra do que no verão, com olhos maiores e uma certa languidez e cansaço em seu repouso que a fazia parecer doce e patética. O narrador ouviu o tio Alec dizer à tia Janet que não gostava de ver a criança adquirindo a aparência da tia Felicity.

En A tia Janet respondeu asperamente que Cecily estava perfeitamente bem, apenas crescendo rapidamente, e disse ao tio Alec para não ser tolo.

En Depois dessa conversa, Cecily recebia xícaras de creme enquanto os outros só tinham leite. A tia Janet também tomava muito cuidado para garantir que Cecily usasse suas galochas sempre que saía.

En Naquela agradável noite de Natal, nenhuma preocupação ou sombrio presságio de eventos futuros perturbava ninguém. Cecily parecia mais radiante e encantadora do que nunca, com seus olhos brilhantes e cabelo castanho lustroso. Felicity estava deslumbrantemente bela. A Garota das Histórias, animada e vestida de seda carmesim, irradiava um charme e atrativo que superavam a beleza comum — mesmo que tia Olivia tivesse proibido as sapatilhas de cetim vermelho e insistido que ela usasse sapatos resistentes.

En Tia Olivia disse que entendia exatamente como a garota se sentia em relação às sapatilhas, mas as estradas de dezembro estavam úmidas, e se ela pretendia ir a pé até a casa dos Marrs, não poderia usar aqueles sapatos parisienses frívolos, mesmo com botas por cima. Ela a incentivou a ser corajosa e provar que tinha prioridades mais altas do que pequenas sapatilhas de cetim vermelho.

En Tio Roger comentou que o vestido de seda vermelha partiria o coração de todas as outras garotas na festa, e usar as sapatilhas também quebraria o ânimo delas. Ele aconselhou Sara a não colocá-las, para que as outras ainda pudessem ter uma pequena fonte de prazer.

En Felicity sussurrou, perguntando o que tio Roger queria dizer.

En Dan respondeu que tio Roger quis dizer que as garotas estavam todas extremamente ciumentas do vestido da Garota das Histórias.

En Felicity declarou altivamente que não era de natureza ciumenta e que a outra garota era totalmente bem-vinda ao vestido, especialmente considerando sua tez.

En Todos aproveitaram imensamente a festa, assim como a caminhada de volta para casa através de campos sombreados onde a luz das estrelas se deitava, enquanto Órion marchava acima e uma lua vermelha subia no horizonte escuro. Um riacho os acompanhou parte do caminho, cantando pela escuridão como um andarilho despreocupado.

En Felicity e Peter não caminharam com os outros. Peter devia estar transbordando de alegria naquela noite de Natal. Ao sair da casa dos Marr, ele perguntou corajosamente se podia acompanhar Felicity até em casa, e para espanto de todos, ela pegou seu braço e foi com ele, sua compostura inabalada pelo grito de deboche de Dan. O narrador secretamente desejava pedir à Garota das Histórias que o deixasse

acompanhá-la até em casa, mas não encontrou coragem, invejando a desenvoltura de Peter. Então Dan, Felix, Cecily, a Garota das Histórias e o narrador caminharam de mãos dadas, ficando mais próximos ao passar pelo bosque de James Frewen, onde o vento nos abetos produzia uma música profunda e ressonante. Essa harmonia talvez tenha lembrado uma lenda antiga à Garota das Histórias.

En A Garota das Histórias mencionou que havia lido uma história bonita na noite anterior em um dos livros da Tia Olivia, chamada 'A Harpa de Natal', e perguntou se eles gostariam de ouvi-la, pois achava que combinaria com o clima daquela parte do caminho.

En Cecily perguntou timidamente se a história continha algum fantasma.

En A história era sobre um jovem pastor que não conseguia tocar bem sua harpa, embora amasse profundamente a música. Ele ansiava por expressar a melodia em sua alma, mas seus dedos produziam apenas discórdia, e os outros zombavam dele. Na primeira noite de Natal, enquanto ele se sentava afastado com sua harpa, uma grande luz apareceu e os pastores viram anjos cantando. Sua harpa começou a tocar a mesma música sozinha, e ele percebeu que ela expressava todos os seus anseios secretos. A partir de então, sempre que ele tocava, a harpa produzia aquela música. Ele viajou por toda parte, e onde quer que a música fosse ouvida, o ódio fugia e a paz reinava. Ninguém podia sentir maldade ou desespero após ouvi-la. O pastor envelheceu, mas continuou até que suas forças se esgotaram. Enquanto jazia morrendo à beira da estrada, um Ser Brilhante lhe disse que a música tinha sido o eco do seu próprio amor e pureza, e que se ele alguma vez tivesse deixado o mal entrar em sua alma, a harpa teria silenciado. O dom que ele deu à humanidade nunca teria fim. Ao nascer do sol, ele foi encontrado morto com um sorriso e as cordas de sua harpa quebradas.

En Quando a história terminou, eles saíram do bosque de abetos. O lar ficava na colina oposta. Uma luz tênue na janela da cozinha mostrava que a tia Janet não pretendia ir para a cama até que todas as crianças estivessem a salvo dentro de casa para a noite.

En Dan observou que a mãe deles estava esperando acordada, e ele pensou que seria divertido se ela abrisse a porta exatamente quando

Felicity e Peter chegassem. Ele supôs que ela ficaria zangada, já que era quase meia-noite.

En Cecily suspirou que o Natal logo terminaria. Ela refletiu que tinha sido um Natal agradável, o primeiro que passaram todos juntos. Ela se perguntou se algum dia passariam outro igual.

En Dan respondeu alegremente que passariam muitos outros juntos e perguntou por que não passariam.

En Cecily respondeu incerta, seus passos diminuindo enquanto expressava dúvida de que tamanha agradabilidade pudesse durar.

En Dan insinuou que o baixo astral de Cecily poderia ser devido à falta de coragem de Willy Fraser em comparação com Peter.

En Cecily ergueu a cabeça e optou por não responder, considerando que alguns comentários estavam abaixo da dignidade de uma jovem.

RESOLUÇÕES DE ANO NOVO

En Embora o Natal não tivesse sido branco, o Ano Novo foi, após uma forte nevasca. O pomar estava mergulhado no inverno, tornando difícil imaginar verão ou primavera, mas nas noites de lua cheia os caminhos cobertos de neve brilhavam como marfim e cristal, e os galhos nus projetavam sombras delicadas. A Passagem do Tio Stephen jazia sob um manto de neve liso e puro, parecendo uma rua de pérola de uma cidade celestial.

En Na véspera de Ano Novo, o grupo se reuniu na cozinha do Tio Alec, que era seu local de encontro habitual nas noites de inverno. A Garota das Histórias e Peter estavam presentes, e Sara Ray veio com a permissão da mãe, mas tinha que sair às oito. Cecily ficou contente, mas os meninos estavam menos entusiasmados porque a Tia Janet sempre fazia um deles acompanhar Sara para casa no escuro. Eles não gostavam dessa obrigação porque Sara era excessivamente consciente de ter um acompanhante e depois se gabava na escola que um garoto King a tinha levado para casa, não entendendo que ser mandado era diferente de se voluntariar.

En Lá fora, um pôr do sol rosa brilhante brilhava atrás das colinas frias cobertas de abetos. Os longos campos nevados brilhavam com um tom rosa de fada na luz ocidental. Os montes de neve ao longo das bordas dos prados e descendo o caminho pareciam ondas de mármore, como se um mágico os tivesse congelado no meio da quebra, até mesmo suas pontas de espuma encaracolada.

En Lentamente, as cores brilhantes desapareceram, dando lugar à beleza mística de um crepúsculo de inverno enquanto a lua começava a subir. O céu oco parecia uma xícara azul. Estrelas apareceram sobre os vales brancos, e a terra parecia coberta por um tapete esplêndido, pronto para o novo ano pisar.

En A Garota das Histórias expressou sua felicidade pela neve, dizendo que sem ela o Ano Novo teria parecido tão gasto e sujo quanto o antigo. Ela achava o conceito de Ano Novo muito solene porque continha 365 dias nos quais nada ainda havia acontecido.

En Félix respondeu pessimista que não esperava que nada maravilhoso acontecesse naqueles dias. Naquele momento, ele achava

a vida monótona e desinteressante porque era sua vez de acompanhar Sara Ray para casa.

En Cecily disse que se sentia um pouco assustada com o pensamento de todas as possibilidades que os novos dias guardavam. Ela lembrou o ensinamento da Srta. Marwood de que o que colocamos em um ano, e não o que tiramos dele, é o que realmente importa.

En A Garota das Histórias expressou sua alegria com a chegada de um Ano Novo e manifestou o desejo de que pudessem adotar o costume norueguês, em que toda a família permanece acordada até a meia-noite e o pai abre a porta exatamente às doze para dar as boas-vindas ao Ano Novo, tradição que ela considerava encantadora.

En Dan observou que, se a mãe permitisse que ficassem acordados até meia-noite, eles também poderiam adotar o costume, mas ele notou que ela nunca permitia, e considerava isso injusto.

En A Garota das Histórias declarou com convicção que, se algum dia tivesse filhos, ela permitiria que ficassem acordados para dar as boas-vindas ao Ano Novo.

En Pedro concordou, acrescentando que, embora também permitisse que seus filhos ficassem acordados naquela noite especial, nas noites comuns eles seriam obrigados a ir para a cama às sete.

En Felicity os repreendeu, alegando que deveriam se envergonhar por discutir tais assuntos, e sua expressão transmitia desaprovação escandalizada.

En Peter recuou, sentindo-se envergonhado, convencido de que havia violado completamente uma das regras do Guia da Família.

En Ele murmurou uma desculpa, explicando que não havia percebido que era inadequado falar sobre crianças.

En A Garota das Histórias propôs que eles fizessem resoluções de Ano Novo, observando que a véspera de Ano Novo era o momento apropriado para tais promessas.

En Felicity declarou que não conseguia pensar em nenhuma resolução que desejasse fazer, estando totalmente satisfeita consigo mesma.

En Dan respondeu sarcasticamente que poderia oferecer algumas sugestões para ela.

En Cecily disse que havia tantas resoluções que ela queria fazer que tinha medo de não conseguir cumprir todas.

En O narrador sugeriu que cada um fizesse algumas resoluções por diversão e tentasse cumpri-las, e que as escrevessem com papel e tinta para torná-las mais sérias e vinculativas.

En A Garota das Histórias propôs que eles fixassem as resoluções escritas nas paredes de seus quartos, onde as veriam diariamente, e marcassem uma cruz sempre que quebrassem uma. Isso mostraria seu progresso e também os envergonharia se tivessem muitas cruzes.

En Félix sugeriu que sua revista incluísse um Quadro de Honra, onde a cada mês eles publicariam os nomes daqueles que mantivessem todas as suas resoluções perfeitamente.

En Felicity achou toda a ideia um absurdo, mas ainda assim se juntou ao grupo ao redor da mesa e ficou sentada por muito tempo com uma folha de papel em branco à sua frente.

En O narrador sugeriu que cada um deles fizesse uma resolução por vez, e que ele começaria.

En Lembrando-se com vergonha de algumas discussões recentes com Felicity, ele escreveu cuidadosamente com sua melhor caligrafia.

En Ele escreveu que tentaria sempre controlar seu temperamento.

En Felicity observou com tato que seria melhor ele fazer isso.

En Era a vez de Dan em seguida.

En Ele admitiu que não conseguia pensar em nada para começar, mordendo o porta-caneta com raiva.

En Felicity propôs que ele deveria resolver não comer frutas venenosas.

En Dan retrucou que ele deveria resolver nunca mais importunar as pessoas constantemente.

En Cecily implorou que eles não discutissem na última noite do ano velho.

En Sara Ray sugeriu que ele deveria resolver não brigar em momento algum.

En Dan afirmou enfaticamente que não adiantava fazer uma resolução que não se pudesse cumprir. Ele explicou que em sua família havia certas pessoas com as quais simplesmente era preciso brigar para viver. No entanto, ele pensou em uma resolução que poderia cumprir: não agir por despeito.

En Felicity, que realmente estava de mau humor naquela noite, riu desagradavelmente. Cecily deu-lhe um cutucão forte, o que provavelmente a impediu de falar mais.

En Felix escreveu que se absteria completamente de comer maçãs.

En Peter perguntou, admirado, por que Felix desejaria desistir de comer maçãs.

En Felix respondeu com desdém, dizendo a Peter que não se preocupasse.

En Felicity docemente comentou que maçãs engordam.

En O narrador expressou dúvida, dizendo que parecia uma resolução estranha, e achou que as resoluções deveriam envolver abandonar coisas erradas ou fazer as certas.

En Felix afirmou desafiadoramente que cada pessoa deveria fazer resoluções para se adequar a si mesma.

En Peter escreveu minuciosamente que nunca ficaria bêbado.

En A Garota das Histórias expressou espanto, observando que Peter nunca ficava bêbado de qualquer maneira.

En Peter argumentou que manter a resolução seria ainda mais simples como resultado.

En Dan reclamou que a ideia era injusta, apontando que se todos resolvessem evitar ações que nunca realizavam, todos se qualificariam para o Quadro de Honra.

En Felicity falou severamente, dizendo-lhes para deixar Peter em paz. Ela declarou que era uma excelente resolução que todos deveriam adotar.

En A Garota das Histórias escreveu que não sentiria ciúmes.

En Surpreso, perguntei se ela realmente não sentia ciúmes.

En A Story Girl corou e assentiu. Ela admitiu que sabia de uma coisa, mas se recusou a revelar o que era.

En Sara Ray também confessou ter ciúmes ocasionais. Sua primeira resolução, ela anunciou, foi se esforçar para não sentir inveja quando as outras meninas na escola descreviam suas várias doenças.

En Felix exigiu com espanto se ela realmente queria ficar doente.

En Sara Ray explicou que a doença conferia uma sensação de importância.

En Cecily escreveu que pretendia melhorar sua mente lendo livros valiosos e seguindo a sabedoria de seus mais velhos.

En Felicity exclamou que a informação tinha vindo do jornal da Escola Dominical.

En Cecily respondeu com dignidade que a fonte não importava; o importante era preservá-la.

En Eu disse a Felicity que era a vez dela.

En Felicity balançou sua bela cabeça dourada.

En Felicity repetiu que não faria nenhuma resolução e disse ao narrador que continuasse sem ela.

En O narrador escreveu que sempre estudaria gramática, apesar de detestá-la intensamente.

En Sara Ray concordou com um suspiro, compartilhando seu ódio pela gramática e chamando-a de sem importância.

En Sara gostava de usar palavras sofisticadas, mas frequentemente escolhia as erradas; o narrador suspeitava que ela queria dizer desinteressante em vez de sem importância.

En Dan escreveu que tentaria não perder a paciência com Felicity.

En Felicity protestou que nunca fazia nada para provocar a raiva de Dan.

En Peter observou que considerava indelicado fazer resoluções a respeito das próprias irmãs.

En Felicity zombou que ele não conseguiria cumprir sua resolução porque tinha um temperamento terrível.

En Dan retrucou que era um defeito de família, quebrando imediatamente sua resolução assim que a havia escrito.

En Felicity provocou-o com esse comentário.

En Felix rabiscou que resolveria todos os seus problemas de aritmética sem ajuda.

En Sara Ray suspirou e expressou o desejo de resolver aquele problema também, mas achou que seria inútil. Ela admitiu que nunca conseguiria lidar com os problemas de multiplicação composta dados pela professora sem a ajuda de Judy Pineau. Embora Judy tivesse dificuldades com leitura e ortografia, ela era excelente em aritmética. Sara concluiu, desesperançada, que tinha certeza de que nunca entenderia multiplicação composta.

En Sara comentou que a multiplicação era irritante.

En Ela acrescentou que a divisão era igualmente problemática.

En Ela achava a regra de três desconcertante.

En E ela disse que as frações a deixavam louca.

En Dan foi citado.

En Sara suspirou, admitindo que ainda não havia chegado às frações. Ela esperava que seria velha demais para a escola antes de precisar aprendê-las. Ela expressou uma forte aversão pela aritmética, mas uma paixão pela geografia.

En Peter escreveu que não jogaria jogo da velha nas páginas em branco do seu hinário durante a igreja.

En Felicity exclamou horrorizada, perguntando se a pessoa já havia feito tal coisa.

En Peter acenou com a cabeça, visivelmente envergonhado.

En O narrador lembrou que um domingo, o Sr. Bailey fez um sermão tão longo e difícil de acompanhar que ele ficou cansado e acabou jogando um jogo com um garoto de Markdale enquanto estava sentado na galeria.

En Felicity expressou severamente sua esperança de que, se ele repetisse tal comportamento, não fosse no banco da família deles.

En Peter declarou que não tinha intenção de fazer isso novamente, pois se sentiu culpado pelo resto do dia.

En A Garota das Histórias escreveu que se esforçaria para não se irritar quando as pessoas interrompessem suas histórias, embora tenha admitido com um suspiro que seria desafiador.

En Felicity comentou que nunca se importava de ser interrompida.

En Cecily escreveu que faria o possível para permanecer alegre e sempre sorrindo.

En Sara Ray afirmou lealmente que Cecily era de fato sempre alegre.

En A Garota das Histórias expressou dúvida sobre a necessidade de alegria constante, citando a instrução bíblica de chorar com os que choram.

En Cecily ofereceu a possibilidade de que o choro pudesse ser feito com um espírito alegre.

En Dan descreveu como sentir pena de alguém enquanto se alivia por não estar em sua situação difícil.

En Felicity repreendeu Dan por ser irreverente.

En A Garota das Histórias contou uma história sobre o Sr. e a Sra. Davidson de Markdale. A Sra. Davidson era perpetuamente alegre, o que irritava o marido. Ele certa vez exigiu saber por que ela estava sorrindo, ao que ela respondeu que tudo era tão brilhante e agradável que não conseguia deixar de sorrir.

En Mais tarde, a desgraça chegou—a colheita falhou, a melhor vaca morreu, a Sra. Davidson teve reumatismo e o Sr. Davidson quebrou a perna. Mesmo assim, a Sra. Davidson continuou sorrindo. O marido perguntou irritado sobre o que ela estava sorrindo desta vez. Ela respondeu que tudo era tão escuro e desagradável que ela tinha que

sorrir. Ele retrucou que ela poderia dar um descanso ao rosto de vez em quando.

En Sara Ray declarou com satisfação que não se envolveria em fofocas.

En Cecily questionou se aquela regra era muito rigorosa. Ela argumentou que fofocas inofensivas eram aceitáveis, ao contrário de fofocas maldosas. Por exemplo, dizer que Emmy MacPhail ganharia um novo colar de pele era inofensivo, mas questionar como ela poderia pagar dado o débito do pai era maldoso. Cecily sugeriu que Sara especificasse 'fofoca maldosa'.

En Sara deu seu consentimento para a emenda.

En Minha terceira resolução—ser educado com todos—foi aceita sem qualquer discussão.

En Dan escreveu que tentaria evitar gírias, já que Cecily não gostava delas.

En Felicity disse que acreditava que algumas gírias eram bastante encantadoras.

En Dan sorriu e disse que o Guia da Família considerava as gírias muito vulgares. Depois, perguntou a Sara Stanley se ela concordava.

En A Garota das Histórias pediu para não ser perturbada, explicando sonhadamente que estava ocupada com um pensamento bonito.

En Felicity declarou que havia formado uma resolução, lembrando o sermão do pastor de que pensar pensamentos bonitos tornaria suas vidas bonitas. Portanto, ela resolveu pensar um desses pensamentos todas as manhãs antes do café da manhã.

En Dan perguntou se ela conseguia administrar apenas um pensamento bonito por dia.

En O narrador perguntou por que o pensamento deveria ser pensado antes do café da manhã.

En Peter sugeriu inocentemente que pensar era mais fácil com o estômago vazio, provocando um olhar furioso de Felicity.

En Ela explicou com dignidade que havia escolhido aquele momento porque, quando escovava o cabelo em frente ao espelho pela manhã, veria sua resolução e se lembraria dela.

En A Garota das Histórias disse que o Sr. Marwood queria dizer que todos os seus pensamentos deveriam ser belos, e se fosse esse o caso, as pessoas não teriam medo de dizer o que pensam.

En Felix declarou firmemente que as pessoas não deveriam ter medo, e resolveu sempre dizer exatamente o que pensava.

En Dan perguntou sarcasticamente se Felix esperava sobreviver ao ano se levasse aquele plano adiante.

En A Garota das Histórias comentou que poderia ser fácil dizer o que se pensa se alguém estivesse sempre certo dos próprios pensamentos, mas ela frequentemente não tinha certeza.

En Felicity perguntou a Felix como ele se sentiria se as pessoas sempre expressassem seus pensamentos honestos para ele.

En Felix respondeu que ele não se importava muito com as opiniões de certas pessoas.

En Felicity apontou que Felix não gostava de ser chamado de gordo.

En A pobre Cecily suplicou a eles que parassem com seus comentários sarcásticos, dizendo que era desagradável na última noite do ano velho. Ela se perguntou onde todos estariam no ano seguinte, e então disse a Peter que era a vez dele.

En Peter escreveu que ele tentaria orar todas as noites sem falta, e não pular ou dobrar como havia feito antes da festa.

En Felicity comentou que supunha que Peter nunca havia rezado até que o levaram à igreja. Ela não havia ajudado a persuadi-lo a ir; na verdade, ela se opôs, como os leitores podem lembrar do primeiro volume da história da família.

En Peter respondeu que havia rezado. Sua tia Jane o havia ensinado, porque sua mãe estava muito ocupada; como seu pai havia fugido, ela tinha que lavar roupa tanto de dia quanto de noite.

En A Garota das Histórias escreveu que aprenderia a cozinhar, e franziu a testa enquanto escrevia.

En Felicity começou a aconselhar a Garota das Histórias a não fazer certos tipos de pudins, mas parou no meio da frase, como se tivesse mordido as palavras. Cecily a cutucara, provavelmente lembrando-a da ameaça da Garota das Histórias de não contar histórias se fosse provocada sobre o pudim de serragem. Ainda assim, todos entenderam o que Felicity pretendia dizer, e a Garota das Histórias lhe lançou um olhar muito antipático.

En Sara Ray escreveu que não choraria só porque sua mãe não engomaria seus aventais.

En Dan gentilmente aconselhou que seria melhor resolver não chorar por nada.

En Sara Ray balançou a cabeça desoladamente.

En Ela disse que tal resolução seria muito difícil de manter, porque havia momentos em que ela precisava chorar e isso trazia alívio.

En Dan murmurou para Cecily que não era um alívio para aqueles que tinham que ouvi-la.

En Cecily sussurrou para Dan ficar quieto e não machucar os sentimentos de Sara na última noite do ano velho, depois acrescentou que resolveria não se preocupar porque seu cabelo não era cacheado, embora nunca conseguisse deixar de desejar que fosse.

En Dan perguntou por que ela não enrolava mais o cabelo como fazia antes.

En Cecily respondeu com reprovação que não usava rolos de cabelo desde que Peter esteve gravemente doente com sarampo, explicando que havia decidido nunca mais fazê-lo porque tinha dúvidas sobre sua correção.

En O autor escreveu que manteria as unhas arrumadas e limpas, observando que isso completava quatro resoluções e não faria mais, pois quatro eram suficientes.

En Felix escreveu que sempre consideraria suas palavras cuidadosamente antes de falar.

En Dan comentou que tal resolução era uma terrível perda de tempo, mas concedeu que poderia ser necessária se Felix insistisse em sempre falar o que pensa.

En Peter declarou que pararia com três.

En A Story Girl escreveu que pretendia ter todos os momentos bons que pudesse.

En Dan observou que considerava isso sensato.

En Felix comentou que era uma resolução muito fácil de manter.

En Sara Ray escreveu que tentaria gostar de ler a Bíblia.

En Felicity declarou que se deve naturalmente gostar de ler a Bíblia, sem ter que fazer esforço.

En Sara Ray respondeu asperamente que ninguém gostaria de ler sete capítulos da Bíblia toda vez que se comportasse mal.

En Cecily resolveu acreditar apenas na metade de tudo que ouvia.

En Dan zombou, questionando a qual metade ela se referia.

En A doce Cecily respondeu simplesmente que acreditaria na melhor metade.

En Sara Ray escreveu com um suspiro profundo que tentaria sempre obedecer à mãe, consciente da dificuldade de manter tal resolução. Ela acrescentou que faria apenas essa.

En A Garota das Histórias comentou que Felicity havia feito apenas uma.

En Felicity declarou arrogantemente que era melhor fazer apenas uma resolução e cumpri-la do que fazer muitas e quebrá-las.

En Felicity teve a palavra final, pois era hora de Sara Ray ir embora. O grupo se desfez, e eles observaram Sara e Felix descerem o caminho iluminado pela lua — Sara pisando modestamente em uma trilha de trenó, Felix andando sombriamente na outra. O narrador suspeitou que seu irmão travesso estava alheio à beleza romântica da noite prateada.

FOREWORD

Pt/En

Português

No passado, todos viajavam pela estrada dourada. Era uma bela rodovia que passava pela Terra da Alegria Perdida, onde luz e sombra se misturavam perfeitamente. Cada curva e declive revelava uma nova beleza àqueles que ainda eram ansiosos e inocentes.

Original English

Once upon a time we all walked on the golden road. It was a fair highway, through the Land of Lost Delight; shadow and sunshine were blessedly mingled, and every turn and dip revealed a fresh charm and a new loveliness to eager hearts and unspoiled eyes.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ao longo dessa estrada, eles ouviam a música das estrelas da manhã e respiravam fragrâncias delicadas e doces como a névoa de maio. Estavam cheios de pensamentos leves e esperanças coloridas como o arco-íris. Seus corações encontravam conforto nos sonhos, e o futuro parecia brilhante. A vida parecia uma companheira amigável carregando flores.

Original English

On that road we heard the song of morning stars; we drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as a May mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes; our hearts sought and found the boon of dreams; the years waited beyond and they were very fair; life was a rose-lipped comrade with purple flowers dripping from her fingers.

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

Pt/En

Português

Embora possamos ter deixado a estrada dourada há muito tempo, suas memórias permanecem como nossos tesouros mais preciosos. Aqueles que as valorizam podem encontrar prazer neste livro, pois seus personagens são viajantes na estrada dourada da juventude.

Original English

We may long have left the golden road behind, but its memories are the dearest of our eternal possessions; and those who cherish them as such may haply find a pleasure in the pages of this book, whose people are pilgrims on the golden road of youth.

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

A NEW DEPARTURE

Pt/En

Português

Anunciei que tinha pensado em algo divertido para fazer durante o inverno. Estávamos reunidos em um semicírculo ao redor da lareira aquecida a lenha na cozinha do Tio Alec.

Original English

"I've thought of something amusing for the winter," I said as we drew into a half-circle around the glorious wood-fire in Uncle Alec's kitchen.

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

Pt/En

Português

O dia havia sido tempestuoso com um vento selvagem de novembro, terminando em um crepúsculo úmido e estranho. Lá fora, o vento uivava nas janelas e a chuva batia no telhado. O velho salgueiro perto do portão se torcia na tempestade, e o pomar produzia sons estranhos como música triste. Mas o grupo dentro de casa ignorava o exterior escuro e solitário, mantendo-o afastado com a luz do fogo e suas risadas juvenis.

Original English

It had been a day of wild November wind, closing down into a wet, eerie twilight. Outside, the wind was shrilling at the windows and around the eaves, and the rain was playing on the roof. The old willow at the gate was writhing in the storm and the orchard was a place of weird music, born of all the tears and fears that haunt the halls of night. But little we cared for the gloom and the loneliness of the outside world; we kept them at bay with the light of the fire and the laughter of our young lips.

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

Pt/En

Português

Nós estávamos jogando Cabra Cega, o que foi divertido no início. No entanto, tornou-se menos agradável porque percebemos que Peter estava deliberadamente se deixando pegar facilmente apenas para poder pegar Felicity, o que ele sempre fazia, não importa quão bem seus olhos estivessem cobertos. Alguém disse uma vez que o amor é cego, mas o amor pode facilmente enxergar através de um cachecol grosso.

Original English

We had been having a splendid game of Blind-Man's Buff. That is, it had been splendid at first; but later the fun went out of it because we found that Peter was, of malice prepense, allowing himself to be caught too easily, in order that he might have the pleasure of catching Felicity—which he never failed to do, no matter how tightly his eyes were bound. What remarkable goose said that love is blind? Love can see through five folds of closely-woven muffler with ease!

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily disse que estava ficando cansada, sua respiração estava rápida e suas bochechas coradas. Ela sugeriu que se sentassem e pedissem a Garota das Histórias para contar uma história.

Original English

"I'm getting tired," said Cecily, whose breath was coming rather quickly and whose pale cheeks had bloomed into scarlet. "Let's sit down and get the Story Girl to tell us a story."

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

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto nos sentávamos, a Garota das Histórias me deu um olhar significativo, indicando que era o momento certo para apresentar o plano que ela e eu vínhamos secretamente preparando há alguns dias. A ideia era inteiramente dela, mas ela queria que eu a apresentasse como se fosse minha.

Original English

But as we dropped into our places the Story Girl shot a significant glance at me which intimated that this was the psychological moment for introducing the scheme she and I had been secretly developing for some days. It was really the Story Girl's idea and none of mine. But she had insisted that I should make the suggestion as coming wholly from myself.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela disse que, se eu não fizesse, Felicity não concordaria. Ela destacou como Felicity tinha sido contrária ultimamente em relação a qualquer coisa que ela propusesse. Se Felicity se opusesse, Peter também o faria, e não seria divertido se todos não estivessem incluídos.

Original English

"If you don't, Felicity won't agree to it. You know yourself, Bev, how contrary she's been lately over anything I mention. And if she goes against it Peter will too—the ninny!—and it wouldn't be any fun if we weren't all in it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity perguntou qual era o plano, afastando levemente sua cadeira de Peter.

Original English

"What is it?" asked Felicity, drawing her chair slightly away from Peter's.

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador propôs que eles criassem seu próprio jornal, escrevendo tudo eles mesmos e incluindo todas as suas atividades. Ele perguntou se eles achavam que seria divertido.

Original English

"It is this. Let us get up a newspaper of our own—write it all ourselves, and have all we do in it. Don't you think we can get a lot of fun out of it?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Todos pareciam confusos e surpresos, exceto a Garota das Histórias, que sabia seu dever e o cumpriu sem hesitação.

Original English

Everyone looked rather blank and amazed, except the Story Girl. She knew what she had to do, and she did it.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela descartou a ideia como tola, balançando seus longos cachos castanhos com desdém, e questionou como eles poderiam possivelmente iniciar um jornal.

Original English

"What a silly idea!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous toss of her long brown curls. "Just as if WE could get up a newspaper!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity ficou irritada, exatamente como eles haviam previsto.

Original English

Felicity fired up, exactly as we had hoped.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity apoiou entusiasticamente a ideia, questionando por que eles não poderiam fazer um jornal tão bom quanto o da cidade. Ela citou a crítica do Tio Roger ao Daily Enterprise, que, segundo ele, publicava notícias triviais como velhinhas visitando umas às outras para o chá. Ela afirmou que eles poderiam superar isso e disse a Sara Stanley que ela não era a única pessoa capaz.

Original English

"I think it's a splendid idea," she said enthusiastically. "I'd like to know why we couldn't get up as good a newspaper as they have in town! Uncle Roger says the Daily Enterprise has gone to the dogs—all the news it prints is that some old woman has put a shawl on her head and gone across the road to have tea with another old woman. I guess we could do better than that. You needn't think, Sara Stanley, that nobody but you can do anything."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter expressou sua crença de que seria muito divertido. Ele mencionou que sua tia Jane havia ajudado na edição de um jornal durante seu tempo na Queen's Academy, e ela descreveu a experiência como agradável e muito benéfica.

Original English

"I think it would be great fun," said Peter decidedly. "My Aunt Jane helped edit a paper when she was at Queen's Academy, and she said it was very amusing and helped her a great deal."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias só conseguia esconder sua empolgação baixando o olhar e fazendo uma careta.

Original English

The Story Girl could hide her delight only by dropping her eyes and frowning.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela comentou que Bev desejava se tornar editor, mas duvidava de sua habilidade devido à falta de experiência. Além disso, ela acrescentou, isso envolveria muitos problemas.

Original English

"Bev wants to be editor," she said, "and I don't see how he can, with no experience. Anyhow, it would be a lot of trouble."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity retrucou que algumas pessoas tinham muito medo de um pequeno incômodo.

Original English

"Some people are so afraid of a little bother," retorted Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily expressou timidamente sua opinião de que seria legal, acrescentando que nenhum deles tinha mais experiência como editores do que Bev, então aquela objeção particular era irrelevante.

Original English

"I think it would be nice," said Cecily timidly, "and none of us have any experience of being editors, any more than Bev, so that wouldn't matter."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan perguntou se seria impresso.

Original English

"Will it be printed?" asked Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador respondeu que não poderia ser impresso, então teriam que escrevê-lo à mão e poderiam comprar papel almaço com o professor.

Original English

"Oh, no," I said. "We can't have it printed. We'll just have to write it out—we can buy foolscap from the teacher."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan comentou com desdém que um jornal que não fosse impresso não seria grande coisa.

Original English

"I don't think it will be much of a newspaper if it isn't printed," said Dan scornfully.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity retrucou que o que Dan pensava não importava muito.

Original English

"It doesn't matter very much what YOU think," said Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan retrucou com um agradecimento sarcástico.

Original English

"Thank you," retorted Dan.

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Pt/En

Português

Sem querer que Dan se voltasse contra o plano, a Garota das Histórias concordou rapidamente. Ela disse que, se todos os outros quisessem fazer, ela também se juntaria. Refletindo, ela achou que seria realmente muito divertido, e sugeriu que manter as cópias seria uma boa ideia, já que poderiam se tornar valiosas quando fossem famosos.

Original English

"Of course," said the Story Girl hastily, not wishing to have Dan turned against our project, "if all the rest of you want it I'll go in for it too. I daresay it would be real good fun, now that I come to think of it. And we'll keep the copies, and when we become famous they'll be quite valuable."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix expressou dúvida, questionando se algum deles algum dia alcançaria a fama.

Original English

"I wonder if any of us ever will be famous," said Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eu afirmei com confiança que a Garota das Histórias seria famosa.

Original English

"The Story Girl will be," I said.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity estava cética, questionando como a Garota das Histórias poderia ser famosa, já que ela não era diferente dos outros.

Original English

"I don't see how she can be," said Felicity skeptically. "Why, she's just one of us."

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

Pt/En

Português

Anunciei rapidamente que a decisão estava tomada de ter um jornal, e o próximo assunto importante era escolher um nome para ele.

Original English

"Well, it's decided, then, that we're to have a newspaper," I resumed briskly. "The next thing is to choose a name for it. That's a very important thing."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix perguntou com que frequência eles pretendiam publicá-lo.

Original English

"How often are you going to publish it?" asked Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Seria publicado uma vez por mês.

Original English

"Once a month."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan observou que ele supunha que os jornais eram publicados diariamente ou pelo menos semanalmente.

Original English

"I thought newspapers came out every day, or every week at least," said Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador explicou que uma publicação semanal não era viável porque exigiria muito esforço.

Original English

"We couldn't have one every week," I explained. "It would be too much work."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan concedeu que o argumento tinha mérito, acrescentando que acreditava que menos trabalho era preferível. Ele interrompeu Felicity, alegando saber o que ela estava prestes a dizer e dizendo-lhe para guardar suas palavras. Ele admitiu que concordava com a crítica não dita: ele nunca trabalhava quando podia evitar.

Original English

"Well, that's an argument," admitted Dan. "The less work you can get along with the better, in my opinion. No, Felicity, you needn't say it. I know exactly what you want to say, so save your breath to cool your porridge. I agree with you that I never work if I can find anything else to do."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily lembrou-lhes que não ter trabalho era ainda mais desafiador.

Original English

"Remember it is harder still To have no work to do,"

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily citou isso com desaprovação.

Original English

quoted Cecily reprovngly.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan discordou, comparando-se a um irlandês que desejava que o iniciador do trabalho o tivesse concluído.

Original English

"I don't believe THAT," rejoined Dan. "I'm like the Irishman who said he wished the man who begun work had stayed and finished it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix perguntou se já estava decidido que Bev seria o editor.

Original English

"Well, is it decided that Bev is to be editor?" asked Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity respondeu com confiança em nome de todos que realmente estava decidido.

Original English

"Of course it is," Felicity answered for everybody.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix então propôs que a revista se chamasse The King Monthly Magazine.

Original English

"Then," said Felix, "I move that the name be The King Monthly Magazine."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter concordou que o nome parecia bom e aproximou um pouco sua cadeira de Felicity.

Original English

"That sounds fine," said Peter, hitching his chair a little nearer Felicity's.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily timidamente apontou que o nome proposto excluiria Peter, a Story Girl e Sara Ray, como se eles não tivessem parte no projeto. Ela achou que isso seria injusto.

Original English

"But," said Cecily timidly, "that will leave out Peter and the Story Girl and Sara Ray, just as if they didn't have a share in it. I don't think that would be fair."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sugeri que a própria Cecily desse o nome.

Original English

"You name it then, Cecily," I suggested.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily lançou um olhar hesitante para a Story Girl e Felicity. Então, ao perceber o desprezo nos olhos de Felicity, ergueu a cabeça com uma determinação inesperada.

Original English

"Oh!" Cecily threw a deprecating glance at the Story Girl and Felicity. Then, meeting the contempt in the latter's gaze, she raised her head with unusual spirit.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela sugeriu que simplesmente chamassem a revista de "Nossa Revista", pois isso faria com que todos se sentissem incluídos e engajados.

Original English

"I think it would be nice just to call it Our Magazine," she said. "Then we'd all feel as if we had a share in it."

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Pt/En

Português

Eu concordei que a revista se chamaria "Nossa Revista" e enfatizei que todos teriam uma parte. Propus que se eu fosse o editor, os outros se tornariam subeditores, cada um responsável por um departamento.

Original English

"Our Magazine it will be, then," I said. "And as for having a share in it, you bet we'll all have a share in it. If I'm to be editor you'll all have to be sub-editors, and have charge of a department."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily protestou que não poderia assumir tal papel.

Original English

"Oh, I couldn't," protested Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Insisti firmemente que ela devia, adotando um lema inspirado no chamado ao dever da Inglaterra, mas substituindo por Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo. Declarei que não haveria como evitar responsabilidades e então perguntei quais departamentos deveriam criar para fazer a revista parecer um jornal de verdade.

Original English

"You must," I said inexorably. "England expects everyone to do his duty.' That's our motto—only we'll put Prince Edward Island in place of England. There must be no shirking. Now, what departments will we have? We must make it as much like a real newspaper as we can."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity sugeriu que incluíssem um departamento de etiqueta, observando que "O Guia da Família" tinha um.

Original English

"Well, we ought to have an etiquette department, then," said Felicity. "The Family Guide has one."

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador declarou com confiança que eles incluiriam a seção e que Dan seria seu editor.

Original English

"Of course we'll have one," I said, "and Dan will edit it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity exclamou surpresa, tendo alimentado a esperança de que seria ela a convidada para editar a coluna.

Original English

"Dan!" exclaimed Felicity, who had fondly expected to be asked to edit it herself.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan afirmou desafiadoramente que poderia administrar uma coluna de etiqueta com tanta competência quanto o escritor do Guia da Família, mas destacou que um departamento de etiqueta exigia perguntas submetidas e se perguntou o que fazer se nenhuma chegasse.

Original English

"I can run an etiquette column as well as that idiot in the Family Guide, anyhow," said Dan defiantly. "But you can't have an etiquette department unless questions are asked. What am I to do if nobody asks any?"

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias aconselhou Dan a fabricar algumas perguntas, citando a afirmação do Tio Roger de que o colunista do Guia da Família fazia o mesmo, já que era improvável que existissem tantas perguntas realmente tolas na realidade.

Original English

"You must make some up," said the Story Girl. "Uncle Roger says that is what the Family Guide man does. He says it is impossible that there can be as many hopeless fools in the world as that column would stand for otherwise."

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

Pt/En

Português

Percebendo a careta de Felicity, o orador insistiu que ela era a melhor escolha para editar o departamento doméstico. Felix foi designado para as piadas e o Bureau de Informações, enquanto Cecily foi nomeada editora de moda — uma tarefa simples. A Garota das Histórias assumiu a seção de pessoais, com a responsabilidade de garantir que cada edição contivesse algumas, mesmo que tivesse que inventá-las, assim como Dan faria com os conselhos de etiqueta.

Original English

"We want you to edit the household department, Felicity," I said, seeing a cloud lowering on that fair lady's brow. "Nobody can do that as well as you. Felix will edit the jokes and the Information Bureau, and Cecily must be fashion editor. Yes, you must, Sis. It's easy as wink. And the Story Girl will attend to the personals. They're very important. Anyone can contribute a personal, but the Story Girl is to see there are some in every issue, even if she has to make them up, like Dan with the etiquette."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias explicou que Bev cuidaria do departamento de recortes além de escrever os editoriais, observando que eu era modesto demais para mencionar isso.

Original English

"Bev will run the scrap book department, besides the editorials," said the Story Girl, seeing that I was too modest to say it myself.

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Pt/En

Português

Peter perguntou se eles teriam uma página dedicada a histórias.

Original English

"Aren't you going to have a story page?" asked Peter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eu respondi que sim, desde que Peter concordasse em atuar como editor de ficção e poesia.

Original English

"We will, if you'll be fiction and poetry editor," I said.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter sentiu-se secretamente desanimado, mas recusou-se a demonstrar qualquer fraqueza na frente de Felicity.

Original English

Peter, in his secret soul, was dismayed, but he would not blanch before Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele concordou imprudentemente, sem considerar totalmente as consequências.

Original English

"All right," he said, recklessly.

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

Pt/En

Português

O palestrante explicou que a seção de recortes podia incluir qualquer coisa. Todas as outras partes da revista tinham que ser originais e assinadas pelo escritor, exceto os anúncios pessoais. Esperava-se que todos fizessem o seu melhor, e a revista pretendia ser um banquete de razão e fluxo de alma.

Original English

"We can put anything we like in the scrap book department," I explained, "but all the other contributions must be original, and all must have the name of the writer signed to them, except the personals. We must all do our best. Our Magazine is to be 'a feast of reason and flow of soul.'"

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador sentiu orgulho de ter incluído duas citações de forma eficaz. A maioria dos outros pareceu devidamente impressionada, embora a Garota das Histórias não compartilhasse dessa reação.

Original English

I felt that I had worked in two quotations with striking effect. The others, with the exception of the Story Girl, looked suitably impressed.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily perguntou, com reprovação, se havia alguma tarefa para Sara Ray, expressando preocupação de que Sara se sentiria muito magoada se fosse excluída.

Original English

"But," said Cecily, reproachfully, "haven't you anything for Sara Ray to do? She'll feel awful bad if she is left out."

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador admitiu ter se esquecido de Sara Ray. Apenas Cecily se lembrava dela, a menos que ela estivesse presente. No entanto, decidiram nomeá-la como gerente de publicidade, um título que soava impressionante, mas trazia pouca responsabilidade.

Original English

I had forgotten Sara Ray. Nobody, except Cecily, ever did remember Sara Ray unless she was on the spot. But we decided to put her in as advertising manager. That sounded well and really meant very little.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador suspirou de alívio com o lançamento fácil e anunciou que prosseguiriam. A primeira edição estava planejada para o início de janeiro. Ele alertou que, em hipótese alguma, o Tio Roger deveria ver a revista, pois zombaria dela impiedosamente.

Original English

"Well, we'll go ahead then," I said, with a sigh of relief that the project had been so easily launched. "We'll get the first issue out about the first of January. And whatever else we do we mustn't let Uncle Roger get hold of it. He'd make such fearful fun of it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter disse melancolicamente que esperava que pudessem ter sucesso. Ele estava sombrio desde que foi encurralado no cargo de editor de ficção.

Original English

"I hope we can make a success of it," said Peter moodily. He had been moody ever since he was entrapped into being fiction editor.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eu respondi que seria um sucesso se estivéssemos determinados a ter sucesso, acrescentando que onde há vontade, há sempre um caminho.

Original English

"It will be a success if we are determined to succeed," I said. "Where there is a will there is always a way."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias disse que Ursula Townley dissera exatamente isso quando seu pai a trancou em seu quarto na noite em que ela ia fugir com Kenneth MacNair.

Original English

"That's just what Ursula Townley said when her father locked her in her room the night she was going to run away with Kenneth MacNair," said the Story Girl.

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

Pt/En

Português

Nós aguçamos os ouvidos, sentindo que uma história estava por vir.

Original English

We pricked up our ears, scenting a story.

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

Pt/En

Português

Perguntei quem eram Ursula Townley e Kenneth MacNair.

Original English

"Who were Ursula Townley and Kenneth MacNair?" I asked.

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador explicou que Kenneth MacNair era primo de primeiro grau do avô do Homem Desajeitado, e que Ursula Townley era a jovem mais bonita e admirada da Ilha em sua época. Em seguida, o orador perguntou quem eles achavam que havia contado a história e esclareceu que a pessoa a havia lido em voz alta de um livro marrom.

Original English

"Kenneth MacNair was a first cousin of the Awkward Man's grandfather, and Ursula Townley was the belle of the Island in her day. Who do you suppose told me the story—no, read it to me, out of his brown book?"

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

Pt/En

Português

O orador exclamou incrédulo que não poderia ter sido o próprio Homem Desajeitado quem leu a história.

Original English

"Never the Awkward Man himself!" I exclaimed incredulously.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias confirmou triunfantemente que era de fato o Homem Desajeitado. Ela contou que o encontrou um dia na floresta de bordos enquanto procurava samambaias; ele estava sentado perto da nascente, escrevendo em seu livro marrom. Quando ele a viu, escondeu o livro e pareceu envergonhado. Depois de conversar um pouco com ele, ela perguntou diretamente sobre o livro, mencionando o boato de que ele escrevia poesia nele. Ela implorou que ele lesse algo, e ele leu para ela a história de Ursula e Kenneth.

Original English

"Yes, he did," said the Story Girl triumphantly. "I met him one day last week back in the maple woods when I was looking for ferns. He was sitting by the spring, writing in his brown book. He hid it when he saw me and looked real silly; but after I had talked to him awhile I just asked him about it, and told him that the gossips said he wrote poetry in it, and if he did would he tell me, because I was dying to know. He said he wrote a little of everything in it; and then I begged him to read me something out of it, and he read me the story of Ursula and Kenneth."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity expressou que não entendia como a Garota das Histórias teve a audácia de perguntar tal coisa, e Cecily também parecia achar que a Garota das Histórias tinha sido um tanto ousada demais.

Original English

"I don't see how you ever had the face," said Felicity; and even Cecily looked as if she thought the Story Girl had gone rather far.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix disse para eles esquecerem isso e insistiu que contar a história era o mais importante.

Original English

"Never mind that," cried Felix, "but tell us the story. That's the main thing."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias anunciou que recontaria a história como o Homem Estranho a havia lido, da melhor forma que pudesse, mas reconheceu que não conseguiria reproduzir todos os seus elegantes toques poéticos, pois não se lembrava de todos, apesar de ele a ter lido duas vezes para seu benefício.

Original English

"I'll tell it just as the Awkward Man read it, as far as I can," said the Story Girl, "but I can't put all his nice poetical touches in, because I can't remember them all, though he read it over twice for me."

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

A WILL, A WAY AND A WOMAN

Pt/En

Português

Há mais de um século, Ursula Townley esperava Kenneth MacNair em uma vasta floresta de faias, onde nozes marrons caíam e um vento de outubro fazia as folhas brincarem no chão como duendes.

Original English

"One day, over a hundred years ago, Ursula Townley was waiting for Kenneth MacNair in a great beechwood, where brown nuts were falling and an October wind was making the leaves dance on the ground like pixy-people."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter interrompeu para perguntar o que significava 'povo duende', esquecendo-se momentaneamente de que a Garota das Histórias não gostava de ser interrompida.

Original English

"What are pixy-people?" demanded Peter, forgetting the Story Girl's dislike of interruptions.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily o fez silenciar, sugerindo que 'povo duende' era apenas um dos floreios poéticos do Homem Estranho.

Original English

"Hush," whispered Cecily. "That is only one of the Awkward Man's poetical touches, I guess."

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

Pt/En

Português

Entre o bosque e o golfo escuro havia campos cultivados, mas muito atrás e de cada lado se estendiam florestas, pois a Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo há um século pouco se parecia com seu estado atual. Os assentamentos eram escassos e dispersos, e a população era tão pequena que o velho Hugh Townley se gabava de conhecer cada homem, mulher e criança na ilha.

Original English

"There were cultivated fields between the grove and the dark blue gulf; but far behind and on each side were woods, for Prince Edward Island a hundred years ago was not what it is today. The settlements were few and scattered, and the population so scanty that old Hugh Townley boasted that he knew every man, woman and child in it.

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

Pt/En

Português

O Velho Hugh era um homem conhecido em sua época. Era conhecido por ser rico, generoso, orgulhoso e autoritário. Sua filha era considerada a jovem mais bonita da Ilha do Príncipe Eduardo.

Original English

"Old Hugh was quite a noted man in his day. He was noted for several things—he was rich, he was hospitable, he was proud, he was masterful—and he had for daughter the handsomest young woman in Prince Edward Island.

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

Pt/En

Português

Naturalmente, os jovens notavam sua beleza, e ela tinha tantos admiradores que as outras garotas a ressentiam.

Original English

"Of course, the young men were not blind to her good looks, and she had so many lovers that all the other girls hated her—"

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan concordou silenciosamente.

Original English

"You bet!" said Dan, aside—

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

Pt/En

Português

No entanto, o único homem que ela favorecia era alguém de quem seu pai desaprovava fortemente. Kenneth MacNair era um jovem capitão do mar de um assentamento vizinho. Para encontrá-lo, Úrsula ia secretamente ao bosque de faias em dias de outono. O Velho Hugh havia proibido Kenneth de entrar em sua casa após uma discussão furiosa. A rivalidade originou-se de uma eleição política anos antes, quando o pai de Kenneth derrotou Hugh. Essa velha rivalidade forçou Úrsula a encontrar seu amante em segredo.

Original English

"But the only one who found favour in her eyes was the very last man she should have pitched her fancy on, at least if old Hugh were the judge. Kenneth MacNair was a dark-eyed young sea-captain of the next settlement, and it was to meet him that Ursula stole to the beechwood on that autumn day of crisp wind and ripe sunshine. Old Hugh had forbidden his house to the young man, making such a scene of fury about it that even Ursula's high spirit quailed. Old Hugh had really nothing against Kenneth himself; but years before either Kenneth or Ursula was born, Kenneth's father had beaten Hugh Townley in a hotly contested election. Political feeling ran high in those days, and old Hugh had never forgiven the MacNair his victory. The feud between the families dated from that tempest in the provincial teapot, and the surplus of votes on the wrong side was the reason why, thirty years after, Ursula had to meet her lover by stealth if she met him at all."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity perguntou se o MacNair era um Conservador ou um Grit.

Original English

"Was the MacNair a Conservative or a Grit?" asked Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota Contadora de Histórias disse impacientemente que não importava o que ele era, porque até mesmo um Tory pareceria romântico vindo de cem anos atrás. Úrsula não podia ver Kenneth com frequência, já que ele morava a quinze milhas de distância e estava frequentemente no mar. Naquele dia, já fazia quase três meses desde o último encontro deles.

Original English

"It doesn't make any difference what he was," said the Story Girl impatiently. "Even a Tory would be romantic a hundred years ago. Well, Ursula couldn't see Kenneth very often, for Kenneth lived fifteen miles away and was often absent from home in his vessel. On this particular day it was nearly three months since they had met.

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Pt/En

Português

No domingo anterior, o jovem Sandy MacNair tinha ido à igreja em Carlyle. Ele acordou de madrugada, caminhou descalço por oito milhas ao longo da costa carregando seus sapatos, contratou um pescador para remar através do canal, e então caminhou mais oito milhas até a igreja. Ele fez isso mais para entregar uma carta para seu amado irmão Kenneth do que por devoção religiosa. Ele passou a carta para Úrsula na multidão enquanto as pessoas saíam da igreja. A carta pedia que Úrsula encontrasse Kenneth na faia no dia seguinte à tarde. Então ela foi secretamente para lá enquanto seu pai desconfiado e sua madrasta vigilante acreditavam que ela estava fiando no sótão do celeiro.

Original English

"The Sunday before, young Sandy MacNair had been in Carlyle church. He had risen at dawn that morning, walked bare-footed for eight miles along the shore, carrying his shoes, hired a harbour fisherman to row him over the channel, and then walked eight miles more to the church at Carlyle, less, it is to be feared, from a zeal for holy things than that he might do an errand for his adored brother, Kenneth. He carried a letter which he contrived to pass into Ursula's hand in the crowd as the people came out. This letter asked Ursula to meet Kenneth in the beechwood the next afternoon, and so she stole away there when suspicious father and watchful stepmother thought she was spinning in the granary loft."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity disse com recato que era muito errado da parte de Úrsula enganar seus pais.

Original English

"It was very wrong of her to deceive her parents," said Felicity primly.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota Contadora de Histórias não podia negar isso, então ela habilmente evitou o aspecto ético da questão.

Original English

The Story Girl couldn't deny this, so she evaded the ethical side of the question skilfully.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela disse arrogantemente que não estava contando a eles o que Úrsula Townley deveria ter feito, apenas o que ela realmente fez. Se eles não quisessem ouvir, não precisavam. Ela acrescentou que haveria poucas histórias se ninguém nunca fizesse algo que não deveria.

Original English

"I am not telling you what Ursula Townley ought to have done," she said loftily. "I am only telling you what she DID do. If you don't want to hear it you needn't listen, of course. There wouldn't be many stories to tell if nobody ever did anything she shouldn't do.

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Pt/En

Português

Como Kenneth e Ursula haviam se beijado pela última vez três meses antes, o reencontro deles foi totalmente previsível para dois amantes — tímido e lento. Passou-se meia hora até que Ursula finalmente falou.

Original English

"Well, when Kenneth came, the meeting was just what might have been expected between two lovers who had taken their last kiss three months before. So it was a good half-hour before Ursula said,

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula explicou que não poderia ficar muito tempo, pois sua ausência seria notada. Ela lembrou a ele que ele havia mencionado um assunto importante em sua carta e pediu que ele o revelasse.

Original English

"Oh, Kenneth, I cannot stay long—I shall be missed. You said in your letter that you had something important to talk of. What is it?"

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Pt/En

Português

Kenneth anunciou que seu navio, The Fair Lady, partiria do porto de Charlottetown ao amanhecer do sábado seguinte, com destino a Buenos Aires. Ele acrescentou que a estação garantia um retorno seguro até o maio seguinte.

Original English

"My news is this, Ursula. Next Saturday morning my vessel, The Fair Lady, with her captain on board, sails at dawn from Charlottetown harbour, bound for Buenos Ayres. At this season this means a safe and sure return—next May.'

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula gritou o nome dele, empalideceu e começou a chorar. Ela o acusou de crueldade, exigindo como ele poderia sequer considerar deixá-la.

Original English

"Kenneth!" cried Ursula. She turned pale and burst into tears. 'How can you think of leaving me? Oh, you are cruel!'

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

Pt/En

Português

Kenneth riu e garantiu a ela que não se preocupasse. Ele explicou que o capitão do The Fair Lady levaria sua noiva junto, então eles passariam a lua de mel no mar e o frio inverno canadense sob palmeiras do sul.

Original English

"Why, no, sweetheart," laughed Kenneth. 'The captain of The Fair Lady will take his bride with him. We'll spend our honeymoon on the high seas, Ursula, and the cold Canadian winter under southern palms.'

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula perguntou a Kenneth se ele realmente queria que ela fugisse com ele.

Original English

"You want me to run away with you, Kenneth?" exclaimed Ursula.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele insistiu que não havia outra opção para eles.

Original English

"Indeed, dear girl, there's nothing else to do!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula protestou, dizendo que não podia, e deu a entender que seu pai se oporia.

Original English

"Oh, I cannot!" she protested. "My father would—"

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

Pt/En

Português

Kenneth respondeu que não consultariam o pai dela até depois do fato. Ele a incentivou a vir com ele, explicando que o pai dela nunca o perdoaria por causa da briga de seus pais. Lembrou-lhe que sempre souberam que isso aconteceria, e que se ela o mandasse embora sozinho, a separação seria longa e dolorosa. Ele a encorajou a ser corajosa, a ignorar os velhos conflitos e a velejar para o sul no Fair Lady. Ele disse que tinha um plano.

Original English

"We'll not consult him—until afterward. Come, Ursula, you know there's no other way. We've always known it must come to this. YOUR father will never forgive me for MY father. You won't fail me now. Think of the long parting if you send me away alone on such a voyage. Pluck up your courage, and we'll let Townleys and MacNairs whistle their mouldy feuds down the wind while we sail southward in The Fair Lady. I have a plan."

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Pt/En

Português

Ursula pediu para ouvir seu plano, começando a se acalmar.

Original English

"Let me hear it," said Ursula, beginning to get back her breath.

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém disse a Ursula que haveria um baile em The Springs na noite de sexta-feira e perguntou se ela estava convidada.

Original English

"There is to be a dance at The Springs Friday night. Are you invited, Ursula?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula respondeu que sim.

Original English

"Yes."

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Pt/En

Português

Ele explicou que, embora não estivesse convidado, estaria no bosque de abetos atrás da casa com dois cavalos. Ele insistiu para que Ursula escapasse quando a dança estivesse no auge e o encontrasse lá. Eles poderiam então cavalgar quinze milhas até Charlottetown, onde um ministro amigo os casaria. Quando os dançarinos se cansassem, eles estariam a bordo de um navio, capazes de desafiar o destino.

Original English

"Good. I am not—but I shall be there—in the fir grove behind the house, with two horses. When the dancing is at its height you'll steal out to meet

me. Then 'tis but a fifteen mile ride to Charlottetown, where a good minister, who is a friend of mine, will be ready to marry us. By the time the dancers have tired their heels you and I will be on our vessel, able to snap our fingers at fate.'

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Pt/En

Português

Ursula perguntou, de forma bastante atrevida, o que aconteceria se ela não o encontrasse no bosque de abetos.

Original English

"And what if I do not meet you in the fir grove?" said Ursula, a little impertinently.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que, se ela não viesse, ele navegaria para a América do Sul na manhã seguinte, e levaria muitos anos até Kenneth MacNair voltar.

Original English

"If you do not, I'll sail for South America the next morning, and many a long year will pass ere Kenneth MacNair comes home again."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula interpretou mal as palavras de Kenneth, o que a levou a concordar em fugir com ele. Felicity afirmou que isso também era errado. Ursula deveria ter insistido em um casamento adequado em casa, com todos os adornos, mas não o fez. Ela não foi tão cautelosa quanto Felicity teria sido.

Original English

"Perhaps Kenneth didn't mean that, but Ursula thought he did, and it decided her. She agreed to run away with him. Yes, of course that was wrong, too, Felicity. She ought to have said, 'No, I shall be married respectably from home, and have a wedding and a silk dress and

bridesmaids and lots of presents.' But she didn't. She wasn't as prudent as Felicity King would have been."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity chamou Ursula de uma sem-vergonha, liberando a fúria que não podia demonstrar em relação à Garota das Histórias.

Original English

"She was a shameless hussy," said Felicity, venting on the long-dead Ursula that anger she dare not visit on the Story Girl.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador corrigiu Felicity, dizendo que Ursula era apenas uma garota espirituosa, e acrescentou que ela própria teria feito o mesmo. Na sexta-feira à noite, Ursula se vestiu para o baile com coragem. Ela iria para The Springs com seu tio e sua tia, que chegariam a cavalo naquela tarde. Eles então pegariam a carruagem do velho Hugh, a única em Carlyle, para ir a The Springs. Planejavam partir cedo o suficiente para chegar antes do anoitecer, porque as noites de outubro eram escuras e as estradas arborizadas eram acidentadas para viajar.

Original English

"Oh, no, Felicity dear, she was just a lass of spirit. I'd have done the same. And when Friday night came she began to dress for the dance with a brave heart. She was to go to The Springs with her uncle and aunt, who were coming on horseback that afternoon, and would then go on to The Springs in old Hugh's carriage, which was the only one in Carlyle then. They were to leave in time to reach The Springs before nightfall, for the October nights were dark and the wooded roads rough for travelling.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando Ursula terminou de se vestir, admirou-se no espelho com considerável satisfação. Ela tinha razão para ser vaidosa. Usava um vestido de seda verde-mar que havia sido importado da Inglaterra um ano antes e usado apenas uma vez. Era um tecido rígido e farfalhante. Contra a seda, suas bochechas coradas, olhos brilhantes e cabelos castanho-avelã reluziam intensamente.

Original English

"When Ursula was ready she looked at herself in the glass with a good deal of satisfaction. Yes, Felicity, she was a vain baggage, that same Ursula, but that kind didn't all die out a hundred years ago. And she had good reason for being vain. She wore the sea-green silk which had been brought out from England a year before and worn but once—at the Christmas ball at Government House. A fine, stiff, rustling silk it was, and over it shone Ursula's crimson cheeks and gleaming eyes, and masses of nut brown hair.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao se virar do espelho, Ursula ouviu seu pai gritando com raiva lá embaixo. Ela ficou muito pálida e correu para o corredor. Seu pai já estava no meio da escada, o rosto vermelho de fúria. Lá embaixo, ela viu sua madrasta parecendo preocupada e irritada. Na porta estava Malcolm Ramsay, um vizinho simples que a cortejava desajeitadamente desde que ela cresceu. Ursula sempre o desprezou.

Original English

"As she turned from the glass she heard her father's voice below, loud and angry. Growing very pale, she ran out into the hall. Her father was already half way upstairs, his face red with fury. In the hall below Ursula saw her step-mother, looking troubled and vexed. At the door stood Malcolm Ramsay, a homely neighbour youth who had been courting Ursula in his clumsy way ever since she grew up. Ursula had always hated him.

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Pt/En

Português

O velho Hugh chamou Ursula e exigiu que ela viesse refutar a acusação de que havia encontrado Kenneth MacNair no bosque de faias na terça-feira anterior. Ele insistiu que ela declarasse o homem um mentiroso.

Original English

"Ursula!" shouted old Hugh, 'come here and tell this scoundrel he lies. He says that you met Kenneth MacNair in the beechgrove last Tuesday. Tell him he lies! Tell him he lies!'

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula, sem demonstrar medo, olhou para Ramsay com desprezo.

Original English

"Ursula was no coward. She looked scornfully at poor Ramsay.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula reconheceu que o homem, embora espião e fofoqueiro, estava dizendo a verdade: ela de fato encontrara Kenneth MacNair na terça-feira anterior.

Original English

"The creature is a spy and a tale-bearer,' she said, 'but in this he does not lie. I DID meet Kenneth MacNair last Tuesday.'

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

Pt/En

Português

Enfurecido, o velho Hugh ordenou que Ursula fosse imediatamente para seu quarto, tirasse suas roupas elegantes e lá permanecesse até que ele permitisse sua saída. Ele a proibiu de participar de mais bailes e disse a ela para se ocupar com tricô em vez de ir ao The Springs.

Original English

"And you dare to tell me this to my face!" roared old Hugh. "Back to your room, girl! Back to your room and stay there! Take off that finery. You go to no more dances. You shall stay in that room until I choose to let you out. No, not a word! I'll put you there if you don't go. In with you—ay, and take your knitting with you. Occupy yourself with that this evening instead of kicking your heels at The Springs!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Hugh pegou um rolo de meia cinza e o jogou no quarto de Ursula. Sabendo que teria que segui-lo ou ser carregada, Ursula lançou um olhar fulminante para Ramsay e entrou com a cabeça erguida. A porta foi trancada atrás dela. Ela chorou de raiva e vergonha, depois andou de um lado para o outro, mas o som da carruagem partindo só piorou seu humor.

Original English

"He snatched a roll of gray stocking from the hall table and flung it into Ursula's room. Ursula knew she would have to follow it, or be picked up and carried in like a naughty child. So she gave the miserable Ramsay a look that made him cringe, and swept into her room with her head in the air. The next moment she heard the door locked behind her. Her first proceeding was to have a cry of anger and shame and disappointment. That did no good, and then she took to marching up and down her room. It did not calm her to hear the rumble of the carriage out of the gate as her uncle and aunt departed.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula chorava desesperada, temendo a ira de Kenneth e sua partida enfurecida. Ela ansiava enviar uma palavra de explicação, mas não via meios, embora lembrasse que a vontade muitas vezes encontra um caminho. Sobrecarregada, considerou pular da janela, mas reconheceu que se ferir não resolveria a situação.

Original English

"Oh, what's to be done?" she sobbed. "Kenneth will be furious. He will think I have failed him and he will go away hot with anger against me. If I could only send a word of explanation I know he would not leave me. But there

seems to be no way at all—though I have heard that there's always a way when there's a will. Oh, I shall go mad! If the window were not so high I would jump out of it. But to break my legs or my neck would not mend the matter.'

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

Pt/En

Português

Ao cair da noite, o som de cascos atraiu Ursula à janela. Ela viu Andrew Kinnear, um jovem elegante e aliado político de seu pai, desmontar. Sabendo que ele iria ao baile naquela noite, ela ansiava por uma chance de falar com ele.

Original English

"The afternoon passed on. At sunset Ursula heard hoof-beats and ran to the window. Andrew Kinnear of The Springs was tying his horse at the door. He was a dashing young fellow, and a political crony of old Hugh. No doubt he would be at the dance that night. Oh, if she could get speech for but a moment with him!

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

Pt/En

Português

Assim que Andrew entrou, Ursula se virou da janela e tropeçou em um grande novelo de lã caseira deixado por seu pai. Após um momento de irritação, ela agarrou uma ideia. Rapidamente escreveu um bilhete para Kenneth, então desenrolou a lã, prendeu o bilhete dentro e o enrolou novamente. O novelo cinza, misturando-se ao crepúsculo, passaria despercebido — ao contrário de um papel branco esvoaçando da janela. Então ela abriu a janela e esperou.

Original English

"When he had gone into the house, Ursula, turning impatiently from the window, tripped and almost fell over the big ball of homespun yarn her father had flung on the floor. For a moment she gazed at it resentfully—then, with a gay little laugh, she pounced on it. The next moment she was at her table, writing a brief note to Kenneth MacNair. When it was written, Ursula unwound the gray ball to a considerable depth, pinned the note on it, and rewound the yarn over it. A gray ball, the color of the twilight, might escape observation, where a white missive fluttering

down from an upper window would surely be seen by someone. Then she softly opened her window and waited.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ao anoitecer, quando Andrew partiu, o velho Hugh não o acompanhou. Enquanto Andrew desamarrava seu cavalo, Ursula atirou o novelo com mira precisa, acertando-o na cabeça como pretendia. Ele olhou para cima; ela se inclinou para fora, pressionou um dedo aos lábios, apontou para o novelo e acenou. Confuso, Andrew pegou o novelo, montou e galopou para longe.

Original English

"It was dusk when Andrew went away. Fortunately old Hugh did not come to the door with him. As Andrew untied his horse Ursula threw the ball with such good aim that it struck him, as she had meant it to do, squarely on the head. Andrew looked up at her window. She leaned out, put her finger warningly on her lips, pointed to the ball, and nodded. Andrew, looking somewhat puzzled, picked up the ball, sprang to his saddle, and galloped off.

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

Pt/En

Português

Até aqui, tudo bem, pensou Ursula. Mas ela duvidava se Andrew entenderia seu plano — ele seria esperto o suficiente para examinar o novelo irregular em busca de sua mensagem oculta? E ele realmente iria ao baile?

Original English

"So far, well, thought Ursula. But would Andrew understand? Would he have wit enough to think of exploring the big, knobby ball for its delicate secret? And would he be at the dance after all?

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

Pt/En

Português

A noite parecia interminável. Ursula achou impossível descansar ou dormir. À meia-noite, ela foi surpreendida pelo som de um punhado de cascalho contra sua janela. Imediatamente, ela se inclinou para fora e viu Kenneth MacNair parado na escuridão abaixo.

Original English

"The evening dragged by. Time had never seemed so long to Ursula. She could not rest or sleep. It was midnight before she heard the patter of a handful of gravel on her window-panes. In a trice she was leaning out. Below in the darkness stood Kenneth MacNair.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula perguntou a Kenneth se ele havia recebido sua carta e se era seguro para ele estar ali.

Original English

"Oh, Kenneth, did you get my letter? And is it safe for you to be here?"

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

Pt/En

Português

Kenneth garantiu a ela que era seguro. Ele explicou que o pai dela estava dormindo; ele havia esperado até a luz se apagar e depois mais meia hora para garantir que ele estivesse dormindo. Os cavalos estavam prontos, e eles ainda poderiam chegar a Charlottetown ao amanhecer.

Original English

"Safe enough. Your father is in bed. I've waited two hours down the road for his light to go out, and an extra half-hour to put him to sleep. The horses are there. Slip down and out, Ursula. We'll make Charlottetown by dawn yet."

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula respondeu que era mais fácil falar do que fazer, já que ela estava trancada. Ela instruiu ele a ir atrás do novo celeiro e pegar a escada que ela havia deixado lá.

Original English

"That's easier said than done, lad. I'm locked in. But do you go out behind the new barn and bring the ladder you will find there."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cinco minutos depois, Ursula, usando um capuz e uma capa, desceu silenciosamente pela escada. Dentro de mais cinco minutos, ela e Kenneth estavam cavalgando pela estrada em direção a Charlottetown.

Original English

"Five minutes later, Miss Ursula, hooded and cloaked, scrambled soundlessly down the ladder, and in five more minutes she and Kenneth were riding along the road.

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

Pt/En

Português

Kenneth disse a Ursula que eles tinham uma cavalgada exigente pela frente.

Original English

"There's a stiff gallop before us, Ursula," said Kenneth.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ursula disse que cavalgaria até o fim do mundo com Kenneth. O narrador observou que ela não deveria ter dito algo assim, mas as pessoas naquela época não tinham departamentos de etiqueta. Então, enquanto a luz vermelha de um belo amanhecer de outubro brilhava sobre o mar cinzento, The Fair Lady zarpuo do porto de Charlottetown. Em seu convés estavam Kenneth e Ursula MacNair, e em sua mão, como um tesouro precioso, a noiva carregava um novelo de lã cinzenta caseira.

Original English

"I would ride to the world's end with you, Kenneth MacNair," said Ursula. Oh, of course she shouldn't have said anything of the sort, Felicity. But you see people had no etiquette departments in those days. And when the red sunlight of a fair October dawn was shining over the gray sea The Fair Lady sailed out of Charlottetown harbour. On her deck stood Kenneth and Ursula MacNair, and in her hand, as a most precious treasure, the bride carried a ball of gray homespun yarn."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan bocejou e comentou que gostou daquela história porque ninguém morreu nela, o que ele considerou um aspecto positivo.

Original English

"Well," said Dan, yawning, "I like that kind of a story. Nobody goes and dies in it, that's one good thing."

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador perguntou se o velho Hugh havia perdoado Ursula.

Original English

"Did old Hugh forgive Ursula?" I asked.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias afirmou que a história no livro marrom terminava naquele ponto, mas de acordo com o Homem Desajeitado, Hugh acabou perdendo Ursula após algum tempo.

Original English

"The story stopped there in the brown book," said the Story Girl, "but the Awkward Man says he did, after awhile."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily comentou com saudade que ser raptada devia ser bastante romântico.

Original English

"It must be rather romantic to be run away with," remarked Cecily, wistfully.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity disse severamente a Cecily King para não ter ideias tão tolas.

Original English

"Don't you get such silly notions in your head, Cecily King," said Felicity, severely.

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THE CHRISTMAS HARP

Pt/En

Português

Conforme o Natal se aproximava, uma grande agitação tomava conta da casa dos King. O ar estava carregado de segredos; todos economizavam dinheiro meticulosamente por semanas e contavam suas economias diariamente. Peças misteriosas de artesanato eram escondidas e retiradas da vista, e consultas sussurradas aconteciam sem o ciúme que poderia surgir em outras épocas. Felicity e sua mãe estavam profundamente imersas nos preparativos, enquanto Cecily e a Garota das Histórias eram excluídas com indiferença por parte da tia Janet e uma aparente complacência de Felicity. Cecily levou isso a sério e reclamou com o narrador.

Original English

Great was the excitement in the houses of King as Christmas drew nigh. The air was simply charged with secrets. Everybody was very penurious for weeks beforehand and hoards were counted scrutinizingly every day. Mysterious pieces of handiwork were smuggled in and out of sight, and whispered consultations were held, about which nobody thought of being jealous, as might have happened at any other time. Felicity was in her element, for she and her mother were deep in preparations for the day. Cecily and the Story Girl were excluded from these doings with indifference on Aunt Janet's part and what seemed ostentatious complacency on Felicity's. Cecily took this to heart and complained to me about it.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily reclamou indignada que ela era tão membro da família quanto Felicity e não deveria ser excluída de tudo. Quando ela se ofereceu para tirar os caroços das uvas-passas para o mincemeat, Felicity recusou, dizendo que o mincemeat de Natal era muito especial, como se Cecily fosse incapaz de fazer direito. Cecily concluiu que as pretensões de Felicity sobre sua culinária a deixavam doente.

Original English

"I'm one of this family just as much as Felicity is," she said, with as much indignation as Cecily could feel, "and I don't think she need shut me out of everything. When I wanted to stone the raisins for the mince-meat she said, no, she would do it herself, because Christmas mince-meat was very

particular—as if I couldn't stone raisins right! The airs Felicity puts on about her cooking just make me sick," concluded Cecily wrathfully.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador observou que era uma pena que Felicity não cometesse um erro na cozinha de vez em quando; então talvez ela não se achasse tão superior aos outros.

Original English

"It's a pity she doesn't make a mistake in cooking once in a while herself," I said. "Then maybe she wouldn't think she knew so much more than other people."

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Pt/En

Português

Todos os pacotes que chegavam de amigos distantes eram guardados pelas tias Janet e Olivia para serem abertos apenas no dia da festa. A última semana passou muito lentamente, mas finalmente o Dia de Natal chegou. Estava cinzento e gelado lá fora, mas dentro havia alegria e celebração. O tio Roger, a tia Olivia e a Garota das Histórias vieram cedo, e Pedro também veio com o rosto radiante. Todos ficaram contentes em vê-lo, pois temiam que ele não pudesse passar o Natal com eles porque sua mãe queria que ele ficasse em casa.

Original English

All parcels that came in the mail from distant friends were taken charge of by Aunts Janet and Olivia, not to be opened until the great day of the feast itself. How slowly the last week passed! But even watched pots will boil in the fulness of time, and finally Christmas day came, gray and dour and frost-bitten without, but full of revelry and rose-red mirth within. Uncle Roger and Aunt Olivia and the Story Girl came over early for the day; and Peter came too, with his shining, morning face, to be hailed with joy, for we had been afraid that Peter would not be able to spend Christmas with us. His mother had wanted him home with her.

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Pt/En

Português

Pedro tinha dito ao narrador tristemente que sentia que deveria ir para casa, mas que não teriam peru no jantar porque sua mãe não podia pagar. Ele acrescentou que sua mãe sempre chorava nos feriados porque eles a lembravam de seu pai, o que tornava as coisas desagradáveis. Ele lembrou que a tia Jane costumava dizer que nenhum homem valia a pena chorar por ele. Ainda assim, ele pensou que teria que passar o Natal em casa.

Original English

"Of course I ought to go," Peter had told me mournfully, "but we won't have turkey for dinner, because ma can't afford it. And ma always cries on holidays because she says they make her think of father. Of course she can't help it, but it ain't cheerful. Aunt Jane wouldn't have cried. Aunt Jane used to say she never saw the man who was worth spoiling her eyes for. But I guess I'll have to spend Christmas at home."

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Pt/En

Português

No último momento, porém, uma prima da Sra. Craig a convidou para passar o Natal em Charlottetown. Pedro teve a escolha de ir ou ficar, e ele felizmente escolheu ficar. Assim, todo o grupo estava junto, exceto Sara Ray, que havia sido convidada, mas cuja mãe não permitiu que ela viesse.

Original English

At the last moment, however, a cousin of Mrs. Craig's in Charlottetown invited her for Christmas, and Peter, being given his choice of going or staying, joyfully elected to stay. So we were all together, except Sara Ray, who had been invited but whose mother wouldn't let her come.

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias disse asperamente que a mãe de Sara Ray era um incômodo, que parecia viver apenas para tornar a pobre criança infeliz, e que não deixaria Sara ir à festa naquela noite também.

Original English

"Sara Ray's mother is a nuisance," snapped the Story Girl. "She just lives to make that poor child miserable, and she won't let her go to the party tonight, either."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily disse com compaixão que estava partindo o coração de Sara não poder vir. Cecily até temia que não fosse se divertir porque estaria pensando em Sara, sozinha em casa, provavelmente lendo a Bíblia, enquanto eles estavam na festa.

Original English

"It is just breaking Sara's heart that she can't," said Cecily compassionately. "I'm almost afraid I won't enjoy myself for thinking of her, home there alone, most likely reading the Bible, while we're at the party."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity a repreendeu, observando que havia maneiras piores de passar o tempo do que ler a Bíblia.

Original English

"She might be worse occupied than reading the Bible," said Felicity rebukingly.

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Pt/En

Português

Cecily objetou, apontando que a Sra. Ray forçava Sara a ler a Bíblia como punição. Ela explicou que sempre que Sara chorava para ir a algum lugar — o que certamente faria naquela noite — a Sra. Ray a fazia ler sete capítulos. Cecily duvidava que isso promovesse qualquer apreço pela Bíblia, e lamentou que depois não poderia discutir a festa com Sara, o que considerava metade do prazer.

Original English

"But Mrs. Ray makes her read it as a punishment," protested Cecily. "Whenever Sara cries to go anywhere—and of course she'll cry tonight—Mrs. Ray makes her read seven chapters in the Bible. I wouldn't think that would make her very fond of it. And I'll not be able to talk the party over with Sara afterwards—and that's half the fun gone."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix ofereceu consolo, sugerindo que Cecily poderia simplesmente contar tudo a Sara depois.

Original English

"You can tell her all about it," comforted Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily retrucou que contar não era nem um pouco a mesma coisa que discutir, pois era unilateral demais.

Original English

"Telling isn't a bit like talking it over," retorted Cecily. "It's too one-sided."

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Pt/En

Português

As crianças se divertiram muito abrindo seus presentes. Embora alguns tenham recebido mais que outros, todos ganharam o suficiente para se sentir lembrados. A caixa enviada pelo pai da Garota dos Contos de Paris os surpreendeu com seu conteúdo: muitos itens bonitos, incluindo outro vestido de seda vermelha, desta vez um carmesim escuro em vez do tom flamejante do antigo, adornado com folhos, laços e babados. Vieram com sapatinhos de cetim vermelho com fivelas douradas e saltos tão altos que a Tia Janet ficou horrorizada. Felicity comentou com desdém que seria de se pensar que a Garota dos Contos se cansaria de usar tanto vermelho, e Cecily confidenciou ao narrador que receber tantos presentes de uma vez poderia diminuir a apreciação, em comparação com receber apenas alguns.

Original English

We had an exciting time opening our presents. Some of us had more than others, but we all received enough to make us feel comfortably that we were not unduly neglected in the matter. The contents of the box which the Story Girl's father had sent her from Paris made our eyes stick out. It was full of beautiful things, among them another red silk dress—not the bright, flame-hued tint of her old one, but a rich, dark crimson, with the most distracting flounces and bows and ruffles; and with it were little red satin slippers with gold buckles, and heels that made Aunt Janet hold up her hands in horror. Felicity remarked scornfully that she would have thought the Story Girl would get tired wearing red so much, and even Cecily commented apart to me that she thought when you got so many things all at once you didn't appreciate them as much as when you only got a few.

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias declarou que jamais se cansaria da cor vermelha. Ela a adorava por sua riqueza e brilho. Ao vestir vermelho, sentia-se muito mais inteligente e sua mente transbordava de ideias. Ela se dirigiu ao vestido com carinho, elogiando sua beleza sedosa e cintilante.

Original English

"I'd never get tired of red," said the Story Girl. "I just love it—it's so rich and glowing. When I'm dressed in red I always feel ever so much cleverer than

in any other colour. Thoughts just crowd into my brain one after the other. Oh, you darling dress—you dear, sheeny, red-rosy, glistening, silky thing!"

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela jogou o vestido sobre o ombro e girou pela cozinha.

Original English

She flung it over her shoulder and danced around the kitchen.

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Pt/En

Português

Tia Janet repreendeu Sara gentilmente por sua tolice. Embora Tia Janet fosse uma mulher de bom coração, ela não conseguia evitar sentir que era injusto que a filha de um aventureiro errante, como ela via Blair Stanley, pudesse ostentar vestidos de seda enquanto suas próprias filhas tinham que se contentar com algodão e musselina. Naquela época, uma mulher podia possuir apenas um vestido de seda em toda a vida.

Original English

"Don't be silly, Sara," said Aunt Janet, a little stimy. She was a good soul, that Aunt Janet, and had a kind, loving heart in her ample bosom. But I fancy there were times when she thought it rather hard that the daughter of a roving adventurer—as she considered him—like Blair Stanley should disport herself in silk dresses, while her own daughters must go clad in gingham and muslin—for those were the days when a feminine creature got one silk dress in her lifetime, and seldom more than one.

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Pt/En

Português

O Homem Estranho também deu um presente à Garota das Histórias: um livrinho gasto, com suas páginas cobertas de inúmeras marcações.

Original English

The Story Girl also got a present from the Awkward Man—a little, shabby, worn volume with a great many marks on the leaves.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity observou que o livro não era novo, mas velho. Ela confessou que nunca pensara que o Homem Estranho seria mesquinho, independentemente de seus outros defeitos.

Original English

"Why, it isn't new—it's an old book!" exclaimed Felicity. "I didn't think the Awkward Man was mean, whatever else he was."

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias explicou pacientemente a Felicity que ela não entendia, mas tentaria fazê-la entender. Ela disse que preferia muito mais o livro velho do que um novo, porque era do próprio dono, um que ele tinha lido muitas vezes e amado, tornando-o como um amigo. Um livro novo de uma loja não significaria a mesma coisa. Ela considerava um grande elogio e tinha mais orgulho dele do que de qualquer outra coisa que possuía.

Original English

"Oh, you don't understand, Felicity," said the Story Girl patiently. "And I don't suppose I can make you understand. But I'll try. I'd ten times rather have this than a new book. It's one of his own, don't you see—one that he has read a hundred times and loved and made a friend of. A new book, just out of a shop, wouldn't be the same thing at all. It wouldn't MEAN anything. I consider it a great compliment that he has given me this book. I'm prouder of it than of anything else I've got."

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Pt/En

Português

Felicity respondeu que não entendia e não queria entender. Ela disse que nunca daria a ninguém um presente de Natal usado e também não agradeceria a ninguém por um.

Original English

"Well, you're welcome to it," said Felicity. "I don't understand and I don't want to. I wouldn't give anybody a Christmas present that wasn't new, and I wouldn't thank anybody who gave me one."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter ficou absolutamente encantado porque Felicity lhe dera um presente feito por ela mesma. Era um marcador de papelão com um cálice de lã vermelha e amarela e o aviso 'Não Toque no Cálice' em verde. Como Peter não era dado à bebida, nem mesmo ao vinho de dente-de-leão, a mensagem parecia estranha, mas ele ficou perfeitamente satisfeito, então ninguém estragou sua felicidade com críticas. Mais tarde, Felicity contou à narradora que tinha feito o marcador para Peter porque o pai dele costumava beber antes de fugir.

Original English

Peter was in the seventh heaven because Felicity had given him a present—and, moreover, one that she had made herself. It was a bookmark of perforated cardboard, with a gorgeous red and yellow worsted goblet worked on it, and below, in green letters, the solemn warning, "Touch Not The Cup." As Peter was not addicted to habits of intemperance, not even to looking on dandelion wine when it was pale yellow, we did not exactly see why Felicity should have selected such a device. But Peter was perfectly satisfied, so nobody cast any blight on his happiness by carping criticism. Later on Felicity told me she had worked the bookmark for him because his father used to drink before he ran away.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity disse que achava que Peter deveria ser avisado a tempo.

Original English

"I thought Peter ought to be warned in time," she said.

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Pt/En

Português

Até Pat recebeu uma fita azul, mas ele a arrancou e perdeu meia hora depois de ter sido amarrada nele. Pat não tinha interesse em adornos corporais vaidosos.

Original English

Even Pat had a ribbon of blue, which he clawed off and lost half an hour after it was tied on him. Pat did not care for vain adornments of the body.

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

Pt/En

Português

Eles tiveram um jantar de Natal esplêndido, tão luxuoso quanto qualquer banquete, e comeram demais. Naquele dia, ninguém os fez sentir medo. Naquela noite, para sua grande alegria, eles foram à festa de Kitty Marr.

Original English

We had a glorious Christmas dinner, fit for the halls of Lucullus, and ate far more than was good for us, none daring to make us afraid on that one day of the year. And in the evening—oh, rapture and delight!—we went to Kitty Marr's party.

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

Pt/En

Português

Era uma bela noite de dezembro. O ar frio da manhã havia suavizado para um calor ameno de outono. Não havia neve, e os longos campos que desciam da propriedade estavam marrons e macios. Um estranho silêncio sonolento havia se instalado sobre a terra púrpura, os bosques escuros de abetos, as bordas do vale e os prados secos. A natureza parecia ter cruzado as mãos em satisfação, descansando antes de seu longo sono de inverno.

Original English

It was a fine December evening; the sharp air of morning had mellowed until it was as mild as autumn. There had been no snow, and the long fields, sloping down from the homestead, were brown and mellow. A weird, dreamy stillness had fallen on the purple earth, the dark fir woods, the valley rims, the sere meadows. Nature seemed to have folded satisfied hands to rest, knowing that her long wintry slumber was coming upon her.

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

Pt/En

Português

Quando os convites para a festa chegaram, a tia Janet inicialmente se recusou a deixá-los ir. Mas o tio Alec a convenceu, talvez movido pela expressão melancólica de Cecily. Se o tio Alec tinha um favorito entre seus filhos, era Cecily, e ele havia se tornado ainda mais indulgente com ela ultimamente. O narrador frequentemente o via olhando para ela atentamente e, seguindo seu olhar, notou que Cecily estava mais pálida e magra do que no verão, com olhos maiores e uma certa languidez e cansaço em seu repouso que a fazia parecer doce e patética. O narrador ouviu o tio Alec dizer à tia Janet que não gostava de ver a criança adquirindo a aparência da tia Felicity.

Original English

At first, when the invitations to the party had come, Aunt Janet had said we could not go; but Uncle Alec interceded in our favour, perhaps influenced thereto by Cecily's wistful eyes. If Uncle Alec had a favourite among his children it was Cecily, and he had grown even more indulgent towards her of late. Now and then I saw him looking at her intently, and, following his eyes and thought, I had, somehow, seen that Cecily was paler and thinner than she had been in the summer, and that her soft eyes seemed larger,

and that over her little face in moments of repose there was a certain languor and weariness that made it very sweet and pathetic. And I heard him tell Aunt Janet that he did not like to see the child getting so much the look of her Aunt Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

A tia Janet respondeu asperamente que Cecily estava perfeitamente bem, apenas crescendo rapidamente, e disse ao tio Alec para não ser tolo.

Original English

"Cecily is perfectly well," said Aunt Janet sharply. "She's only growing very fast. Don't be foolish, Alec."

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

Pt/En

Português

Depois dessa conversa, Cecily recebia xícaras de creme enquanto os outros só tinham leite. A tia Janet também tomava muito cuidado para garantir que Cecily usasse suas galochas sempre que saía.

Original English

But after that Cecily had cups of cream where the rest of us got only milk; and Aunt Janet was very particular to see that she had her rubbers on whenever she went out.

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

Pt/En

Português

Naquela agradável noite de Natal, nenhuma preocupação ou sombrio presságio de eventos futuros perturbava ninguém. Cecily parecia mais radiante e encantadora do que nunca, com seus olhos brilhantes e cabelo castanho lustroso. Felicity estava deslumbrantemente bela. A Garota das Histórias, animada e vestida de seda carmesim, irradiava um charme e atrativo que superavam a beleza comum — mesmo que tia Olivia tivesse proibido as sapatilhas de cetim vermelho e insistido que ela usasse sapatos resistentes.

Original English

On this merry Christmas evening, however, no fears or dim foreshadowings of any coming event clouded our hearts or faces. Cecily looked brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her, with her softly shining eyes and the nut brown gloss of her hair. Felicity was too beautiful for words; and even the Story Girl, between excitement and the crimson silk array, blossomed out with a charm and allurements more potent than any regular loveliness—and this in spite of the fact that Aunt Olivia had tabooed the red satin slippers and mercilessly decreed that stout shoes should be worn.

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

Pt/En

Português

Tia Olivia disse que entendia exatamente como a garota se sentia em relação às sapatilhas, mas as estradas de dezembro estavam úmidas, e se ela pretendia ir a pé até a casa dos Marrs, não poderia usar aqueles sapatos parisienses frívolos, mesmo com botas por cima. Ela a incentivou a ser corajosa e provar que tinha prioridades mais altas do que pequenas sapatilhas de cetim vermelho.

Original English

"I know just how you feel about it, you daughter of Eve," she said, with gay sympathy, "but December roads are damp, and if you are going to walk to Marrs' you are not going to do it in those frivolous Parisian concoctions, even with overboots on; so be brave, dear heart, and show that you have a soul above little red satin shoes."

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

Pt/En

Português

Tio Roger comentou que o vestido de seda vermelha partiria o coração de todas as outras garotas na festa, e usar as sapatilhas também quebraria o ânimo delas. Ele aconselhou Sara a não colocá-las, para que as outras ainda pudessem ter uma pequena fonte de prazer.

Original English

"Anyhow," said Uncle Roger, "that red silk dress will break the hearts of all the feminine small fry at the party. You'd break their spirits, too, if you wore the slippers. Don't do it, Sara. Leave them one wee loophole of enjoyment."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity sussurrou, perguntando o que tio Roger queria dizer.

Original English

"What does Uncle Roger mean?" whispered Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan respondeu que tio Roger quis dizer que as garotas estavam todas extremamente ciumentas do vestido da Garota das Histórias.

Original English

"He means you girls are all dying of jealousy because of the Story Girl's dress," said Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity declarou altivamente que não era de natureza ciumenta e que a outra garota era totalmente bem-vinda ao vestido, especialmente considerando sua tez.

Original English

"I am not of a jealous disposition," said Felicity loftily, "and she's entirely welcome to the dress—with a complexion like that."

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

Pt/En

Português

Todos aproveitaram imensamente a festa, assim como a caminhada de volta para casa através de campos sombreados onde a luz das estrelas se deitava, enquanto Órion marchava acima e uma lua vermelha subia no horizonte escuro. Um riacho os acompanhou parte do caminho, cantando pela escuridão como um andarilho despreocupado.

Original English

But we enjoyed that party hugely, every one of us. And we enjoyed the walk home afterwards, through dim, enshadowed fields where silvery star-beams lay, while Orion trod his stately march above us, and a red moon climbed up the black horizon's rim. A brook went with us part of the way, singing to us through the dark—a gay, irresponsible vagabond of valley and wilderness.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity e Peter não caminharam com os outros. Peter devia estar transbordando de alegria naquela noite de Natal. Ao sair da casa dos Marr, ele perguntou corajosamente se podia acompanhar Felicity até em casa, e para espanto de todos, ela pegou seu braço e foi com ele, sua compostura inabalada pelo grito de deboche de Dan. O narrador secretamente desejava pedir à Garota das Histórias que o deixasse acompanhá-la até em casa, mas não encontrou coragem, invejando a desenvoltura de Peter. Então Dan, Felix, Cecily, a Garota das Histórias e o narrador caminharam de mãos dadas, ficando mais próximos ao passar pelo bosque de James Frewen, onde o vento nos abetos produzia uma música profunda e ressonante. Essa harmonia talvez tenha lembrado uma lenda antiga à Garota das Histórias.

Original English

Felicity and Peter walked not with us. Peter's cup must surely have brimmed over that Christmas night. When we left the Marr house, he had boldly said to Felicity, "May I see you home?" And Felicity, much to our amazement, had taken his arm and marched off with him. The primness of her was indescribable, and was not at all ruffled by Dan's hoot of derision. As for me, I was consumed by a secret and burning desire to ask the Story Girl if I might see HER home; but I could not screw my courage to the sticking point. How I envied Peter his easy, insouciant manner! I could not emulate him, so Dan and Felix and Cecily and the Story Girl and I all walked hand in hand, huddling a little closer together as we went through James Frewen's woods—for there are strange harps in a fir grove, and who shall say what fingers sweep them? Mighty and sonorous was the music above our heads as the winds of the night stirred the great boughs tossing athwart the starlit sky. Perhaps it was that aeolian harmony which recalled to the Story Girl a legend of elder days.

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias mencionou que havia lido uma história bonita na noite anterior em um dos livros da Tia Olivia, chamada 'A Harpa de Natal', e perguntou se eles gostariam de ouvi-la, pois achava que combinaria com o clima daquela parte do caminho.

Original English

"I read such a pretty story in one of Aunt Olivia's books last night," she said. "It was called 'The Christmas Harp.' Would you like to hear it? It seems to me it would just suit this part of the road."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily perguntou timidamente se a história continha algum fantasma.

Original English

"There isn't anything about—about ghosts in it, is there?" said Cecily timidly.

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

Pt/En

Português

A história era sobre um jovem pastor que não conseguia tocar bem sua harpa, embora amasse profundamente a música. Ele ansiava por expressar a melodia em sua alma, mas seus dedos produziam apenas discórdia, e os outros zombavam dele. Na primeira noite de Natal, enquanto ele se sentava afastado com sua harpa, uma grande luz apareceu e os pastores viram anjos cantando. Sua harpa começou a tocar a mesma música sozinha, e ele percebeu que ela expressava todos os seus anseios secretos. A partir de então, sempre que ele tocava, a harpa produzia aquela música. Ele viajou por toda parte, e onde quer que a música fosse ouvida, o ódio fugia e a paz reinava. Ninguém podia sentir maldade ou desespero após ouvi-la. O pastor envelheceu, mas continuou até que suas forças se esgotaram. Enquanto jazia morrendo à beira da estrada, um Ser Brilhante lhe disse que a música tinha sido o eco do seu

próprio amor e pureza, e que se ele alguma vez tivesse deixado o mal entrar em sua alma, a harpa teria silenciado. O dom que ele deu à humanidade nunca teria fim. Ao nascer do sol, ele foi encontrado morto com um sorriso e as cordas de sua harpa quebradas.

Original English

"Oh, no, I wouldn't tell a ghost story here for anything. I'd frighten myself too much. This story is about one of the shepherds who saw the angels on the first Christmas night. He was just a youth, and he loved music with all his heart, and he longed to be able to express the melody that was in his soul. But he could not; he had a harp and he often tried to play on it; but his clumsy fingers only made such discord that his companions laughed at him and mocked him, and called him a madman because he would not give it up, but would rather sit apart by himself, with his arms about his harp, looking up into the sky, while they gathered around their fire and told tales to wile away their long night vigils as they watched their sheep on the hills. But to him the thoughts that came out of the great silence were far sweeter than their mirth; and he never gave up the hope, which sometimes left his lips as a prayer, that some day he might be able to express those thoughts in music to the tired, weary, forgetful world. On the first Christmas night he was out with his fellow shepherds on the hills. It was chill and dark, and all, except him, were glad to gather around the fire. He sat, as usual, by himself, with his harp on his knee and a great longing in his heart. And there came a marvellous light in the sky and over the hills, as if the darkness of the night had suddenly blossomed into a wonderful meadow of flowery flame; and all the shepherds saw the angels and heard them sing. And as they sang, the harp that the young shepherd held began to play softly by itself, and as he listened to it he realized that it was playing the same music that the angels sang and that all his secret longings and aspirations and strivings were expressed in it. From that night, whenever he took the harp in his hands, it played the same music; and he wandered all over the world carrying it; wherever the sound of its music was heard hate and discord fled away and peace and good-will reigned. No one who heard it could think an evil thought; no one could feel hopeless or despairing or bitter or angry. When a man had once heard that music it entered into his soul and heart and life and became a part of him for ever. Years went by; the shepherd grew old and bent and feeble; but still he roamed over land and sea, that his harp might carry the message of the Christmas night and the angel song to all mankind. At last his strength failed him and he fell by the wayside in the darkness; but his harp played as his spirit passed; and it seemed to him that a Shining One stood by him, with wonderful starry eyes, and said to him, 'Lo, the music thy harp has

played for so many years has been but the echo of the love and sympathy and purity and beauty in thine own soul; and if at any time in the wanderings thou hadst opened the door of that soul to evil or envy or selfishness thy harp would have ceased to play. Now thy life is ended; but what thou hast given to mankind has no end; and as long as the world lasts, so long will the heavenly music of the Christmas harp ring in the ears of men.' When the sun rose the old shepherd lay dead by the roadside, with a smile on his face; and in his hands was a harp with all its strings broken."

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Pt/En

Português

Quando a história terminou, eles saíram do bosque de abetos. O lar ficava na colina oposta. Uma luz tênue na janela da cozinha mostrava que a tia Janet não pretendia ir para a cama até que todas as crianças estivessem a salvo dentro de casa para a noite.

Original English

We left the fir woods as the tale was ended, and on the opposite hill was home. A dim light in the kitchen window betokened that Aunt Janet had no idea of going to bed until all her young fry were safely housed for the night.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan observou que a mãe deles estava esperando acordada, e ele pensou que seria divertido se ela abrisse a porta exatamente quando Felicity e Peter chegassem. Ele supôs que ela ficaria zangada, já que era quase meia-noite.

Original English

"Ma's waiting up for us," said Dan. "I'd laugh if she happened to go to the door just as Felicity and Peter were strutting up. I guess she'll be cross. It's nearly twelve."

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Pt/En

Português

Cecily suspirou que o Natal logo terminaria. Ela refletiu que tinha sido um Natal agradável, o primeiro que passaram todos juntos. Ela se perguntou se algum dia passariam outro igual.

Original English

"Christmas will soon be over," said Cecily, with a sigh. "Hasn't it been a nice one? It's the first we've all spent together. Do you suppose we'll ever spend another together?"

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Pt/En

Português

Dan respondeu alegremente que passariam muitos outros juntos e perguntou por que não passariam.

Original English

"Lots of 'em," said Dan cheerily. "Why not?"

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Pt/En

Português

Cecily respondeu incerta, seus passos diminuindo enquanto expressava dúvida de que tamanha agradabilidade pudesse durar.

Original English

"Oh, I don't know," answered Cecily, her footsteps lagging somewhat. "Only things seem just a little too pleasant to last."

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Pt/En

Português

Dan insinuou que o baixo astral de Cecily poderia ser devido à falta de coragem de Willy Fraser em comparação com Peter.

Original English

"If Willy Fraser had had as much spunk as Peter, Miss Cecily King mightn't be so low spirited," quoth Dan, significantly.

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Pt/En

Português

Cecily ergueu a cabeça e optou por não responder, considerando que alguns comentários estavam abaixo da dignidade de uma jovem.

Original English

Cecily tossed her head and disdained reply. There are really some remarks a self-respecting young lady must ignore.

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NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Pt/En

Português

Embora o Natal não tivesse sido branco, o Ano Novo foi, após uma forte nevasca. O pomar estava mergulhado no inverno, tornando difícil imaginar verão ou primavera, mas nas noites de lua cheia os caminhos cobertos de neve brilhavam como marfim e cristal, e os galhos nus projetavam sombras delicadas. A Passagem do Tio Stephen jazia sob um manto de neve liso e puro, parecendo uma rua de pérola de uma cidade celestial.

Original English

If we did not have a white Christmas we had a white New Year. Midway between the two came a heavy snowfall. It was winter in our orchard of old delights then,—so truly winter that it was hard to believe summer had ever dwelt in it, or that spring would ever return to it. There were no birds to sing the music of the moon; and the path where the apple blossoms had fallen were heaped with less fragrant drifts. But it was a place of wonder on a moonlight night, when the snowy arcades shone like avenues of ivory and crystal, and the bare trees cast fairy-like trceries upon them. Over Uncle Stephen's Walk, where the snow had fallen smoothly, a spell of white magic had been woven. Taintless and wonderful it seemed, like a street of pearl in the new Jerusalem.

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Pt/En

Português

Na véspera de Ano Novo, o grupo se reuniu na cozinha do Tio Alec, que era seu local de encontro habitual nas noites de inverno. A Garota das Histórias e Peter estavam presentes, e Sara Ray veio com a permissão da mãe, mas tinha que sair às oito. Cecily ficou contente, mas os meninos estavam menos entusiasmados porque a Tia Janet sempre fazia um deles acompanhar Sara para casa no escuro. Eles não gostavam dessa obrigação porque Sara era excessivamente consciente de ter um acompanhante e depois se gabava na escola que um garoto King a tinha levado para casa, não entendendo que ser mandado era diferente de se voluntariar.

Original English

On New Year's Eve we were all together in Uncle Alec's kitchen, which was tacitly given over to our revels during the winter evenings. The Story Girl and Peter were there, of course, and Sara Ray's mother had allowed her to come up on condition that she should be home by eight sharp. Cecily was glad to see her, but the boys never hailed her arrival with over-much delight, because, since the dark began to come down early, Aunt Janet always made one of us walk down home with her. We hated this, because Sara Ray was always so maddeningly self-conscious of having an escort. We knew perfectly well that next day in school she would tell her chums as a "dead" secret that "So-and-So King saw her home" from the hill farm the night before. Now, seeing a young lady home from choice, and being sent home with her by your aunt or mother are two entirely different things, and we thought Sara Ray ought to have sense enough to know it.

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Pt/En

Português

Lá fora, um pôr do sol rosa brilhante brilhava atrás das colinas frias cobertas de abetos. Os longos campos nevados brilhavam com um tom rosa de fada na luz ocidental. Os montes de neve ao longo das bordas dos prados e descendo o caminho pareciam ondas de mármore, como se um mágico os tivesse congelado no meio da quebra, até mesmo suas pontas de espuma encaracolada.

Original English

Outside there was a vivid rose of sunset behind the cold hills of fir, and the long reaches of snowy fields glowed fairly pink in the western light. The drifts along the edges of the meadows and down the lane looked as if a series of breaking waves had, by the lifting of a magician's wand, been suddenly transformed into marble, even to their toppling curls of foam.

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Pt/En

Português

Lentamente, as cores brilhantes desapareceram, dando lugar à beleza mística de um crepúsculo de inverno enquanto a lua começava a subir. O céu oco parecia uma xícara azul. Estrelas apareceram sobre os vales brancos, e a terra parecia coberta por um tapete esplêndido, pronto para o novo ano pisar.

Original English

Slowly the splendour died, giving place to the mystic beauty of a winter twilight when the moon is rising. The hollow sky was a cup of blue. The stars came out over the white glens and the earth was covered with a kingly carpet for the feet of the young year to press.

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias expressou sua felicidade pela neve, dizendo que sem ela o Ano Novo teria parecido tão gasto e sujo quanto o antigo. Ela achava o conceito de Ano Novo muito solene porque continha 365 dias nos quais nada ainda havia acontecido.

Original English

"I'm so glad the snow came," said the Story Girl. "If it hadn't the New Year would have seemed just as dingy and worn out as the old. There's something very solemn about the idea of a New Year, isn't there? Just think of three hundred and sixty-five whole days, with not a thing happened in them yet."

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Pt/En

Português

Félix respondeu pessimista que não esperava que nada maravilhoso acontecesse naqueles dias. Naquele momento, ele achava a vida monótona e desinteressante porque era sua vez de acompanhar Sara Ray para casa.

Original English

"I don't suppose anything very wonderful will happen in them," said Felix pessimistically. To Felix, just then, life was flat, stale and unprofitable because it was his turn to go home with Sara Ray.

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Pt/En

Português

Cecily disse que se sentia um pouco assustada com o pensamento de todas as possibilidades que os novos dias guardavam. Ela lembrou o ensinamento da Srta. Marwood de que o que colocamos em um ano, e não o que tiramos dele, é o que realmente importa.

Original English

"It makes me a little frightened to think of all that may happen in them," said Cecily. "Miss Marwood says it is what we put into a year, not what we get out of it, that counts at last."

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias expressou sua alegria com a chegada de um Ano Novo e manifestou o desejo de que pudessem adotar o costume norueguês, em que toda a família permanece acordada até a meia-noite e o pai abre a porta exatamente às doze para dar as boas-vindas ao Ano Novo, tradição que ela considerava encantadora.

Original English

"I'm always glad to see a New Year," said the Story Girl. "I wish we could do as they do in Norway. The whole family sits up until midnight, and then, just as the clock is striking twelve, the father opens the door and welcomes the New Year in. Isn't it a pretty custom?"

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Pt/En

Português

Dan observou que, se a mãe permitisse que ficassem acordados até meia-noite, eles também poderiam adotar o costume, mas ele notou que ela nunca permitia, e considerava isso injusto.

Original English

"If ma would let us stay up till twelve we might do that too," said Dan, "but she never will. I call it mean."

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias declarou com convicção que, se algum dia tivesse filhos, ela permitiria que ficassem acordados para dar as boas-vindas ao Ano Novo.

Original English

"If I ever have children I'll let them stay up to watch the New Year in," said the Story Girl decidedly.

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Pt/En

Português

Pedro concordou, acrescentando que, embora também permitisse que seus filhos ficassem acordados naquela noite especial, nas noites comuns eles seriam obrigados a ir para a cama às sete.

Original English

"So will I," said Peter, "but other nights they'll have to go to bed at seven."

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Pt/En

Português

Felicity os repreendeu, alegando que deveriam se envergonhar por discutir tais assuntos, e sua expressão transmitia desaprovação escandalizada.

Original English

"You ought to be ashamed, speaking of such things," said Felicity, with a scandalized face.

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Pt/En

Português

Peter recuou, sentindo-se envergonhado, convencido de que havia violado completamente uma das regras do Guia da Família.

Original English

Peter shrank into the background abashed, no doubt believing that he had broken some Family Guide precept all to pieces.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele murmurou uma desculpa, explicando que não havia percebido que era inadequado falar sobre crianças.

Original English

"I didn't know it wasn't proper to mention children," he muttered apologetically.

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Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias propôs que eles fizessem resoluções de Ano Novo, observando que a véspera de Ano Novo era o momento apropriado para tais promessas.

Original English

"We ought to make some New Year resolutions," suggested the Story Girl.
"New Year's Eve is the time to make them."

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Pt/En

Português

Felicity declarou que não conseguia pensar em nenhuma resolução que desejasse fazer, estando totalmente satisfeita consigo mesma.

Original English

"I can't think of any resolutions I want to make," said Felicity, who was perfectly satisfied with herself.

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Pt/En

Português

Dan respondeu sarcasticamente que poderia oferecer algumas sugestões para ela.

Original English

"I could suggest a few to you," said Dan sarcastically.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily disse que havia tantas resoluções que ela queria fazer que tinha medo de não conseguir cumprir todas.

Original English

"There are so many I would like to make," said Cecily, "that I'm afraid it wouldn't be any use trying to keep them all."

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador sugeriu que cada um fizesse algumas resoluções por diversão e tentasse cumpri-las, e que as escrevessem com papel e tinta para torná-las mais sérias e vinculativas.

Original English

"Well, let's all make a few, just for the fun of it, and see if we can keep them," I said. "And let's get paper and ink and write them out. That will make them seem more solemn and binding."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias propôs que eles fixassem as resoluções escritas nas paredes de seus quartos, onde as veriam diariamente, e marcassem uma cruz sempre que quebrassem uma. Isso mostraria seu progresso e também os envergonharia se tivessem muitas cruzes.

Original English

"And then pin them up on our bedroom walls, where we'll see them every day," suggested the Story Girl, "and every time we break a resolution we must put a cross opposite it. That will show us what progress we are making, as well as make us ashamed if we have too many crosses."

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

Pt/En

Português

Félix sugeriu que sua revista incluísse um Quadro de Honra, onde a cada mês eles publicariam os nomes daqueles que mantivessem todas as suas resoluções perfeitamente.

Original English

"And let's have a Roll of Honour in Our Magazine," suggested Felix, "and every month we'll publish the names of those who keep their resolutions perfect."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity achou toda a ideia um absurdo, mas ainda assim se juntou ao grupo ao redor da mesa e ficou sentada por muito tempo com uma folha de papel em branco à sua frente.

Original English

"I think it's all nonsense," said Felicity. But she joined our circle around the table, though she sat for a long time with a blank sheet before her.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador sugeriu que cada um deles fizesse uma resolução por vez, e que ele começaria.

Original English

"Let's each make a resolution in turn," I said. "I'll lead off."

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

Pt/En

Português

Lembrando-se com vergonha de algumas discussões recentes com Felicity, ele escreveu cuidadosamente com sua melhor caligrafia.

Original English

And, recalling with shame certain unpleasant differences of opinion I had lately had with Felicity, I wrote down in my best hand,

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele escreveu que tentaria sempre controlar seu temperamento.

Original English

"I shall try to keep my temper always."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity observou com tato que seria melhor ele fazer isso.

Original English

"You'd better," said Felicity tactfully.

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

Pt/En

Português

Era a vez de Dan em seguida.

Original English

It was Dan's turn next.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ele admitiu que não conseguia pensar em nada para começar, mordendo o porta-caneta com raiva.

Original English

"I can't think of anything to start with," he said, gnawing his penholder fiercely.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity propôs que ele deveria resolver não comer frutas venenosas.

Original English

"You might make a resolution not to eat poison berries," suggested Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan retrucou que ele deveria resolver nunca mais importunar as pessoas constantemente.

Original English

"You'd better make one not to nag people everlastingly," retorted Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily implorou que eles não discutissem na última noite do ano velho.

Original English

"Oh, don't quarrel the last night of the old year," implored Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray sugeriu que ele deveria resolver não brigar em momento algum.

Original English

"You might resolve not to quarrel any time," suggested Sara Ray.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan afirmou enfaticamente que não adiantava fazer uma resolução que não se pudesse cumprir. Ele explicou que em sua família havia certas pessoas com as quais simplesmente era preciso brigar para viver. No entanto, ele pensou em uma resolução que poderia cumprir: não agir por despeito.

Original English

"No, sir," said Dan emphatically. "There's no use making a resolution you CAN'T keep. There are people in this family you've just GOT to quarrel with if you want to live. But I've thought of one—I won't do things to spite people."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity, que realmente estava de mau humor naquela noite, riu desagradavelmente. Cecily deu-lhe um cutucão forte, o que provavelmente a impediu de falar mais.

Original English

Felicity—who really was in an unbearable mood that night—laughed disagreeably; but Cecily gave her a fierce nudge, which probably restrained her from speaking.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix escreveu que se absteria completamente de comer maçãs.

Original English

"I will not eat any apples," wrote Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter perguntou, admirado, por que Felix desejaria desistir de comer maçãs.

Original English

"What on earth do you want to give up eating apples for?" asked Peter in astonishment.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix respondeu com desdém, dizendo a Peter que não se preocupasse.

Original English

"Never mind," returned Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity docemente comentou que maçãs engordam.

Original English

"Apples make people fat, you know," said Felicity sweetly.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador expressou dúvida, dizendo que parecia uma resolução estranha, e achou que as resoluções deveriam envolver abandonar coisas erradas ou fazer as certas.

Original English

"It seems a funny kind of resolution," I said doubtfully. "I think our resolutions ought to be giving up wrong things or doing right ones."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix afirmou desafiadoramente que cada pessoa deveria fazer resoluções para se adequar a si mesma.

Original English

"You make your resolutions to suit yourself and I'll make mine to suit myself," said Felix defiantly.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter escreveu minuciosamente que nunca ficaria bêbado.

Original English

"I shall never get drunk," wrote Peter painstakingly.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias expressou espanto, observando que Peter nunca ficava bêbado de qualquer maneira.

Original English

"But you never do," said the Story Girl in astonishment.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter argumentou que manter a resolução seria ainda mais simples como resultado.

Original English

"Well, it will be all the easier to keep the resolution," argued Peter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan reclamou que a ideia era injusta, apontando que se todos resolvessem evitar ações que nunca realizavam, todos se qualificariam para o Quadro de Honra.

Original English

"That isn't fair," complained Dan. "If we all resolved not to do the things we never do we'd all be on the Roll of Honour."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity falou severamente, dizendo-lhes para deixar Peter em paz. Ela declarou que era uma excelente resolução que todos deveriam adotar.

Original English

"You let Peter alone," said Felicity severely. "It's a very good resolution and one everybody ought to make."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias escreveu que não sentiria ciúmes.

Original English

"I shall not be jealous," wrote the Story Girl.

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

Pt/En

Português

Surpreso, perguntei se ela realmente não sentia ciúmes.

Original English

"But are you?" I asked, surprised.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Story Girl corou e assentiu. Ela admitiu que sabia de uma coisa, mas se recusou a revelar o que era.

Original English

The Story Girl coloured and nodded. "Of one thing," she confessed, "but I'm not going to tell what it is."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray também confessou ter ciúmes ocasionais. Sua primeira resolução, ela anunciou, foi se esforçar para não sentir inveja quando as outras meninas na escola descreviam suas várias doenças.

Original English

"I'm jealous sometimes, too," confessed Sara Ray, "and so my first resolution will be 'I shall try not to feel jealous when I hear the other girls in school describing all the sick spells they've had.'"

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix exigiu com espanto se ela realmente queria ficar doente.

Original English

"Goodness, do you want to be sick?" demanded Felix in astonishment.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray explicou que a doença conferia uma sensação de importância.

Original English

"It makes a person important," explained Sara Ray.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily escreveu que pretendia melhorar sua mente lendo livros valiosos e seguindo a sabedoria de seus mais velhos.

Original English

"I am going to try to improve my mind by reading good books and listening to older people," wrote Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity exclamou que a informação tinha vindo do jornal da Escola Dominical.

Original English

"You got that out of the Sunday School paper," cried Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily respondeu com dignidade que a fonte não importava; o importante era preservá-la.

Original English

"It doesn't matter where I got it," said Cecily with dignity. "The main thing is to keep it."

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

Pt/En

Português

Eu disse a Felicity que era a vez dela.

Original English

"It's your turn, Felicity," I said.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity balançou sua bela cabeça dourada.

Original English

Felicity tossed her beautiful golden head.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity repetiu que não faria nenhuma resolução e disse ao narrador que continuasse sem ela.

Original English

"I told you I wasn't going to make any resolutions. Go on yourself."

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador escreveu que sempre estudaria gramática, apesar de detestá-la intensamente.

Original English

"I shall always study my grammar lesson," I wrote—I, who loathed grammar with a deadly loathing.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray concordou com um suspiro, compartilhando seu ódio pela gramática e chamando-a de sem importância.

Original English

"I hate grammar too," sighed Sara Ray. "It seems so unimportant."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara gostava de usar palavras sofisticadas, mas frequentemente escolhia as erradas; o narrador suspeitava que ela queria dizer desinteressante em vez de sem importância.

Original English

Sara was rather fond of a big word, but did not always get hold of the right one. I rather suspected that in the above instance she really meant uninteresting.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan escreveu que tentaria não perder a paciência com Felicity.

Original English

"I won't get mad at Felicity, if I can help it," wrote Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity protestou que nunca fazia nada para provocar a raiva de Dan.

Original English

"I'm sure I never do anything to make you mad," exclaimed Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter observou que considerava indelicado fazer resoluções a respeito das próprias irmãs.

Original English

"I don't think it's polite to make resolutions about your sisters," said Peter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity zombou que ele não conseguiria cumprir sua resolução porque tinha um temperamento terrível.

Original English

"He can't keep it anyway," scoffed Felicity. "He's got such an awful temper."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan retrucou que era um defeito de família, quebrando imediatamente sua resolução assim que a havia escrito.

Original English

"It's a family failing," flashed Dan, breaking his resolution ere the ink on it was dry.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity provocou-o com esse comentário.

Original English

"There you go," taunted Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix rabiscou que resolveria todos os seus problemas de aritmética sem ajuda.

Original English

"I'll work all my arithmetic problems without any help," scribbled Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray suspirou e expressou o desejo de resolver aquele problema também, mas achou que seria inútil. Ela admitiu que nunca conseguiria lidar com os problemas de multiplicação composta dados pela professora sem a ajuda de Judy Pineau. Embora Judy tivesse dificuldades com leitura e ortografia, ela era excelente em aritmética. Sara concluiu, desesperançada, que tinha certeza de que nunca entenderia multiplicação composta.

Original English

"I wish I could resolve that, too," sighed Sara Ray, "but it wouldn't be any use. I'd never be able to do those compound multiplication sums the teacher gives us to do at home every night if I didn't get Judy Pineau to help me. Judy isn't a good reader and she can't spell AT ALL, but you can't stick her in arithmetic as far as she went herself. I feel sure," concluded poor Sara, in a hopeless tone, "that I'll NEVER be able to understand compound multiplication."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara comentou que a multiplicação era irritante.

Original English

"Multiplication is vexation,

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela acrescentou que a divisão era igualmente problemática.

Original English

Division is as bad,

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela achava a regra de três desconcertante.

Original English

The rule of three perplexes me,

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

Pt/En

Português

E ela disse que as frações a deixavam louca.

Original English

And fractions drive me mad,"

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan foi citado.

Original English

quoted Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara suspirou, admitindo que ainda não havia chegado às frações. Ela esperava que seria velha demais para a escola antes de precisar aprendê-las. Ela expressou uma forte aversão pela aritmética, mas uma paixão pela geografia.

Original English

"I haven't got as far as fractions yet," sighed Sara, "and I hope I'll be too big to go to school before I do. I hate arithmetic, but I am PASSIONATELY fond of geography."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter escreveu que não jogaria jogo da velha nas páginas em branco do seu hinário durante a igreja.

Original English

"I will not play tit-tat-x on the fly leaves of my hymn book in church," wrote Peter.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity exclamou horrorizada, perguntando se a pessoa já havia feito tal coisa.

Original English

"Mercy, did you ever do such a thing?" exclaimed Felicity in horror.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter acenou com a cabeça, visivelmente envergonhado.

Original English

Peter nodded shamefacedly.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador lembrou que um domingo, o Sr. Bailey fez um sermão tão longo e difícil de acompanhar que ele ficou cansado e acabou jogando um jogo com um garoto de Markdale enquanto estava sentado na galeria.

Original English

"Yes—that Sunday Mr. Bailey preached. He was so long-winded, I got awful tired, and, anyway, he was talking about things I couldn't understand, so I played tit-tat-x with one of the Markdale boys. It was the day I was sitting up in the gallery."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity expressou severamente sua esperança de que, se ele repetisse tal comportamento, não fosse no banco da família deles.

Original English

"Well, I hope if you ever do the like again you won't do it in OUR pew," said Felicity severely.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter declarou que não tinha intenção de fazer isso novamente, pois se sentiu culpado pelo resto do dia.

Original English

"I ain't going to do it at all," said Peter. "I felt sort of mean all the rest of the day."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias escreveu que se esforçaria para não se irritar quando as pessoas interrompessem suas histórias, embora tenha admitido com um suspiro que seria desafiador.

Original English

"I shall try not to be vexed when people interrupt me when I'm telling stories," wrote the Story Girl. "but it will be hard," she added with a sigh.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity comentou que nunca se importava de ser interrompida.

Original English

"I never mind being interrupted," said Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily escreveu que faria o possível para permanecer alegre e sempre sorrindo.

Original English

"I shall try to be cheerful and smiling all the time," wrote Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray afirmou lealmente que Cecily era de fato sempre alegre.

Original English

"You are, anyway," said Sara Ray loyally.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias expressou dúvida sobre a necessidade de alegria constante, citando a instrução bíblica de chorar com os que choram.

Original English

"I don't believe we ought to be cheerful ALL the time," said the Story Girl.
"The Bible says we ought to weep with those who weep."

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily ofereceu a possibilidade de que o choro pudesse ser feito com um espírito alegre.

Original English

"But maybe it means that we're to weep cheerfully," suggested Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan descreveu como sentir pena de alguém enquanto se alivia por não estar em sua situação difícil.

Original English

"Sorter as if you were thinking, 'I'm very sorry for you but I'm mighty glad I'm not in the scrape too,'" said Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity repreendeu Dan por ser irreverente.

Original English

"Dan, don't be irreverent," rebuked Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias contou uma história sobre o Sr. e a Sra. Davidson de Markdale. A Sra. Davidson era perpetuamente alegre, o que irritava o marido. Ele certa vez exigiu saber por que ela estava sorrindo, ao que ela respondeu que tudo era tão brilhante e agradável que não conseguia deixar de sorrir.

Original English

"I know a story about old Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Markdale," said the Story Girl. "She was always smiling and it used to aggravate her husband, so one day he said very crossly, 'Old lady, what ARE you grinning at?' 'Oh, well, Abiram, everything's so bright and pleasant, I've just got to smile.'

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

Pt/En

Português

Mais tarde, a desgraça chegou—a colheita falhou, a melhor vaca morreu, a Sra. Davidson teve reumatismo e o Sr. Davidson quebrou a perna. Mesmo assim, a Sra. Davidson continuou sorrindo. O marido perguntou irritado sobre o que ela estava sorrindo desta vez. Ela respondeu que tudo era tão escuro e desagradável que ela tinha que sorrir. Ele retrucou que ela poderia dar um descanso ao rosto de vez em quando.

Original English

"Not long after there came a time when everything went wrong—the crop failed and their best cow died, and Mrs. Davidson had rheumatism; and finally Mr. Davidson fell and broke his leg. But still Mrs. Davidson smiled. 'What in the dickens are you grinning about now, old lady?' he demanded. 'Oh, well, Abiram,' she said, 'everything is so dark and unpleasant I've just got to smile.' 'Well,' said the old man crossly, 'I think you might give your face a rest sometimes.'"

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray declarou com satisfação que não se envolveria em fofocas.

Original English

"I shall not talk gossip," wrote Sara Ray with a satisfied air.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily questionou se aquela regra era muito rigorosa. Ela argumentou que fofocas inofensivas eram aceitáveis, ao contrário de fofocas maldosas. Por exemplo, dizer que Emmy MacPhail ganharia um novo colar de pele era inofensivo, mas questionar como ela poderia pagar dado o débito do pai era maldoso. Cecily sugeriu que Sara especificasse 'fofoca maldosa'.

Original English

"Oh, don't you think that's a little TOO strict?" asked Cecily anxiously. "Of course, it's not right to talk MEAN gossip, but the harmless kind doesn't hurt. If I say to you that Emmy MacPhail is going to get a new fur collar this

winter, THAT is harmless gossip, but if I say I don't see how Emmy MacPhail can afford a new fur collar when her father can't pay my father for the oats he got from him, that would be MEAN gossip. If I were you, Sara, I'd put MEAN gossip."

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara deu seu consentimento para a emenda.

Original English

Sara consented to this amendment.

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

Pt/En

Português

Minha terceira resolução—ser educado com todos—foi aceita sem qualquer discussão.

Original English

"I will be polite to everybody," was my third resolution, which passed without comment.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan escreveu que tentaria evitar gírias, já que Cecily não gostava delas.

Original English

"I'll try not to use slang since Cecily doesn't like it," wrote Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity disse que acreditava que algumas gírias eram bastante encantadoras.

Original English

"I think some slang is real cute," said Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan sorriu e disse que o Guia da Família considerava as gírias muito vulgares. Depois, perguntou a Sara Stanley se ela concordava.

Original English

"The Family Guide says it's very vulgar," grinned Dan. "Doesn't it, Sara Stanley?"

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias pediu para não ser perturbada, explicando sonhadoramente que estava ocupada com um pensamento bonito.

Original English

"Don't disturb me," said the Story Girl dreamily. "I'm just thinking a beautiful thought."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity declarou que havia formado uma resolução, lembrando o sermão do pastor de que pensar pensamentos bonitos tornaria suas vidas bonitas. Portanto, ela resolveu pensar um desses pensamentos todas as manhãs antes do café da manhã.

Original English

"I've thought of a resolution to make," cried Felicity. "Mr. Marwood said last Sunday we should always try to think beautiful thoughts and then our lives would be very beautiful. So I shall resolve to think a beautiful thought every morning before breakfast."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan perguntou se ela conseguia administrar apenas um pensamento bonito por dia.

Original English

"Can you only manage one a day?" queried Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

O narrador perguntou por que o pensamento deveria ser pensado antes do café da manhã.

Original English

"And why before breakfast?" I asked.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter sugeriu inocentemente que pensar era mais fácil com o estômago vazio, provocando um olhar furioso de Felicity.

Original English

"Because it's easier to think on an empty stomach," said Peter, in all good faith. But Felicity shot a furious glance at him.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela explicou com dignidade que havia escolhido aquele momento porque, quando escovava o cabelo em frente ao espelho pela manhã, veria sua resolução e se lembraria dela.

Original English

"I selected that time," she explained with dignity, "because when I'm brushing my hair before my glass in the morning I'll see my resolution and remember it."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias disse que o Sr. Marwood queria dizer que todos os seus pensamentos deveriam ser belos, e se fosse esse o caso, as pessoas não teriam medo de dizer o que pensam.

Original English

"Mr. Marwood meant that ALL our thoughts ought to be beautiful," said the Story Girl. "If they were, people wouldn't be afraid to say what they think."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix declarou firmemente que as pessoas não deveriam ter medo, e resolveu sempre dizer exatamente o que pensava.

Original English

"They oughtn't to be afraid to, anyhow," said Felix stoutly. "I'm going to make a resolution to say just what I think always."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan perguntou sarcasticamente se Felix esperava sobreviver ao ano se levasse aquele plano adiante.

Original English

"And do you expect to get through the year alive if you do?" asked Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias comentou que poderia ser fácil dizer o que se pensa se alguém estivesse sempre certo dos próprios pensamentos, mas ela frequentemente não tinha certeza.

Original English

"It might be easy enough to say what you think if you could always be sure just what you DO think," said the Story Girl. "So often I can't be sure."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity perguntou a Felix como ele se sentiria se as pessoas sempre expressassem seus pensamentos honestos para ele.

Original English

"How would you like it if people always said just what they think to you?" asked Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix respondeu que ele não se importava muito com as opiniões de certas pessoas.

Original English

"I'm not very particular what SOME people think of me," rejoined Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity apontou que Felix não gostava de ser chamado de gordo.

Original English

"I notice you don't like to be told by anybody that you're fat," retorted Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

A pobre Cecily suplicou a eles que parassem com seus comentários sarcásticos, dizendo que era desagradável na última noite do ano velho. Ela se perguntou onde todos estariam no ano seguinte, e então disse a Peter que era a vez dele.

Original English

"Oh, dear me, I do wish you wouldn't all say such sarcastic things to each other," said poor Cecily plaintively. "It sounds so horrid the last night of the old year. Dear knows where we'll all be this night next year. Peter, it's your turn."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter escreveu que ele tentaria orar todas as noites sem falta, e não pular ou dobrar como havia feito antes da festa.

Original English

"I will try," wrote Peter, "to say my prayers every night regular, and not twice one night because I don't expect to have time the next,—like I did the night before the party," he added.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity comentou que supunha que Peter nunca havia rezado até que o levaram à igreja. Ela não havia ajudado a persuadi-lo a ir; na verdade, ela se opôs, como os leitores podem lembrar do primeiro volume da história da família.

Original English

"I s'pose you never said your prayers until we got you to go to church," said Felicity—who had had no hand in inducing Peter to go to church, but had stoutly opposed it, as recorded in the first volume of our family history.

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter respondeu que havia rezado. Sua tia Jane o havia ensinado, porque sua mãe estava muito ocupada; como seu pai havia fugido, ela tinha que lavar roupa tanto de dia quanto de noite.

Original English

"I did, too," said Peter. "Aunt Jane taught me to say my prayers. Ma hadn't time, being as father had run away; ma had to wash at night same as in day-time."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias escreveu que aprenderia a cozinhar, e franziu a testa enquanto escrevia.

Original English

"I shall learn to cook," wrote the Story Girl, frowning.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity começou a aconselhar a Garota das Histórias a não fazer certos tipos de pudins, mas parou no meio da frase, como se tivesse mordido as palavras. Cecily a cutucara, provavelmente lembrando-a da ameaça da Garota das Histórias de não contar histórias se fosse provocada sobre o pudim de serragem. Ainda assim, todos entenderam o que Felicity pretendia dizer, e a Garota das Histórias lhe lançou um olhar muito antipático.

Original English

"You'd better resolve not to make puddings of—" began Felicity, then stopped as suddenly as if she had bitten off the rest of her sentence and swallowed it. Cecily had nudged her, so she had probably remembered the Story Girl's threat that she would never tell another story if she was ever twitted with the pudding she had made from sawdust. But we all knew what Felicity had started to say and the Story Girl dealt her a most uncousinly glance.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray escreveu que não choraria só porque sua mãe não engomaria seus aventais.

Original English

"I will not cry because mother won't starch my aprons," wrote Sara Ray.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan gentilmente aconselhou que seria melhor resolver não chorar por nada.

Original English

"Better resolve not to cry about anything," said Dan kindly.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray balançou a cabeça desoladamente.

Original English

Sara Ray shook her head forlornly.

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

Pt/En

Português

Ela disse que tal resolução seria muito difícil de manter, porque havia momentos em que ela precisava chorar e isso trazia alívio.

Original English

"That would be too hard to keep. There are times when I HAVE to cry. It's a relief."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan murmurou para Cecily que não era um alívio para aqueles que tinham que ouvi-la.

Original English

"Not to the folks who have to hear you," muttered Dan aside to Cecily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily sussurrou para Dan ficar quieto e não machucar os sentimentos de Sara na última noite do ano velho, depois acrescentou que resolveria não se preocupar porque seu cabelo não era cacheado, embora nunca conseguisse deixar de desejar que fosse.

Original English

"Oh, hush," whispered Cecily back. "Don't go and hurt her feelings the last night of the old year. Is it my turn again? Well, I'll resolve not to worry because my hair is not curly. But, oh, I'll never be able to help wishing it

was."

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan perguntou por que ela não enrolava mais o cabelo como fazia antes.

Original English

"Why don't you curl it as you used to do, then?" asked Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily respondeu com reprovação que não usava rolos de cabelo desde que Peter esteve gravemente doente com sarampo, explicando que havia decidido nunca mais fazê-lo porque tinha dúvidas sobre sua correção.

Original English

"You know very well that I've never put my hair up in curl papers since the time Peter was dying of the measles," said Cecily reproachfully. "I resolved then I wouldn't because I wasn't sure it was quite right."

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

Pt/En

Português

O autor escreveu que manteria as unhas arrumadas e limpas, observando que isso completava quatro resoluções e não faria mais, pois quatro eram suficientes.

Original English

"I will keep my finger-nails neat and clean," I wrote. "There, that's four resolutions. I'm not going to make any more. Four's enough."

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix escreveu que sempre consideraria suas palavras cuidadosamente antes de falar.

Original English

"I shall always think twice before I speak," wrote Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan comentou que tal resolução era uma terrível perda de tempo, mas concedeu que poderia ser necessária se Felix insistisse em sempre falar o que pensa.

Original English

"That's an awful waste of time," commented Dan, "but I guess you'll need to if you're always going to say what you think."

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

Pt/En

Português

Peter declarou que pararia com três.

Original English

"I'm going to stop with three," said Peter.

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

Pt/En

Português

A Story Girl escreveu que pretendia ter todos os momentos bons que pudesse.

Original English

"I will have all the good times I can," wrote the Story Girl.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan observou que considerava isso sensato.

Original English

"THAT'S what I call sensible," said Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felix comentou que era uma resolução muito fácil de manter.

Original English

"It's a very easy resolution to keep, anyhow," commented Felix.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray escreveu que tentaria gostar de ler a Bíblia.

Original English

"I shall try to like reading the Bible," wrote Sara Ray.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity declarou que se deve naturalmente gostar de ler a Bíblia, sem ter que fazer esforço.

Original English

"You ought to like reading the Bible without trying to," exclaimed Felicity.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray respondeu asperamente que ninguém gostaria de ler sete capítulos da Bíblia toda vez que se comportasse mal.

Original English

"If you had to read seven chapters of it every time you were naughty I don't believe you would like it either," retorted Sara Ray with a flash of spirit.

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

Pt/En

Português

Cecily resolveu acreditar apenas na metade de tudo que ouvia.

Original English

"I shall try to believe only half of what I hear," was Cecily's concluding resolution.

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

Pt/En

Português

Dan zombou, questionando a qual metade ela se referia.

Original English

"But which half?" scoffed Dan.

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

Pt/En

Português

A doce Cecily respondeu simplesmente que acreditaria na melhor metade.

Original English

"The best half," said sweet Cecily simply.

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

Pt/En

Português

Sara Ray escreveu com um suspiro profundo que tentaria sempre obedecer à mãe, consciente da dificuldade de manter tal resolução. Ela acrescentou que faria apenas essa.

Original English

"I'll try to obey mother ALWAYS," wrote Sara Ray, with a tremendous sigh, as if she fully realized the difficulty of keeping such a resolution. "And that's all I'm going to make."

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

Pt/En

Português

A Garota das Histórias comentou que Felicity havia feito apenas uma.

Original English

"Felicity has only made one," said the Story Girl.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity declarou arrogantemente que era melhor fazer apenas uma resolução e cumpri-la do que fazer muitas e quebrá-las.

Original English

"I think it better to make just one and keep it than make a lot and break them," said Felicity loftily.

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

Pt/En

Português

Felicity teve a palavra final, pois era hora de Sara Ray ir embora. O grupo se desfez, e eles observaram Sara e Felix descerem o caminho iluminado pela lua — Sara pisando modestamente em uma trilha de trenó, Felix andando sombriamente na outra. O narrador suspeitou que seu irmão travesso estava alheio à beleza romântica da noite prateada.

Original English

She had the last word on the subject, for it was time for Sara Ray to go, and our circle broke up. Sara and Felix departed and we watched them down the lane in the moonlight—Sara walking demurely in one runner track, and Felix stalking grimly along in the other. I fear the romantic beauty of that silver shining night was entirely thrown away on my mischievous brother.

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

Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

achieve ə'tʃi:v (1 occurrence)

Português: alcançar

Simple English: To successfully do or finish something.

Example: *She worked hard to achieve her goal.*

Uses in this book:

1. They said that if someone is determined, they can find a way to achieve their goals. [Back to B1](#)

alcohol /'ælkəhɒl/ (3 occurrences)

Português: álcool; bebidas alcoólicas

Simple English: Any beverage that can cause intoxication when consumed.

Example: *Too much alcohol can be harmful to your health in the long term.*

Uses in this book:

1. Below it, it said, "Touch Not The Cup." Peter did not drink alcohol, so it was strange for Felicity to choose this message. [Back to B1](#)

2. Peter has not played games in church or drunk alcohol, and he said it was not as bad as he thought.

3. His father promised to stop drinking alcohol and to take care of his family.

annoy ə'nɔɪ (2 occurrences)

Português: incomodar

Simple English: to make someone a little angry

Example: *Tarzan used ropes to annoy him.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dan replied that it would be better for him to make a promise not to annoy people all the time. [Back to B1](#)

2. However, he decided he would not do things just to annoy others. [Back to B1](#)

anymore ,ɛni'mɔ:r (11 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. She mentioned that Uncle Roger said the Daily Enterprise newspaper was not good anymore, printing only boring news. [Back to B1](#)
2. Felix shouted that he could not see it anymore, but he had seen it just before.
3. No one argued anymore.
4. Paddy was a thankful cat because he was not lost, hungry, or trapped anymore.
5. Cousin Annetta was angry with him and did not try to be polite or gentle anymore.

area 'ɛəriə (6 occurrences)

Português: área

Simple English: a space or part of a place

Example: *She ran across a small open area.*

Uses in this book:

1. The area near Uncle Stephen's Walk was covered in smooth snow, looking like a beautiful, clean street. [Back to B1](#)
2. Finally, we entered the area of fir and maple trees between Carlisle and Baywater.
3. Peg Bowen lived in this area, and our path went near her house, but we could not see it.
4. They sometimes got separated in the wild area but found each other again in quiet, sunny places.
5. A large area of Junebells under the fir trees smells more wonderful than all the roses by Bendameer's stream.

argue 'ɑ:rgju: (4 occurrences)

Português: discutir

Simple English: To speak angrily with someone because of different ideas.

Example: *The sailor started to argue with the young man.*

Uses in this book:

1. Cecily asked them not to argue on the last night of the old year. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sara Ray suggested that he could promise not to argue at any time. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that in his family, you must argue with certain people to live. [Back to B1](#)
4. Felicity was so happy that she did not argue with Dan, even when he told her the Governor's wife would attend the wedding.

arrive ə'raɪv (8 occurrences)

Português: chegar

Simple English: to come to a place

Example: *People would arrive soon.*

Uses in this book:

1. They planned to arrive before dark because the October nights were long and the roads were difficult. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Story Girl stated firmly that if she ever had children, she would let them stay up late to watch the New Year arrive. [Back to B1](#)
3. We wanted to arrive before a storm began.
4. If you do, you will not worry if visitors arrive without warning.
5. Felicity asked the narrator when the minister would arrive.

assigned ə'saɪnd (1 occurrence)

Português: atribuído

Simple English: given a task or job

Example: *She was assigned the personals section in the newspaper.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Story Girl was assigned the personals section and was told to make sure there were some in every issue, even if she had to invent them, like Dan with the etiquette questions. [Back to B1](#)

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. Dan wrote that he would not get angry at Felicity if he could avoid it. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer also advised Dan that if he sent the question, he should stop wiping his pen on his shirt sleeves to avoid stains.
3. Dan added that Uncle Roger said the man was not wise enough to avoid sleeping in a field with an open gate.
4. She said she would have tried to drink a whole bucket if she had to, to avoid upsetting Peg.
5. So, he would tell his father directly, but he would wait a few weeks to avoid upsetting his mother too soon if his father reacted badly.

awake ə'weɪk (2 occurrences)

Português: acordado

Simple English: Not sleeping.

Example: *He was only partly awake when people lifted him up.*

Uses in this book:

1. A light in the kitchen window showed that Aunt Janet was still awake, waiting for the children to come home safely. [Back to B1](#)
2. In Norway, she explained, the whole family stayed awake until midnight. [Back to B1](#)

boat bɔʊt (2 occurrences)

Português: barco

Simple English: A small vehicle for traveling on water.

Example: *They went fishing on a small boat.*

Uses in this book:

1. This was because Kenneth lived fifteen miles away and was often away from home on his boat. [Back to B1](#)
2. The father went home by a passenger boat.

boyfriend *'bɔɪfrɛnd* (5 occurrences)

Português: namorado

Simple English: A male partner in a romantic relationship.

Example: *She talked about her boyfriend.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had so many people who wanted to be her boyfriend that the other girls were jealous and disliked her. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said he will fight Willy Fraser if Willy continues to think he is Miss Cecily King's boyfriend.
3. Cecily said she does not have a boyfriend.
4. Peter replied that he hoped Dr. Seton would attend, unlike the boyfriend of Rachel Ward, who was Peter's cousin.
5. She also said it was strange that Beautiful Alice did not have a boyfriend, as she was very pretty and polite.

busiest *'bɪzɪst* (1 occurrence)

Português: mais movimentado

Simple English: having the most activity or people

Example: *The dance floor was busiest at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. He asked Ursula to meet him there when the dancing was busiest. [Back to B1](#)

challenging *'tʃælɪndʒɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: desafiando

Simple English: Trying to compete or fight against.

Example: *The woman was surprised because a man was challenging her.*

Uses in this book:

1. Kenneth told Ursula that they had a challenging ride ahead. [Back to B1](#)

cloak *kloʊk* (1 occurrence)

Português: manto

Simple English: A long piece of clothing worn over other clothes.

Example: *He wore a dark cloak to stay warm.*

Uses in this book:

1. A short time later, Ursula, wearing a hood and cloak, climbed down the ladder quietly. [Back to B1](#)

confident *ˈkɒnfɪdənt* (4 occurrences)

Português: confiante

Simple English: feeling sure about your abilities

Example: *He said they must be very confident to handle the situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then, seeing Felicity's look of disapproval, she became more confident. [Back to B1](#)

2. He was a confident young man and a friend of her father. [Back to B1](#)

3. She felt confident when she had a well-stocked pantry behind her.

4. He felt very confident.

constellation *ˌkɒnstəˈleɪʃən* (1 occurrence)

Português: constelação

Simple English: a group of stars forming a pattern

Example: *Orion is a well-known constellation.*

Uses in this book:

1. The constellation Orion was high in the sky, and a red moon was rising. [Back to B1](#)

correct *kəˈrɛkt* (7 occurrences)

Português: correto

Simple English: right or true

Example: *He found the correct way to open the door.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sara liked using big words, but she did not always use the correct word.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Cecily stated that this was not the correct way to do it.

3. He thought everything Felicity did was correct.

4. So, Cecily took his letter, wrote the correct spellings above the wrong ones in red ink, and sent it back.

5. Someone said their guess was almost correct.

creating *kriˈeɪtɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

Português: criando

Simple English: making or causing something to exist

Example: *She is creating a beautiful painting.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felix suggested creating a special list in their magazine called a "Roll of Honour." Each month, they would publish the names of the people who kept all their promises perfectly. [Back to B1](#)

2. Its small leaves were trembling and did not yet hide its branches, creating a beautiful picture against the evening sky.

definitely *ˈdefɪnɪtli* (2 occurrences)

Português: definitivamente

Simple English: without any doubt

Example: *She definitely likes chocolate.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker said they would definitely have it and that Dan would edit it.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Cecily answered that she had definitely not.

deliver */dɪˈlɪvər/* (1 occurrence)

Português: entregar; livrai; fornecer

Simple English: To bring and hand over items to recipients successfully.

Example: *The company will deliver your package by the end of the day.*

Uses in this book:

1. He did this mainly to deliver a letter for his brother, Kenneth, rather than for religious reasons. [Back to B1](#)

difficult 'dɪfɪkəlt (29 occurrences)

Português: difícil

Simple English: Not easy to do.

Example: *It was difficult to walk through the dense forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity had been difficult lately about things mentioned. [Back to B1](#)
2. They planned to arrive before dark because the October nights were long and the roads were difficult. [Back to B1](#)
3. Cecily said she wanted to make many things, but she was afraid it would be too difficult to keep them all. [Back to B1](#)
4. She explained that she needed Judy Pineau to help her with the difficult multiplication homework from school. [Back to B1](#)
5. The Story Girl wrote that she would try not to get upset when people interrupted her stories, but she added with a sigh that it would be difficult. [Back to B1](#)

directed dɪ'rektɪd (2 occurrences)

Português: dirigiu

Simple English: Directed means to aim or point something at someone or something.

Example: *She directed her anger at him.*

Uses in this book:

1. She could not show her anger to the Story Girl, so she directed it at Ursula instead. [Back to B1](#)
2. She directed the boys downstairs to a large pile of straw that they could use as a bed if they wore their coats.

disagree ,dɪzə'gri: (2 occurrences)

Português: discordar

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *We sometimes disagree about plans.*

Uses in this book:

1. If Felicity disagreed, Peter would also disagree. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Story Girl could not disagree with Felicity, so she cleverly changed the subject. [Back to B1](#)

disagreed ,dɪzə'gri:d (16 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. If Felicity disagreed, Peter would also disagree. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dan disagreed, saying he was like an Irishman who wished the person who started work had finished it. [Back to B1](#)
3. Dan disagreed, saying that some promises are impossible to keep. [Back to B1](#)
4. Cecily explained that Uncle Roger only said that because he disagreed with the Governor politically.
5. Aunt Janet disagreed, saying it was not Great-aunt Eliza.

disagreement ,dɪzə'gri:mənt (1 occurrence)

Português: discordância

Simple English: a situation where people have different opinions

Example: *He showed his disagreement by not obeying.*

Uses in this book:

1. This old disagreement caused a family feud, and because of it, Ursula had to meet Kenneth secretly. [Back to B1](#)

disapproval *ˌdɪsəˈpruːvəl* (3 occurrences)

Português: desaprovação

Simple English: a feeling of not agreeing or liking something

Example: *Williamson looked at him with disapproval.*

Uses in this book:

1. Cecily said this with disapproval. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, seeing Felicity's look of disapproval, she became more confident. [Back to B1](#)
3. Cecily, looking at Dan with disapproval, said that the Family Guide advised them to be polite to everyone.

discussion *dɪˈskʌʃən* (2 occurrences)

Português: discussão

Simple English: talking about something to share ideas

Example: *They had a long discussion about the plan.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker stated that their third promise was to be polite to everyone, and this promise was accepted without any discussion. [Back to B1](#)
2. The story caused a lot of discussion, but most people did not believe it, even though they listened and wondered.

disrespectful *dɪsˈrɛspɪktfəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: desrespeitoso

Simple English: Showing no respect to others.

Example: *It is rude and disrespectful to interrupt someone.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity told Dan not to be disrespectful. [Back to B1](#)

dreamlike *ˈdriːmlaɪk* (1 occurrence)

Português: como em sonho

Simple English: Dreamlike means feeling like a dream, calm and strange.

Example: *The scene was quiet and dreamlike.*

Uses in this book:

1. A calm, dreamlike feeling was over the land, the woods, and the meadows.

[Back to B1](#)

enjoyable *ɪnˈdʒɔɪəbəl* (3 occurrences)

Português: agradável

Simple English: Giving pleasure or fun.

Example: *The hunt would be less enjoyable because he would feel too safe.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that his Aunt Jane had helped edit a newspaper at Queen's Academy, and she told him it was enjoyable and very useful. [Back to B1](#)
2. He realized that if Uncle Blair took the Story Girl away, life on the farm would be less enjoyable.
3. She explained that they could not continue it after everyone left, and that it had been very enjoyable.

expensive *ɪkˈspɛnsɪv* (3 occurrences)

Português: caro

Simple English: Costing a lot of money.

Example: *That is an expensive suit.*

Uses in this book:

1. Aunt Janet's own daughters had to wear simpler cotton dresses because silk dresses were very rare and expensive at that time. [Back to B1](#)
2. Peg commented that Douglas's wife looked like she was wearing expensive silk, not cheap cotton, even though she thought the wife was happy to marry anyone.
3. Eggs are expensive now.

fingernails *ˈfɪŋɡərneɪlz* (1 occurrence)

Português: unhas

Simple English: the hard parts at the end of fingers

Example: *Her fingernails were painted.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer wrote that they would keep their fingernails neat and clean. [Back to B1](#)

foamy *'foumi* (1 occurrence)

Português: espumoso

Simple English: Covered with small bubbles or foam.

Example: *The waves on the sea were foamy and white.*

Uses in this book:

1. Snow piles near the fields and on the path looked like marble waves with foamy tops, as if by magic. [Back to B1](#)

formal *'fɔ:rməl* (2 occurrences)

Português: formal

Simple English: Following rules or customs strictly.

Example: *She wore formal clothes to the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator notes that people were less formal then. [Back to B1](#)
2. Felicity answered no, in a rather formal way.

goals *gouʒ* (1 occurrence)

Português: objetivos

Simple English: Things a person wants to achieve.

Example: *Her goal is to learn English.*

Uses in this book:

1. They said that if someone is determined, they can find a way to achieve their goals. [Back to B1](#)

handmade *'hændmeɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: feito à mão

Simple English: Made by hand, not by machines.

Example: *She wore a beautiful handmade dress.*

Uses in this book:

1. They hid handmade gifts and had quiet talks about them. [Back to B1](#)

happily 'hæpɪli (22 occurrences)

Português: felizmente

Simple English: in a happy way

Example: *She smiled happily at the good news.*

Uses in this book:

1. He happily chose to stay with his friends. [Back to B1](#)
2. Dan replied happily that they would spend many more Christmases together. [Back to B1](#)
3. Before Jemima's father could follow them, they were already married and lived happily ever after.
4. So, everyone went inside, but not very happily.
5. Then he looked up, and the old lady loudly and happily said "Amen." She thought Uncle Roger had said grace.

healthy 'heɪθi (3 occurrences)

Português: saudável

Simple English: in good physical condition

Example: *The slaves became strong and healthy.*

Uses in this book:

1. They had a wonderful Christmas dinner, eating much more than was healthy. [Back to B1](#)
2. Mr. Patrick Grayfur was not well yesterday, but he seems to be healthy again today.
3. Paddy, looking healthy and handsome again, sat on the stone and washed his face.

hit hɪt (6 occurrences)

Português: atingir

Simple English: to strike or make contact with something

Example: *The arrow can hit the vital parts of the prey.*

Uses in this book:

1. She aimed carefully, and it hit Andrew squarely on the head, just as she had planned. [Back to B1](#)

2. The sled hit the writer between the legs, throwing them over the back of the sled.
3. The writer thought a tornado had hit them.
4. If anyone broke this rule, they were given unusual punishments, which were often worse than being hit.
5. The crews of boats that landed on sand beaches were usually saved, but those that hit rocks were destroyed, and everyone on board died.

hitting *'hɪtɪŋ* (2 occurrences)

Português: batendo

Simple English: Touching something with force.

Example: *He was hitting the wall with his fists.*

Uses in this book:

1. Around midnight, she heard small stones hitting her window. [Back to B1](#)
2. It seemed angry for a while, moving fast and hitting logs.

holiday *'hɒlədeɪ* (1 occurrence)

Português: férias

Simple English: time off work or usual duties

Example: *The minister was on holiday.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity and her mother were busy preparing for the holiday. [Back to B1](#)

homework *'həʊm,wɜ:k* (1 occurrence)

Português: lição de casa

Simple English: work done at home for school

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

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that she needed Judy Pineau to help her with the difficult multiplication homework from school. [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 felt it was a great honor that the owner gave her this book and she was very proud of it. [Back to B1](#)

inspiring in'spaɪərɪŋ (3 occurrences)

Português: inspirador

Simple English: making you feel confident and eager

Example: *The teacher gave an inspiring speech.*

Uses in this book:

1. They encouraged everyone to try their best, saying the magazine would be very interesting and inspiring. [Back to B1](#)

2. The Story Girl disagreed, saying that reciting to cabbage heads would not be inspiring.

3. Elder Bayley later said it was a good and inspiring talk.

invent in'vent (2 occurrences)

Português: inventar

Simple English: To create something new that did not exist before.

Example: *Thomas Edison invented the light bulb.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Story Girl suggested that Dan should invent some questions himself. [Back to B1](#)

2. The Story Girl was assigned the personals section and was told to make sure there were some in every issue, even if she had to invent them, like Dan with the etiquette questions. [Back to B1](#)

list /ɪst/ (1 occurrence)

Português: lista

Simple English: A written or printed group of items.

Example: *She made a list of all the books she wanted.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felix suggested creating a special list in their magazine called a "Roll of Honour." Each month, they would publish the names of the people who kept all their promises perfectly. [Back to B1](#)

Luckily /'lʌkɪli/ (2 occurrences)

Português: felizmente

Simple English: fortunately, by good chance

Example: *Luckily, no one was hurt.*

Uses in this book:

1. Luckily, her father did not come to the door with him. [Back to B1](#)
2. Luckily, they landed on a pile of chaff on the barn floor and were not hurt, though chaff got into their hair, mouth, and eyes.

magical /'mædʒɪkəl/ (17 occurrences)

Português: mágico

Simple English: related to magic or a special power

Example: *The story told about magical creatures.*

Uses in this book:

1. The bare trees looked magical against the snow. [Back to B1](#)
2. Slowly, the bright colours faded, and a magical winter twilight began as the moon rose. [Back to B1](#)
3. The world at night was not like the world in the day; it felt like a different, magical place.
4. There were fireflies in the air that night, which made the scene feel more magical.
5. They seem like they are from an older time when magical creatures lived in the woods and hills.

math *mæθ* (5 occurrences)

Português: matemática

Simple English: The study of numbers and calculations.

Example: *He was good at math.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felix wrote that he would do all his math problems without any help. [Back to B1](#)
2. Sara said that Judy was not a good reader and could not spell at all, but she was very good at math. [Back to B1](#)
3. She disliked math but really loved geography. [Back to B1](#)
4. Felix did all his math problems alone.
5. She was most upset because he would look at her in school with sad, unhappy eyes when he should have been doing math.

meaningfully *'mi:nɪŋfəli* (1 occurrence)

Português: significativamente

Simple English: In a way that shows meaning or purpose.

Example: *He looked at Romero meaningfully.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said this meaningfully. [Back to B1](#)

narrator *'næretər* (159 occurrences)

Português: narrador

Simple English: The person who tells a story.

Example: *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

Forms in this book: narrator, narrator's

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator said that they had thought of something fun for the winter. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator thought this was strange and mentioned that love is not blind. [Back to B1](#)
3. As they sat down, the Story Girl looked at the narrator. [Back to B1](#)

4. She wanted to tell the narrator about a plan they had been making for some days. [Back to B1](#)

5. It was the Story Girl's idea, but she wanted the narrator to suggest it as if it was their own idea. [Back to B1](#)

noise *noiz* (4 occurrences)

Português: barulho

Simple English: a loud or unpleasant sound

Example: *I heard a noise outside my window.*

Uses in this book:

1. Outside, the wind made noise at the windows and rain fell on the roof. [Back to B1](#)
2. Outside, the wind made a loud noise.
3. Dan suggested they should make a loud noise with bells and pans to welcome them, but most of the others disagreed.
4. Dan and Peter chased after them, making a lot of noise with bells and pans, which made Felicity angry.

okay *ou'keɪ* (4 occurrences)

Português: tudo bem

Simple English: Everything is all right.

Example: *Is everything okay with the car?*

Uses in this book:

1. Cecily explained that mean gossip was wrong, but harmless gossip was okay. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought he would be okay, but warned them to feed him carefully for a few days and not to give him too much food.
3. She explained that it was okay to be plain when young if you hoped to look better when older.
4. She hoped Sara would be okay, but worried about what might happen to people in foreign countries.

owed *oud* (3 occurrences)

Português: dever

Simple English: to have to give someone something because of a reason

Example: *They owed their success to hard work.*

Uses in this book:

1. She gave an example: saying Emmy MacPhail would get a new fur collar was harmless, but saying she couldn't afford it because her father owed money for oats would be mean gossip. [Back to B1](#)
2. She remembered eating well in their mother's kitchen and felt she owed them a meal.
3. Mr. Clask thought the officer was coming for him because he owed money.

packages *'pækɪdʒɪz* (1 occurrence)

Português: pacotes

Simple English: Wrapped boxes or bags to carry or send things.

Example: *They put their yellow packages into the hole.*

Uses in this book:

1. Aunts Janet and Olivia kept all the packages that arrived from friends. [Back to B1](#)

peaceful */'pi:sfəl/* (4 occurrences)

Português: pacífica; tranquila; calmo

Simple English: Avoiding involvement in disputes or violent situations.

Example: *The garden is a peaceful place where I like to relax and read.*

Uses in this book:

1. Wherever the music was heard, people stopped fighting and became peaceful and kind. [Back to B1](#)
2. The air in the fields smells sweet and peaceful, like a child resting safely.
3. Jasper felt very happy and peaceful, seeing all the natural beauty around him.
4. They walked without a clear path through the peaceful woods, which felt very friendly that day.

Poisonous /'pɔɪzənəs/ (2 occurrences)

Português: venenoso; peçonhento; tóxico

Simple English: Containing toxic substances capable of causing death.

Example: *Some mushrooms are poisonous and can be fatal if eaten.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity suggested that he could make a promise not to eat poisonous berries. [Back to B1](#)
2. They remember buying a picture of God, Dan eating poisonous berries, hearing a ghost bell, Paddy being bewitched, a visit from the Governor's wife, and getting lost in a storm.

prepare prɪ'pɛər (2 occurrences)

Português: preparar

Simple English: to get ready for something

Example: *Tarzan watched the Minunians prepare for defense.*

Uses in this book:

1. Cecily explained that when she offered to prepare raisins for the mince-meat, Felicity refused, saying she would do it herself because Christmas mince-meat was very special. [Back to B1](#)
2. Everyone helped to prepare them.

preparing prɪ'pɛəɪŋ (5 occurrences)

Português: preparando

Simple English: getting ready for something

Example: *She was preparing the table for dinner.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity and her mother were busy preparing for the holiday. [Back to B1](#)
2. Aunt Olivia was getting married, the school was preparing for a concert, and Cecily had problems with Cyrus Brisk, which made the others laugh, but Cecily did not think it was funny.
3. A lot of cooking, decorating, and preparing happened.
4. Jasper spent the summer secretly preparing the room for Alice.
5. He dreamed of preparing his house for her, making it beautiful, and bringing her home as his wife.

problem *'pra:bləm* (13 occurrences)

Português: problema

Simple English: something difficult or wrong

Example: *He had a problem with the new rule.*

Uses in this book:

1. She added that none of them had experience as editors, just like Bev, so that should not be a problem. [Back to B1](#)
2. She felt desperate and thought about jumping from the window, but knew it would not solve her problem. [Back to B1](#)
3. Dan said it was a family problem and he broke his promise very quickly. [Back to B1](#)
4. Sara Ray sighed and said she wished she could solve a problem, but it would not be useful. [Back to B1](#)
5. Sara said that multiplication was a problem. [Back to B1](#)

push *puʃ* (1 occurrence)

Português: empurrar

Simple English: to move something by pressing it with force

Example: *She tried to push the door open.*

Uses in this book:

1. Cecily gave her a strong push, which likely stopped Felicity from saying anything more. [Back to B1](#)

quotes *kwɔʊts* (1 occurrence)

Português: citar

Simple English: to repeat someone's exact words

Example: *The book quotes a famous poem.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker thought they had used two quotes very well. [Back to B1](#)

recent /riːsənt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: recente

Simple English: Happened a short time ago.

Example: *The recent attack was very bad.*

Uses in this book:

1. He remembered with embarrassment some recent arguments he had with Felicity. [Back to B1](#)

release /rɪˈliːs/ (1 occurrence)

Português: liberação; liberar; lançamento

Simple English: To let go of something being held or restrained freely.

Example: *He decided to release the balloons into the sky after the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker said they would start the magazine and hoped to release the first issue around January 1st. [Back to B1](#)

respect /rɪˈspɛkt/ (3 occurrences)

Português: respeito; respeitar; relação

Simple English: Admiration for someone because of their qualities, achievements, or character.

Example: *We should always show respect for others' opinions and ideas.*

Uses in this book:

1. She looked at Ramsay in a way that showed she did not respect him. [Back to B1](#)

2. Dan replied with no respect that the Family Guide people must have much more free time than he did.

3. He held her gently and with great respect.

river ˈrɪvər (1 occurrence)

Português: rio

Simple English: A large natural stream of flowing water

Example: *They walked by the river.*

Uses in this book:

1. A small river flowed near them for part of the way, making a happy sound as they walked in the dark. [Back to B1](#)

rode *roud* (1 occurrence)

Português: andou

Simple English: Travelled on or in something, like a horse or a vehicle.

Example: *Pippinella rode in her cage on a wagon.*

Uses in this book:

1. He picked up the ball, got on his horse, and rode away quickly. [Back to B1](#)

savings *'seɪvɪŋz* (1 occurrence)

Português: poupança

Simple English: Money saved for future use.

Example: *He put money in his piggy bank as savings.*

Uses in this book:

1. People saved money for weeks and checked their savings carefully every day. [Back to B1](#)

scrapbook *'skræpbʊk* (1 occurrence)

Português: álbum de recortes

Simple English: A book to collect photos and memories.

Example: *The scrapbook section can include anything.*

Uses in this book:

1. They said that the scrapbook section could include anything. [Back to B1](#)

Ship */ʃɪp/* (6 occurrences)

Português: navio; nave; barco

Simple English: A large boat.

Example: *The ship crossed the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that his ship, The Fair Lady, would sail from Charlottetown harbour at dawn the next Saturday. [Back to B1](#)

2. He said the ship was going to Buenos Ayres and that this journey meant a safe return by May. [Back to B1](#)

3. He added that by the time the dancers were tired, they would be on a ship, free from problems. [Back to B1](#)
4. As the sun rose over the sea, The Fair Lady ship left Charlottetown harbour. [Back to B1](#)
5. This ship crashed on the Markdale Capes, and everyone on board died.

situation ˌsɪtʃu'eɪʃən (10 occurrences)

Português: situação

Simple English: a set of conditions at a specific time

Example: *He understood his difficult situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dan said it was like feeling sorry for someone but being glad that you were not in their difficult situation. [Back to B1](#)
2. They went back to the kitchen to talk about the situation with their family.
3. The Story Girl likely felt a little happy about the situation, but Peter defended her strongly.
4. The situation happened so fast that we could not believe it.
5. Felicity said she was thankful to be out of that situation.

starlight ˈstɑ:rlaɪt (1 occurrence)

Português: luz das estrelas

Simple English: Light that comes from the stars.

Example: *They walked under the beautiful starlight.*

Uses in this book:

1. They walked through dark fields with starlight on them. [Back to B1](#)

typical ˈtɪpɪkəl (4 occurrences)

Português: típico

Simple English: Normal or usual for someone or something.

Example: *It is typical for cats to sleep a lot.*

Uses in this book:

1. Felicity teased him, saying that was typical. [Back to B1](#)
2. Her smile was strange and not like a typical great-aunt.

3. Uncle Roger chuckled, saying that it was typical of Agnes Clark and that she must have enjoyed that afternoon very much.

4. Aunt Janet sat down, saying it was typical of Blair to arrive in an unusual way.

unfair ʌn'fɛə (2 occurrences)

Português: injusto

Simple English: not honest or equal

Example: *The trial was unfair to him.*

Uses in this book:

1. However, he added that she never would, and he thought this was unfair.

[Back to B1](#)

2. She explained that Cecily had kept her promise to Mr. Campbell and thought he had been unfair to make her do it.

unhappy ʌn'hæpi (17 occurrences)

Português: infeliz

Simple English: Feeling sad or not happy.

Example: *She felt unhappy because it was raining.*

Uses in this book:

1. Peter was secretly unhappy about this, but he did not want Felicity to see he was worried. [Back to B1](#)

2. Cecily was unhappy about being left out and told me about it. [Back to B1](#)

3. She believed the mother tried to make her daughter unhappy and would not let her go to the party that night. [Back to B1](#)

4. The Story Girl wrote that she would learn to cook, and she looked unhappy. [Back to B1](#)

5. He looked very unhappy.

unrefined ʌnrɪ'faɪnd (1 occurrence)

Português: grosseiro

Simple English: Not polished or not polite.

Example: *His language was unrefined and rude.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dan smiled and said that the Family Guide called slang very common or unrefined. [Back to B1](#)

useful *'ju:sfəl* (4 occurrences)

Português: útil

Simple English: Helping to do a job or something important

Example: *This tool is very useful for fixing bikes.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that his Aunt Jane had helped edit a newspaper at Queen's Academy, and she told him it was enjoyable and very useful. [Back to B1](#)
2. Felicity told her that Sara might be doing something more useful than reading the Bible. [Back to B1](#)
3. Sara Ray sighed and said she wished she could solve a problem, but it would not be useful. [Back to B1](#)
4. She decided not to wash the dishes, saying they would be useful for breakfast.

wintery *'wintəri* (1 occurrence)

Português: invernal

Simple English: Like winter; cold and snowy.

Example: *It was very wintery outside today.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was very wintery in the orchard. [Back to B1](#)

woken *'woukən* (1 occurrence)

Português: acordados

Simple English: past participle of wake; to be caused to stop sleeping

Example: *She was woken by the loud noise.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had woken up early that morning and walked eight miles along the shore without shoes. [Back to B1](#)

yawned *ʝ:nd* (1 occurrence)

Português: bocejou

Simple English: opened mouth wide because of tiredness or boredom

Example: *The policeman yawned.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dan yawned and said he liked that kind of story because nobody died in it, which he thought was good. [Back to B1](#)