



Core Classics

ABRIDGED FOR YOUNG READERS

Anne of Green Gables

BY LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY

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Anne of Green Gables

by

Lucy Maud Montgomery

“The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit and fire and dew.”

—*Browning**

To the Memory of My Father and Mother

* The author's epigraph is from “Evelyn Hope,” a poem from 1855 written by the English poet Robert Browning.

CORE CLASSICS®

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INTRODUCTION

“There’s such a lot of different Annes in me. I sometimes think that is why I’m such a troublesome person. If I was just the one Anne it would be ever so much more comfortable, but then it wouldn’t be half so interesting.”

—Anne, *Anne of Green Gables*

In 1907, the Canadian author Lucy Maud Montgomery wrote in her journal that she had recently discovered an old notebook in which she had jotted down an interesting story from the local paper: “Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy. By mistake, a girl is sent them.” A year later, in 1908, Montgomery introduced the world to one of the brightest and most brilliant characters it has ever known: the redheaded orphan Anne Shirley.

Characters live inside their books, don’t they? Most of the time. But every so often, a character comes along who is so vibrant, so remarkable, so fully herself, that she seems to leap right off of the page and take on a life of her own. Anne—spelled “with an E,” as she herself insists—first delighted readers in *Anne of Green Gables*. The book was a sensation. Its heroine would go on to feature in five sequels, and Montgomery would also write three more books about grown-up Anne’s children.



ANNE OF GREEN GABLES HAS BEEN MADE INTO MOVIES, TV SHOWS, MUSICALS, AND EVEN, IN 2022, A BALLET PERFORMED BY LONDON CHILDREN'S BALLET, FEATURING THE YOUNG DANCERS SHOWN HERE.

Movies, TV shows, and plays have all been made about Anne, from a silent film in 1919 to several stage musicals, a Japanese animated children's show, and multiple television miniseries, including the recent *Anne with an E* on Netflix. More than a century after Anne's first appearance, her popularity shows no sign of fading.

So, just what is it about this little orphan girl that's so extraordinary? In part, it's her striking appearance: fiery red hair (which she hates!),

freckles, and big, expressive eyes “full of spirit and vivacity.” But it isn’t just the image of Anne that readers hold dear: it’s her *voice*. Anne, eleven years old and alone in the world when we first meet her, can talk like blazes. Words simply spill out of her—big, juicy, enthusiastic words full of boundless curiosity about the world, heartfelt appreciation for its beauty, and dreams as wide and glorious as the summer sky. Anne’s imagination is her great gift, to herself and to us. It helps her through the loneliness of her early childhood, and it sweeps us up in a great, invigorating gust, carrying us through fairy realms and haunted forests, romantic adventures and hilarious mishaps.

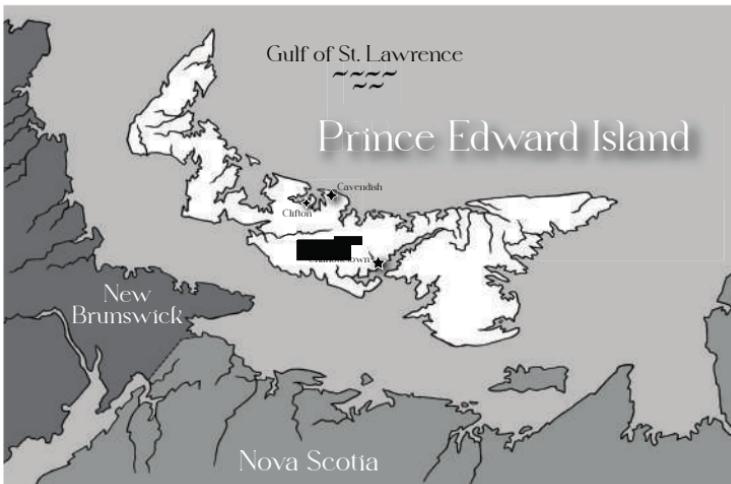
In 1908, girls were expected to be ladylike and polite, to learn how to keep house and, probably, someday, to grow up and marry. They were not expected to be ambitious, to be voracious readers with huge vocabularies, to be brave and hot-tempered, to insist on living passionate, inquisitive, independent lives. But Anne Shirley defies expectations. “Oh, it’s delightful to have ambitions,” she says, dreaming of a bold and exciting future. “I’m so glad I have such a lot. And there never seems to be any end to them—that’s the best of it. . . . It does make life so interesting.”

Anne stays with us to this day because she was never a creature of her time. Lucy Maud Montgomery created a heroine who was—and is—“no commonplace soul.” Anne dreams and yearns, gets angry and makes mistakes, is loving and loyal and silly and serious all in one. In *Anne of Green Gables*, we journey with her as she grows from a clever, starry-eyed child into a thoughtful, soulful young adult. Though Anne learns many a lesson, perhaps the greatest wisdom, and the greatest joy, to be taken from her story is to keep the flame of our curiosity, and our enthusiasm, always alive. If we see the world through Anne’s eyes, we will always see something beautiful, something worth discovering more about. And, as she herself says, “One can’t stay sad very long in such an interesting world, can one?”

THE SETTING OF THE NOVEL

“It’s a million times nicer to be Anne of Green Gables than Anne of nowhere in particular, isn’t it?”
—Anne, *Anne of Green Gables*

Lucy Maud Montgomery set *Anne of Green Gables* on a partly fictionalized version of the real Prince Edward Island, her beloved birthplace and, for much of her life, her home. Prince Edward Island, the smallest of Canada’s provinces, is a crescent-shaped island nestled between the mainland provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence off of Canada’s eastern coast.



Prince Edward Island is only about 2,000 square miles in size, and in the late 1800s, when *Anne of Green Gables* takes place, its population was just over 100,000. The island's inhabitants made their living mostly by farming, fishing, and exporting their crops. As Anne immediately notices when she arrives from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island is an extremely beautiful place, with green rolling hills and forests, wildflowers and rocky ocean inlets, and the striking red soil and sand caused by high levels of iron oxide in the earth.

AVONLEA AND OTHER TOWNS

For her novel, Montgomery invented a series of fictional towns and villages based on real locations from her life. (One exception is Charlottetown, the real capital city of Prince Edward Island.) **Avonlea**, the town which becomes Anne's home, is based on the coastal village of Cavendish, where Montgomery grew up in the home of her maternal grandparents, Alexander and Lucy Macneill. About five miles along the coast to the west is the town of **White Sands**, a fictional version of the seaside town of North Rustico, which was known for its hotel and the rich American tourists who visited there. To get to White Sands from Avonlea, Montgomery's characters

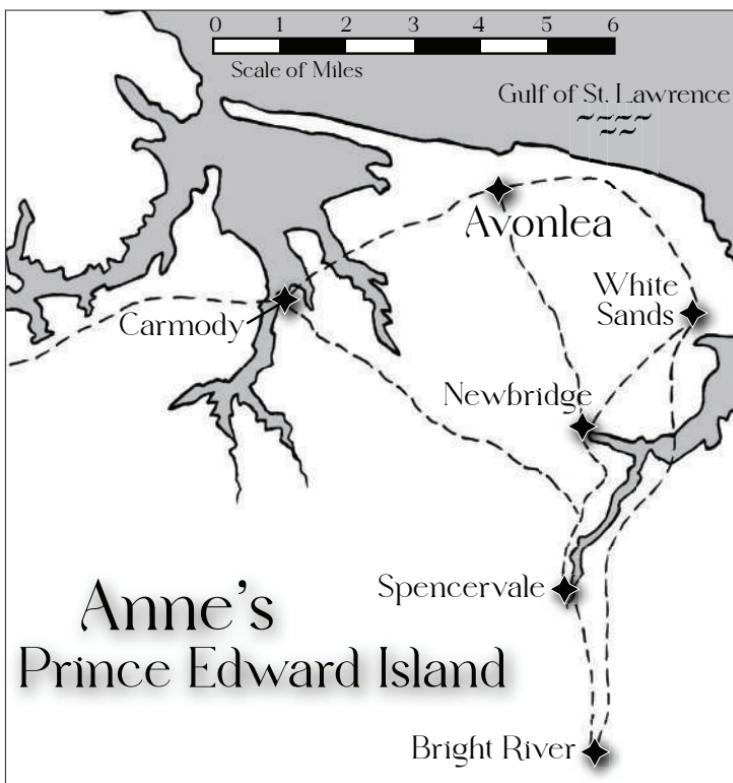
travel along the “**shore road**,” a road that still exists today as part of a long scenic coastal route known as Blue Heron Drive. Montgomery noted in her journal, “The ‘shore road’ has a very real existence, and is a very beautiful drive.”

Inland from Avonlea, about four miles to the southeast, is the town of **Carmody**. Montgomery based Carmody, which is larger and busier than Avonlea, on the real town of Stanley. In her journals, she described Stanley as “a pretty village” that, when she was a young child, seemed big and impressive: “the hub of the universe . . . or of our solar system at the very least.”

Other towns that feature in Anne’s story include **Bright River**, the location of the train station, based on the town of Hunter River about ten miles inland from Cavendish; **Newbridge**, the location of the beautiful avenue of flowering apple trees Anne names the “White Way of Delight,” based on the town of New Glasgow; **Hopeton**, the location of the orphanage, which Montgomery would have drawn from the real orphanage located in Nova Scotia’s capital city of Halifax; and **Charlottetown**, Prince Edward Island’s capital and the only place Montgomery doesn’t give a fictional name.

Charlottetown—which would have been

overwhelmingly big and busy to someone raised in rural Cavendish—is the location of Queen's College (based on the real school Montgomery attended, Prince of Wales College) and of the large mansion that belongs to Miss Josephine Barry, the aunt of Anne's best friend, Diana. The city is all the way across the island from Cavendish, about twenty-five miles to the southwest. In the late 1800s, a journey to Charlottetown would have taken most of the day.



THE HOUSE CALLED GREEN GABLES

Homesteads in the late 1800s often had their own lovely names. Miss Josephine Barry's mansion in Charlottetown is called **Beechwood**. Her niece, Anne's friend Diana, lives at a house called **Orchard Slope**. Nearby is **Lynde's Hollow**, the house of Mrs. Rachel Lynde, an opinionated neighbor who loves to gossip but has a kind heart. Just as she based the imagined towns in her novel on real places, Montgomery also based many of the houses on real houses from her childhood. Lynde's Hollow was based on a house that belonged to Pierce Macneill, the cousin of Montgomery's grandfather. In her journals, Montgomery wrote, "The brook that runs below the Cuthbert place and through Lynde's Hollow is, of course, my own dear brook of the woods which runs . . . through 'Pierce's Hollow.'"

And then, of course, there is **Green Gables**, the house that becomes Anne's beloved home. Montgomery based Green Gables, the homestead of the siblings Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert, not on the house of her grandparents where she herself grew up, but on the home of David and Margaret Macneill, cousins of her grandfather whom she often visited as a child. She wrote in her journals, "Green Gables was drawn from David Macneill's house . . . though not the house so much as the situation and scenery,



LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY BASED GREEN GABLES ON THE HOME OF HER GRANDFATHER'S COUSINS, WHOM SHE OFTEN VISITED AS A CHILD. THAT HOUSE HAS BEEN RESTORED AND IS NOW A NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE IN CAVENDISH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA. (A GABLE, BY THE WAY, IS THE TRIANGULAR TOP PART OF THE WALL OF A HOUSE, WHERE IT MEETS THE ANGLED LINES OF THE ROOF.)

and the truth of my description of it is attested by the fact that everybody has recognized it." Though, she added humorously, David Macneill's house was "by no means as tidy as I pictured Green Gables."

Though Montgomery drew much of the setting of her novels from life, she also wove plenty of imagined elements into Anne's world. The White Way of Delight, Montgomery wrote in her journal, is "pure imagination," as are the little pool and the hillside of violets that Anne names "Willowmere" and "Violet

Vale." As for the romantic "Birch Path," which Anne and Diana take to school, Montgomery wrote that it "exists somewhere, I know not where. I have a picture of it . . . a photo which was published in the *Outing* magazine one year. Somewhere in America that lane of birches is."

THE POPULATION OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE TIME OF *ANNE*

Before people from Europe came to Canada, the area now called Prince Edward Island was populated by an indigenous tribe called the Mi'kmaq. Their name for the island was "Abegweit," or "land cradled by the waves." The first Europeans to arrive and lay claim to the island came from France. Throughout the 1600s and 1700s, they drove many of the Mi'kmaq away and began to settle the island, which they named Île Saint-Jean (St. John's Island). Many Mi'kmaq people also died from exposure to new diseases brought by the Europeans, such as smallpox, measles, and the flu. The Mi'kmaq people, however, never wholly left Prince Edward Island—they remain there still, and today, their community is thriving.

In 1758, the British gained control of the island during a conflict called the Seven Years' War. In 1769, the island officially became a British colony,

and the new settlers began to deport many of the French-speaking inhabitants back to the mainland. Most of these new settlers were Scottish, fleeing from disease, starvation, and ongoing repression by England. Thousands of Scottish people emigrated to Canada in the mid-1700s. In 1798, Prince Edward Island was given its lasting name, after the fourth son of the British king, George III. By that year, half the population of the island was Scottish. In *Anne of Green Gables*, Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, who adopt Anne, are undoubtedly of Scottish heritage, as is Anne herself.

Along with the Scottish-descended inhabitants of Prince Edward Island, there were still other communities on the island in the late 1800s. In Chapter 1, when Marilla mentions “half-grown little French boys,” she is referring to children from the small French-speaking population that was still present in the eastern parts of the island. These communities were very poor and often malnourished (which is why Marilla calls the French boys “half-grown”). They generally worked as servants and farm laborers. Throughout the 1800s and early 1900s, there remained a good deal of tension between the island’s French population and its inhabitants who were of British and Scottish descent.

MAIN CHARACTERS IN THE NOVEL

ANNE SHIRLEY—An orphan girl with red hair and a huge imagination

MARILLA CUTHBERT—An unmarried, rather severe older woman who lives on a homestead called Green Gables in the town of Avonlea on Prince Edward Island

MATTHEW CUTHBERT—Marilla's brother; a shy, gentle older man who works the farm at Green Gables

MRS. RACHEL LYNDE—An opinionated but kindhearted neighbor of Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert

DIANA BARRY—Anne's best friend who lives at a house called Orchard Slope near Green Gables

MRS. BARRY—Diana's very strict mother

MINNIE MAY—Diana's little sister

MISS JOSEPHINE BARRY—Diana's aunt; a wealthy older lady with a big house in the city of Charlottetown

JANE ANDREWS—A school friend of Anne's; a calm, practical girl

RUBY GILLIS—Another friend of Anne's who is flirtatious and emotional

JOSIE PYE—A schoolmate of Anne's who has a mean, jealous streak

MR. TEDDY PHILLIPS—The teacher at Avonlea school; a pompous man, mostly disliked by the students

GILBERT BLYTHE—A handsome, mischievous schoolmate of Anne's with whom she has an intense rivalry

CHARLIE SLOANE—A schoolmate of Anne's who has a crush on her

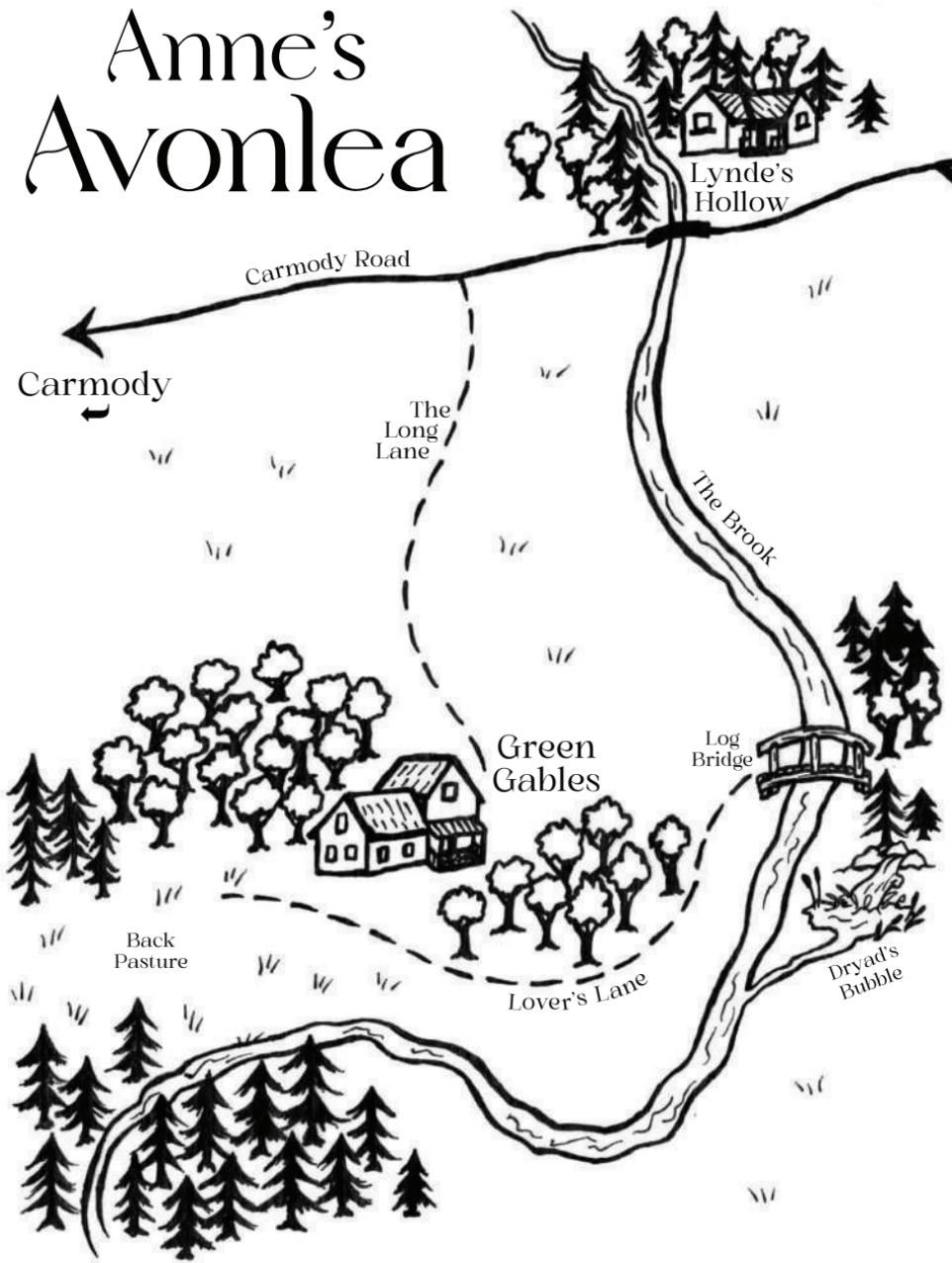
MOODY SPURGEON MACPHERSON—A nervous schoolmate of Anne's who struggles with his grades

MRS. ALLAN—The wife of Avonlea's new minister; a kind and thoughtful woman

MISS MURIEL STACY—A new teacher at the school in Avonlea; energetic and full of new ideas



Anne's Avonlea





Anne of Green Gables

CHAPTER 1

Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place. It was reputed to be an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade. But by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency

Avonlea: See "The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns," page 6.

hollow: a small valley

traversed: cut across by

reputed: generally believed to be

intricate: complex or detailed; in the case of a brook, frequently twisting or winding about

headlong: rushing, fast-moving, or reckless

cascade: a small waterfall

Lynde's Hollow: See "The Setting of the Novel: The House Called Green Gables," page 9.

well-conducted: well-behaved

due regard: proper respect or concern

and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed.

Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting and keeping a sharp eye on the main road. Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

decorum: proper or well-mannered behavior

into the bargain: along with or in addition to what is expected

notable: worthy of attention and respect

prop: a person who is a source of great support or assistance

abundant: lots or plenty of

peninsula: a piece of land sticking out into a body of water

jutting: extending or sticking out

run the gauntlet: a figure of speech meaning to go through

a challenging or dangerous experience in order to reach a goal or destination

Community Groups for Women in the 1890s

A Sewing Circle is a community gathering of women who meet regularly with the purpose of sewing together, but also of discussing social and political events of the day. Montgomery jokingly says that Mrs. Lynde "ran" the Sewing Circle because such groups didn't actually have or need leaders—but still, Rachel Lynde is the leader of every group she joins.

Mrs. Lynde is also active in the Church Aid Society and the Foreign Missions Auxiliary. These two groups were the main organizations for women in the Presbyterian church. The Church Aid Society provided charity—often in the form of clothes sewn by its members—to the local poor. The Foreign Missions Auxiliary raised money and provided support for missionaries, Christian ministers from Canada who were working to spread Christianity in other countries.

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright. The orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde—a meek little man whom Avonlea people called "Rachel Lynde's husband"—was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn, and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on

bridal flush: a burst of color like the blush on a bride's cheeks

myriad: a multitude or great quantity

meek: quiet, gentle; easily ordered around

sowing: planting

the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

And yet here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving over the hollow and up the hill. Moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which was plain proof that he was going out of Avonlea, and going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

Green Gables: See "The Setting of the Novel: The House Called Green Gables," page 9.

Carmody: See "The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns," page 6.

half-past three: 3:30

placidly: calmly or peacefully

buggy: a small, open-topped horse-drawn carriage

sorrel mare: a reddish or chestnut colored female horse. A horse like this wouldn't have done heavy farm labor, like pulling a plow; it would have been taken out for fancier, more important occasions. Rachel Lynde would, of course, notice this.

Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something pressing and unusual. He was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

"I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "I'm clean puzzled, that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out. She had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good

ponder: think or wonder

clean puzzled: completely confused

accordingly: and so; because of this

rambling: spreading and winding; (of a house) full of many rooms and corridors

orchard-embowered: surrounded and overhung by the trees of an orchard

scant: small, hardly worth mentioning

lane: the path from the main road to the house, like a driveway

deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated.

"It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves," said Mrs. Rachel Lynde as she stepped along the grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "Trees aren't much company. I'd rather look at people. But then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body can get used to anything."

With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she was of the opinion that Marilla Cuthbert swept that yard over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground.

sociably: in a friendly, neighborly manner

Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment—or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean. Its windows looked east and west. Through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight, but the east one was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert, when she sat at all, always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously. And here she sat now, knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

Mrs. Rachel, before she had closed the door, had taken a mental note of everything that was on that table. There were three plates laid, so Marilla must be expecting someone home with Matthew to tea. But the dishes were everyday dishes and there was only one kind of cake, so the expected

rapped: knocked

bidden: asked or invited

apartment: room

mellow: soft, warm, and calm

laid: set out

company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew's white collar and the sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

When's Dinner?—Names for Mealtimes

In the 1890s in Canada, mealtimes were referred to by different names than we use now. You may have heard of "afternoon tea"—a small, social meal that, in British tradition, is often served to guests and is eaten in the late afternoon, between what we would call lunch and dinner. But when Montgomery says that Marilla is expecting someone "to tea," she is referring to a different meaning of the word. On Prince Edward Island in the 1890s, "tea" was another name for the last meal of the day, also called supper. They would have called the midday meal, which we call lunch, "dinner."

"Good evening, Rachel," Marilla said briskly. "This is a real fine evening, isn't it? Won't you sit down? How are all your folks?"

Something that for lack of any other name might be called friendship existed and always had existed between Marilla Cuthbert and Mrs. Rachel, in spite of—or perhaps because of—their dissimilarity.

particular: special or highly important

briskly: with a quick, somewhat sharp tone

Marilla was a tall, thin woman, with angles and without curves. Her dark hair showed some gray streaks and was always twisted up in a hard little knot. She looked like a woman of narrow experience and rigid conscience, which she was; but there was something about her mouth which, if it had been ever so slightly developed, might have been considered indicative of a sense of humor.

"We're all pretty well," said Mrs. Rachel. "I was kind of afraid you *weren't*, though, when I saw Matthew starting off today. I thought maybe he was going to the doctor's."

Marilla's lips twitched understandingly. She had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor's curiosity.

"Oh, no, I'm quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday," she said. "Matthew went to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an

narrow: limited or small

rigid: strict

indicative of: suggestive or representative of

jaunting off: going off on an outing

unaccountably: without reason or explanation

Bright River: See "The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns," page 6.

orphan asylum in Nova Scotia and he's coming on the train tonight."

If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia, Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds.

"Are you in earnest, Marilla?" she demanded when voice returned to her.

"Yes, of course," said Marilla, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm.

Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt. She thought in exclamation points.

orphan asylum: an older term for an orphanage, an institution for the care and protection of children whose parents are dead or unable to care for them. (Despite their good intentions, such asylums were often very hard places to grow up.)

Nova Scotia: a Canadian province which, along with New Brunswick, is one of the closest mainland provinces to Prince Edward Island. Much bigger in both size and population than Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia is home to many people with Scottish ancestry. Its name means "New Scotland."

astonished: shocked and surprised

stricken dumb: rendered unable to speak

in earnest: serious or sincere; telling the truth

severe: intense and serious

jolt: a shake-up or upset

A boy! Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert of all people adopting a boy! From an orphan asylum! Well, the world was certainly turning upside down! She would be surprised at nothing after this! Nothing!

“What on earth put such a notion into your head?” she demanded disapprovingly.

This had been done without her advice being asked, and must perforce be disapproved.

“Well, we’ve been thinking about it for some time—all winter in fact,” returned Marilla. “Mrs. Alexander Spencer was up here before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl from the asylum over in Hopeton in the spring. So Matthew and I talked it over off and on ever since. We thought we’d get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know—he’s sixty—and he isn’t so spry as he once was. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it’s got to be to get hired help. There’s never anybody to be had but those half-grown little French boys,

notion: idea

perforce: necessarily

Hopeton: See “The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns,” page 6.

spry: active or lively

French boys: See “The Setting of the Novel: The Population of Prince Edward Island in the Time of *Anne*,” page 11.

and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he's up and off to the States. So, we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out a boy when she went over to get her little girl. We sent her word by Richard Spencer's folks at Carmody to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age—old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. We had a telegram from Mrs. Alexander Spencer today saying they were coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off there. Of course she goes on to White Sands station herself."

off to the States: Marilla is worried that if they hire a French boy, he'll soon leave them for the United States. Many Canadians looking for work—especially poor young men of French descent—chose to emigrate to the United States in search of a better life.

likely: promising or suitable

telegram: a short coded message sent by telegraph, a pre-telephone system invented in the 1830s for sending messages across long distances by transmitting electrical signals through a wire. (The story of *Anne of Green Gables* takes place in the late 1800s.)

White Sands: See "The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns," page 6.

Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind, and she proceeded to speak it now.

"Well, Marilla, I'll just tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing—a risky thing, that's what. You don't know what you're getting. You're bringing a strange child into your house and home and you don't know a single thing about him, nor what his disposition is like, nor what sort of parents he had, nor how he's likely to turn out. Why, it was only last week I read in the paper how a man and his wife up west on the Island took a boy out of an orphan asylum and he set fire to the house at night—set it *on purpose*, Marilla—and nearly burnt them to a crisp in their beds. If you had asked my advice in the matter—which you didn't do, Marilla—I'd have said for mercy's sake not to think of such a thing, that's what."

Marilla knitted steadily on.

"I don't deny there's something in what you say, Rachel. I've had some qualms myself. But Matthew was terrible set on it. I could see that, so I gave in. It's so seldom Matthew sets his mind on anything.

disposition: temperament or personality

qualms: doubts

terrible set on it: fiercely determined to do it

And as for the risk, there's risks in pretty near everything a body does in this world. There's risks in people's having children of their own if it comes to that—they don't always turn out well. And then Nova Scotia is right close to the Island. It isn't as if we were getting him from England or the States. He can't be much different from ourselves."

"Well, I hope it will turn out all right," said Mrs. Rachel in a tone that plainly indicated her painful doubts. "Only don't say I didn't warn you if he burns Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well—I heard of a case over in New Brunswick where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies. Only, it was a girl in that instance."

"Well, we're not getting a girl," said Marilla, as if poisoning wells were a purely feminine accomplishment and not to be dreaded in the case of a boy. "I'd never dream of taking a girl to bring up."

strychnine: a deadly poison, often used to kill rats and other rodents

New Brunswick: the other mainland province, along with Nova Scotia, closest to Prince Edward Island

fearful agonies: horrible pain and suffering

Mrs. Rachel would have liked to stay until Matthew came home with his imported orphan. But reflecting that it would be a good two hours at least before his arrival she concluded to go up the road to Robert Bell's and tell the news. It would certainly make a sensation second to none, and Mrs. Rachel dearly loved to make a sensation. So she took herself away, somewhat to Marilla's relief, for the latter felt her doubts and fears reviving under the influence of Mrs. Rachel's pessimism.

"Well, of all things that ever were or will be!" exclaimed Mrs. Rachel when she was safely out in the lane. "It does really seem as if I must be dreaming. Well, I'm sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don't know anything about children. It seems uncanny to think of a child at Green Gables somehow. There's never been one there, for Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built—if they

imported: shipped in from another place

reflecting: thinking to herself

make a sensation: cause a stir; provide a matter for lively gossip

reviving: reawakening or coming back to life

pessimism: negativity; a tendency to think the worst

uncanny: unnatural, abnormal, or strange

ever were children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them. I wouldn't be in that orphan's shoes for anything. My, but I pity him, that's what."

So said Mrs. Rachel to the wild rose bushes. But if she could have seen the child who was waiting patiently at the Bright River station at that very moment, her pity would have been still deeper and more profound.

still deeper: even deeper

profound: intense or heartfelt

CHAPTER 2

Matthew Cuthbert Is Surprised

Matthew Cuthbert and the sorrel mare jogged comfortably over the eight miles to Bright River. It was a pretty road, running along between snug farmsteads, with now and again a bit of balsam fir wood to drive through or a hollow where wild plums hung out their filmy bloom. Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them—for in Prince Edward Island you are supposed to nod to everyone you meet on the road, whether you know them or not.

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him. He may have been quite right in thinking so,

snug: cozy or comfortable

balsam fir: a kind of evergreen tree, very often used for
Christmas trees

filmy: thin and see-through

after his own fashion: in his own way

for he was an odd-looking person, with an ungainly figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his stooping shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train. The long platform was almost deserted, the only living creature in sight being a girl who was sitting on a pile of shingles at the end. Matthew, barely noting that it *was* a girl, sidled past her as quickly as possible without looking at her. Had he looked he could hardly have failed to notice the tense rigidity and expectation of her attitude and expression. She was sitting there waiting for something or somebody and, since sitting and waiting was the only thing to do just then, she sat and waited with all her might.

Matthew encountered the stationmaster looking

ungainly figure: an awkward or gawky body

deserted: empty of people, abandoned

shingles: wooden tiles made for covering the roof of a house

sidled: walked shyly or sneakily, not wanting to be noticed

rigidity: stiffness

stationmaster: the official in charge of the railroad station

up the ticket office to go home for supper, and asked him if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

"The five-thirty train has been in and gone half an hour ago," answered that brisk official. "But there was a passenger dropped off for you—a little girl. She's sitting out there on the shingles. I asked her to go into the waiting room, but she informed me gravely that she preferred to stay outside. 'There was more scope for imagination,' she said. She's a case, I should say."

"I'm not expecting a girl," said Matthew blankly. "It's a boy I've come for. He should be here. Mrs. Alexander Spencer was to bring him over from Nova Scotia."

The stationmaster whistled.

"Guess there's some mistake," he said. "Mrs. Spencer came off the train with that girl. Said you and your sister were adopting her from an orphan asylum and that you would be along for her presently. That's all I know about it—and I haven't got any more orphans concealed hereabouts."

gravely: seriously

scope: wide-ranging possibility or freedom

a case: a strange person

hereabouts: around here

“I don’t understand,” said Matthew helplessly, wishing that Marilla was at hand to cope with the situation.

“Well, you’d better question the girl,” said the stationmaster carelessly. “I dare say she’ll be able to explain—she’s got a tongue of her own, that’s certain. Maybe they were out of boys of the brand you wanted.”

He walked jauntily away, and the unfortunate Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den—walk up to a girl—a strange girl—an orphan girl—and demand of her why she wasn’t a boy. Matthew groaned in spirit as he turned about and shuffled gently down the platform towards her.

She had been watching him ever since he had passed her and she had her eyes on him now. Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been,

cope with: deal with or handle

jauntily: cheerfully; in a light, quick manner

bearding a lion in its den: a figure of speech meaning to take on someone or something scary and powerful in its own familiar surroundings

in spirit: emotionally or mentally; not out loud but inside

but an ordinary observer would have seen this: A child of about eleven, garbed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey. She wore a faded brown sailor hat and beneath the hat, extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, also much freckled; her mouth was large and so were her eyes, which looked green in some lights and moods and gray in others.

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul

garbed: clothed

wincey: a plain, durable fabric like flannel, made from wool and linen and often used for warm clothing

sailor hat: a straw hat with a flat top and a wide brim. In the 1800s, sailors used to wear similar hats before the white cloth cap became standard.

So far, the ordinary observer: A normal person might have taken in this much.

pronounced: strong and noticeable

vivacity: liveliness and sparkle

discerning: having a sharp eye and good judgment

commonplace: normal or everyday

inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

Matthew, however, was spared the ordeal of speaking first, for as soon as she concluded that he was coming to her she stood up, grasping with one thin brown hand the handle of a shabby, old-fashioned carpet-bag; the other she held out to him.

"I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. "I'm very glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me and I was imagining all the things that might have happened to prevent you. I had made up my mind that if you didn't come for me tonight I'd go down the track to that big wild cherry-tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. I wouldn't be a bit afraid, and it would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry-tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don't

ludicrously: ridiculously

ordeal: painful experience

carpet-bag: an old style of traveling bag, made from thick material usually used for carpets

peculiarly: remarkably or unusually

you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning, if you didn't tonight."

Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his. Then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake. He would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn't be left at Bright River anyhow.

"I'm sorry I was late," he said shyly. "Come along. The horse is over in the yard. Give me your bag."

"Oh, I can carry it," the child responded cheerfully. "It isn't heavy. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. And if it isn't carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out. It's an extremely old carpet-bag. Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry-tree. We've got to drive a long piece,

dwelling in marble halls: living in a beautiful palace made of marble. The phrase is from an operatic song popular in the mid-to-late 1800s. Anne's conversation is full of little quotations and snippets of songs, poems, and books.

scrawny: skinny

worldly goods: possessions on this earth

a long piece: a long way

haven't we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I'm glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody—not really. But the asylum was the worst. I've only been in it four months, but that was enough. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? They were good, you know—the asylum people. But there is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum—only just in the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine things about them—to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of an earl, who had been stolen away from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn't have time in the day. I guess that's why I'm so thin—I am dreadful thin, ain't I? I do love to imagine I'm nice and

earl: a nobleman

plump, with dimples in my elbows."

With this Matthew's companion stopped talking, partly because she was out of breath and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill, fringed with blooming wild cherry-trees and slim white birches.

The child put out her hand and broke off a branch of wild plum that brushed against the side of the buggy.

"Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?" she asked.

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

"Why, a bride, of course—a bride all in white with a lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will ever want to marry me. But I do hope that someday I shall have a white dress. That is

dimples: small dents in the skin, such as those formed around the mouth when someone smiles (Dimples were thought of as pretty.)

homely: plain, unattractive

my highest ideal of earthly bliss. I just love pretty clothes. And I've never had a pretty dress in my life—but of course I can imagine that I'm dressed gorgeously. This morning when I left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress—because when you *are* imagining you might as well imagine something worthwhile—and a big hat with flowers and nodding plumes, and a gold watch, and kid gloves and boots. I felt cheered up right away and I enjoyed my trip to the Island with all my might. I wasn't a bit sick coming over in the boat. Mrs. Spencer said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about. But I wanted to see everything that

ideal: model or vision of perfection

bliss: perfect happiness

nodding plumes: feathers that float up and down

kid gloves: fashionable, very soft gloves made of the fine leather from young goats

never saw the beat of me: a slang phrase meaning never saw anyone to match me

prowling: stalking; moving about in a restless, sneaky manner, as if hunting

was to be seen on that boat, because I didn't know whether I'd ever have another opportunity. Oh, there are a lot more cherry-trees all in bloom! This Island is the bloomiest place. I just love it already, and I'm so glad I'm going to live here. I've always heard that Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here, but I never really expected I would. But those red roads are so funny. When we got into the train at Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red and she said she didn't know and for pity's sake not to ask her any more questions. She said I must have asked her a thousand already. I suppose I had, too, but how are you going to find out about things if you don't ask questions? And what *does* make the roads red?”

“Well now, I dunno,” said Matthew.

“Well, that is one of the things to find out sometime. Isn't it splendid to think of all the things

Charlottetown: See “The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns,” page 6.

the roads red: Prince Edward Island's soil is full of iron, which gives it a strong red color. The island is known for its red sand beaches. (See “The Setting of the Novel,” page 5.)

splendid: wonderful

there are to find out about? It just makes me feel glad to be alive—it's such an interesting world. It wouldn't be half so interesting if we knew all about everything, would it? There'd be no scope for imagination then, would there? But am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Would you rather I didn't talk? If you say so I'll stop. I *can* stop when I make up my mind to it, although it's difficult."

Matthew, much to his own surprise, was enjoying himself. Like most quiet folks he liked talkative people when they were willing to do the talking themselves and did not expect him to keep up his end of it. But he had never expected to enjoy the society of a little girl. He detested the way little girls had of sidling past him timidly, with sidewise glances, as if they expected him to gobble them up. That was the Avonlea type of well-bred little girl. But this freckled witch was very different,

to keep up his end of it: to take part equally

society: company

detested: hated

timidly: shyly and fearfully

sidewise: sideways, out of the corner of the eye

well-bred: properly raised or brought up

and although he found it rather difficult for his slower intelligence to keep up with her brisk mental processes, he thought that he "kind of liked her chatter." So he said as shyly as usual:

"Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don't mind."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It's such a relief to talk when one wants to and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. I've had that said to me a million times if I have once. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?"

"Well now, that seems reasonable," said Matthew.

"Mrs. Spencer said that my tongue must be hung in the middle. But it isn't—it's firmly fastened at one end. Mrs. Spencer said your place was named Green Gables. I asked her all about it. And she said there were trees all around it. I was gladder than

tongue must be hung in the middle: a figure of speech for someone who talks constantly—as if their tongue, like a seesaw, is able to move on both ends

ever. I just love trees. Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables?"

"Well now, yes, there's one right below the house."

"Fancy. It's always been one of my dreams to live near a brook. I never expected I would, though. Dreams don't often come true, do they? Wouldn't it be nice if they did? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because—well, what color would you call this?"

She twitched one of her long glossy braids over her thin shoulder and held it up before Matthew's eyes. Matthew was not used to deciding on the tints of ladies' tresses, but in this case there couldn't be much doubt.

"It's red, ain't it?" he said.

The girl let the braid drop back with a sigh that seemed to come from her very toes and to exhale forth all the sorrows of the ages.

"Yes, it's red," she said resignedly. "Now you

Fancy: "Imagine that!"

glossy: shiny

tints: colors

tresses: locks of hair

resignedly: with the feeling of having sadly accepted something unfortunate

see why I can't be perfectly happy. Nobody could who has red hair. I don't mind the other things so much—the freckles and the green eyes and my skinniness. I can imagine them away. I can imagine that I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely starry violet eyes. But I *cannot* imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, 'Now my hair is a glorious black, black as the raven's wing.' But all the time I *know* it is just plain red and it breaks my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow. I read of a girl once in a novel who had a lifelong sorrow but it wasn't red hair. Her hair was pure gold rippling back from her alabaster brow. What is an alabaster brow? I never could find out. Can you tell me?"

"Well now, I'm afraid I can't," said Matthew, who was getting a little dizzy. He felt as he had once felt in his rash youth when another boy had enticed him on the merry-go-round at a picnic.

complexion: coloring and texture of the skin

alabaster brow: pale white forehead. Alabaster is a kind of white stone that, when carved thinly, allows light to shine through.

It was often used for statues and vases.

rash: foolish and wild; reckless

enticed: persuaded or tempted

“Well, whatever it was it must have been something nice because she was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must feel like to be divinely beautiful?”

“Well now, no, I haven’t,” confessed Matthew.

“I have, often. Which would you rather be if you had the choice—divinely beautiful or dazzlingly clever or angelically good?”

“Well now, I—I don’t know exactly.”

“Neither do I. I can never decide. But it doesn’t make much real difference for it isn’t likely I’ll ever be either. It’s certain I’ll never be angelically good. Mrs. Spencer says—oh, Mr. Cuthbert! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!!!”

That was not what Mrs. Spencer had said. Neither had the child tumbled out of the buggy, nor had Matthew done anything astonishing. They had simply rounded a curve in the road and found themselves in the “Avenue.”

The “Avenue,” so called by the Newbridge people, was a stretch of road four or five hundred

divinely: like an angel

astonishing: shocking or surprising

Newbridge: See “The Setting of the Novel: Avonlea and Other Towns,” page 6.

yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple trees. Overhead was one long canopy of snowy fragrant bloom. Below the boughs the air was full of a purple twilight and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She leaned back in the buggy, her thin hands clasped before her, her face lifted rapturously to the white splendor above. Even when they had passed out and were driving down the long slope to Newbridge she never moved or spoke. Still with rapt face she gazed afar into the sunset west. When three more miles had dropped away behind them the child still had not spoken. She could keep silence, it was evident, as energetically as she could talk.

canopy: a full covering of branches and leaves

fragrant: sweet-smelling

boughs: branches

rose window: a large, round, beautifully detailed stained glass window in a church

cathedral: a large church, often with spectacular architecture

rapturously: joyfully, as if enchanted

splendor: dazzling beauty

rapt: fixed and fascinated, like someone under a spell

evident: obvious, plain to see

“I guess you’re feeling pretty tired and hungry,” Matthew ventured to say at last. “But we haven’t very far to go now—only another mile.”

She came out of her reverie with a deep sigh and looked at him with the dreamy gaze of a soul that had been wondering afar, star-led.

“Oh, Mr. Cuthbert,” she whispered, “that place we came through—that white place—what was it?”

“Well now, you must mean the Avenue,” said Matthew after a few moments’ reflection. “It is a kind of pretty place.”

“Pretty? Oh, *pretty* doesn’t seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don’t go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful. It’s the first thing I ever saw that couldn’t be improved upon by imagination. It just satisfies me here”—she put one hand on her breast—“it made a strange funny ache and yet it was a pleasant ache. Did you ever have an ache like that, Mr. Cuthbert?”

“Well now, I just can’t recollect that I ever had.”

ventured to say: risked or took the chance of saying

reverie: daydream

star-led: as if guided by the stars

white place: “white” because of the white blossoms on
the apple trees

reflection: thought

recollect: remember

“I have it lots of times—whenever I see anything royally beautiful. But they shouldn’t call that lovely place the Avenue. There is no meaning in a name like that. They should call it—let me see—the White Way of Delight. Isn’t that a nice imaginative name? When I don’t like the name of a place or a person I always imagine a new one. There was a girl at the asylum whose name was Hepzibah Jenkins, but I always imagined her as Rosalia DeVere. Other people may call that place the Avenue, but I shall always call it the White Way of Delight. Have we really only another mile to go before we get home? I’m glad and I’m sorry. I’m sorry because this drive has been so pleasant and I’m always sorry when pleasant things end. But I’m glad to think of getting home. You see, I’ve never had a real home since I can remember. It gives me that pleasant ache again just to think of coming to a really truly home. Oh, isn’t that pretty!”

They had driven over the crest of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river, so long and winding was it. A bridge spanned it midway

crest: top or peak

spanned: stretched across

and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand-hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues—crocus and rose and ethereal green. Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple and lay all darkly translucent in their wavering shadows. Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tip-toeing to her own reflection. There was a little gray house peering around a white apple orchard on a slope beyond and, although it was not yet quite dark, a light was shining from one of its windows.

“That’s Barry’s pond,” said Matthew.

“Oh, I don’t like that name, either. I shall call it—let me see—the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes,

amber-hued: honey-yellow or golden

hues: colors

ethereal: delicate and shifting, like something magical

darkly translucent: dark in color but still able to be pierced

by light

wavering: gently quivering or flickering

Lake of Shining Waters: Anne has a habit of giving everyday

places and things—like Barry’s pond—romantic new names.

Montgomery wrote in her journal: “Anne’s habit of naming places was an old one of my own. The Lake of Shining Waters is generally supposed to be the Cavendish Pond. This is not so. The pond at Park Corner is the one I had in mind.” Park Corner was the homestead that belonged to Montgomery’s uncle, about thirteen miles from where she grew up in Cavendish.

that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?"

Matthew ruminated.

"Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs in the cucumber beds. I hate the look of them."

"Oh, I don't think that can be exactly the same kind of a thrill. Do you think it can? There doesn't seem to be much connection between grubs and lakes of shining waters, does there? But why do other people call it Barry's pond?"

"I reckon because Mr. Barry lives up there in that house. Orchard Slope's the name of his place. If it wasn't for that big bush behind it you could see Green Gables from here. But we have to go over the bridge and round by the road, so it's near half a mile further."

"Has Mr. Barry any little girls? Well, not so very little—about my size."

"He's got one about eleven. Her name is Diana."

ruminated: thought deeply

grubs: the wormlike larvae of beetles

reckon: suppose

near: almost

“Oh!” with a long indrawing of breath. “What a perfectly lovely name! Oh, here we are at the bridge. I’m going to shut my eyes tight. I’m always afraid going over bridges. What a jolly rumble it makes! I always like the rumble part of it. Isn’t it splendid there are so many things to like in this world? There, we’re over. Now I’ll look back. Good night, dear Lake of Shining Waters. I always say good night to the things I love, just as I would to people. I think they like it. That water looks as if it was smiling at me.”

When they had driven up the further hill and around a corner Matthew said:

“We’re pretty near home now. That’s Green Gables over—”

“Oh, don’t tell me,” she interrupted breathlessly, catching at his partially raised arm. “Let me guess. I’m sure I’ll guess right.”

They were on the crest of a hill. The sun had set some time since, but the landscape was still clear in the mellow afterlight. To the west a dark church spire rose up against a marigold sky. Below was a

indrawing: inhale

spire: a tall, spike-like structure on the top of a building, usually a church

little valley and beyond a long, gently-rising slope with snug farmsteads scattered along it. From one to another the child's eyes darted, eager and wistful. At last they lingered on one away to the left, far back from the road, dimly white with blossoming trees in the twilight of the surrounding woods. Over it, in the stainless southwest sky, a great crystal-white star was shining like a lamp of guidance and promise.

"That's it, isn't it?" she said, pointing.

Matthew slapped the reins on the sorrel's back delightedly.

"Well now, you've guessed it! But I reckon Mrs. Spencer described it so's you could tell."

"No, she didn't—really she didn't. But just as soon as I saw it I felt it was home. Oh, it seems as if I must be in a dream. But it *is* real and we're nearly home."

With a sigh of rapture she relapsed into silence. Matthew stirred uneasily. He felt glad that it would

darted: moved quickly, like the hop of a rabbit

eager: ready and longing for something

wistful: full of longing

lingered: slowed down and waited

rapture: joy or bliss

relapsed: fell back

be Marilla and not he who would have to tell this waif that the home she longed for was not to be hers after all. They drove over Lynde's Hollow, where it was already quite dark, but not so dark that Mrs. Rachel could not see them from her window vantage, and up the hill and into the long lane of Green Gables. By the time they arrived at the house Matthew was shrinking from the approaching revelation with an energy he did not understand. It was not of Marilla or himself he was thinking, or of the trouble this mistake was probably going to make for them, but of the child's disappointment. When he thought of that rapt light being quenched in her eyes he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was going to assist at murdering something—much the same feeling that came over him when he had to kill a lamb or calf or any other innocent little creature.

The yard was quite dark as they turned into it and the poplar leaves were rustling silkily all round it.

waif: a stray; an abandoned and neglected child

vantage: a place from which to get a good view of something

shrinking from: growing afraid of

revelation: the dramatic reveal of a surprising fact

quenched: put out, as one puts out a fire

“Listen to the trees talking in their sleep,” she whispered, as he lifted her to the ground. “What nice dreams they must have!”

Then, holding tightly to the carpet-bag which contained “all her worldly goods,” she followed him into the house.

CHAPTER 3

Marilla Cuthbert Is Surprised

Marilla came briskly forward as Matthew opened the door. But when her eyes fell on the odd little figure in the stiff, ugly dress, with the long braids of red hair and the eager, luminous eyes, she stopped short in amazement.

“Matthew Cuthbert, who’s that?” she exclaimed. “Where is the boy?”

“There wasn’t any boy,” said Matthew wretchedly. “There was only *her*.”

He nodded at the child, remembering that he had never even asked her name.

“No boy! But there must have been a boy,” insisted Marilla. “We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy.”

“Well, she didn’t. She brought her. I asked the stationmaster. And I had to bring her home. She couldn’t be left there, no matter where the mistake had come in.”

luminous: shining or full of light

wretchedly: unhappily and uncomfortably; miserably



"MATTHEW CUTHBERT, WHO'S THAT?" SHE EXCLAIMED.

“Well, this is a pretty piece of business!” exclaimed Marilla.

During this dialogue the child had remained silent, her eyes roving from one to the other, all the animation fading out of her face. Suddenly she seemed to grasp the full meaning of what had been said. Dropping her precious carpet-bag she sprang forward a step and clasped her hands.

“You don’t want me!” she cried. “You don’t want me because I’m not a boy! I might have expected it. Nobody ever did want me. I might have known it was all too beautiful to last. I might have known nobody really did want me. Oh, what shall I do? I’m going to burst into tears!”

Burst into tears she did. Sitting down on a chair by the table, flinging her arms out upon it, and burying her face in them, she proceeded to cry stormily. Marilla and Matthew looked at each other across the stove. Neither of them knew what

dialogue: conversation

roving: traveling

animation: life and excitement

stormily: loudly and violently, like a thunderstorm

to say or do. Finally Marilla stepped lamely into the breach.

“Well, well, there’s no need to cry so about it.”

“Yes, there is need!” The child raised her head quickly, revealing a tear-stained face and trembling lips. “You would cry, too, if you were an orphan and had come to a place you thought was going to be home and found that they didn’t want you because you weren’t a boy. Oh, this is the most tragical thing that ever happened to me!”

Something like a reluctant smile, rather rusty from long disuse, mellowed Marilla’s grim expression.

“Well, don’t cry any more. We’re not going to turn you out-of-doors to-night. You’ll have to stay here until we investigate this affair. What’s your name?”

The child hesitated for a moment.

“Will you please call me Cordelia?” she said eagerly.

lamely: weakly

into the breach: a figure of speech meaning to take on a difficult task, like a soldier returning to battle

tragical: terribly sad

reluctant: slow and not fully willing; hesitant

grim: stern and serious

this affair: this strange event

“Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?”

“No-o-o, it’s not exactly my name, but I would love to be called Cordelia. It’s such a perfectly elegant name.”

“I don’t know what on earth you mean. If Cordelia isn’t your name, what is?”

“Anne Shirley,” reluctantly faltering forth the owner of that name, “but, oh, please do call me Cordelia. It can’t matter much to you what you call me if I’m only going to be here a little while, can it? And Anne is such an unromantic name.”

“Unromantic fiddlesticks!” said the unsympathetic Marilla. “Anne is a real good plain sensible name. You’ve no need to be ashamed of it.”

“Oh, I’m not ashamed of it,” explained Anne, “only I like Cordelia better. I’ve always imagined that my name was Cordelia—at least, I always have of late years. When I was young I used to imagine it was Geraldine, but I like Cordelia better now. But if you call me Anne please call me Anne spelled with an E.”

elegant: lovely and graceful in a stylish or fashionable way

faltering forth: stuttered or stammered; spoke slowly and hesitantly

unromantic: not exciting or interesting (“Romantic” here means exciting, mysterious, strongly affecting the emotions.)

fiddlesticks: a slang expression meaning “Nonsense!”

unsympathetic: not showing care or feeling for another person

of late years: in recent years

“What difference does it make how it’s spelled?” asked Marilla with another rusty smile as she picked up the teapot.

“Oh, it makes *such* a difference. It *looks* so much nicer. When you hear a name pronounced can’t you always see it in your mind, just as if it was printed out? I can, and A-n-n looks dreadful, but A-n-n-e looks so much more distinguished. If you’ll only call me Anne spelled with an E, I shall try to reconcile myself to not being called Cordelia.”

“Very well, then, Anne spelled with an E, can you tell us how this mistake came to be made? We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring us a boy. Were there no boys at the asylum?”

“Oh, yes, there was an abundance of them. But Mrs. Spencer said distinctly that you wanted a girl about eleven years old. And the matron said she thought I would do. You don’t know how delighted I was. I couldn’t sleep all last night for joy. Oh,” she added reproachfully, turning to Matthew,

distinguished: dignified or important

to reconcile myself: to accept or to make myself content

abundance: a large amount

distinctly: very specifically and clearly

matron: a female official in charge of an orphanage

reproachfully: with disapproval and disappointment

“why didn’t you tell me at the station that you didn’t want me and leave me there? If I hadn’t seen the White Way of Delight and the Lake of Shining Waters it wouldn’t be so hard.”

“What on earth does she mean?” demanded Marilla, staring at Matthew.

“She—she’s just referring to some conversation we had on the road,” said Matthew hastily. “I’m going out to put the mare in, Marilla. Have tea ready when I come back.”

“Did Mrs. Spencer bring anybody over besides you?” continued Marilla when Matthew had gone out.

“She brought Lily Jones for herself. Lily is only five years old and she is very beautiful and has nut-brown hair. If I was very beautiful and had nut-brown hair would you keep me?”

“No. We want a boy to help Matthew on the farm. A girl would be of no use to us. Take off your hat. I’ll lay it and your bag on the hall table.”

Anne took off her hat meekly. Matthew came back presently and they sat down to supper. But

put the mare in: put the horse in its stable for the night

presently: after a short time

Anne could not eat. In vain she nibbled at the bread and butter and pecked at the crabapple preserve. She did not really make any headway at all.

“You’re not eating anything,” said Marilla sharply. Anne sighed.

“I can’t. I’m in the depths of despair. Can you eat when you are in the depths of despair?”

“I’ve never been in the depths of despair, so I can’t say,” responded Marilla.

“Weren’t you? Well, did you ever try to *imagine* you were in the depths of despair?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Then I don’t think you can understand what it’s like. It’s a very uncomfortable feeling indeed. When you try to eat a lump comes right up in your throat and you can’t swallow anything, not even if it was a chocolate caramel. I had one chocolate caramel once two years ago and it was simply delicious. I’ve often dreamed since then that I had a lot of chocolate caramels, but I always wake up just when I’m going to eat them. I do hope you

in vain: without success

headway: progress

despair: complete sadness and loss of hope

won't be offended because I can't eat. Everything is extremely nice, but still I cannot eat."

"I guess she's tired," said Matthew, who hadn't spoken since his return from the barn. "Best put her to bed, Marilla."

Marilla had been wondering where Anne should be put to bed. She had prepared a couch in the kitchen chamber for the desired and expected boy. But, although it was neat and clean, it did not seem quite the thing to put a girl there somehow. But the spare room was out of the question for such a stray waif, so there remained only the east gable room. Marilla lighted a candle and told Anne to follow her, which Anne spiritlessly did, taking her hat and carpet-bag from the hall table as she passed. The hall was fearsomely clean; the little gable chamber in which she presently found herself

kitchen chamber: a small room off the kitchen, like a mudroom or a pantry

quite the thing: quite right or proper

spare room: In the late 1800s, the spare room of a farmhouse was often one of its largest and nicest bedrooms, reserved for important guests and often kept empty. (Marilla doesn't think the spare room at Green Gables is appropriate for Anne.)

gable room: the highest room in a house, in which the ceiling has the slant of the roof above

spiritlessly: sadly and lifelessly

fearsomely: frighteningly

seemed still cleaner.

Marilla set the candle on a three-legged, three-cornered table and turned down the bedclothes.

"I suppose you have a nightgown?" she questioned.

Anne nodded.

"Well, undress as quick as you can and go to bed. I'll come back in a few minutes for the candle. I daren't trust you to put it out yourself. You'd likely set the place on fire."

When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her wistfully. The whitewashed walls were so painfully bare that she thought they must ache over their own bareness. The floor was bare, too, except for a round braided mat in the middle. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one. In the other corner was the aforesaid three-corner table adorned with a fat, red velvet pincushion hard enough to turn the point of the most adventurous pin. Above it hung a little mirror. Midway between table and bed

wistfully: with sad longing

aforesaid: already mentioned

adorned: decorated

turn: bend

was the window, with an icy white muslin frill over it, and opposite it was the washstand. The whole apartment was of a rigidity which sent a shiver to the very marrow of Anne's bones. With a sob she hastily put on the nightgown and sprang into bed where she burrowed face downward into the pillow and pulled the clothes over her head. When Marilla came up for the light, various articles of raiment scattered most untidily over the floor and a certain tempestuous appearance of the bed were the only indications of any presence save her own.

She deliberately picked up Anne's clothes, placed them neatly on a prim yellow chair, and then, taking up the candle, went over to the bed.

muslin: a plain, inexpensive kind of cotton cloth

washstand: In this time before modern plumbing, bedrooms contained a piece of furniture like a bedside table with a water pitcher and a wide shallow bowl on the top for washing one's face and hands. The pitcher had to be carried out, emptied, and then filled with new water daily.

rigidity: stiffness or sternness

marrow: the core at the center of a bone

clothes: blankets

raiment: clothing

untidily: messily

tempestuous: wild and disturbed, as if stirred up by a storm

deliberately: slowly and carefully

prim: proper in a stiff and formal way

“Good night,” she said, a little awkwardly, but not unkindly.

Anne’s white face and big eyes appeared over the bedclothes with a startling suddenness.

“How can you call it a *good* night when you know it must be the very worst night I’ve ever had?” she said reproachfully.

Then she dived down into invisibility again.

Marilla went slowly down to the kitchen and proceeded to wash the supper dishes. Matthew was smoking—a sure sign of perturbation of mind. He seldom smoked, for Marilla set her face against it as a filthy habit. But at certain times and seasons he felt driven to it and then Marilla winked at the practice, realizing that a mere man must have some vent for his emotions.

“Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish,” she said wrathfully. “This is what comes of sending word

perturbation: upset, uneasiness, or anxiety

seldom: rarely

set her face against it: declared herself strongly opposed to it

winked at: ignored or pretended not to see

vent: release

a pretty kettle of fish: a figure of speech meaning a mess or a muddle; an awkward and frustrating situation

wrathfully: angrily

instead of going ourselves. One of us will have to drive over and see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow, that's certain. This girl will have to be sent back to the asylum."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Matthew reluctantly.

"You suppose so! Don't you know it?"

"Well now, she's a real nice little thing, Marilla. It's kind of a pity to send her back when she's so set on staying here."

"Matthew Cuthbert, you don't mean to say you think we ought to keep her!"

Marilla's astonishment could not have been greater if Matthew had expressed a predilection for standing on his head.

"Well, now, no, I suppose not—not exactly," stammered Matthew. "I suppose—we could hardly be expected to keep her."

"I should say not. What good would she be to us?"

"We might be some good to her," said Matthew suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Matthew Cuthbert, I believe that child has bewitched you! I can see as plain as plain that you want to keep her."

predilection: a liking or fondness for something

bewitched: cast a spell on

“Well now, she’s a real interesting little thing,” persisted Matthew. “You should have heard her talk coming from the station.”

“Oh, she can talk fast enough. I saw that at once. It’s nothing in her favor, either. I don’t like children who have so much to say. I don’t want an orphan girl and if I did she isn’t the style I’d pick out. There’s something I don’t understand about her. No, she’s got to be dispatched straightway back to where she came from.”

“I could hire a French boy to help me,” said Matthew, “and she’d be company for you.”

“I’m not suffering for company,” said Marilla shortly. “And I’m not going to keep her.”

“Well now, it’s just as you say, of course, Marilla,” said Matthew rising and putting his pipe away. “I’m going to bed.”

To bed went Matthew. And to bed, when she had put her dishes away, went Marilla, frowning most resolutely. And upstairs, in the east gable, a lonely, heart-hungry, friendless child cried herself to sleep.

persisted: went on firmly, without giving up

dispatched: sent

straightway: right away, immediately (also spelled *straightaway*)

suffering for company: hurting because of the lack of company

shortly: sharply

resolutely: with dedication; stubbornly

CHAPTER 4

Morning at Green Gables

It was broad daylight when Anne awoke and sat up in bed. For a moment she could not remember where she was. First came a delightful thrill, then a horrible remembrance. This was Green Gables and they didn't want her because she wasn't a boy!

But it was morning, and there was a cherry-tree in full bloom outside of her window in a flood of cheery sunshine. With a bound she was out of bed and across the floor. She pushed up the sash, dropped on her knees, and gazed out into the June morning, her eyes glistening with delight. Oh, wasn't it beautiful? Wasn't it a lovely place? Suppose she wasn't really going to stay here! She would imagine she was. There was scope for imagination here.

A huge cherry-tree grew outside, so close that its boughs tapped against the house, and it was

sash: the lower section of a two-part window, which can be pushed up to let in the air

glistening: shining and flashing

so thick-set with blossoms that hardly a leaf was to be seen. On both sides of the house was a big orchard, one of apple trees and one of cherry trees, and their grass was all sprinkled with dandelions. In the garden below were lilac trees purple with flowers, and below the garden a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow where the brook ran. Beyond it was a hill, green and feathery with spruce and fir; there was a gap in it where the gray gable end of the little house she had seen from the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters was visible.

Off to the left were the big barns and beyond them, away down over green, low-sloping fields, was a sparkling blue glimpse of sea.

Anne's beauty-loving eyes lingered on it all, taking everything greedily in. She had looked on so many unlovely places in her life, poor child, but this was as lovely as anything she had ever dreamed.

She knelt there, lost to everything but the loveliness around her, until she was startled by a hand on her shoulder. Marilla had come in.

"It's time you were dressed," she said curtly.

Marilla really did not know how to talk to the child, and her uncomfortable ignorance made her crisp and curt when she did not mean to be.

Anne stood up and drew a long breath.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful?" she said, waving her hand at the good world outside.

"It's a big tree," said Marilla, "but the fruit don't amount to much never—small and wormy."

"Oh, I don't mean just the tree. Of course it's lovely—yes, it's radiantly lovely—it blooms as if it meant it—but I meant everything, the garden and the orchard and the brook and the woods, the whole big dear world. Don't you feel as if you just loved the world on a morning like this? And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. I'm so glad there's a brook near Green Gables. Perhaps you think it doesn't make any difference to me when you're not going to keep me, but it does. I shall always like to remember that there is a brook at Green Gables even if I never see it

curtly: in a short, sharp tone

crisp: chilly and sharp

radiantly: brilliantly; as if lit up from within

again. If there wasn't a brook I'd be *haunted* by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be one. I'm not in the depths of despair this morning. I never can be in the morning. Isn't it a splendid thing that there are mornings? But I feel very sad. I've just been imagining that it was really me you wanted after all and that I was to stay here forever and ever. It was a great comfort while it lasted."

"You'd better get dressed and come downstairs and never mind your imaginings," said Marilla as soon as she could get a word in edgewise. "Breakfast is waiting. Wash your face and comb your hair. Leave the window up and make your bed. Be as smart as you can."

Anne was downstairs in ten minutes' time, with her clothes neatly on, her hair brushed and braided, her face washed, and a comfortable consciousness pervading her soul that she had fulfilled all Marilla's requirements. As a matter of fact, however, she had forgotten to make the bed.

"I'm pretty hungry this morning," she announced as she slipped into the chair Marilla

smart: neat and quick

pervading: spreading through

placed for her. "The world doesn't seem such a howling wilderness as it did last night. I'm so glad it's a sunshiny morning. It's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

"For pity's sake hold your tongue," said Marilla. "You talk entirely too much for a little girl."

Thereupon Anne held her tongue so obediently and thoroughly that her continued silence made Marilla rather nervous, as if in the presence of something not exactly natural. Matthew also held his tongue—but this was natural—so the meal was a very silent one.

As it progressed Anne became more and more abstracted, eating mechanically, with her big

howling wilderness: a horrible, frightening, wild place, full of awful noises

bear up: endure

affliction: pain or suffering

thoroughly: completely

abstracted: thoughtful in a faraway sort of way, as if daydreaming

mechanically: automatically, without focus or spirit

eyes fixed unswervingly and unseeingly on the sky outside the window. This made Marilla more nervous than ever. She had an uncomfortable feeling that while this odd child's body might be there at the table, her spirit was far away, borne aloft on the wings of imagination. Who would want such a child about the place?

Yet Matthew wished to keep her, of all unaccountable things! Marilla felt that he wanted it just as much this morning as he had the night before, and that he would go on wanting it. That was Matthew's way—take a whim into his head and cling to it with the most amazing silent persistency—a persistency ten times more potent and effectual in its very silence than if he had talked it out.

When the meal was ended Anne came out of her reverie and offered to wash the dishes.

unswervingly: without ever being pulled away

borne aloft: carried high into the sky

unaccountable: unexplainable and confusing

whim: a sudden desire or idea

persistency: dedication, stick-to-itiveness

potent: powerful

effectual: effective; successful at getting what one wants

“Can you wash dishes right?” asked Marilla distrustfully.

“Pretty well. I’m better at looking after children, though. I’ve had so much experience at that. It’s such a pity you haven’t any here for me to look after.”

“I don’t feel as if I wanted any more children to look after than I’ve got at present. You’re problem enough. What’s to be done with you I don’t know. Matthew is a most ridiculous man.”

“I think he’s lovely,” said Anne reproachfully. “He is so very sympathetic. He didn’t mind how much I talked—he seemed to like it. I felt that he was a kindred spirit as soon as I saw him.”

“You’re both odd enough, if that’s what you mean by kindred spirits,” said Marilla with a sniff. “Yes, you may wash the dishes, and be sure you dry them well. I’ve got enough to attend to this morning for I’ll have to drive over to White Sands in the afternoon and see Mrs. Spencer. You’ll come with me and we’ll settle what’s to be done with you.”

kindred spirit: a person with whom you share a deep connection; a soulmate

attend to: take care of

Anne washed the dishes deftly enough, as Marilla, who kept a sharp eye on the process, discerned. Then Marilla, to get rid of her, told her she might go out-of-doors and amuse herself until dinner time.

Anne flew to the door, face alight, eyes glowing. But on the very threshold she stopped short, wheeled about, came back and sat down by the table.

“What’s the matter now?” demanded Marilla. “I don’t dare go out,” said Anne, in the tone of a martyr relinquishing all earthly joys. “If I can’t stay here there is no use in my loving Green Gables. And if I go out there and get acquainted with all those trees and flowers and the orchard and the brook I’ll not be able to help loving it. I want to go out so much—everything seems to be

deftly: skillfully or capably

discerned: observed or recognized

alight: lit up

wheeled about: turned around sharply

martyr: someone who willingly gives up something or suffers

a great deal. These days, the word is often used to refer to someone who is being overly dramatic about their own suffering.

relinquishing: giving up

calling to me, 'Anne, Anne, come out to us. Anne, Anne, we want a playmate'—but it's better not. There is no use in loving things if you have to be torn from them, is there? And it's so hard to keep from loving things, isn't it? That was why I was so glad when I thought I was going to live here. I thought I'd have so many things to love. But that brief dream is over. I am resigned to my fate now, so I don't think I'll go out for fear I'll get unresigned again. What is the name of that geranium on the windowsill, please?"

"That's an apple-scented geranium."

"Oh, I don't mean that sort of a name. I mean a name you gave it yourself. Didn't you give it a name? May I give it one then? May I call it—let me see—Bonny would do—may I call it Bonny while I'm here? Oh, do let me!"

"Goodness, I don't care. But where on earth is the sense of naming a geranium?"

resigned: in a state of having accepted something unpleasant or unfortunate

geranium: a common species of flower with soft leaves and a sweet smell. It was often kept in kitchens, since its leaves could be used to sweeten and flavor things like cakes, cookies, jams, and teas.

“Oh, I like things to have handles even if they are only geraniums. It makes them seem more like people. Yes, I shall call it Bonny. I named that cherry tree outside my bedroom window this morning. I called it Snow Queen because it was so white. Of course, it won’t always be in blossom, but one can imagine that it is, can’t one?”

Bonny the Geranium

Just like Anne, Montgomery had a fondness for naming things. In a journal she kept when she was fifteen, she wrote: "There wasn't any school, so I amused myself repotting all my geraniums. Dear things, how I love them! The 'mother' of them all is a matronly old geranium called 'Bonny.' I got Bonny ages ago—it must be as much as two or three years.... I call it Bonny—I like things to have handles even if they are only geraniums.... And it blooms as if it meant it. I believe that old geranium has a soul!"

“I never in all my life saw or heard anything to equal her,” muttered Marilla, beating a retreat down to the cellar for potatoes. “She is kind of interesting as Matthew says. I can feel already that I’m wondering what on earth she’ll say next. She’ll be casting a spell over me, too. She’s cast it over

handles: names

beating a retreat: making a quick getaway, like an army retreating quickly from battle

Matthew. That look he gave me when he went out said everything. I wish he was like other men and would talk things out. But what's to be done with a man who just *looks*?"

Anne had relapsed into reverie, with her chin in her hands and her eyes on the sky, when Marilla returned from her cellar pilgrimage. There Marilla left her until the early dinner was on the table.

"I suppose I can have the mare and buggy this afternoon, Matthew?" said Marilla.

Matthew nodded and looked wistfully at Anne. Marilla intercepted the look and said grimly:

"I'm going to drive over to White Sands and settle this thing. I'll take Anne with me and Mrs. Spencer will probably make arrangements to send her back to Nova Scotia at once. I'll set your tea out for you and I'll be home in time to milk the cows."

Still Matthew said nothing and Marilla had a sense of having wasted words and breath. But he hitched the sorrel into the buggy in due time

pilgrimage: a long and serious journey taken for a religious or spiritual reason (Montgomery uses the word playfully here.)

intercepted: caught on its way to its target, like catching a ball that's being passed to somebody else

and Marilla and Anne set off. Matthew opened the yard gate for them and as they drove slowly through, he said, to nobody in particular as it seemed:

"Little Jerry Buote from the Creek was here this morning, and I told him I guessed I'd hire him for the summer."

Little Jerry Boute

Matthew has decided to hire a farmhand after all. Jerry Boute is one of the "little French boys" Marilla mentioned. An English-speaker like Matthew would have pronounced his last name as "boot." The location of "the Creek" is uncertain, though Montgomery may have been referring to an area known as "French River" near the town of Clifton.

Marilla made no reply, but she hit the unlucky sorrel such a vicious clip with the whip that the fat mare, unused to such treatment, whizzed indignantly down the lane. Marilla looked back once as the buggy bounced along and saw that aggravating Matthew leaning over the gate, looking wistfully after them.

vicious: mean and hurtful

clip: slap

indignantly: in an upset or offended manner

CHAPTER 5

Anne's History

“Do you know,” said Anne confidentially, “I’ve made up my mind to enjoy this drive. It’s been my experience that you can nearly always enjoy things if you make up your mind firmly that you will. I am not going to think about going back to the asylum while we’re having our drive. I’m just going to think about the drive. Oh, look, there’s one little early wild rose out! Isn’t it lovely? Don’t you think it must be glad to be a rose? And isn’t pink the most bewitching color in the world? I love it, but I can’t wear it. Redheaded people can’t wear pink, not even in imagination. Did you ever know of anybody whose hair was red when she was young, but got to be another color when she grew up?”

“No, I don’t know as I ever did,” said Marilla

confidentially: privately, as if telling a secret

bewitching: magical or enchanting

mercilessly, "and I shouldn't think it likely to happen in your case either."

Anne sighed.

"Well, that is another hope gone. 'My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes.' That's a sentence I read in a book once, and I say it over to comfort myself whenever I'm disappointed in anything."

"I don't see where the comforting comes in myself," said Marilla.

"Why, because it sounds so nice and romantic, just as if I were a heroine in a book, you know. I am so fond of romantic things, and a graveyard full of buried hopes is about as romantic a thing as one can imagine, isn't it? I'm rather glad I have one. Are we going across the Lake of Shining Waters today?"

"We're not going over Barry's pond, if that's what you mean by your Lake of Shining Waters. We're going by the shore road."

"Shore road sounds nice," said Anne dreamily. "Is it as nice as it sounds? And White Sands is

mercilessly: without pity or sympathy

shore road: See "The Setting of the Novel," page 5.

a pretty name, too, but I don't like it as well as Avonlea. Avonlea is a lovely name. It just sounds like music. How far is it to White Sands?"

"It's five miles, and as you're evidently bent on talking you might as well talk to some purpose by telling me what you know about yourself."

"Oh, what I *know* about myself isn't really worth telling," said Anne eagerly. "If you'll only let me tell you what I *imagine* about myself, you'll think it ever so much more interesting."

"No, I don't want any of your imaginings. Just you stick to bald facts. Begin at the beginning. Where were you born and how old are you?"

"I was eleven last March," said Anne, resigning herself to bald facts with a little sigh. "And I was born in Bolingbroke, Nova Scotia. My father's name was Walter Shirley, and he was a teacher in the Bolingbroke High School. My mother's name was Bertha Shirley. Aren't Walter and Bertha lovely names? I'm so glad my parents had nice

bent on: committed or determined to do something

to some purpose: with some good reason or goal

bald: plain and simple, undecorated

Bolingbroke: a fictional town that Montgomery based on the real community of New London on Prince Edward Island (though she located Bolingbroke in Nova Scotia)

names. It would be a real disgrace to have a father named—well, say Jedediah, wouldn't it?"

"I guess it doesn't matter what a person's name is as long as he behaves himself," said Marilla, feeling herself called upon to inculcate a good and useful moral.

"Well, I don't know." Anne looked thoughtful. "I read in a book once that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I've never been able to believe it. I don't believe a rose *would* be as

"What's in a name?"

When Anne says that she read in a book that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," she is quoting from the play *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare, one of the most famous tragedies of all time. Juliet, who comes from the Capulet family, wishes that her beloved, Romeo, was not from the Montague family, with whom the Capulets have an age-old feud. She says:

*O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet....*

disgrace: a shame or dishonor

inculcate: to teach or plant an idea in someone's mind

moral: a lesson, specifically one meant to teach children how to behave properly

nice if it was called a thistle or a skunk cabbage. I suppose my father could have been a good man even if he had been called Jedediah; but I'm sure it would have been a cross. Well, my mother was a teacher in the High School, too, but when she married father she gave up teaching. Mrs. Thomas said that they were a pair of babies and as poor as church mice. They went to live in a weeny-teeny little yellow house in Bolingbroke. I've never seen that house, but I've imagined it thousands of times. I think it must have had honeysuckle over the parlor window and lilacs in the front yard and lilies of the valley just inside the gate. I was born in that house. Mrs. Thomas said I was the homeliest baby she ever saw, I was so scrawny and tiny and nothing but eyes, but that mother thought I was perfectly beautiful. I'm glad my

thistle: a common plant known for its very prickly leaves and stem

skunk cabbage: a plant that grows in wetlands and swamps and is known for its strong, unpleasant smell

a cross: a shortened version of the phrase "a cross to bear," which means a burden or a painful thing to live with

as poor as church mice: a figure of speech meaning very poor. Since churches often had to get by on donations of very little money, the mice that lived in their walls must have been particularly hungry ones.

mother was satisfied with me anyhow; I would feel so sad if I thought I was a disappointment to her—because she didn't live very long after that, you see. She died of fever when I was just three months old. And father died four days afterwards from fever too. That left me an orphan and folks were at their wits' end, so Mrs. Thomas said, what to do with me. You see, nobody wanted me even then. It seems to be my fate. Finally Mrs. Thomas said she'd take me, though she was poor and had a drunken husband.

"I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas until I was eight years old. I helped look after the Thomas children—there were four of them younger than me—and I can tell you they took a lot of looking after. Then Mr. Thomas was killed falling under a train and his mother offered to take Mrs. Thomas and the children, but she didn't want me. Then Mrs. Hammond from up the river came down and said she'd take me, seeing I was handy with children, and I went up the river to live with her. It was a very lonesome place. I'm sure I could never have lived there if I hadn't had an imagination.

at their wits' end: at a loss, completely uncertain or out of ideas

Mr. Hammond worked a little sawmill up there, and Mrs. Hammond had eight children. She had twins three times. I like babies in moderation, but twins three times in succession is *too much*. I told Mrs. Hammond so firmly, when the last pair came. I used to get so dreadfully tired carrying them about.

“I lived with Mrs. Hammond over two years, and then Mr. Hammond died and Mrs. Hammond divided her children among her relatives and went to the States. I had to go to the asylum at Hopeton, because nobody would take me. They didn’t want me at the asylum, either; they said they were overcrowded as it was. But they had to take me and I was there four months until Mrs. Spencer came.”

Anne finished up with another sigh, of relief this time. Evidently she did not like talking about her experiences in a world that had not wanted her.

“Did you ever go to school?” demanded Marilla, turning the sorrel mare down the shore road.

“Not a great deal. I went a little the last year I stayed with Mrs. Thomas. When I went up river

in moderation: in reasonable amounts; not too much

in succession: in a row, one after another

dreadfully: painfully, extremely

we were so far from a school that I couldn't walk it in winter and there was a vacation in summer, so I could only go in the spring and fall. But of course I went while I was at the asylum. I can read pretty well and I know ever so many pieces of poetry off by heart—‘The Battle of Hohenlinden’ and ‘Edinburgh after Flodden,’ and ‘Bingen of the Rhine,’ and most of the ‘Lady of the Lake.’ Don’t you just love poetry that gives you a crinkly feeling up and down your back? There is a piece in the Fifth Reader—‘The Downfall of Poland’—that is just full of thrills. Of course, I wasn’t in the Fifth Reader—I was only in the Fourth—but the big girls used to lend me theirs to read.”

“Were those women—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond—good to you?” asked Marilla, looking at Anne out of the corner of her eye.

“O-o-o-h,” faltered Anne. Her sensitive little face suddenly flushed scarlet and embarrassment sat on her brow. “Oh, they *meant* to be—I know they meant to be just as good and kind as possible. They had a good deal to worry them, you know.

Fifth Reader: See the following page, “Anne’s Love of Reading.”

scarlet: deep red

Anne's Love of Reading

The "Fifth Reader" Anne refers to is part of a series of textbooks called the Royal Readers, used in many British and Canadian schools in the late 1800s. They were organized by grade level and contained stories, poems, essays, and lessons. "The Downfall of Poland," which Anne mentions finding in the Fifth Reader, is a long poem that tells the story of a tragic military defeat. Anne has a fondness for this kind of poem. The first three poems she mentions—"The Battle of Hohenlinden," "Edinburgh after Flodden," and "Bingen of the Rhine"—are also tragic battle tales. "The Lady of the Lake" is an epic story of warriors in medieval Scotland, written by Sir Walter Scott, one of the most popular writers of the early 1800s.

Reciting poetry aloud was very fashionable in the late 1800s, and Anne's tastes are clearly for flowery language and sweeping stories full of drama and high emotions.

It's very trying to have a drunken husband, you see, and it must be very trying to have twins three times in succession, don't you think? But I feel sure they meant to be good to me."

Marilla asked no more questions. Pity was suddenly stirring in her heart for the child. What a starved, unloved life she had had—a life of drudgery and poverty and neglect; for Marilla

trying: difficult

stirring: waking up

drudgery: hard, unappreciated work

neglect: lack of care and attention

was shrewd enough to read between the lines of Anne's history and divine the truth. No wonder she had been so delighted at the prospect of a real home. It was a pity she had to be sent back. What if she, Marilla, should let her stay? Matthew was set on it, and the child seemed a nice, teachable little thing.

"She's got too much to say," thought Marilla, "but she might be trained out of that. And there's nothing rude or slangy in what she does say. She's ladylike. It's likely her people were nice folks."

"Isn't the sea wonderful?" said Anne, rousing from a long, silent rapture over the shore road. "Once, when I lived in Marysville, Mr. Thomas took us all to spend the day at the shore ten miles away. I enjoyed every moment of that day, even if I had to look after the children all the time. I lived it over in happy dreams for years. But this shore is nicer than the Marysville shore. Aren't those gulls splendid? Would you like to be a gull?"

shrewd: clever, quick to see things

divine: guess

prospect: possibility or chance

slangy: full of slang—the kind of casual, modern, fashionable

words that Marilla would find improper

rousing: waking up

I think I would—that is, if I couldn’t be a human girl. Don’t you think it would be nice to wake up at sunrise and swoop down over the water and away out over that lovely blue all day? Oh, I can just imagine myself doing it. What big house is that just ahead, please?”

“That’s the White Sands Hotel. Mr. Kirke runs it, but the season hasn’t begun yet. There are heaps of Americans come there for the summer.”

“I was afraid it might be Mrs. Spencer’s place,” said Anne mournfully. “I don’t want to get there. Somehow, it will seem like the end of everything.”

the season: the time of year when crowds of tourists come to a particular destination—usually the summer

mournfully: sadly

CHAPTER 6

Marilla Makes Up Her Mind

Get there they did, however. Mrs. Spencer lived in a big yellow house at White Sands Cove, and she came to the door with surprise and welcome mingled on her benevolent face.

“Dear, dear,” she exclaimed, “you’re the last folks I was looking for today, but I’m real glad to see you. And how are you, Anne?”

“I’m as well as can be expected, thank you,” said Anne smilelessly. A blight seemed to have descended on her.

“I suppose we’ll stay a little while to rest the mare,” said Marilla, “but I promised Matthew I’d be home early. The fact is, Mrs. Spencer, there’s been a strange mistake somewhere, and I’ve come over to see where it is. We sent word, Matthew and I, for you to bring us a boy from the asylum.

mingled: mixed

benevolent: kind

blight: a disease or curse; also, a very sad, dark mood

descended: come down upon

We told your brother Robert to tell you we wanted a boy ten or eleven years old."

"Marilla Cuthbert, you don't say so!" said Mrs. Spencer in distress. "Why, Robert sent word down by his daughter Nancy and she said you wanted a girl—didn't she Flora Jane?" she said, appealing to her daughter who had come out to the steps.

"She certainly did, Miss Cuthbert," corroborated Flora Jane earnestly.

"I'm dreadful sorry," said Mrs. Spencer. "It's too bad. But it certainly wasn't my fault, you see, Miss Cuthbert. I thought I was following your instructions. Nancy is a terrible flighty thing. I've often had to scold her well for her heedlessness."

"It was our own fault," said Marilla resignedly. "We should have come to you yourselves and not left an important message to be passed along in

distress: unhappiness and suffering

appealing to: seeking the support of

corroborated: confirmed; to "corroborate" what someone says is to add your support to it as the truth

earnestly: honestly and seriously

flighty: easily distracted, irresponsible, or ditzy

heedlessness: carelessness

that fashion. Anyhow, the mistake has been made and the only thing to do is to set it right. Can we send the child back to the asylum?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Spencer thoughtfully, "but I don't think it will be necessary to send her back. Mrs. Peter Blewett was up here yesterday, and she was saying to me how much she wished she'd sent by me for a little girl to help her. Mrs. Peter has a large family, you know, and she finds it hard to get help. Anne will be the very girl for her. I call it positively providential."

Marilla did not look as if she thought Providence had much to do with the matter. Here was an unexpectedly good chance to get this unwelcome orphan off her hands, and she did not even feel grateful for it.

She knew Mrs. Peter Blewett only by sight as a small, shrewish-faced woman without an ounce

she'd sent by me: she'd sent me to ask for her

positively: absolutely

providential: happening at just the right time, as though divinity or destiny made it happen

Providence: divine protection; the idea of God as the power guiding human destiny

shrewish-faced: pinch-faced and bad-tempered

of superfluous flesh on her bones. But she had heard of her. “A terrible worker and driver,” Mrs. Peter was said to be. Discharged servant girls told fearsome tales of her temper and stinginess, and her family of pert, quarrelsome children. Marilla felt a qualm of conscience at the thought of handing Anne over to her.

“Well, I’ll go in and we’ll talk the matter over,” she said.

“And if there isn’t Mrs. Peter coming up the lane this blessed minute!” exclaimed Mrs. Spencer, bustling her guests through the hall into the parlor. “That is real lucky, for we can settle the matter right away. Let me take your hats. Flora Jane, go out and put the kettle on. Good afternoon, Mrs. Blewett. We were just saying how fortunate it was you happened along. Let me introduce you two

superfluous: extra

“A terrible worker and driver”: someone who treats their servants badly and makes them work very hard

discharged: dismissed or fired

stinginess: lack of generosity, like a miser

pert: sassy and rude

quarrelsome: always getting into fights

qualm: an uneasy feeling, as if something isn’t right

parlor: the front sitting room of a house, where guests were usually welcomed

ladies. Mrs. Blewett, Miss Cuthbert. Please excuse me for just a moment. I forgot to tell Flora Jane to take the buns out of the oven."

Mrs. Spencer whisked away. Anne, sitting mutely with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, stared at Mrs. Blewett as one fascinated. Was she to be given into the keeping of this sharp-faced, sharp-eyed woman? She felt a lump coming up in her throat and her eyes smarted painfully. She was beginning to be afraid she couldn't keep the tears back when Mrs. Spencer returned, flushed and beaming.

"It seems there's been a mistake about this little girl, Mrs. Blewett," she said. "I was under the impression that Mr. and Miss Cuthbert wanted a little girl to adopt. I was certainly told so. But it seems it was a boy they wanted. So if you're still of the same mind you were yesterday, I think she'll be just the thing for you."

whisked: hurried

mutely: silently

as one: like someone who is

smarted: hurt

beaming: smiling brightly

of the same mind: still thinking the same thing as before

Mrs. Blewett darted her eyes over Anne from head to foot.

“How old are you and what’s your name?” she demanded.

“Anne Shirley,” faltered the shrinking child, not daring to make any stipulations regarding the spelling thereof, “and I’m eleven years old.”

“Humph! You don’t look as if there was much to you. But you’re wiry. Well, if I take you you’ll have to be a good girl, you know—good and smart and respectful. I’ll expect you to earn your keep, and no mistake about that. Yes, I suppose I might as well take her off your hands, Miss Cuthbert. The baby’s awful fractious, and I’m clean worn out attending to him. If you like I can take her right home now.”

Marilla looked at Anne and softened at sight of the child’s pale face with its look of mute misery—the misery of a helpless little creature who finds itself once more caught in the trap from which it had

stipulations: requirements or specific instructions

thereof: of the thing just mentioned (in this case, Anne’s name)

wiry: thin but tough

fractious: grumpy and bad-tempered

clean: entirely

escaped. Marilla felt an uncomfortable conviction that, if she denied the appeal of that look, it would haunt her to her dying day. Moreover, she did not fancy Mrs. Blewett. To hand a sensitive child over to such a woman! No, she could not take the responsibility of doing that!

“Well, I don’t know,” she said slowly. “I didn’t say that Matthew and I had absolutely decided that we wouldn’t keep her. I just came over to find out how the mistake had occurred. I think I’d better take her home again and talk it over with Matthew. I feel that I oughtn’t to decide on anything without consulting him. If we make up our mind not to keep her we’ll bring her over to you tomorrow night. If we don’t, then she is going to stay with us. Will that suit you, Mrs. Blewett?”

“I suppose it’ll have to,” said Mrs. Blewett ungraciously.

During Marilla’s speech a sunrise had been

conviction: a strong belief

appeal: a desperate request, like a prayer or a plea before a judge

fancy: like or approve of

oughtn’t to: shouldn’t

consulting: speaking with; seeking someone’s thoughts

ungraciously: unkindly or ungenerously

dawning on Anne's face. First the look of despair faded out; then came a faint flush of hope; her eyes grew deep and bright as morning stars. The child was quite transfigured. A moment later, when Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Blewett went out in quest of a recipe the latter had come to borrow, she sprang up and flew across the room to Marilla.

"Oh, Miss Cuthbert, did you really say that perhaps you would let me stay at Green Gables?" she said, in a breathless whisper, as if speaking aloud might shatter the glorious possibility. "Did you really say it? Or did I only imagine that you did?"

"I think you'd better learn to control that imagination of yours, Anne, if you can't distinguish between what is real and what isn't," said Marilla crossly. "Yes, you did hear me say just that and no more. It isn't decided yet and perhaps we will conclude to let Mrs. Blewett take you after all. She certainly needs you much more than I do."

"I'd rather go back to the asylum than go to

faint: very slight; almost impossible to see

transfigured: transformed in appearance

quest: search

the latter: the second person mentioned (here, Mrs. Blewett)

distinguish: tell the difference

crossly: with annoyance

live with her," said Anne passionately. "She looks exactly like a—like a gimlet."

Marilla smothered a smile under the conviction that Anne must be reproved for such a speech.

"A little girl like you should be ashamed of talking so about a lady and a stranger," she said severely. "Go back and sit down quietly and behave as a good girl should."

"I'll try to do and be anything you want me to, if you'll only keep me," said Anne.

When they arrived back at Green Gables that evening Matthew met them in the lane. Marilla from afar had noted him prowling along it and guessed his motive. But she said nothing to him until they were both out in the yard behind the barn milking the cows. Then she briefly told him Anne's history and the result of the interview with

gimlet: an old-fashioned tool for drilling holes into wood. The phrase "a gimlet eye" is a figure of speech for giving someone a hard, piercing stare. Anne is comparing Mrs. Blewett to a screwdriver or a drill.

smothered: covered up

reproved: scolded or taught a lesson

severely: harshly

motive: reason

briefly: in few words

Mrs. Spencer.

"I wouldn't give a dog I liked to that Blewett woman," said Matthew with unusual vim.

"I don't fancy her style myself," admitted Marilla, "but it's that or keeping her ourselves, Matthew. And since you seem to want her, I suppose I'm willing—or have to be. I've been thinking over the idea until I've got kind of used to it. It seems a sort of duty. I've never brought up a child, especially a girl, and I dare say I'll make a terrible mess of it. But I'll do my best. So far as I'm concerned, Matthew, she may stay."

Matthew's shy face was a glow of delight.

"Well now, I reckoned you'd come to see it in that light, Marilla," he said. "She's such an interesting little thing."

"It'd be more to the point if you could say she was a useful little thing," retorted Marilla, "but I'll make it my business to see she's trained to be that. And mind, Matthew, you're not to go interfering

vim: energy

more to the point: better; more of a help

retorted: responded, with the sense of snapping back at someone as if in an argument

interfering: sticking your nose in

with my methods. Perhaps an old maid doesn't know much about bringing up a child, but I guess she knows more than an old bachelor. So you just leave me to manage her. When I fail it'll be time enough to put your oar in."

"There, there, Marilla, you can have your own way," said Matthew reassuringly. "Only be as good and kind to her as you can without spoiling her. I kind of think she's one of the sort you can do anything with if you only get her to love you."

Marilla sniffed, to express her contempt for Matthew's opinions concerning anything feminine, and walked off to the dairy with the pails.

"Marilla Cuthbert, you're fairly in for it," she reflected, as she strained the milk into the creamers. "Did you ever suppose you'd see the

old maid: an old-fashioned term for an older woman who has remained unmarried

bachelor: an unmarried man

time enough: the appropriate time

put your oar in: give your opinion or advice. This figure of speech comes from rowing a boat—if more than one person tries to row, the boat can swing off course.

reassuringly: comfortingly; in a manner that calms someone's doubts or fears

contempt: scorn or lack of respect

day when you'd be adopting an orphan girl? I foresee that I shall have my hands full. Well, well, we can't get through this world without our share of trouble. I've had a pretty easy life of it so far, but my time has come at last and I suppose I'll just have to make the best of it."

Milking Cows on a Farm

Montgomery tells us that Marilla is thinking to herself "as she strained the milk into the creamers." Marilla is pouring the fresh milk through a strainer, or filter, into large jars known as creamers in which the milk can be kept cold and stored.

Raw milk that has come directly from the cow needs to be strained right away: it can contain hair or bits of hay or dirt that must be filtered out before the milk can be preserved. If the milk isn't strained, these bits can cause bacteria to grow, which will create an unpleasant, sour flavor and cause the milk to spoil faster. Today, this process is almost always done by machine, but in the 1890s, if you lived in a rural area and you wanted milk or cream, you kept a dairy cow and strained your milk by hand.

foresee: predict or see ahead

CHAPTER 7

Anne's Bringing-Up Is Begun

For reasons best known to herself, Marilla did not tell Anne that she was to stay at Green Gables until the next afternoon. During the forenoon she kept the child busy with various tasks and watched over her with a keen eye while she did them. By noon she had concluded that Anne was smart and obedient, willing to work and quick to learn. Her most serious shortcoming seemed to be a tendency to fall into daydreams in the middle of a task and forget all about it until such time as she was sharply recalled to earth by a reprimand or a catastrophe.

When Anne had finished washing the dinner dishes she suddenly confronted Marilla with the

forenoon: late morning, the period of the day before noon

keen: sharp

shortcoming: fault or flaw

tendency: habit; inclination

reprimand: a scolding or a criticism

catastrophe: disaster

confronted: challenged or faced head on

air and expression of one desperately determined to learn the worst. Her thin little body trembled from head to foot, her face flushed, and she clasped her hands tightly and said in an imploring voice:

“Oh, please, Miss Cuthbert, won’t you tell me if you are going to send me away or not? I’ve tried to be patient all the morning, but I really feel that I cannot bear not knowing any longer. It’s a dreadful feeling. Please tell me.”

“Well,” said Marilla, unable to find any excuse for deferring her explanation longer, “I suppose I might as well tell you. Matthew and I have decided to keep you—that is, if you will try to be a good little girl and show yourself grateful. Why, child, whatever is the matter?”

“I’m crying,” said Anne in a tone of bewilderment. “I can’t think why. I’m glad as glad can be. Oh, *glad* doesn’t seem the right word at all. I was glad about the White Way and the cherry blossoms—but this! Oh, it’s something more than glad. I’m so happy. I’ll try to be so good. It will be

air: attitude

imploring: begging or pleading

deferring: putting off

bewilderment: surprised confusion and wonder

uphill work, I expect, for Mrs. Thomas often told me I was desperately wicked. However, I'll do my very best."

"You're all excited and worked up," said Marilla disapprovingly. "Sit down on that chair and try to calm yourself. I'm afraid you both cry and laugh far too easily. Yes, you can stay here and we will try to do right by you. You must go to school; but it's only a fortnight till vacation so it isn't worthwhile for you to start before it opens again in September."

"What am I to call you?" asked Anne. "Shall I always say Miss Cuthbert? Can I call you Aunt Marilla?"

"No, you'll call me just plain Marilla. I'm not used to being called Miss Cuthbert and it would make me nervous."

"It sounds awfully disrespectful to just say Marilla," protested Anne.

"I guess there'll be nothing disrespectful in it if you're careful to speak respectfully. Everybody,

uphill: difficult and slow

to do right by you: to treat you well; to do the right thing for you

fortnight: two weeks

young and old, in Avonlea calls me Marilla except the minister. He says Miss Cuthbert—when he thinks of it.”

“I’d love to call you Aunt Marilla,” said Anne wistfully. “I’ve never had an aunt or any relation at all—not even a grandmother. It would make me feel as if I really belonged to you. Can’t I call you Aunt Marilla?”

“No. I’m not your aunt and I don’t believe in calling people names that don’t belong to them.”

“But we could imagine you were my aunt.”

“I couldn’t,” said Marilla grimly.

“Do you never imagine things different from what they really are?” asked Anne, wide-eyed.

“No.”

“Oh!” Anne drew a long breath. “Oh, Miss—Marilla, how much you miss!”

“When the Lord puts us in certain circumstances He doesn’t mean for us to imagine them away,” retorted Marilla.

Anne sat down near the jugful of apple

when he thinks of it: when he remembers to

relation: relative or family member

circumstances: situations

blossoms she had brought in to decorate the dinner table—Marilla had eyed that decoration askance, but had said nothing—and propped her chin on her hands. She tipped the vase near enough to bestow a soft kiss on a pink-cupped bud, her eyes a-star with dreams.

“Marilla,” she demanded presently, “do you think that I shall ever have a bosom friend in Avonlea?”

“A—a what kind of friend?”

“A bosom friend—an intimate friend, you know—a really kindred spirit to whom I can confide my inmost soul. I’ve dreamed of meeting her all my life. I never really supposed I would, but so many of my loveliest dreams have come true all at once that perhaps this one will, too. Do you think it’s possible?”

“Diana Barry lives over at Orchard Slope and she’s about your age. She’s a very nice little girl,

askance: with a disapproving attitude

bestow: give

a-star: twinkling or shining

bosom friend: a very best and most beloved friend—one of

Anne’s favorite poetic phrases

confide: tell in trusted secrecy

inmost: deepest and most private

and perhaps she will be a playmate for you when she comes home. She's visiting her aunt over at Carmody just now. You'll have to be careful how you behave yourself, though. Mrs. Barry is a very particular woman. She won't let Diana play with any little girl who isn't nice and good."

Anne looked at Marilla through the apple blossoms, her eyes aglow with interest.

"What is Diana like? Her hair isn't red, is it? Oh, I hope not. It's bad enough to have red hair myself, but I positively couldn't endure it in a bosom friend."

"Diana is a very pretty little girl. She has black eyes and hair and rosy cheeks. And she is good and smart, which is better than being pretty."

Marilla was fond of morals, and was firmly convinced that one should be tacked on to every remark made to a child who was being brought up.

But Anne waved the moral aside.

"Oh, I'm so glad she's pretty. Next to being beautiful oneself—and that's impossible in my case—it would be best to have a beautiful bosom

particular: fussy and demanding; someone who is very specific in their ideas and difficult to please

aglow: glowing or shining

endure: stand; tolerate

friend. When I lived with Mrs. Thomas she had a bookcase in her sitting room with glass doors. There weren't any books in it; Mrs. Thomas kept her best china and her preserves there—when she had any preserves to keep. One of the doors was broken. Mr. Thomas smashed it one night when he was slightly intoxicated. But the other was whole and I used to pretend that my reflection in it was another little girl who lived in it. I called her Katie Maurice, and we were very intimate. I used to talk to her by the hour and tell her everything. Katie was the comfort and consolation of my life. We used to pretend that the bookcase was enchanted and that if I only knew the spell I could open the door and step right into the room where Katie Maurice lived, and then Katie Maurice would have taken me by the hand and led me out into a wonderful place, all flowers and sunshine and fairies, and we would have lived there happy for ever after. When I went

best china: the best plates and dishes in a household, often only used for important guests

preserves: jams and jellies (made and jarred by hand in the late 1800s)

intoxicated: drunk

intimate: close, familiar, and fond of each other

consolation: a source of comfort and relief

to live with Mrs. Hammond it just broke my heart to leave Katie Maurice. She felt it dreadfully, too, I know she did, for she was crying when she kissed me goodbye through the bookcase door. There was no bookcase at Mrs. Hammond's, and I hadn't the heart to imagine a bosom friend at the asylum, even if there had been any scope for imagination there."

Katie Maurice

Anne tells Marilla that she created an imaginary friend, Katie Maurice, out of her own reflection in the glass door of a bookcase. Montgomery, in her memoir *The Alpine Path*, revealed that "Anne's Katie Maurice was mine. In our sitting room there had always stood a big bookcase used as a china cabinet. In each door was a large glass oval, dimly reflecting the room. When I was very small each of my reflections in these doors were 'real folk' to my imagination. The one in the left-hand door was Katie Maurice.... a little girl like myself, and I loved her dearly. I would stand before that door and prattle to Katie for hours."

"I think it's just as well there wasn't," said Marilla drily. "You seem to half believe your own imaginations. It will be well for you to have a real live friend to put such nonsense out of your head.

drily: with a very understated sense of humor

But don't let Mrs. Barry hear you talking about your Katie Maurice or she'll think you tell stories."

"Oh, I won't. I couldn't talk of her to everybody—her memory is too sacred for that. But I thought I'd like to have you know about her. Oh, look, here's a big bee just tumbled out of an apple blossom. Just think what a lovely place to live—in an apple blossom! If I wasn't a human girl I think I'd like to be a bee and live among the flowers."

"Yesterday you wanted to be a seagull," sniffed Marilla. "I think you are very fickle-minded. It seems impossible for you to stop talking if you've got anybody that will listen to you. Now, go to your room and stay there until I call you down to help me get tea."

"Can I take the apple blossoms with me for company?" pleaded Anne.

"No, you don't want your room cluttered up with flowers. You should have left them on the tree in the first place."

stories: lies

sacred: holy

fickle-minded: flighty; always changing your mind

cluttered up: made messy

“I did feel a little that way, too,” said Anne. “I kind of felt I shouldn’t shorten their lovely lives by picking them—I wouldn’t want to be picked if I were an apple blossom. But the temptation was irresistible. What do you do when you meet with an irresistible temptation?”

“Anne, did you hear me tell you to go to your room?”

Anne sighed, retreated to the east gable, and sat down in a chair by the window.

“I’m going to imagine things into this room so that they’ll always stay imagined. The floor is covered with a white velvet carpet with pink roses all over it and there are pink silk curtains at the windows. The walls are hung with gold and silver brocade tapestry. The furniture is mahogany. I never saw any mahogany, but it does

temptation: the desire or longing to do something, especially something one shouldn’t

irresistible: too strong to be denied; overwhelming

brocade tapestry: rich woven wall-hangings that often show images or stories. Tapestries were often used to cover the stone walls of castles or palaces, both for decoration and to keep heat from escaping.

mahogany: a type of expensive, reddish-brown wood used to make fine furniture

sound *so luxurious*. This is a couch all heaped with gorgeous silken cushions, pink and blue and crimson and gold, and I am reclining gracefully on it. I can see my reflection in that splendid big mirror hanging on the wall. I am tall and regal, clad in a gown of trailing white lace, with a pearl cross on my breast and pearls in my hair. My hair is of midnight darkness and my name is the Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald. No, it isn't—I can't make *that* seem real."

She danced up to the little looking-glass and peered into it. Her pointed freckled face and solemn gray eyes peered back at her.

"You're only Anne of Green Gables," she said earnestly, "and I see you, just as you are looking now, whenever I try to imagine I'm the Lady Cordelia. But it's a million times nicer to be Anne of Green Gables than Anne of nowhere in particular, isn't it?"

luxurious: grand, fancy, stylish, rich

crimson: deep red

reclining: sitting and leaning back in a relaxed way

regal: royal-looking, like a queen or a princess

clad: dressed

solemn: serious

CHAPTER 8

Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Properly Horrified

Anne had been a fortnight at Green Gables before Mrs. Lynde arrived to inspect her. Mrs. Rachel, to do her justice, was not to blame for this. A severe and unseasonable attack of grippe had confined that good lady to her house. As soon as her doctor allowed her to put her foot out-of-doors she hurried up to Green Gables, bursting with curiosity to see Matthew and Marilla's orphan, concerning whom all sorts of stories had gone abroad in Avonlea.

Anne had made good use of every waking moment of that fortnight. Already she was acquainted with every tree and shrub about the

to do her justice: to be fair to her

unseasonable: not appropriate for the time of year

grippe: flu

confined: kept or restrained

concerning: about or having to do with

gone abroad: spread around

place. She had discovered that a lane opened out below the apple orchard and ran up through a belt of woodland, and she had explored it to its furthest end in all its delicious vagaries of brook and bridge, fir coppice and wild cherry arch, corners thick with fern, and branching byways of maple and mountain ash.

She had made friends with the spring down in the hollow—that wonderful deep, clear, icy-cold spring. Beyond it was a log bridge over the brook, and that bridge led Anne's dancing feet up over a wooded hill beyond, where perpetual twilight reigned under the straight, thick-growing firs and spruces. The only flowers there were myriads of delicate "June bells," and a few pale,

vagaries: odd or unexpected changes or shifts in something or someone; quirks

fir coppice: a small clearing of fir trees

byways: paths or trails leading away from the main route

perpetual: constant or ongoing

twilight: the half-light just before sunset

reigned: ruled

June bells: a flowering summer plant in the honeysuckle family, with pink and white bell-shaped flowers; also called "twinflowers"

aerial starflowers, like the spirits of last year's blossoms. Gossamers glimmered like threads of silver among the trees and the fir boughs seemed to utter friendly speech.

All these raptured voyages of exploration were made in the odd half hours which she was allowed for play, and Anne talked Matthew and Marilla half-deaf over her discoveries. Not that Matthew complained, to be sure; he listened to it all with a wordless smile of enjoyment on his face. Marilla permitted the "chatter" until she found herself becoming too interested in it, whereupon she always promptly quenched Anne by a curt command to hold her tongue.

Anne was out in the orchard when Mrs. Rachel came.

aerial: light and airy; delicate

starflowers: a small woodland plant related to the primrose, with white or pink star-shaped blossoms

gossamers: silky threads or clouds of spiderweb

glimmered: shone and sparkled softly

boughs: branches

utter: speak or produce

raptured: enchanted

voyages: journeys or quests

whereupon: at which point

“Marilla, I’ve been hearing some surprising things about you and Matthew,” said that good lady.

“I don’t suppose you are any more surprised than I am myself,” said Marilla. “I’m getting over my surprise now.”

“It was too bad there was such a mistake,” said Mrs. Rachel sympathetically. “Couldn’t you have sent her back?”

“I suppose we could, but we decided not to. Matthew took a fancy to her. And I must say I like her myself—although I admit she has her faults. The house seems a different place already. She’s a real bright little thing.”

Marilla said more than she had intended to say when she began, for she read disapproval in Mrs. Rachel’s expression.

“It’s a great responsibility you’ve taken on yourself,” said that lady gloomily, “especially when you’ve never had any experience with children. You don’t know much about her or her real disposition, I suppose, and there’s no guessing

took a fancy to: developed a fondness or liking for

gloomily: unhappily

how a child like that will turn out. But I don't want to discourage you I'm sure, Marilla."

"I'm not feeling discouraged," was Marilla's dry response, "when I make up my mind to do a thing it stays made up. I suppose you'd like to see Anne. I'll call her in."

Anne came running in presently, her face sparkling with the delight of her orchard rovings; but, abashed at finding herself in the unexpected presence of a stranger, she halted confusedly inside the door. She certainly was an odd-looking little creature in the short, tight wincey dress she had worn from the asylum, below which her thin legs seemed ungracefully long. Her freckles were more numerous and obtrusive than ever; the wind had ruffled her hatless hair into over-brilliant disorder; it had never looked redder than at that moment.

"Well, they didn't pick you for your looks, that's sure and certain," was Mrs. Rachel Lynde's

rovings: wanderings

abashed: embarrassed

obtrusive: obvious or noticeable

over-brilliant: overly bright

emphatic comment. Mrs. Rachel was one of those delightful and popular people who pride themselves on speaking their mind without fear or favor. "She's terrible skinny and homely, Marilla. Come here, child, and let me have a look at you. Lawful heart, did anyone ever see such freckles? And hair as red as carrots! Come here, child, I say."

Anne "came there," but not exactly as Mrs. Rachel expected. With one bound she crossed the kitchen floor and stood before Mrs. Rachel, her face scarlet with anger, her lips quivering, and her whole slender form trembling from head to foot.

"I hate you," she cried in a choked voice, stamping her foot on the floor. "I hate you—I hate you—I hate you! How dare you call me skinny and ugly? How dare you say I'm freckled and redheaded? You are a rude, impolite, unfeeling woman!"

emphatic: forceful

without fear or favor: whether the outcome is good or bad; no matter what

Lawful heart: an exclamation, like "Oh my goodness!" or "Lord have mercy!"



"I HATE YOU," SHE CRIED IN A CHOKED VOICE, STAMPING HER FOOT
ON THE FLOOR.

“Anne!” exclaimed Marilla in consternation.

But Anne continued to face Mrs. Rachel undauntedly, head up, eyes blazing, hands clenched, passionate indignation exhaling from her like an atmosphere.

“How dare you say such things about me?” she repeated vehemently. “How would you like to have such things said about you? How would you like to be told that you are fat and clumsy and probably hadn’t a spark of imagination in you? I don’t care if I do hurt your feelings by saying so! I hope I hurt them. You have hurt mine worse than they were ever hurt before, even by Mrs. Thomas’ intoxicated husband. And I’ll never forgive you for it, never, never!”

“Did anybody ever see such a temper!” exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Rachel.

“Anne, go to your room and stay there until I come up,” said Marilla, recovering her powers of speech with difficulty.

consternation: shock and confusion

undauntedly: without being embarrassed or afraid

indignation: resentful anger and hurt

atmosphere: a cloud or climate

vehemently: passionately and forcefully

Anne, bursting into tears, rushed to the hall door, slammed it, and fled through the hall and up the stairs like a whirlwind. A subdued slam above told that the door of the east gable had been shut with equal vehemence.

“Well, I don’t envy you your job bringing *that* up, Marilla,” said Mrs. Rachel with unspeakable solemnity.

Marilla opened her lips to say she knew not what of apology or deprecation. What she did say was a surprise to herself then and ever afterwards.

“You shouldn’t have twitted her about her looks, Rachel.”

“Marilla Cuthbert, you don’t mean to say that you are upholding her in such a terrible display of temper as we’ve just seen?” demanded Mrs. Rachel indignantly.

“No,” said Marilla slowly, “I’m not trying to excuse her. She’s been very naughty and I’ll have

subdued: muted or muffled

unspeakable: beyond description

solemnity: seriousness and dignity

deprecation: disapproval (of Anne)

twitted: teased or made fun of

to give her a talking to about it. But we must make allowances for her. She's never been taught what is right. And you were too hard on her, Rachel."

Marilla could not help tacking on that last sentence, although she was again surprised at herself for doing it. Mrs. Rachel got up with an air of offended dignity.

"Well, I see that I'll have to be very careful what I say after this, Marilla, since the fine feelings of orphans, brought from goodness knows where, have to be considered before anything else. Oh, no, I'm not vexed—don't worry yourself. I'm too sorry for you to leave any room for anger in my mind. You'll have your own troubles with that child. But if you'll take my advice—which I suppose you won't do, although I've brought up ten children and buried two—you'll do that 'talking to' you mention with a fair-sized birch switch. I should

make allowances: to go easy on someone or to give them some grace and patience

dignity: pride and sense of self

fine: sensitive

vexed: annoyed or offended

birch switch: a thin stick of birch. In the late 1800s, it was still a common practice to whip naughty children with such a stick as punishment.

think *that* would be the most effective language for that kind of a child. Her temper matches her hair I guess. Well, good evening, Marilla. I hope you'll come down to see me often as usual. But you can't expect me to visit here again in a hurry, if I'm liable to be flown at and insulted in such a fashion. It's something new in *my* experience."

Whereat Mrs. Rachel swept out and away—if a woman who always waddled *could* be said to sweep away—and Marilla, with a very solemn face, betook herself to the east gable.

On the way upstairs she pondered uneasily as to what she ought to do. How unfortunate that Anne should have displayed such temper before Mrs. Rachel Lynde, of all people! And how was she to punish her? The amiable suggestion of the birch switch did not appeal to Marilla. She did not believe she could whip a child. No, some other method of punishment must be found to bring Anne to a proper realization of the enormity of her offense.

liable: likely

whereat: at this point or upon this remark

waddled: walked with short wide steps, like a duck

amiable: friendly

enormity: huge size, or great seriousness

Marilla found Anne face downward on her bed, crying bitterly, quite oblivious of muddy boots on a clean counterpane.

“Anne,” she said not ungently.

No answer.

“Anne,” with greater severity, “get off that bed this minute and listen to what I have to say to you.”

Anne squirmed off the bed and sat rigidly on a chair beside it, her face swollen and tear-stained and her eyes fixed stubbornly on the floor.

“This is a nice way for you to behave. Anne! Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

“She hadn’t any right to call me ugly and redhead,” retorted Anne, evasive and defiant.

“You hadn’t any right to fly into such a fury and talk the way you did to her, Anne. I was ashamed of you—thoroughly ashamed of you. I wanted you to behave nicely to Mrs. Lynde, and instead of that you have disgraced me. I’m sure

bitterly: with painful anger

oblivious: unaware

counterpane: bedspread

evasive: avoiding the point

defiant: resistant; unwilling to surrender

disgraced: embarrassed or brought shame upon

I don't know why you should lose your temper like that just because Mrs. Lynde said you were red-haired and homely. You say it yourself often enough."

"Oh, but there's such a difference between saying a thing yourself and hearing other people say it," wailed Anne. "You may know a thing is so, but you can't help hoping other people don't quite think it is. I suppose you think I have an awful temper, but I couldn't help it. When she said those things something just rose right up in me and choked me. I *had* to fly out at her."

"Well, you made a fine exhibition of yourself I must say. Mrs. Lynde will have a nice story to tell about you everywhere—and she'll tell it, too. It was a dreadful thing for you to lose your temper like that, Anne."

"Just imagine how you would feel if somebody told you to your face that you were skinny and ugly," pleaded Anne tearfully.

An old remembrance suddenly rose up before Marilla. She had been a very small child when she

fly out at: attack

exhibition: an overdramatic and embarrassing show

had heard one aunt say of her to another, "What a pity she is such a homely little thing." Marilla was every day of fifty before the sting had gone out of that memory.

"I don't say that I think Mrs. Lynde was exactly right in saying what she did to you, Anne," she admitted in a softer tone. "Rachel is too outspoken. But that is no excuse for such behavior on your part. She was a stranger and an elderly person and my visitor—all three very good reasons why you should have been respectful to her. You were rude and saucy and"—Marilla had a saving inspiration of punishment—"you must go to her and tell her you are very sorry for your bad temper and ask her to forgive you."

"I can never do that," said Anne determinedly and darkly. "You can punish me in any way you like, Marilla. You can shut me up in a dark, damp dungeon inhabited by snakes and toads and feed me only on bread and water and I shall not complain.

every day of fifty: no less than fifty years old

outspoken: overly direct and blunt in stating one's opinions

saucy: sassy and naughty

saving: lucky and relieving

inspiration: a sudden idea or vision

But I cannot ask Mrs. Lynde to forgive me."

"We're not in the habit of shutting people up in dark, damp dungeons," said Marilla drily, "especially as they're rather scarce in Avonlea. But apologize to Mrs. Lynde you must and shall, and you'll stay here in your room until you can tell me you're willing to do it."

"I shall have to stay here forever then," said Anne mournfully, "because I can't tell Mrs. Lynde I'm sorry I said those things to her. How can I? I'm *not* sorry. I'm sorry I've vexed you, but I'm *glad* I told her just what I did. It was a great satisfaction. I can't say I'm sorry when I'm not, can I? I can't even *imagine* I'm sorry."

"Perhaps your imagination will be in better working order by the morning," said Marilla, rising to depart. "You'll have the night to come to a better frame of mind. You said you would try to be a very good girl if we kept you at Green Gables, but I must say it hasn't seemed very much like it this evening."

Marilla descended to the kitchen, grievously troubled in mind and soul. She was as angry with herself as with Anne, because, whenever she recalled Mrs. Rachel's dumbfounded countenance, her lips twitched with amusement and she felt a most reprehensible desire to laugh.

grievously: painfully

dumbfounded: shocked

countenance: face or expression

reprehensible: wrong and shameful; something that deserves blame

CHAPTER 9

Anne's Apology

When Anne proved still refractory the next morning, an explanation had to be made to account for her absence from the breakfast table. Marilla told Matthew the whole story, taking pains to impress him with the enormity of Anne's behavior.

"It's a good thing Rachel Lynde got a calling down. She's a meddlesome old gossip," was Matthew's consolatory rejoinder.

"Matthew Cuthbert, I'm astonished at you. You know that Anne's behavior was dreadful, and yet you take her part! I suppose you'll be saying next thing that she oughtn't to be punished at all!"

refractory: stubborn

account for: explain

impress: to explain; to communicate something fully and seriously

calling down: a cutting down to size; a comeuppance

meddlesome: nosy

consolatory: comforting

rejoinder: reply or retort

"Well now—no—not exactly," said Matthew uneasily. "I reckon she ought to be punished a little. But don't be too hard on her, Marilla. She hasn't ever had anyone to teach her right. You're—you're going to give her something to eat, aren't you?"

"When did you ever hear of me starving people into good behavior?" demanded Marilla indignantly. "She'll have her meals regular, and I'll carry them up to her myself. But she'll stay up there until she's willing to apologize to Mrs. Lynde, and that's final, Matthew."

Breakfast, dinner, and supper were very silent meals—for Anne still remained obdurate. After each meal Marilla carried a well-filled tray to the east gable and brought it down later on not noticeably depleted. Matthew eyed its last descent with a troubled eye. Had Anne eaten anything at all?

When Marilla went out that evening to bring the cows from the back pasture, Matthew, who had been hanging about the barns and watching, slipped into the house with the air of a burglar and

obdurate: unbending; refusing to give in

depleted: emptied

crept upstairs. He tiptoed along the hall and stood for several minutes outside the door of the east gable before he summoned courage to tap on it with his fingers and then open the door to peep in.

Anne was sitting on the yellow chair by the window gazing mournfully out into the garden. Very small and unhappy she looked, and Matthew's heart smote him.

"Anne," he whispered, as if afraid of being overheard, "how are you making it, Anne?"

Anne smiled wanly.

"Pretty well. I imagine a good deal, and that helps to pass the time. Of course, it's rather lonesome. But then, I may as well get used to that."

Anne smiled again, bravely facing the long years of solitary imprisonment before her.

Matthew recollected that he must say what he had come to say without loss of time, lest Marilla return prematurely. "Well now, Anne, don't you think you'd better do it and have it over with?" he

summoned: called up

smote: struck or hurt

wanly: in a pale, dim manner

lest: for fear that

prematurely: before the expected time

whispered. "It'll have to be done sooner or later, you know, for Marilla's a dreadful determined woman—dreadful determined, Anne. Do it right off, I say, and have it over."

"Do you mean apologize to Mrs. Lynde?"

"Yes—apologize—that's the very word," said Matthew eagerly. "Just smooth it over so to speak. That's what I was trying to get at."

"I suppose I could do it to oblige you," said Anne thoughtfully. "It would be true enough to say I am sorry, because I am sorry now. I wasn't a bit sorry last night. I was mad clear through. But this morning it was over. I wasn't in a temper anymore—and it left a dreadful sort of goneness, too. I felt so ashamed of myself. But I just couldn't think of going and telling Mrs. Lynde so. It would be so humiliating. I made up my mind I'd stay shut up here forever rather than do that. But still—I'd do anything for you—if you really want me to—"

"Well now, of course I do. It's terrible lonesome downstairs without you. Just go and smooth things over—that's a good girl."

oblige: satisfy or please

“Very well,” said Anne resignedly. “I’ll tell Marilla as soon as she comes in I’ve repented.”

“That’s right—that’s right, Anne. But don’t tell Marilla I said anything about it. She might think I was putting my oar in and I promised not to do that.”

“Wild horses won’t drag the secret from me,” promised Anne solemnly. “How would wild horses drag a secret from a person anyhow?”

But Matthew was gone, scared at his own success. He fled hastily to the remotest corner of the horse pasture lest Marilla should suspect what he had been up to. Marilla herself, upon her return to the house, was agreeably surprised to hear a plaintive voice calling, “Marilla” over the banisters.

“Well?” she said, going into the hall.

“I’m sorry I lost my temper and said rude things, and I’m willing to go and tell Mrs. Lynde so.”

“Very well.” Marilla’s crispness gave no sign of her relief. She had been wondering what she

repented: expressed regret and sorrow for some wrong act

remotest: farthest away

plaintive: sad and pitiful

should do if Anne did not give in. "I'll take you down after milking."

Accordingly, after milking, behold Marilla and Anne walking down the lane, the former erect and triumphant, the latter drooping and dejected.

But halfway down Anne's dejection vanished as if by enchantment. She lifted her head and stepped lightly along, her eyes fixed on the sunset sky and an air of subdued exhilaration about her. Marilla beheld the change disapprovingly. This was no meek penitent.

"What are you thinking of, Anne?" she asked sharply.

"I'm imagining out what I must say to Mrs. Lynde," answered Anne dreamily.

This was satisfactory—or should have been so. But Marilla could not rid herself of the notion

behold: see; look at (Montgomery is humorously asking us, the readers, to picture Anne and Marilla's walk as if it is a grand event.)

erect: straight-backed

triumphant: victorious; happy at being the winner

dejected: depressed or unhappy

exhilaration: excitement

meek: humble and shy

penitent: a person who seeks to confess their sins

that something in her scheme of punishment was going askew. Anne had no business to look so rapt and radiant.

Rapt and radiant Anne continued until they were in the very presence of Mrs. Lynde, who was sitting knitting by her kitchen window. Then, before a word was spoken, Anne suddenly went down on her knees before the astonished Mrs. Rachel and held out her hands beseechingly.

“Oh, Mrs. Lynde, I am so extremely sorry,” she said with a quiver in her voice. “I could never express all my sorrow, no, not if I used up a whole dictionary. You must just imagine it. I behaved terribly to you—and I’ve disgraced the dear friends, Matthew and Marilla, who have let me stay at Green Gables although I’m not a boy. I’m a dreadfully wicked and ungrateful girl, and I deserve to be punished and cast out by respectable people forever. It was very wicked of me to fly into a temper because you told me the truth. It was the truth, every word you said was true. My hair is

scheme: plan

askew: wrong

beseechingly: pleadingly, like someone begging

red and I'm freckled and skinny and ugly. What I said to you was true, too, but I shouldn't have said it. Oh, Mrs. Lynde, please, please, forgive me. If you refuse it will be a lifelong sorrow to me. You wouldn't like to inflict a lifelong sorrow on a poor little orphan girl, would you, even if she had a dreadful temper? Oh, I am sure you wouldn't. Please say you forgive me, Mrs. Lynde."

Anne clasped her hands together, bowed her head, and waited for the word of judgment.

There was no mistaking her sincerity. Both Marilla and Mrs. Lynde recognized its unmistakable ring. But the former understood in dismay that Anne was actually enjoying her valley of humiliation—was reveling in the thoroughness of her abasement. Where was the wholesome punishment upon which she, Marilla, had plumed

inflict: cause or force

sincerity: honesty and seriousness. To be sincere is to really and truly mean something.

the former: the first person just mentioned (here, Marilla)

reveling: celebrating or taking joy in

thoroughness: completeness

abasement: humiliation; the state of being totally and painfully humbled

plumed: literally, to be decorated with showy feathers, and figuratively, to show pride in a self-satisfied way

herself? Anne had turned it into a species of positive pleasure.

Good Mrs. Lynde, not being overburdened with perception, did not see this. She only perceived that Anne had made a very thorough apology and all resentment vanished from her kindly, if somewhat officious, heart.

“There, there, get up, child,” she said heartily. “Of course I forgive you. I guess I was a little too hard on you, anyway. But I’m such an outspoken person. You just mustn’t mind me, that’s what. It can’t be denied your hair is terrible red, but I knew a girl once—went to school with her, in fact—whose hair was every mite as red as yours when she was young, but when she grew up it darkened to a real handsome auburn. I wouldn’t be a mite surprised if yours did, too—not a mite.”

species: kind

overburdened: overly weighed down

perception: insight; the ability to see and understand clearly

resentment: bitterness or ill will

officious: self-important and bossy

heartily: with enthusiasm

mite: bit

handsome: attractive or pretty

auburn: deep reddish-brown

“Oh, Mrs. Lynde!” Anne drew a long breath as she rose to her feet. “You have given me a hope. I shall always feel that you are a benefactor. Oh, I could endure anything if I only thought my hair would be a handsome auburn when I grew up. It would be so much easier to be good if one’s hair was a handsome auburn, don’t you think? And now may I go out into your garden and sit on that bench under the apple trees while you and Marilla are talking? There is so much more scope for imagination out there.”

“Laws, yes, run along, child. And you can pick a bouquet of them white June lilies over in the corner if you like.”

As the door closed behind Anne Mrs. Lynde got briskly up to light a lamp.

“She’s a real odd little thing, but there is something kind of taking about her after all. I don’t feel so surprised at you and Matthew keeping her

benefactor: someone who supports another person, or supports a cause and helps it to grow and thrive

Laws: a casual version of “Lord” as an exclamation. “Laws, yes” means “Lord, yes.”

June lilies: a kind of daffodil, also called a narcissus

taking: interesting or attractive

as I did—nor so sorry for you, either. She may turn out all right. Of course, she has a strange way of expressing herself, and then, her temper's pretty quick, I guess. But a child that has a quick temper, just blaze up and cool down, ain't never likely to be sly or deceitful. Preserve me from a sly child, that's what. On the whole, Marilla, I kind of like her."

When Marilla went home Anne came out of the fragrant twilight of the orchard with a sheaf of white narcissi in her hands.

"I apologized pretty well, didn't I?" she said proudly as they went down the lane. "I thought since I had to do it I might as well do it thoroughly."

"You did it thoroughly, all right enough," was Marilla's comment. Marilla was dismayed at finding herself inclined to laugh over the recollection. She had also an uneasy feeling that

sly: tricky

deceitful: dishonest

sheaf: bundle or bouquet

narcissi: the plural of narcissus, a flower often called a daffodil or, on Prince Edward Island, a June lily

inclined: literally, slanted or leaning toward, and figuratively, likely to do something

recollection: memory

she ought to scold Anne for apologizing so well; but then, that was ridiculous! She compromised with her conscience by saying severely:

"I hope you won't have occasion to make many more such apologies. I hope you'll try to control your temper now, Anne."

"That wouldn't be so hard if people wouldn't twit me about my looks," said Anne with a sigh. "I don't get cross about other things, but I'm so tired of being twitted about my hair and it just makes me boil right over. Do you suppose my hair will really be a handsome auburn when I grow up?"

"You shouldn't think so much about your looks, Anne. I'm afraid you are a very vain little girl."

"How can I be vain when I know I'm homely?" protested Anne. "I love pretty things, and I hate to look in the glass and see something that isn't pretty."

"Handsome is as handsome does," quoted Marilla.

"I've had that said to me before, but I have my doubts about it," remarked skeptical Anne,

have occasion: get the chance

vain: stuck-up; self-admiring; conceited

glass: mirror

skeptical: doubtful

sniffing at her narcissi. "Oh, aren't these flowers sweet! I have no hard feelings against Mrs. Lynde now. It gives you a lovely, comfortable feeling to apologize and be forgiven, doesn't it? Aren't the stars bright tonight? If you could live in a star, which one would you pick?"

"Anne, do hold your tongue," said Marilla, thoroughly worn out trying to follow the gyrations of Anne's thoughts.

Anne said no more until they turned into their own lane. Far up in the shadows a cheerful light gleamed out through the trees from the kitchen at Green Gables. Anne suddenly came close to Marilla and slipped her hand into the older woman's hard palm.

"It's lovely to be going home and know it's home," she said. "I love Green Gables already, and I never loved any place before. No place ever seemed like home. Oh, Marilla, I'm so happy."

Something warm and pleasant welled up in Marilla's heart at the touch of that thin little

gyrations: wild spinnings, twistings, and turnings

gleamed: shone

hand in her own. Its very unaccustomedness and sweetness disturbed her. She hastened to restore her sensations to their normal calm by inculcating a moral.

"If you'll be a good girl you'll always be happy, Anne."

"I'm going to imagine that I'm the wind that is blowing up there in those treetops," said Anne meditatively. "When I get tired of the trees I'll imagine I'm gently waving down here in the ferns—and then I'll fly over to Mrs. Lynde's garden and set the flowers dancing—and then I'll blow over the Lake of Shining Waters and ripple it all up into little sparkling waves. Oh, there's so much scope for imagination in a wind! So I'll not talk any more just now, Marilla."

"Thanks be to goodness for that," breathed Marilla.

unaccustomedness: unusualness or strangeness

hastened: hurried

sensations: feelings

meditatively: thoughtfully

CHAPTER 10

A Solemn Vow and Promise

“ **W**ell, how do you like them?” said Marilla. Anne was standing in the gable room, looking solemnly at three new dresses spread out on the bed. One was of serviceable, snuffy-colored gingham; one was of black-and-white checkered sateen which Marilla had picked up at a bargain counter in the winter; and one was a stiff print of an ugly blue shade which she had purchased that week at a Carmody store.

She had made them up herself, and they were all made alike—plain skirts fulled tightly to plain waists, with sleeves as plain as waist and skirt and tight as sleeves could be.

serviceable: practical and plain

snuffy-colored: yellowish-brown

gingham: a cotton or linen cloth woven from dyed yarn, often in a checked pattern

sateen: cotton or woolen fabric with a shiny surface

fulled: gathered or pleated

waists: bodices. In the 1890s, the term “waist” was sometimes used to refer to the bodice, or top part, of a dress, and sometimes to refer to a dress as a whole.

"I'll imagine that I like them," said Anne soberly.

"I don't want you to imagine it," said Marilla, offended. "Oh, I can see you don't like the dresses! What is the matter with them? Aren't they neat and clean and new?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you like them?"

"They're—they're not—pretty," said Anne reluctantly.

"Pretty!" Marilla sniffed. "I didn't trouble my head about getting pretty dresses for you. I don't believe in pampering vanity, Anne, I'll tell you that right off. Those dresses are good, sensible, serviceable dresses, without any frills or furbelows about them, and they're all you'll get this summer. The brown gingham and the blue print will do you for school when you begin to go. The sateen is for church and Sunday school. I'll expect you to keep

soberly: seriously

pampering: spoiling

vanity: too much pride and interest in one's own appearance

frills or furbelows: a phrase used to refer to an excess of ruffles and decorations. "Furbelow" originally referred to a strip of pleated fabric that formed a fancy border around the bottom edge of a skirt.

them neat and clean and not to tear them. I should think you'd be grateful to get most anything after those skimpy wincey things you've been wearing."

"Oh, I *am* grateful," protested Anne. "But I'd be ever so much graterfuller if—if you'd made just one of them with puffed sleeves. Puffed sleeves are so fashionable now. It would give me such a thrill, Marilla, just to wear a dress with puffed sleeves."

Puffed Sleeves

In the late 1800s, puffed sleeves were indeed very fashionable. On a puffed sleeve, the sleeve on the forearm is tight, while above the elbow it puffs out like a balloon.



"Well, you'll have to do without your thrill. I hadn't any material to waste on puffed sleeves. I think they are ridiculous-looking things anyhow. I prefer the plain, sensible ones."

skimpy: thin and lacking in substance

“But I’d rather look ridiculous when everybody else does than plain and sensible all by myself,” persisted Anne mournfully.

“Trust you for that! Well, hang those dresses carefully up in your closet, and then I’ve got some news for you. Diana Barry came home this afternoon. I’m going up to see if I can borrow a skirt pattern from Mrs. Barry, and if you like you can come with me and get acquainted with Diana.”

“Oh, Marilla,” said Anne, with clasped hands, tears welling into her eyes. “I’m frightened—now that it has come I’m actually frightened. What if she shouldn’t like me! It would be the most tragical disappointment of my life.”

“Now, don’t get into a fluster. And I do wish you wouldn’t use such long words. It sounds so funny in a little girl. I guess Diana’ll like you well enough. It’s her mother you’ve got to reckon with. If she doesn’t like you it won’t matter how much Diana does. You must be polite and well behaved, and don’t make any of your startling speeches. For pity’s sake, if the child isn’t actually trembling!”

welling: rushing or rising up

get into a fluster: get upset; become all worked up

reckon with: take on; handle; deal with

Anne was trembling. Her face was pale and tense.

"Oh, Marilla, you'd be excited, too, if you were going to meet a little girl you hoped to be your bosom friend and whose mother mightn't like you," she said as she hastened to get her hat.

They went over to Orchard Slope by the shortcut across the brook and up the firry hill grove. Mrs. Barry came to the kitchen door in answer to Marilla's knock. She was a tall, black-eyed, black-haired woman, with a very resolute mouth. She had the reputation of being very strict with her children.

"How do you do, Marilla?" she said cordially. "Come in. And this is the little girl you have adopted, I suppose?"

"Yes, this is Anne Shirley," said Marilla.

"Spelled with an E," gasped Anne, who, tremulous and excited as she was, was determined there should be no misunderstanding on that important point.

firry: covered in fir trees

grove: a patch or small woodland of trees

resolute: determined

cordially: politely

tremulous: shaking with nervousness

Mrs. Barry, not hearing or not comprehending, merely shook hands and said kindly, "How are you?"

"I am well in body although considerable rumpled up in spirit, thank you ma'am," said Anne gravely. Then aside to Marilla in an audible whisper, "There wasn't anything startling in that, was there, Marilla?"

Diana was sitting on the sofa, reading a book which she dropped when the callers entered. She was a very pretty little girl, with her mother's black eyes and hair, and rosy cheeks, and the merry expression which was her inheritance from her father.

"This is my little girl Diana," said Mrs. Barry. "Diana, you might take Anne out into the garden and show her your flowers. It will be better for you than straining your eyes over that book. She reads entirely too much—" this to Marilla as the little girls went out—"I'm glad she has the prospect of a playmate—perhaps it will take her more out-of-doors."

comprehending: understanding

audible: loud enough to be heard

inheritance: something passed down from one generation to the next

Outside in the garden, which was full of mellow sunset light streaming through the dark old firs to the west of it, stood Anne and Diana, gazing bashfully at each other over a clump of gorgeous tiger lilies.

The Barry garden was a bowery wilderness of flowers which would have delighted Anne's heart at any time less fraught with destiny. There were rosy bleeding-hearts and great splendid crimson peonies; white, fragrant narcissi and thorny, sweet Scotch roses; purple Adam-and-Eve, daffodils, and masses of sweet clover. A garden it was where sunshine lingered and bees hummed, and winds, beguiled into loitering, purred and rustled.

"Oh, Diana," said Anne at last, clasping her hands and speaking almost in a whisper, "oh, do you think you can like me a little—enough to be my bosom friend?"

bashfully: shyly

bowery: shaded by leaves, branches, or other plants

fraught: filled or charged up

bleeding-hearts: a flowering plant whose many blooms look like little pink hearts hanging in rows from their stalks

Adam-and-Eve: a type of wild orchid with small yellowish-brown flowers with purple tips

beguiled: charmed or tempted

loitering: hanging about or waiting around idly

Diana laughed. Diana always laughed before she spoke.

“Why, I guess so,” she said frankly. “I’m awfully glad you’ve come to live at Green Gables. It will be jolly to have somebody to play with. There isn’t any other girl who lives near enough to play with, and I’ve no sisters big enough.”

“Will you swear to be my friend forever and ever?” demanded Anne eagerly.

Diana looked shocked.

“Why it’s dreadfully wicked to swear,” she said rebukingly.

“Oh no, not my kind of swearing. It isn’t wicked at all. It just means vowing and promising solemnly.”

“Well, I don’t mind doing that,” agreed Diana, relieved. “How do you do it?”

“We must join hands—so,” said Anne gravely. “It ought to be over running water. We’ll just imagine this path is running water. I’ll repeat the oath first. I solemnly swear to be faithful to my bosom friend, Diana Barry, as long as the sun and

frankly: with openness and honesty

jolly: delightful

oath: promise

moon shall endure. Now you say it and put my name in."

Diana repeated the "oath" with a laugh fore and aft. Then she said:

"You're a strange girl, Anne. I heard before that you were strange. But I believe I'm going to like you real well."

When Marilla and Anne went home Diana went with them as far as the log bridge. The two little girls walked with their arms about each other. At the brook they parted with many promises to spend the next afternoon together.

"Well, did you find Diana a kindred spirit?" asked Marilla as they went up through the garden of Green Gables.

"Oh yes," sighed Anne, blissfully unconscious of any sarcasm on Marilla's part. "Oh Marilla, I'm the happiest girl on Prince Edward Island this very moment. Diana and I are going to build a playhouse in Mr. William Bell's birch grove tomorrow. Can I have those broken pieces of china that are out in the woodshed? Diana's birthday is

fore and aft: before and after

unconscious: unaware

china: dishes

in February and mine is in March. Don't you think that is a very strange coincidence? Diana is going to lend me a book to read. She says it's perfectly splendid and tremendously exciting. She's going to show me a place back in the woods where rice lilies grow. Don't you think Diana has got very soulful eyes? I wish I had soulful eyes. Diana is going to give me a picture to put up in my room. It's a perfectly beautiful picture, she says—a lovely lady in a pale blue silk dress. I wish I had something to give Diana. We're going to the shore some day to gather shells. We have agreed to call the spring down by the log bridge the Dryad's Bubble. Isn't that a perfectly elegant name? I read a story once about a spring called that. A dryad is sort of a grown-up fairy, I think."

The Dryad's Bubble

Anne and Diana have come up with a romantic name for the spring near the log bridge between their houses — the Dryad's Bubble. A dryad is a kind of tree spirit, a nymph whose being is bound to her specific tree. Dryads are found in Greek and Roman mythology.

rice lilies: wild lilies-of-the-valley, also called Canadian mayflowers, with dozens of tiny star-shaped white blooms on each stem

soulful: deep and full of emotion

“Well, all I hope is you won’t talk Diana to death,” said Marilla. “But remember this in all your planning, Anne. You’re not going to play all the time nor most of it. You’ll have your work to do and it’ll have to be done first.”

Anne’s cup of happiness was full, and Matthew caused it to overflow. He had just got home from a trip to the store at Carmody, and he sheepishly produced a small parcel from his pocket and handed it to Anne, with a deprecatory look at Marilla.

“I heard you say you liked chocolate sweeties, so I got you some,” he said.

“Humph,” sniffed Marilla. “It’ll ruin her teeth and stomach. There, there, child, don’t look so dismal. You can eat those, since Matthew has gone and got them. Don’t sicken yourself eating them all at once now.”

“Oh, no, indeed, I won’t,” said Anne eagerly. “I’ll just eat one tonight, Marilla. And I can give Diana half of them, can’t I? The other half will

sheepishly: with shy embarrassment

parcel: package

deprecatory: apologetic

dismal: sad and miserable

taste twice as sweet to me if I give some to her. It's delightful to think I have something to give her."

"I will say it for the child," said Marilla when Anne had gone to her gable, "she isn't stingy. Dear me, it's only three weeks since she came, and it seems as if she'd been here always. I can't imagine the place without her. Now, don't be looking I told-you-so, Matthew. I'm perfectly willing to own up that I'm glad I consented to keep the child and that I'm getting fond of her, but don't you rub it in, Matthew Cuthbert."

stingy: greedy and ungenerous

own up: admit

consented: agreed

CHAPTER 11

The Delights of Anticipation

“ **I**t’s time Anne was in to do her sewing,” said Marilla, glancing at the clock and then out into the yellow August afternoon where everything drowsed in the heat. “She stayed playing with Diana more than half an hour more’n I gave her leave to, and now she’s perched out there on the woodpile talking to Matthew, when she knows perfectly well she ought to be at her work. And of course he’s listening to her like a perfect ninny. The more she talks, the more he’s delighted evidently. Anne Shirley, you come right in here this minute, do you hear me!”

Anne came flying in from the yard, eyes shining, cheeks faintly flushed with pink, unbraided hair streaming behind her in a torrent of brightness.

drowsed: napped or snoozed

ninny: fool

torrent: a rushing flow, like a river

“Oh, Marilla,” she exclaimed breathlessly, “there’s going to be a Sunday-school picnic next week—in Mr. Harmon Andrews’s field, right near the Lake of Shining Waters. And Mrs. Superintendent Bell and Mrs. Rachel Lynde are going to make ice cream—think of it, Marilla—*ice cream!* And, oh, Marilla, can I go to it?”

“Just look at the clock, if you please, Anne. What time did I tell you to come in?”

“Two o’clock—but isn’t it splendid about the picnic, Marilla? Please can I go? Oh, I’ve never been to a picnic—I’ve dreamed of picnics, but I’ve never—”

“Yes, I told you to come at two o’clock. And it’s a quarter to three. I’d like to know why you didn’t obey me, Anne.”

“Why, I meant to, Marilla, but you have no idea how fascinating Idlewild is. And then, of course, I had to tell Matthew about the picnic. Matthew is such a sympathetic listener. Please can I go?”

“You’ll have to learn to resist the fascination of Idle-whatever-you-call-it. When I tell you to

come in at a certain time I mean that time and not half an hour later. As for the picnic, of course you can go. You're a Sunday-school scholar, and it's not likely I'd refuse to let you go when all the other little girls are going."

"But—but," faltered Anne, "Diana says that everybody must take a basket of things to eat. I can't cook, as you know, Marilla, and—and—I don't mind going to a picnic without puffed sleeves so much, but I'd feel terribly humiliated if I had to go without a basket. It's been preying on my mind ever since Diana told me."

"Well, it needn't prey any longer. I'll bake you a basket."

"Oh, you dear good Marilla. Oh, you are so kind to me. Oh, I'm so much obliged to you."

Getting through with her "ohs" Anne cast herself into Marilla's arms and rapturously kissed her sallow cheek. It was the first time in her whole life that childish lips had voluntarily touched Marilla's face. Again that sudden sensation of startling sweetness thrilled her. She was secretly

preying on: troubling

obliged to: grateful to; in debt to

vastly pleased at Anne's impulsive caress, which was probably the reason why she said brusquely:

"There, there, never mind your kissing nonsense. I'd sooner see you doing strictly as you're told. As for cooking, I mean to begin giving you lessons in that some of these days. But you're so featherbrained, Anne, I've been waiting to see if you'd sober down a little and learn to be steady before I begin. You've got to keep your wits about you in cooking and not stop in the middle of things to let your thoughts rove all over creation. Now, get out your patchwork and have your square done before teatime."

"I do *not* like patchwork," said Anne dolefully, hunting out her workbasket and sitting down before it with a sigh. "I think some kinds of sewing would be nice, but there's no scope for imagination

vastly: hugely

caress: an embrace; a caring, tender touch

brusquely: sharply or snappishly

featherbrained: silly and empty-headed

sober down: become calm and serious

rove: wander

patchwork: a kind of needlework in which patches or scraps of fabric are sewn together to create a larger piece of cloth, usually for the front of a quilt

dolefully: sadly or glumly

in patchwork. But of course I'd rather be Anne of Green Gables sewing patchwork than Anne of any other place with nothing to do but play. I wish time went as quick sewing patches as it does when I'm playing with Diana, though. Oh, we do have such elegant times, Marilla. I have to furnish most of the imagination, but I'm well able to do that. Diana is simply perfect in every other way. You know that little piece of land across the brook that runs up between our farm and Mr. Barry's? It belongs to Mr. William Bell, and right in the corner there is a little ring of white birch trees—the most romantic spot, Marilla. Diana and I have our playhouse there. We call it Idlewild. Isn't that a poetical name? It took me some time to think it out. I stayed awake nearly a whole night before I invented it. Then, just as I was dropping off to sleep, it came like an inspiration. Diana was enraptured when she heard it. We have got our house fixed up elegantly. You must come and see it, Marilla—won't you? We have great big stones, all covered with moss, for seats, and boards from

furnish: provide

enraptured: enchanted and overjoyed

tree to tree for shelves. And we have all our dishes on them. Of course, they're all broken but it's the easiest thing in the world to imagine that they are whole. There's a piece of a plate with a spray of red and yellow ivy on it that is especially beautiful. We keep it in the parlor and we have the fairy glass there, too. The fairy glass is as lovely as a dream. Diana found it out in the woods behind their chicken house. It's all full of rainbows—Diana's mother told her it was broken off a hanging lamp they once had. But it's nice to imagine the fairies lost it one night when they had a ball, so we call it the fairy glass. Matthew is going to make us a table. Oh, we have named that little round pool over in Mr. Barry's field Willowmere. I got that name out of the book Diana lent me. That was a thrilling book, Marilla. The heroine had five admirers. I'd be satisfied with one, wouldn't you? She was very handsome and she went through great tribulations. She could faint as easy as anything. I'd love to be able to faint, wouldn't

Willowmere: "Mere" is the Old English word for lake or sea, so

Willowmere means "Lake of Willows"

tribulations: trials and suffering

you, Marilla? It's so romantic. Diana is having a new dress made with elbow sleeves. She is going to wear it to the picnic. Oh, I do hope it will be fine next Wednesday. I don't feel that I could endure the disappointment if anything happened to prevent me from getting to the picnic. I suppose I'd live through it, but I'm certain it would be a lifelong sorrow. They're going to have boats on the Lake of Shining Waters—and ice cream, as I told you. I have never tasted ice cream. Diana tried to explain what it was like, but I guess ice cream is one of those things that are beyond imagination."

"Anne, you have talked for ten minutes by the clock," said Marilla. "Now, just for curiosity's sake, see if you can hold your tongue for the same length of time."

Anne held her tongue as desired. But for the rest of the week she talked picnic and thought picnic and dreamed picnic. On Saturday it rained and she worked herself up into such a frantic state lest it should keep on raining until and over

elbow sleeves: sleeves that stop just below the elbow, revealing the forearm (or, often, the long glove worn on the forearm)

frantic: wildly excited; panicky

Wednesday that Marilla made her sew an extra patchwork square by way of steadyng her nerves.

“You set your heart too much on things, Anne,” said Marilla, with a sigh. “I’m afraid there’ll be a great many disappointments in store for you through life.”

“Oh, Marilla, looking forward to things is half the pleasure of them,” exclaimed Anne. “You mayn’t get the things themselves; but nothing can prevent you from having the fun of looking forward to them.”

On Sunday Marilla wore her amethyst brooch to church as usual. Marilla always wore her amethyst brooch to church. She would have

Marilla’s Amethyst Brooch

Marilla has an amethyst brooch that she always wears to church. A brooch (pronounced “broach,” rhyming with “coach”) is a decorative pin, often pinned on the high neck of ladies’ dresses. Marilla’s is set with amethysts—a semiprecious stone of clear purple or bluish-violet color. In the 1800s, brooches like Marilla’s, which contain the lock of hair of a loved one, were very popular.

by way of: in order to

thought it rather sacrilegious to leave it off—as bad as forgetting her Bible or her collection dime. That amethyst brooch was Marilla's most treasured possession. A seafaring uncle had given it to her mother who in turn had bequeathed it to Marilla. It was an old-fashioned oval, containing a braid of her mother's hair, surrounded by a border of very fine amethysts. Marilla thought them very beautiful and was always pleasantly conscious of their violet shimmer at her throat, above her good brown satin dress, even though she could not see it.

Anne had been smitten with delighted admiration when she first saw that brooch.

“Oh, Marilla, it's a perfectly elegant brooch. I don't know how you can pay attention to the sermon or the prayers when you have it on. I couldn't, I know. I think amethysts are just sweet. They are what I used to think diamonds were like. Long ago, before I had ever seen a diamond, I tried to imagine what they would be like. I thought they would be lovely glimmering purple stones.

sacrilegious: sinful or disrespectful of something holy

bequeathed: handed it down

smitten: struck

When I saw a real diamond in a lady's ring one day I was so disappointed I cried. Will you let me hold the brooch for one minute, Marilla? Do you think amethysts can be the souls of good violets?"

CHAPTER 12

Anne's Confession

On the Monday evening before the picnic Marilla came down from her room with a troubled face.

“Anne,” she said to that small personage, who was shelling peas by the spotless table and singing, “did you see anything of my amethyst brooch? I thought I stuck it in my pincushion when I came home from church yesterday evening, but I can’t find it anywhere.”

“I—I saw it this afternoon when you were away at the Aid Society,” said Anne, a little slowly. “I was passing your door when I saw it on the cushion, so I went in to look at it.”

“Did you touch it?” said Marilla sternly.

“Y-e-e-s,” admitted Anne, “I took it up and I pinned it on my breast just to see how it would look.”

personage: person. Montgomery uses the word humorously here, since “personage” usually refers to a celebrity or someone of important rank.

"You had no business to do anything of the sort. It's very wrong in a little girl to meddle. You shouldn't have gone into my room in the first place and you shouldn't have touched a brooch that didn't belong to you in the second. Where did you put it?"

"Oh, I put it back on the bureau. I hadn't it on a minute. Truly, I didn't mean to meddle, Marilla. I see now that it was wrong and I'll never do it again. That's one good thing about me. I never do the same naughty thing twice."

"You didn't put it back," said Marilla. "That brooch isn't anywhere on the bureau, Anne."

"I did put it back," said Anne quickly—pertly, Marilla thought. "I don't just remember whether I stuck it on the pincushion or laid it in the china tray. But I'm perfectly certain I put it back."

"I'll go and have another look," said Marilla, determining to be just. "If you put that brooch back it's there still. If it isn't I'll know you didn't, that's all!"

meddle: poke or pry into someone else's business

bureau: a dresser or chest of drawers

pertly: rudely or sassily

just: fair

Marilla went to her room and made a thorough search, not only over the bureau but in every other place she thought the brooch might possibly be. It was not to be found and she returned to the kitchen.

“Anne, the brooch is gone. By your own admission you were the last person to handle it. Now, what have you done with it? Tell me the truth at once. Did you take it out and lose it?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Anne solemnly, meeting Marilla’s angry gaze squarely. “I never took the brooch out of your room and that is the truth, Marilla.”

“I believe you are telling me a falsehood, Anne,” Marilla said sharply. “I know you are. There now, don’t say anything more unless you are prepared to tell the whole truth. Go to your room and stay there until you are ready to confess.”

“Should I take the peas with me?” said Anne meekly.

“No, I’ll finish shelling them myself. Do as I bid you.”

squarely: straight on

bid: order

When Anne had gone Marilla went about her evening tasks in a very disturbed state of mind. She was worried about her valuable brooch. What if Anne had lost it? And how wicked of the child to deny having taken it, when anybody could see she must have! With such an innocent face, too!

"Of course, I don't suppose she meant to steal it or anything like that,"" thought Marilla, as she nervously shelled the peas. "She's just taken it to play with or help along that imagination of hers. She must have taken it, that's clear, for there hasn't been a soul in that room since she was in it. And the brooch is gone, there's nothing surer. I suppose she has lost it and is afraid to own up for fear she'll be punished. It's a dreadful thing to think she tells falsehoods. It's a far worse thing than her fit of temper. Slyness and untruthfulness—that's what she has displayed. I declare I feel worse about that than about the brooch. If she'd only have told the truth about it I wouldn't mind so much."

Marilla went to her room at intervals all through the evening and searched for the brooch, without finding it. A bedtime visit to the east gable

at intervals: every so often; from time to time

produced no result. Anne persisted in denying that she knew anything about the brooch but Marilla was only the more firmly convinced that she did.

She told Matthew the story the next morning. Matthew was confounded and puzzled. He could not so quickly lose faith in Anne but he had to admit that circumstances were against her.

“You’re sure it hasn’t fell down behind the bureau?” was the only suggestion he could offer.

“I’ve moved the bureau and I’ve taken out the drawers and I’ve looked in every crack and cranny” was Marilla’s answer. “The brooch is gone and that child has taken it and lied about it. That’s the plain, ugly truth, Matthew Cuthbert, and we might as well look it in the face.”

“Well now, what are you going to do about it?” Matthew asked forlornly, feeling secretly thankful that Marilla and not he had to deal with the situation. He felt no desire to put his oar in this time.

“She’ll stay in her room until she confesses,” said Marilla grimly, remembering the success of

confounded: stunned and confused

cranny: crevice or small corner

forlornly: miserably

this method in the former case. "Then we'll see. Perhaps we'll be able to find the brooch if she'll only tell where she took it, but in any case she'll have to be severely punished, Matthew."

"Well now, you'll have to punish her," said Matthew, reaching for his hat. "I've nothing to do with it, remember. You warned me off yourself."

Marilla felt deserted by everyone. She could not even go to Mrs. Lynde for advice. She went up to the east gable with a very serious face and left it with a face more serious still. Anne steadfastly refused to confess. She persisted in asserting that she had not taken the brooch. The child had evidently been crying and Marilla felt a pang of pity which she sternly repressed. By night she was, as she expressed it, "beat out."

"You'll stay in this room until you confess, Anne. You can make up your mind to that," she said firmly.

deserted: abandoned

steadfastly: in a determined and unyielding way

pang: a sudden painful feeling

repressed: pushed down

"beat out": Marilla's phrase for being totally exhausted

“But the picnic is tomorrow, Marilla,” cried Anne. “You won’t keep me from going to that, will you? You’ll just let me out for the afternoon, won’t you? Then I’ll stay here as long as you like *afterwards* cheerfully. But I *must* go to the picnic.”

“You’ll not go to picnics nor anywhere else until you’ve confessed, Anne.”

“Oh, Marilla,” gasped Anne.

But Marilla had gone out and shut the door.

Wednesday morning dawned as bright and fair as if expressly made to order for the picnic. Birds sang around Green Gables. The birches in the hollow waved joyful hands as if watching for Anne’s usual morning greeting from the east gable. But Anne was not at her window. When Marilla took her breakfast up to her she found the child sitting primly on her bed, pale and resolute, with tight-shut lips and gleaming eyes.

“Marilla, I’m ready to confess.”

“Ah!” Marilla laid down her tray. Once again her method had succeeded, but her success was

expressly: exactly

primly: in a restrained, polite manner

very bitter to her. "Let me hear what you have to say then, Anne."

"I took the amethyst brooch," said Anne, as if repeating a lesson she had learned. "I took it just as you said. I didn't mean to take it when I went in. But it did look so beautiful, Marilla, when I pinned it on my breast, that I was overcome by an irresistible temptation. I imagined how perfectly thrilling it would be to take it to Idlewild and play I was the Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald. Diana and I make necklaces of roseberries but what are roseberries compared to amethysts? So I took the brooch. I thought I could put it back before you came home. When I was going over the bridge across the Lake of Shining Waters I took the brooch off to have another look at it. Oh, how it did shine in the sunlight! And then, when I was leaning over the bridge, it just slipped through my fingers—so—and went down—down—down, all purply-sparkling, and sank forevermore beneath the Lake of Shining Waters. And that's the best I can do at confessing, Marilla."

bitter: painful and unpleasant

roseberries: hard, bright red berries that are the fruit of the wild rose; also called rose hips

Marilla felt hot anger surge up into her heart again. This child had taken and lost her treasured amethyst brooch and now sat there calmly reciting the details thereof without the least apparent repentance.

“Anne, this is terrible,” she said, trying to speak calmly. “You are the very wickedest girl I ever heard of.”

“Yes, I suppose I am,” agreed Anne tranquilly. “And I know I’ll have to be punished. It’ll be your duty to punish me, Marilla. Won’t you please get it over right off because I’d like to go to the picnic with nothing on my mind.”

“Picnic, indeed! You’ll go to no picnic today, Anne Shirley. That shall be your punishment. And it isn’t half severe enough either for what you’ve done!”

“Not go to the picnic!” Anne sprang to her feet and clutched Marilla’s hand. “But you *promised* me I might! Oh, Marilla, I must go to the picnic. That was why I confessed. Punish me any way you

repentance: apologetic regret

tranquilly: calmly

clutched: grabbed

like but that. Oh, Marilla, please, please, let me go to the picnic. Think of the ice cream! For anything you know I may never have a chance to taste ice cream again."

Marilla disengaged Anne's clinging hands stonily.

"You needn't plead, Anne. You are not going to the picnic and that's final. No, not a word."

Anne realized that Marilla was not to be moved. She clasped her hands together, gave a piercing shriek, and then flung herself face downward on the bed, crying and writhing in utter disappointment and despair.

"For the land's sake!" gasped Marilla, hastening from the room. "I believe the child is crazy. No child in her senses would behave as she does. Oh dear, I'm afraid Rachel was right from the first."

That was a dismal morning. Marilla worked fiercely and scrubbed the porch floor and the dairy shelves when she could find nothing else to do.

disengaged: detached

stonily: in a cold, hard manner, like a stone

writhing: twisting and tossing about

utter: complete

Neither the shelves nor the porch needed it—but Marilla did. Then she went out and raked the yard.

When dinner was ready she went to the stairs and called Anne. A tear-stained face appeared, looking tragically over the banisters.

“Come down to your dinner, Anne.”

“I don’t want any dinner, Marilla,” said Anne, sobbingly. “I couldn’t eat anything. My heart is broken. You’ll feel remorse of conscience someday, I expect, for breaking it, Marilla, but I forgive you. Remember when the time comes that I forgive you. But please don’t ask me to eat anything, especially boiled pork and greens. Boiled pork and greens are so unromantic when one is in affliction.”

Exasperated, Marilla returned to the kitchen and poured out her tale of woe to Matthew, who, between his sense of justice and his unlawful sympathy with Anne, was a miserable man.

“Well now, she shouldn’t have taken the brooch, Marilla, or told stories about it,” he admitted, mournfully surveying his plateful of

remorse: guilty regret

affliction: great suffering

exasperated: frustrated and annoyed

woe: sadness

surveying: looking over

unromantic pork and greens as if he, like Anne, thought it a food unsuited to crises of feeling, "but she's such a little thing—such an interesting little thing. Don't you think it's pretty rough not to let her go to the picnic when she's so set on it?"

"Matthew Cuthbert, I'm amazed at you. I think I've let her off entirely too easy. And she doesn't appear to realize how wicked she's been at all—that's what worries me most. If she'd really felt sorry it wouldn't be so bad. And you don't seem to realize it, neither. You're making excuses for her all the time to yourself—I can see that."

"Well now, she's such a little thing," feeble reiterated Matthew. "And you know she's never had any bringing up."

"Well, she's having it now" retorted Marilla.

The retort silenced Matthew if it did not convince him. That dinner was a very dismal meal.

When her dishes were washed and her bread sponge set and her hens fed, Marilla remembered

crises: disasters or emergencies

feeble: weakly

reiterated: repeated

bread sponge: dough that is rising before it can be baked into bread

that she had noticed a small rent in her best black lace shawl when she had taken it off on Monday afternoon on returning from the Ladies' Aid.

She would go and mend it. The shawl was in a box in her trunk. As Marilla lifted it out, the sunlight, falling through the vines that clustered about the window, struck upon something caught in the shawl—something that glittered in facets of violet light. Marilla snatched at it with a gasp. It was the amethyst brooch, hanging to a thread of the lace by its catch!

“Dear life and heart,” said Marilla blankly, “what does this mean? Here’s my brooch safe and sound. Whatever did that girl mean by saying she took it and lost it? I declare I believe Green Gables is bewitched. I remember now that when I took off my shawl Monday afternoon I laid it on the bureau for a minute. I suppose the brooch got caught in it somehow. Well!”

rent: tear or rip

clustered: gathered

facets: individual glints and gleams. A facet is one side of something many-sided, like a prism or a cut gemstone that bounces little shafts of light in many directions.

catch: pin or closure

bewitched: under a spell or cursed

Marilla betook herself to the east gable, brooch in hand. Anne had cried herself out and was sitting dejectedly by the window.

“Anne Shirley,” said Marilla solemnly, “I’ve just found my brooch hanging to my black lace shawl. Now I want to know what that rigmarole you told me this morning meant.”

“Why, you said you’d keep me here until I confessed,” returned Anne wearily, “and so I decided to confess because I was bound to get to the picnic. I thought out a confession last night after I went to bed and made it as interesting as I could. But you wouldn’t let me go to the picnic after all, so all my trouble was wasted.”

Marilla had to laugh in spite of herself. But her conscience pricked her.

“Anne, you do beat all! But I was wrong—I see that now. I shouldn’t have doubted your word when I’d never known you to tell a story. Of course, it wasn’t right for you to confess to a thing you hadn’t

rigamarole: a long, rambling, nonsensical story

wearily: with exhaustion

bound: determined

pricked: poked at or needled

done—but I drove you to it. So if you'll forgive me, Anne, I'll forgive you and we'll start square again. And now get yourself ready for the picnic."

Anne flew up like a rocket.

"Oh, Marilla, isn't it too late?"

"No, it's only two o'clock. They won't be more than well gathered yet and it'll be an hour before they have tea. Wash your face and comb your hair and put on your gingham. I'll fill a basket for you. There's plenty of stuff baked in the house. And I'll get Jerry to hitch up the sorrel and drive you down to the picnic ground."

"Oh, Marilla," exclaimed Anne, flying to the washstand. "Five minutes ago I was so miserable I was wishing I'd never been born and now I wouldn't change places with an angel!"

That night a thoroughly happy, completely tired-out Anne returned to Green Gables in a state of beatification impossible to describe.

"Oh, Marilla, I've had a perfectly scrumptious time. *Scrumptious* is a new word I learned today. I heard Mary Alice Bell use it. Isn't it very

beatification: heavenly bliss

scrumptious: delicious

expressive? Everything was lovely. We had a splendid tea and then Mr. Harmon Andrews took us all for a row on the Lake of Shining Waters—six of us at a time. And Jane Andrews nearly fell overboard, and if Mr. Andrews hadn't caught her just in the nick of time she'd have fallen in and prob'ly been drowned. I wish it had been me. It would have been such a romantic experience to have been nearly drowned. And we had the ice cream. Words fail me to describe that ice cream. Marilla, I assure you it was sublime."

That evening Marilla told the whole story to Matthew.

"I'm willing to own up that I made a mistake," she concluded candidly, "but I've learned a lesson. I have to laugh when I think of Anne's 'confession,' although I suppose I shouldn't for it really was a falsehood. But it doesn't seem as bad as the other would have been, somehow, and anyhow I'm responsible for it. That child is hard to understand in some respects. But I believe she'll turn out all

sublime: amazing, glorious, perfect

candidly: honestly

respects: ways

right yet. And there's one thing certain, no house will ever be dull that she's in."

CHAPTER 13

A Tempest in the School Teapot

“**W**hat a splendid day!” said Anne, drawing a long breath. “Isn’t it good just to be alive on a day like this? I pity the people who aren’t born yet for missing it. And it’s splendifer still to have such a lovely way to go to school by, isn’t it?”

“It’s a lot nicer than going round by the road; that is so dusty and hot,” said Diana practically, peeping into her dinner basket and mentally calculating if the three juicy raspberry tarts reposing there were divided among ten girls, how many bites each girl would have.

The little girls of Avonlea school always pooled their lunches, and to eat three raspberry tarts all alone or even to share them only with

tempest: a great storm at sea. The phrase “a tempest in a teapot” means a big fuss or uproar over something small.

tarts: small pies (often filled with fruit)

reposing: resting

pooled: combined and then evenly split or shared

one's best chum would have forever and ever branded as "awful mean" the girl who did it. And yet, when the tarts were divided among ten girls you just got enough to tantalize you.

The way Anne and Diana went to school *was* a pretty one. Anne thought those walks to and from school with Diana couldn't be improved upon even by imagination. Going around by the main road would have been so unromantic, but to go by Lover's Lane and Willowmere and Violet Vale and the Birch Path was romantic, if ever anything was.

Lover's Lane opened out below the orchard at Green Gables and stretched far up into the woods to the end of the Cuthbert farm. It was the way by which the cows were taken to the back pasture and the wood hauled home in winter. Anne had named it Lover's Lane before she had been a month at Green Gables.

chum: friend

branded: labeled or marked in a negative way

mean: stingy and greedy

tantalize: to tease by offering just enough to excite a greater

longing for something

vale: valley

"Not that lovers ever really walk there," she explained to Marilla, "but Diana and I are reading a perfectly magnificent book and there's a Lover's Lane in it. So we want to have one, too. And it's a very pretty name, don't you think? So romantic! I like that lane because you can think out loud there without people calling you crazy."

Anne, starting out alone in the morning, went down Lover's Lane as far as the brook. Here Diana met her, and the two little girls went on up the lane under the leafy arch of maples—"maples are such sociable trees," said Anne; "they're always rustling and whispering to you"—until they came to a rustic bridge. Then they left the lane and walked through Mr. Barry's back field and past Willowmere. Beyond Willowmere came Violet Vale—a little green dimple in the shadow of Mr. Andrew Bell's big woods. "Of course there are no violets there now," Anne told Marilla, "but Diana says there are millions of them in spring. Oh, Marilla, can't you just imagine you see them? It actually takes away my breath. I named it Violet

sociable: friendly

rustic: simple and rural

Vale. Diana says she never saw the beat of me for hitting on fancy names for places. It's nice to be clever at something, isn't it? But Diana named the Birch Path. She wanted to, so I let her, but I'm sure I could have found something more poetical than plain Birch Path. But the Birch Path is one of the prettiest places in the world, Marilla."

It was. Other people besides Anne thought so when they stumbled on it. It was a little narrow, twisting path, winding down over a long hill straight through Mr. Bell's woods, where the light came down sifted through so many emerald screens that it was as flawless as the heart of a diamond. It was fringed in all its length with slim young birches; ferns and starflowers and wild lilies-of-the-valley grew thickly along it; and always there was a delightful spiciness in the air and music of bird calls and the murmur and laugh of wood winds in the trees overhead. Down in the valley the path came out to the main road and then it was just up the spruce hill to the school.

sifted: filtered or broken up, as if coming through a sieve

murmur: soft, humming speech, like a whisper

The Avonlea school was a whitewashed building furnished inside with comfortable old-fashioned desks that opened and shut and were carved all over their lids with the initials and hieroglyphics of three generations of school children. The schoolhouse was set back from the road and behind it was a dusky fir wood and a brook where all the children put their bottles of milk in the morning to keep cool and sweet until dinner hour.

Marilla had seen Anne start off to school on the first day of September with many secret misgivings. Anne was such an odd girl. How would she get on with the other children? And how on earth would she ever manage to hold her tongue during school hours?

Things went better than Marilla feared, however. Anne came home that evening in high spirits.

whitewashed: painted white

furnished: supplied or fitted out—often referring to the furniture in a house or building

hieroglyphics: symbols

to keep cool: Before refrigeration, placing a bottle in a cold stream was a common way to keep the contents chilled.

misgivings: doubts and fears

“I think I’m going to like school here,” she announced. “I don’t think much of the master, though. He’s all the time curling his mustache and making eyes at Prissy Andrews. Prissy is grown up, you know. She’s sixteen and she’s studying for the entrance examination into Queen’s Academy at Charlottetown next year. Tillie Boulter says the master is dead gone on her. She’s got a beautiful complexion and curly brown hair and she does it up so elegantly. She sits in the long seat at the back and he sits there, too, most of the time—to explain her lessons, he says. But Ruby Gillis says she saw him writing something on her slate and when Prissy read it she blushed as red as a beet and giggled, and Ruby Gillis says she doesn’t believe it had anything to do with the lesson.”

master: the schoolmaster, or teacher. In the late 1800s in a place like Prince Edward Island, a single teacher would be assigned to a rural school and would lead all grade levels at once.

making eyes: staring flirtatiously

dead gone: slang for being completely obsessed or head over heels for someone

slate: a slate tablet in a wooden frame, like a small, personal blackboard. Students used slates and chalk rather than paper and ink because they could be erased and reused, and paper was hard to come by and expensive.

Queen's College

Anne says that her classmate Prissy is studying for the entrance exam to Queen's Academy. Queen's (also called Queen's College) is based on the real college that Montgomery attended: Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. Students as young as 16 could attend, but you had to pass an exam to get in. Montgomery herself took such an exam before starting at Prince of Wales College in 1893 to study for her teacher's license.

“Anne Shirley, don’t let me hear you talking about your teacher in that way again,” said Marilla sharply. “You don’t go to school to criticize the master. It’s your business to learn. And I want you to understand right off that you are not to come home telling tales about him. I hope you were a good girl.”

“Indeed I was,” said Anne comfortably. “It wasn’t so hard as you might imagine, either. I sit with Diana. Our seat is right by the window and we can look down to the Lake of Shining Waters. There are a lot of nice girls in school and we had scrumptious fun playing at dinnertime. It’s so nice to have a lot of little girls to play with. But of course

dinnertime: the midday lunch break

I like Diana best and always will. I *adore* Diana. I'm dreadfully far behind the others. They're all in the fifth book and I'm only in the fourth. But there's not one of them has such an imagination as I have. We had reading and geography and Canadian history and dictation today. Mr. Phillips said my spelling was disgraceful and he held up my slate so that everybody could see it, all marked over. I felt so mortified, Marilla. He might have been politer to a stranger, I think. Ruby Gillis gave me an apple and Tillie Boulter let me wear her bead ring all the afternoon. Can I have some of those pearl beads off the old pincushion to make myself a ring? And oh, Marilla, Jane Andrews told me that Minnie MacPherson told her that she heard Prissy Andrews tell Sara Gillis that I had a very pretty nose. Marilla, that is the first compliment I have ever had in my life and you can't imagine what a strange feeling it gave me. Marilla, have I really a pretty nose? I know you'll tell me the truth."

the fifth book: the fifth Royal Reader (see note on page 95).

Anne is catching up with her classmates after being taken in and out of school.

dictation: the process of writing down words spoken aloud—an older method of strengthening students' writing and spelling skills

mortified: embarrassed and ashamed

“Your nose is well enough,” said Marilla shortly. Secretly she thought Anne’s nose was a remarkably pretty one, but she had no intention of telling her so.

That was three weeks ago and all had gone smoothly so far. And now, this crisp September morning, Anne and Diana were tripping blithely down the Birch Path, two of the happiest little girls in Avonlea.

“I guess Gilbert Blythe will be in school today,” said Diana. “He’s been visiting his cousins over in New Brunswick all summer and he only came home Saturday night. He’s *aw’fly* handsome, Anne. And he teases the girls something terrible. He just torments our lives out.”

Diana’s voice indicated that she rather liked having her life tormented out.

“Gilbert Blythe?” said Anne. “Isn’t it his name that’s written up on the porch wall with Julia Bell’s and a big ‘Take Notice’ over them?”

tripping: skipping or walking along lightly

blithely: happily

torments: tortures and teases

Take Notice: The students use the schoolhouse wall to announce crushes and attachments. Two names with “Take Notice” written above them would have caused much delighted gossip.

“Yes,” said Diana, tossing her head, “but I’m sure he doesn’t like Julia Bell so very much. I’ve heard him say he studied the multiplication table by her freckles.”

“Oh, don’t speak about freckles to me,” implored Anne. “It isn’t delicate when I’ve got so many. But I do think that writing take-notices up on the wall about the boys and girls is the silliest ever. I should just like to see anybody dare to write my name up with a boy’s. Not, of course,” she hastened to add, “that anybody would.”

Anne sighed. She didn’t want her name written up. But it was a little humiliating to know that there was no danger of it.

“Nonsense,” said Diana, whose black eyes and glossy tresses had played such havoc with the hearts of Avonlea schoolboys that her name figured on the porch walls in half a dozen take-notices. “It’s only meant as a joke. And don’t you be too sure your name won’t ever be written up. Charlie Sloane is *dead gone* on you. He told his

implored: begged

delicate: sensitive

played such havoc: caused such chaos and uproar

mother—his mother, mind you—that you were the smartest girl in school. That's better than being good looking."

"I hate Charlie Sloane," said Anne. "If anyone wrote my name up with his I'd never get over it, Diana Barry. But it is nice to keep head of your class."

"You'll have Gilbert in your class after this," said Diana, "and he's used to being head of his class, I can tell you. He's only in the fourth book although he's nearly fourteen. Four years ago his father was sick and had to go out to Alberta for his health and Gilbert went with him. They were there three years and Gil didn't go to school hardly any until they came back. You won't find it so easy to keep head after this, Anne."

"I'm glad," said Anne quickly. "I couldn't really feel proud of keeping head of little boys and girls of just nine or ten. I got up yesterday spelling 'ebullition.' Josie Pye was head and, mind you, she

keep head of: come first in

Alberta: a province in western Canada, almost 3,000 miles from
Prince Edward Island

got up: moved up in the class rankings

ebullition: a sudden outburst of emotion—an appropriate word
for Anne to have to spell

peeped in her book. Mr. Phillips didn't see her—he was looking at Prissy Andrews—but I did. I just swept her a look of freezing scorn and she got as red as a beet and spelled it wrong after all."

"Those Pye girls are cheats all round," said Diana indignantly, as they climbed the fence of the main road. "Gertie Pye actually went and put her milk bottle in my place in the brook yesterday. Did you ever? I don't speak to her now."

When Mr. Phillips was in the back of the room hearing Prissy Andrews's Latin, Diana whispered to Anne, "That's Gilbert Blythe sitting right across the aisle from you, Anne. Just look at him and see if you don't think he's handsome."

Anne looked accordingly. She had a good chance to do so, for the said Gilbert Blythe was absorbed in stealthily pinning the long yellow braid of Ruby Gillis, who sat in front of him, to the back of her seat. He was a tall boy, with curly brown hair, roguish hazel eyes, and a teasing

scorn: proud dismissal; the expression that someone or something is beneath you and not worth your attention

absorbed: fully engaged

stealthily: quietly and sneakily

roguish: mischievous

smile. Presently Ruby Gillis started up to take a sum to the master; she fell back into her seat with a little shriek, believing that her hair was pulled out by the roots. Everybody looked at her and Mr. Phillips glared so sternly that Ruby began to cry. Gilbert had whisked the pin out of sight and was studying his history with the soberest face in the world, but when the commotion subsided he looked at Anne and winked.

"I think your Gilbert Blythe is handsome," confided Anne to Diana, "but I think he's very bold. It isn't good manners to wink at a strange girl."

But it was not until the afternoon that things really began to happen.

Mr. Phillips was back in the corner explaining a problem in algebra to Prissy Andrews and the rest of the scholars were doing pretty much as they pleased; eating green apples, whispering, and drawing pictures on their slates. Gilbert Blythe was trying to make Anne Shirley look at him and

take a sum: carry her slate with her math work on it to the front of the room

glared: stared angrily

commotion: uproar or hubbub

subsided: calmed down

failing utterly, because Anne was at that moment totally oblivious not only to the very existence of Gilbert Blythe, but of every other scholar in Avonlea school itself. With her chin propped on her hands and her eyes fixed on the blue glimpse of the Lake of Shining Waters that the west window afforded, she was far away in a gorgeous dreamland of her own wonderful visions.

Gilbert Blythe wasn't used to putting himself out to make a girl look at him and meeting with failure. She should look at him, that red-haired Shirley girl with the little pointed chin and the big eyes that weren't like the eyes of any other girl in Avonlea school.

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out at arm's length and said in a piercing whisper:

“Carrots! Carrots!”

Then Anne looked at him with a vengeance!

She did more than look. She sprang to her

utterly: totally

afforded: provided

putting himself out: making an effort

with a vengeance: a figure of speech meaning with great force or violence

feet, her bright fancies fallen into cureless ruin. She flashed one indignant glance at Gilbert from eyes whose angry sparkle was swiftly quenched in equally angry tears.

“You mean, hateful boy!” she exclaimed passionately. “How dare you!”

And then—Thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert’s head and cracked it—slate, not head—clear across.

Avonlea school always enjoyed a scene. This was an especially enjoyable one. Everybody said, “Oh” in horrified delight. Diana gasped. Ruby Gillis, who was inclined to be hysterical, began to cry. Tommy Sloane stared open-mouthed at the tableau.

Mr. Phillips stalked down the aisle and laid his hand heavily on Anne’s shoulder.

“Anne Shirley, what does this mean?” he said angrily. Anne returned no answer. It was asking

fancies: daydreams

cureless: hopeless; unfixable

hysterical: weepy and overemotional

tableau: a group—or, in this case, a pair—of motionless figures,

like models posing for a painting

stalked: marched in a stiff, angry manner



THWACK! ANNE HAD BROUGHT HER SLATE DOWN ON
GILBERT'S HEAD.

too much to expect her to tell before the whole school that she had been called "carrots." Gilbert it was who spoke up stoutly.

"It was my fault, Mr. Phillips. I teased her."

Mr. Phillips paid no heed to Gilbert.

"I am sorry to see a pupil of mine displaying such a temper and such a vindictive spirit," he said in a solemn tone. "Anne, go and stand on the platform in front of the blackboard for the rest of the afternoon."

Anne would have infinitely preferred a whipping to this punishment under which her sensitive spirit quivered as from a whiplash. With a white, set face she obeyed. Mr. Phillips took a chalk crayon and wrote on the blackboard above her head.

"Ann Shirley has a very bad temper. Ann Shirley must learn to control her temper," and then read it out loud so that even the primer class, who couldn't read writing, should understand it.

stoutly: with courage

heed: attention

vindictive: hungry for revenge; wanting to get back at someone

set: still and fixed

primer class: the youngest students in the school, probably no more than six years old

Anne stood there the rest of the afternoon. She did not cry or hang her head. Anger was still too hot in her heart for that and it sustained her amid all her agony of humiliation. With resentful eyes and passion-red cheeks she confronted alike Diana's sympathetic gaze and Charlie Sloane's indignant nods and Josie Pye's malicious smiles. As for Gilbert Blythe, she would not even look at him. She would *never* look at him again! She would never speak to him!!

When school was dismissed Anne marched out with her red head held high. Gilbert Blythe tried to intercept her at the porch door.

"I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair, Anne," he whispered contritely. "Honest I am. Don't be mad for keeps, now."

Anne swept by disdainfully, without look or sign of hearing. "Oh how could you, Anne?" breathed Diana as they went down the road, half reproachfully, half admiringly. Diana felt that she could never have resisted Gilbert's plea.

malicious: mean and nasty

contritely: in a regretful and sorry manner

disdainfully: scornfully

reproachfully: disapprovingly

"I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe," said Anne firmly. "And Mr. Phillips spelled my name without an e, too. The iron has entered into my soul, Diana."

Diana hadn't the least idea what Anne meant but she understood it was something terrible.

"You mustn't mind Gilbert making fun of your hair," she said soothingly. "Why, he makes fun of all the girls. He laughs at mine because it's so black. He's called me a crow a dozen times, and I never heard him apologize for anything before, either."

"There's a great deal of difference between being called a crow and being called carrots," said Anne with dignity. "Gilbert Blythe has hurt my feelings excruciatingly, Diana."

It is possible the matter might have blown over without more excruciation if nothing else had happened. But when things begin to happen they are apt to keep on.

The iron has entered into my soul: An expression from a psalm in the Bible; in saying it, Anne means that she feels consumed by the pain and bitterness of being treated unfairly.

soothingly: comfortingly

excruciatingly: to an extremely painful degree

apt: likely

Avonlea scholars often spent noon hour in Mr. Bell's spruce grove over the hill and across his big pasture field. From there they could keep an eye on Eben Wright's house, where the master boarded. When they saw Mr. Phillips emerging therefrom they ran for the schoolhouse, but the distance being about three times longer than Mr. Wright's lane they were very apt to arrive there, breathless and gasping, some three minutes too late.

On the following day Mr. Phillips announced before going home to dinner that he should expect to find all the scholars in their seats when he returned. Anyone who came in late would be punished.

All the boys and some of the girls went to Mr. Bell's spruce grove as usual. They picked spruce gum and loitered and strayed, until Jimmy Glover shouted from the top of a patriarchal old spruce "Master's coming."

The girls, who were on the ground, started

boarded: lived with a local family as a renter

therefrom: from there; from that place

spruce gum: the sticky, gummy sap of the spruce tree, which can be scraped or sliced from the bark and chewed, much like today's chewing gum

patriarchal: fatherly or grandfatherly

first and managed to reach the schoolhouse in time but without a second to spare. The boys, who had to wriggle hastily down from the trees, were later, and Anne, who had been wandering happily in the far end of the grove, singing softly to herself with a wreath of rice lilies on her hair, was latest of all. Anne could run like a deer, however. She overtook the boys at the door and was swept into the schoolhouse among them just as Mr. Phillips was in the act of hanging up his hat.

Mr. Phillips didn't want the bother of punishing a dozen pupils. But it was necessary to do something to save his word, so he looked about for a scapegoat and found it in Anne, who had dropped into her seat, gasping for breath, with a forgotten lily wreath hanging askew over one ear.

“Anne Shirley,” he said sarcastically, “since you seem to be so fond of the boys’ company, take those flowers out of your hair and sit with Gilbert Blythe.”

save his word: save face; show that he was serious

scapegoat: an undeserving victim; someone who is blamed or punished for the faults of others

The other boys snickered. Anne stared at the master as if turned to stone.

“Did you hear what I said, Anne?” queried Mr. Phillips sternly.

“Yes, sir,” said Anne slowly, “but I didn’t suppose you really meant it.”

“I assure you I did”—still with the sarcastic inflection which all the children, and Anne especially, hated. “Obey me at once.”

For a moment Anne looked as if she meant to disobey. Then, realizing that there was no help for it, she rose haughtily, stepped across the aisle, sat down beside Gilbert Blythe, and buried her face in her arms on the desk.

To Anne, this was the end of all things. It was bad enough to be singled out for punishment from among a dozen equally guilty ones. It was worse still to be sent to sit with a boy, but that that boy should be Gilbert Blythe was heaping insult on injury to a degree utterly unbearable.

snickered: laughed in a mocking way

queried: asked

inflection: tone of voice

haughtily: proudly and with scorn

heaping insult on injury: adding humiliation on top of pain

Her whole being seethed with shame and anger and humiliation.

At first the other scholars looked and whispered and giggled and nudged. But as Anne never lifted her head, they soon returned to their own tasks and she was forgotten. Once, when nobody was looking, Gilbert took from his desk a little pink candy heart with a gold motto on it, "You are sweet," and slipped it under the curve of Anne's arm. Whereupon Anne arose, took the pink heart between the tips of her fingers, dropped it on the floor, ground it to powder beneath her heel, and resumed her position without deigning to bestow a glance on Gilbert.

When school went out Anne marched to her desk, ostentatiously took out everything therein, books and writing tablet, pen and ink and arithmetic, and piled them neatly on her cracked slate.

"What are you taking all those things home for, Anne?" Diana wanted to know, as soon as

seethed: boiled

deigning: doing something that you feel is beneath you

ostentatiously: dramatically; in a way that demands attention

they were out on the road. She had not dared to ask the question before.

“I am not coming back to school anymore,” said Anne. Diana gasped and stared at Anne to see if she meant it.

“Will Marilla let you stay home?” she asked.

“She’ll have to,” said Anne. “I’ll never go to school to that man again.”

“Oh, Anne!” Diana looked as if she were ready to cry. “I do think you’re mean. What shall I do? Mr. Phillips will make me sit with that horrid Gertie Pye—I know he will because she is sitting alone. Do come back, Anne.”

“I’d do almost anything in the world for you, Diana,” said Anne sadly. “I’d let myself be torn limb from limb if it would do you any good. But I can’t do this, so please don’t ask it. You harrow up my very soul.”

“Just think of all the fun you will miss,” mourned Diana. “We are going to build the loveliest new house down by the brook, and we’ll

harrow up: torture or rip to pieces (Anne is echoing a line from

Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*: “I could a tale unfold whose lightest word / Would harrow up thy soul...”)

be playing ball next week and you've never played ball, Anne. And we're going to learn a new song—Jane Andrews is practicing it up now. And Alice Andrews is going to bring a new book next week and we're all going to read it out loud down by the brook. And you know you are so fond of reading out loud, Anne."

Nothing moved Anne in the least. Her mind was made up. She would not go to school to Mr. Phillips again. She told Marilla so when she got home.

"Nonsense," said Marilla.

"It isn't nonsense at all," said Anne, gazing at Marilla with solemn, reproachful eyes. "Don't you understand, Marilla? I've been insulted."

"Insulted fiddlesticks! You'll go to school tomorrow as usual."

"Oh, no." Anne shook her head gently. "I'm not going back, Marilla. I'll learn my lessons at home and I'll be as good as I can be and hold my tongue all the time if it's possible. But I will not go back to school, I assure you."

Marilla saw something remarkably like unyielding stubbornness looking out of Anne's

small face. She understood that she would have trouble in overcoming it, but she resolved wisely to say nothing more just then. "I'll run down and see Rachel about it this evening," she thought. "There's no use reasoning with Anne now. I'll just talk it over with Rachel. She's sent ten children to school and she ought to know something about it."

Marilla found Mrs. Lynde knitting quilts as industriously and cheerfully as usual.

"I suppose you know what I've come about," she said, a little shamefacedly.

Mrs. Rachel nodded.

"About Anne's fuss in school, I reckon," she said. "Tillie Boulter was in on her way home from school and told me about it."

"I don't know what to do with her," said Marilla. "She declares she won't go back to school. I never saw a child so worked up. I knew things were going too smooth to last. She's so high-strung. What would you advise, Rachel?"

resolved: decided

industriously: busily and tirelessly

shamefacedly: with embarrassment

high-strung: easily excited and sensitive

"Well, since you've asked my advice, Marilla," said Mrs. Lynde amiably—Mrs. Lynde dearly loved to be asked for advice—"I'd just humor her a little at first, that's what I'd do. It's my belief that Mr. Phillips was in the wrong. Of course, it doesn't do to say so to the children, you know. And of course he did right to punish her yesterday for giving way to temper. But today it was different. The others who were late should have been punished as well as Anne, that's what. And I don't believe in making the girls sit with the boys for punishment. It isn't modest. Tillie Boulter was real indignant. She took Anne's part right through and said all the scholars did too. Anne seems real popular among them, somehow. I never thought she'd take with them so well."

"Then you really think I'd better let her stay home," said Marilla in amazement.

"Yes. That is I wouldn't say school to her again until she said it herself. Depend upon it, Marilla,

amiably: in a friendly manner

humor her: let her have her way

modest: proper or decent

take with: get along with

she'll cool off in a week or so and be ready enough to go back, that's what, while, if you were to make her go back right off, dear knows what tantrum she'd take next and make more trouble than ever. The less fuss made the better, in my opinion. She won't miss much by not going to school, as far as *that* goes. Mr. Phillips isn't any good at all as a teacher. The order he keeps is scandalous, that's what. I declare, I don't know what education in this Island is coming to."

Mrs. Rachel shook her head, as much as to say if she were only at the head of the educational system of the Province things would be much better managed.

Marilla took Mrs. Rachel's advice and not another word was said to Anne about going back to school. She learned her lessons at home, did her chores, and played with Diana in the chilly purple autumn twilights. But when she met Gilbert Blythe on the road or in Sunday school, she passed him by with an icy contempt that was no whit thawed

scandalous: shocking; so bad it's a disgrace

contempt: scornful disgust

no whit: not one bit

by his evident desire to appease her. Even Diana's efforts as a peacemaker were of no avail. Anne had evidently made up her mind to hate Gilbert Blythe to the end of life.

appease: make peace with
of no avail: useless, ineffective

CHAPTER 14

Diana Is Invited to Tea with Tragic Results

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard were royal crimson. The wild cherry trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of dark red and bronzy green, and Anne reveled in the world of color about her.

“Oh, Marilla,” she exclaimed one Saturday morning, coming dancing in with her arms full of gorgeous boughs, “I’m so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be terrible if we just skipped from September to November, wouldn’t it? Look at these maple branches. Don’t they give you a thrill—several thrills? I’m going to decorate my room with them.”

“Messy things,” said Marilla, whose aesthetic sense was not noticeably developed. “You clutter

aesthetic: appreciative of beauty; artistic

up your room entirely too much with out-of-doors stuff, Anne. Bedrooms were made to sleep in."

"Oh, and dream in too, Marilla. And you know one can dream so much better in a room where there are pretty things. I'm going to put these boughs in the old blue jug and set them on my table."

"Mind you don't drop leaves all over the stairs then. I'm going to a meeting of the Aid Society at Carmody this afternoon, Anne, and I won't likely be home before dark. You'll have to get Matthew and Jerry their supper, so mind you don't forget to put the tea to draw as you did last time."

"It was dreadful of me to forget," said Anne apologetically, "but that was the afternoon I was trying to think of a name for Violet Vale and it crowded other things out. Matthew was so good. He never scolded a bit."

"Matthew would think it all right, Anne, if you took a notion to get up and have dinner in the middle of the night. But you keep your wits about you this time. And—I don't really know if I'm

draw: steep (Hot water is poured over tea leaves and left to "draw" the flavor out of them.)

doing right—it may make you more addle-pated than ever—but you can ask Diana to come over and spend the afternoon with you and have tea here."

"Oh, Marilla!" Anne clasped her hands. "How perfectly lovely! You *are* able to imagine things after all or else you'd never have understood how I've longed for that very thing. It will seem so nice and grown-upish. Oh, Marilla, can I use the rosebud spray tea set?"

"No, indeed! The rosebud tea set! Well, what next? You know I never use that except for the minister. You'll put down the old brown tea set. But you can open the little yellow crock of cherry preserves. It's time it was being used anyhow. And you can cut some fruit cake and have some of the cookies."

"I can just imagine myself sitting down at the head of the table and pouring out the tea," said Anne, shutting her eyes ecstatically. "And asking Diana if she takes sugar! I know she doesn't but

addle-pated: scatterbrained

crock: an earthenware jar

ecstatically: blissfully; in complete delight

of course I'll ask her just as if I didn't know. Oh, Marilla, it's a wonderful sensation just to think of it. Can I take her into the spare room to lay off her hat when she comes? And then into the parlor to sit?"

"No. The sitting room will do for you and your company. But there's a bottle half full of raspberry cordial on the second shelf of the sitting-room closet and you and Diana can have it if you like, and a cookie to eat with it along in the afternoon, for I daresay Matthew'll be late coming in to tea."

Anne flew down to the hollow, past the Dryad's Bubble and up the spruce path to Orchard Slope, to ask Diana to tea. As a result, just after Marilla had driven off to Carmody, Diana came over, dressed in her second-best dress and looking exactly as it is proper to look when asked out to tea. At other times she was wont to run into the kitchen without knocking, but now she knocked

lay off: take off

parlor: a more formal room which, like the spare room, would have been reserved for important guests. The sitting room would have been used daily by the family.

cordial: a sweet fruit juice

wont to: accustomed or used to

primly at the front door. And when Anne, dressed in *her* second-best, as primly opened it, both little girls shook hands as gravely as if they had never met before. This unnatural solemnity lasted until after Diana had been taken to the east gable to lay off her hat and then had sat for ten minutes in the sitting room, toes in position.

“How is your mother?” inquired Anne politely, just as if she had not seen Mrs. Barry picking apples that morning in excellent health and spirits.

“She is very well, thank you. I suppose Mr. Cuthbert is hauling potatoes this afternoon, is he?” said Diana.

“Yes. Our potato crop is very good this year. I hope your father’s crop is good too.”

“It is fairly good, thank you. Have you picked many of your apples yet?”

“Oh, ever so many,” said Anne, forgetting to be dignified and jumping up quickly. “Let’s go out to the orchard and get some, Diana. Marilla says

unnatural: unusual

toes in position: with her feet delicately side by side in the polite and proper fashion

dignified: behaving in a serious or formal manner, worthy of respect

we can have all that are left on the tree. And she said we could have fruit cake and cherry preserves for tea. But it isn't good manners to tell your company what you are going to give them to eat, so I won't tell you what she said we could have to drink. Only it begins with an *r* and a *c* and it's bright red color. I love bright red drinks, don't you? They taste twice as good as any other color."

The orchard proved so delightful that the little girls spent most of the afternoon in it, sitting in a grassy corner where the mellow autumn sunshine lingered warmly, eating apples and talking as hard as they could. Diana had much to tell Anne of what went on in school. She had to sit with Gertie Pye and she hated it; Ruby Gillis had charmed all her warts away, true's you live, with a magic pebble that old Mary Joe from the Creek gave her; Charlie Sloane's name was written up with Em White's on the porch wall and Em White was *awful mad* about it; Sam Boulter had "sassed" Mr. Phillips in class and Mr. Phillips whipped him and Sam's father came down to the school and dared

true's you live: as sure as you're alive; a slang expression meaning that something is absolutely true

Mr. Phillips to lay a hand on one of his children again; and everybody missed Anne so and wished she'd come to school again; and Gilbert Blythe—

But Anne didn't want to hear about Gilbert Blythe. She jumped up hurriedly and said suppose they go in and have some raspberry cordial.

Anne looked on the second shelf of the sitting-room pantry but there was no bottle of raspberry cordial there. Search revealed it away back on the top shelf. Anne put it on a tray and set it on the table with a tumbler.

"Now, please help yourself, Diana," she said politely. "I don't believe I'll have any just now. I don't feel as if I wanted any after all those apples."

Diana poured herself out a tumblerful, looked at its bright-red hue admiringly, and then sipped it daintily.

"That's awfully nice raspberry cordial, Anne," she said. "I didn't know raspberry cordial was so nice."

"I'm real glad you like it. Take as much as you want. I'm going to run out and stir the fire up. There are so many responsibilities on a person's

tumbler: a glass or cup

daintily: in a delicate and refined manner

mind when they're keeping house."

When Anne came back from the kitchen Diana was drinking her second glassful of cordial, and, being entretned thereto by Anne, she offered no particular objection to the drinking of a third. The tumblerfuls were generous ones and the raspberry cordial was certainly very nice.

"The nicest I ever drank," said Diana. "It's ever so much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's, although she brags of hers so much. It doesn't taste a bit like hers."

"I should think Marilla's raspberry cordial would prob'lly be much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's," said Anne loyally. "Marilla is a famous cook. She is trying to teach me to cook but I assure you, Diana, it is uphill work. There's so little scope for imagination in cookery. You just have to go by rules. The last time I made a cake I forgot to put the flour in. I was thinking the loveliest story about you and me, Diana. I thought you were desperately ill with smallpox and everybody deserted you, but

entretned: encouraged or invited

smallpox: a very dangerous and highly contagious disease, similar to flu and chickenpox (An epidemic of smallpox in America in the late 1700s killed more than 130,000 people.)

I went boldly to your bedside and nursed you back to life. And then I took the smallpox and died and you planted a rosebush by my grave and watered it with your tears, and you never, never forgot the friend of your youth who sacrificed her life for you. Oh, it was such a pathetic tale, Diana. The tears just rained down my cheeks while I mixed the cake. But I forgot the flour and the cake was a dismal failure. Flour is so essential to cakes, you know. Marilla was very cross and I don't wonder. I'm a great trial to her. She was terribly mortified about the pudding sauce last week. We had a plum pudding for dinner on Tuesday and there was half the pudding and a pitcherful of sauce left over. Marilla said there was enough for another dinner and told me to set it on the pantry shelf and cover it. I meant to cover it just as much as could be, Diana, but when I carried it in I was imagining I was a nun, taking the veil to bury a broken heart, and I forgot all about covering the pudding sauce. I thought of it next morning and

plum pudding: a dense fruitcake, usually served with a rich, sweet sauce made of melted butter, sugar, and rum or brandy

taking the veil: choosing to enter a religious life

ran to the pantry. Diana, fancy if you can my extreme horror at finding a mouse drowned in that pudding sauce! I lifted the mouse out with a spoon and threw it out in the yard. Marilla was out milking and I fully intended to ask her when she came in if I should give the sauce to the pigs, but when she did come in I was imagining that I was a frost-fairy going through the woods turning the trees red and yellow, so I never thought about the pudding sauce again. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ross from Spencervale came here that morning. You know they are very stylish people, especially Mrs. Chester Ross. When Marilla called me in dinner was all ready and everybody was at the table. Everything went right until I saw Marilla coming with the plum pudding in one hand and the pitcher of pudding sauce *warmed up* in the other. Diana, that was a terrible moment. I remembered everything and I just stood up in my place and shrieked out 'Marilla, you mustn't use that pudding sauce. There was a mouse drowned in it. I forgot to tell you before.' Oh, I shall never forget that awful moment if I live to be a hundred. Mrs. Chester Ross just *looked* at me and I thought

I would sink through the floor with mortification.
Why, Diana, what is the matter?"

Diana had stood up very unsteadily; then she sat down again, putting her hands to her head.

"I'm—I'm awful sick," she said, a little thickly.
"I—I—must go right home."

"Oh, you mustn't dream of going home without your tea," cried Anne in distress. "I'll get it right off—"

"I must go home," repeated Diana, stupidly but determinedly.

"Lie down on the sofa for a little while and you'll be better," implored Anne. "Where do you feel bad?"

"I must go home," said Diana, and that was all she would say. In vain Anne pleaded.

"I never heard of company going home without tea," she mourned. "Oh, Diana, do you suppose that it's possible you're really taking the smallpox? If you have, I'll never forsake you. But I do wish you'd stay till after tea. Where do you feel bad?"

"I'm awful dizzy," said Diana.

thickly: in a slurred or mumbling voice

forsake: abandon

And indeed, she walked very *dizzily*. Anne, with tears of disappointment in her eyes, got Diana's hat and went with her as far as the Barry yard fence. Then she wept all the way back to Green Gables, where she sorrowfully put the remainder of the raspberry cordial back into the pantry and got tea ready for Matthew and Jerry, with all the zest gone out of the performance.

The next day was Sunday, and as the rain poured down in torrents from dawn till dusk, Anne did not stir abroad from Green Gables. Monday afternoon Marilla sent her down to Mrs. Lynde's on an errand. In a very short space of time Anne came flying back up the lane with tears rolling down her cheeks. Into the kitchen she dashed and flung herself face downward on the sofa in an agony.

"Whatever has gone wrong now, Anne?" queried Marilla in dismay. "I do hope you haven't gone and been saucy to Mrs. Lynde again."

No answer from Anne save more tears and stormier sobs!

zest: life and spark

stir abroad: go out

“Anne Shirley, when I ask you a question I want to be answered. Sit right up this very minute and tell me what you are crying about.”

Anne sat up, tragedy personified.

“Mrs. Lynde was up to see Mrs. Barry today and Mrs. Barry was in an awful state,” she wailed. “She says that I got Diana *drunk* Saturday and sent her home in a disgraceful condition. And she says I must be a thoroughly bad, wicked little girl and she’s never, never going to let Diana play with me again. Oh, Marilla, I’m just overcome with woe.”

Marilla stared in blank amazement.

“Got Diana drunk!” she said when she found her voice. “Anne, are you or Mrs. Barry crazy? What on earth did you give her?”

“Not a thing but raspberry cordial,” sobbed Anne. “I never thought raspberry cordial would get people drunk, Marilla—not even if they drank three big tumblerfuls as Diana did. Oh, I didn’t mean to get her drunk.”

“Drunk fiddlesticks!” said Marilla, marching to the sitting-room pantry. There on the shelf

personified: embodied; given human form

was a bottle which she at once recognized as one containing some of her three-year-old homemade currant wine. And at the same time Marilla recollected that she had put the bottle of raspberry cordial down in the cellar instead of in the pantry as she had told Anne.

She went back to the kitchen with the wine bottle in her hand. Her face was twitching in spite of herself.

“Anne, you certainly have a genius for getting into trouble. You went and gave Diana currant wine instead of raspberry cordial. Didn’t you know the difference yourself?”

“I never tasted it,” said Anne. “I thought it was the cordial. I meant to be so—so—hospitable. Diana got awfully sick and had to go home. Mrs. Barry told Mrs. Lynde she was simply dead drunk. She just laughed silly-like when her mother asked her what was the matter and went to sleep and slept for hours. Her mother smelled her breath and

currant wine: a wine made from black or red currants, a small, sour berry similar to grapes

genius: special gift or skill

hospitable: kind and generous to a guest

knew she was drunk. She had a fearful headache all day yesterday. Mrs. Barry is so indignant. She will never believe I didn't do it on purpose."

"I should think she would better punish Diana for being so greedy as to drink three glassfuls of anything," said Marilla shortly. "Why, three of those big glasses would have made her sick even if it had only been cordial. There, there, child, don't cry. I can't see as you were to blame although I'm sorry it happened so."

"I must cry," said Anne. "My heart is broken. Diana and I are parted forever. Oh, Marilla, I little dreamed of this when first we swore our vows of friendship."

"Don't be foolish, Anne. Mrs. Barry will think better of it when she finds you're not to blame. I'll go up this evening and tell her how it was. Don't cry any more, Anne. It will be all right."

Marilla had changed her mind about it being all right by the time she got back from Orchard Slope. Anne flew to the porch door to meet her.

"Oh, Marilla, I know by your face that it's been no use," she said sorrowfully. "Mrs. Barry won't forgive me?"

“Mrs. Barry indeed!” snapped Marilla. “Of all the unreasonable women I ever saw she’s the worst. I told her it was all a mistake and you weren’t to blame, but she just simply didn’t believe me. And she rubbed it well in about my currant wine and how I’d always said it couldn’t have the least effect on anybody. I just told her plainly that currant wine wasn’t meant to be drunk three tumblerfuls at a time and that if a child I had to do with was so greedy I’d sober her up with a right good spanking.”

Marilla whisked into the kitchen, grievously disturbed, leaving a very much distracted little soul on the porch behind her. Presently Anne stepped out into the chill autumn dusk. Very determinedly and steadily she took her way down over the log bridge and up through the spruce grove, lighted by a pale little moon hanging low over the western woods. Mrs. Barry came to the door in answer to a timid knock.

Her face hardened. Mrs. Barry was a woman of strong dislikes, and her anger was of the cold,

distracted: disturbed by strong emotions

sullen sort which is always hardest to overcome.

“What do you want?” she said stiffly.

Anne clasped her hands.

“Oh, Mrs. Barry, please forgive me. I did not mean to—to—intoxicate Diana. How could I? Just imagine if you were a poor little orphan girl and you had just one bosom friend in all the world. Do you think you would intoxicate her on purpose? I thought it was only raspberry cordial. Oh, please don’t say that you won’t let Diana play with me anymore. If you do you will cover my life with a dark cloud of woe.”

This speech, which would have softened good Mrs. Lynde’s heart in a twinkling, had no effect on Mrs. Barry except to irritate her still more. She was suspicious of Anne’s big words and dramatic gestures and imagined that the child was making fun of her. So she said, coldly and cruelly:

“I don’t think you are a fit little girl for Diana to associate with. You’d better go home and behave yourself.”

sullen: gloomy, serious, and resentful

twinkling: an instant

Anne's lips quivered.

"Won't you let me see Diana just once to say farewell?" she implored.

"Diana has gone over to Carmody with her father," said Mrs. Barry, going in and shutting the door.

Anne went back to Green Gables calm with despair.

"My last hope is gone," she told Marilla. "I went up and saw Mrs. Barry myself and she treated me very insultingly. There is nothing more to do except to pray and I haven't much hope that that'll do much good because, Marilla, I do not believe that God Himself can do very much with such an obstinate person as Mrs. Barry."

"Anne, you shouldn't say such things" rebuked Marilla, striving to overcome that unholy tendency to laughter which she was dismayed to find growing upon her. And indeed, when she told the whole story to Matthew that night, she did laugh heartily over Anne's tribulations.

obstinate: stubborn

rebuked: scolded

striving: make a great effort

But when she slipped into the east gable before going to bed and found that Anne had cried herself to sleep, an unaccustomed softness crept into her face.

“Poor little soul,” she murmured, lifting a loose curl of hair from the child’s tear-stained face. Then she bent down and kissed the flushed cheek on the pillow.

CHAPTER 15

A New Interest in Life

The next afternoon Anne, bending over her patchwork at the kitchen window, happened to glance out and beheld Diana down by the Dryad's Bubble beckoning mysteriously. In a trice Anne was out of the house and flying down to the hollow, astonishment and hope struggling in her expressive eyes. But the hope faded when she saw Diana's dejected countenance.

"Your mother hasn't relented?" she gasped.

Diana shook her head mournfully.

"No, and oh, Anne, she says I'm never to play with you again. I've cried and cried and I told her it wasn't your fault, but it wasn't any use. I had ever such a time coaxing her to let me come down and say goodbye to you. She said I was only to stay ten minutes and she's timing me by the clock."

beckoning: waving; signaling for someone to come

in a trice: in a moment; very quickly

relented: backed down

coaxing: convincing

“Ten minutes isn’t very long to say an eternal farewell in,” said Anne tearfully. “Oh, Diana, will you promise faithfully never to forget me, the friend of your youth, no matter what dearer friends may caress thee?”

“Indeed I will,” sobbed Diana, “and I’ll never have another bosom friend—I don’t want to have. I couldn’t love anybody as I love you.”

“Oh, Diana,” cried Anne, “do you *love* me?”

“Why, of course I do. Didn’t you know that?”

“No.” Anne drew a long breath. “I thought you *liked* me of course but I never hoped you loved me. Why, Diana, I didn’t think anybody could love me. Nobody ever has loved me since I can remember. Oh, this is a ray of light which will forever shine on the darkness of a path severed from thee, Diana. Oh, just say it once again.”

“I love you devotedly, Anne,” said Diana staunchly, “and I always will, you may be sure of that.”

“And I will always love thee, Diana,” said Anne, solemnly extending her hand. “In the years

severed: cut off

devotedly: with deep dedication and affection

staunchly: loyally

to come thy memory will shine like a star over my lonely life. Diana, wilt thou give me a lock of thy jet-black tresses in parting to treasure forevermore?"

"Have you got anything to cut it with?" queried Diana, wiping away the tears and returning to practicalities.

"Yes. I've got my patchwork scissors in my apron pocket fortunately," said Anne. She solemnly clipped one of Diana's curls. "Fare thee well, my beloved friend. Henceforth we must be as strangers though living side by side. But my heart will ever be faithful to thee."

Anne stood and watched Diana out of sight, mournfully waving her hand to the latter whenever she turned to look back. Then she returned to the house, not a little consoled for the time being by this romantic parting.

"It is all over," she informed Marilla. "I shall never have another friend. Diana and I had such

a lock of thy jet-black tresses: a piece of your dark black hair;
jet is a glossy, deep black semiprecious stone

practicalities: everyday details

henceforth: from now on

consoled: comforted

an affecting farewell down by the spring. It will be sacred in my memory forever. I used the most pathetic language I could think of and said 'thou' and 'thee.' 'Thou' and 'thee' seem so much more romantic than 'you.' Diana gave me a lock of her hair and I'm going to sew it up in a little bag and wear it around my neck all my life. Please see that it is buried with me, for I don't believe I'll live very long. Perhaps when she sees me lying cold and dead before her Mrs. Barry may feel remorse for what she has done and will let Diana come to my funeral."

"I don't think there is much fear of your dying of grief as long as you can talk, Anne," said Marilla unsympathetically.

The following Monday Anne surprised Marilla by coming down from her room with her basket of books on her arm and her lips in a line of determination.

"I'm going back to school," she announced. "That is all there is left in life for me, now that my friend has been ruthlessly torn from me. In school

pathetic: emotional; inspiring pity

ruthlessly: cruelly and mercilessly

I can look at her and muse over days departed."

"You'd better muse over your lessons and sums," said Marilla, concealing her delight at this development. "If you're going back to school I hope we'll hear no more of breaking slates over people's heads. Behave yourself and do just what your teacher tells you."

"I'll try to be a model pupil," agreed Anne dolefully. "There won't be much fun in it, I expect. Mr. Phillips said Minnie Andrews was a model pupil and there isn't a spark of imagination or life in her. She is just dull and poky and never seems to have a good time. But I feel so depressed that perhaps it will come easy to me now."

Anne was welcomed back to school with open arms. Her imagination had been sorely missed in games, her voice in singing, and her dramatic ability in the perusal aloud of books at dinner hour. Ruby Gillis smuggled three blue plums over to her, and Ella May MacPherson gave her an enormous yellow pansy cut from the covers of a

muse: think or daydream

poky: boring

sorely: intensely

perusal: looking over or reading

floral catalog. Katie Boulter gave her a perfume bottle to keep slate water in, and Julia Bell copied carefully on a piece of pale pink paper the following effusion:

TO ANNE

*When twilight drops her curtain down
And pins it with a star
Remember that you have a friend
Though she may wander far.*

“It’s so nice to be appreciated,” sighed Anne rapturously to Marilla that night.

The girls were not the only scholars who “appreciated” her. When Anne went to her seat after dinner hour—she had been told by Mr. Phillips to sit with the model Minnie Andrews—she found on her desk a big luscious “strawberry apple.” Anne caught it up all ready to take a bite when she remembered that the only place in

slate water: water used, along with a small sponge, for erasing and cleaning a student’s writing slate

effusion: an enthusiastic or emotional outpouring of words

luscious: delicious and juicy

strawberry apple: one of several varieties of sweet red and yellow apples

Avonlea where strawberry apples grew was in the old Blythe orchard on the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters. Anne dropped the apple as if it were a red-hot coal and ostentatiously wiped her fingers on her handkerchief.

But the absence of any tribute or recognition from Diana Barry, who was sitting with Gertie Pye, embittered Anne's little triumph.

"Diana might just have smiled at me once, I think," she mourned to Marilla that night. But the next morning a note and a small parcel were passed across to Anne.

DEAR ANNE,

Mother says I'm not to play with you or talk to you even in school. It isn't my fault and don't be cross at me, because I love you as much as ever. I miss you awfully and I don't like Gertie Pye one bit. I made you one of the new bookmarkers out of red tissue paper. They are awfully fashionable now and only three girls in school know how to make them. When you look at it remember

*Your true friend,
DIANA BARRY*

embittered: soured; made less pleasant

Anne read the note, kissed the bookmark, and dispatched a prompt reply back to the other side of the school.

MY OWN DARLING DIANA,

Of course I am not cross at you because you have to obey your mother. Our spirits can commune. I shall keep your lovely present forever. Minnie Andrews is a very nice little girl—although she has no imagination—but after having been Diana's bosom friend I cannot be Minnie's. Please excuse mistakes because my spelling isn't very good yet, although much improved.

*Yours until death us do part,
ANNE OR CORDELIA SHIRLEY*

P. S. I shall sleep with your letter under my pillow tonight.

A. or C.S.

Marilla pessimistically expected more trouble since Anne had again begun to go to school. But none developed. Anne flung herself into her studies

dispatched: sent off

commune: connect or communicate

heart and soul, determined not to be outdone in any class by Gilbert Blythe. The rivalry between them was soon apparent. It was entirely good-natured on Gilbert's side, but it is much to be feared that the same thing cannot be said of Anne, who had certainly an unpraiseworthy tenacity for holding grudges. She was as intense in her hatreds as in her loves. She would not stoop to admit that she meant to rival Gilbert in schoolwork, because that would have been to acknowledge his existence, but the rivalry was there and honors fluctuated between them. Now Gilbert was head of the spelling class; now Anne, with a toss of her long red braids, spelled him down. One morning Gilbert had all his sums done correctly; the next morning Anne, having wrestled wildly with decimals the entire evening before, would be first. One awful day they were tied and their names were written up on the blackboard together. It was almost as bad as a take-notice and Anne's mortification was as evident as Gilbert's satisfaction. When the written

unpraiseworthy: unfortunate or unworthy

tenacity: stubborn determination

fluctuated: went back and forth

examinations at the end of each month were held the suspense was terrible. The first month Gilbert came out three marks ahead. The second Anne beat him by five. But her triumph was marred by the fact that Gilbert congratulated her heartily before the whole school. It would have been ever so much sweeter to her if he had felt the sting of his defeat.

By the end of the term Anne and Gilbert were both promoted into the fifth class and allowed to begin studying Latin, geometry, French, and algebra. In geometry Anne met her Waterloo.

“It’s perfectly awful stuff, Marilla,” she groaned. “I’m sure I’ll never be able to make head or tail of it. Mr. Phillips says I’m the worst dunce he ever saw at it. And Gil—I mean some of the others are so smart at it. It is extremely mortifying, Marilla. Even Diana gets along better than I do. But I don’t mind being beaten by Diana. Although

marred: damaged

met her Waterloo: a figure of speech meaning to encounter your greatest battle, the one that will probably defeat you (The phrase comes from the Battle of Waterloo, where Napoleon was finally defeated in 1815.)

dunce: someone dull-witted or slow

we meet as strangers now I still love her with an *inextinguishable* love. It makes me very sad at times to think about her. But really, Marilla, one can't stay sad very long in such an interesting world, can one?"

inextinguishable: undying; unable to be destroyed

CHAPTER 16

Anne to the Rescue

ll things great are wound up with all things little. At first glance it might not seem that the decision of a certain Canadian Premier to include Prince Edward Island in a political tour could have much or anything to do with the fortunes of little Anne Shirley at Green Gables. But it had.

It was in January the Premier came, to address his loyal supporters and such of his nonsupporters as chose to be present at the meeting held in Charlottetown. On the night of the meeting nearly all the Avonlea men and a goodly proportion of the women had gone to town, thirty miles away. Mrs. Rachel Lynde had gone too. Mrs. Rachel Lynde was a red-hot politician and couldn't have believed that the political rally could be carried through without her. So she went to town and took her husband—Thomas would be useful in

Premier: the head of the Canadian government (also known as the Prime Minister)

goodly proportion: large number

looking after the horse—and Marilla Cuthbert with her. Marilla had a sneaking interest in politics herself, and as she thought it might be her only chance to see a real live Premier, she promptly took it, leaving Anne and Matthew to keep house until her return the following day.

Hence, while Marilla and Mrs. Rachel were enjoying themselves hugely at the meeting, Anne and Matthew had the cheerful kitchen at Green Gables all to themselves. A bright fire was glowing in the stove and blue-white frost crystals were shining on the window panes. Matthew nodded on the sofa and Anne at the table studied her lessons with grim determination, despite sundry wistful glances at the clock shelf, where lay a new book that Jane Andrews had lent her that day. Anne's fingers tingled to reach out for it, but that would mean Gilbert Blythe's triumph on the morrow. Anne turned her back on the clock shelf and tried to imagine it wasn't there.

Suddenly there came the sound of flying footsteps on the icy walk outside. The next moment the kitchen door was flung open and in rushed

sundry: various or several
on the morrow: tomorrow

Diana Barry, white-faced and breathless, with a shawl wrapped hastily around her head.

“Whatever is the matter, Diana?” cried Anne. “Has your mother relented at last?”

“Oh, Anne, do come quick,” implored Diana nervously. “Minnie May is awful sick—she’s got croup, Young Mary Joe says—and Father and Mother are away to town and there’s nobody to go for the doctor. Minnie May is awful bad and Young Mary Joe doesn’t know what to do—and oh, Anne, I’m so scared!”

Matthew, without a word, reached out for cap and coat, slipped past Diana and away into the darkness of the yard.

“He’s gone to harness the sorrel mare to go to Carmody for the doctor,” said Anne, who was hurrying on hood and jacket. “I know it as well as if he’d said so. Matthew and I are such kindred spirits I can read his thoughts.”

“I don’t believe he’ll find the doctor at Carmody,” sobbed Diana. “Dr. Blair went to town

croup: a throat disease, particularly in young children, marked by a sharp, continual cough. Croup can be deadly because it can cause the child to choke on mucus.

Young Mary Joe: a French girl who is babysitting for the Barrys

and I guess Dr. Spencer would go too. Young Mary Joe never saw anybody with croup and Mrs. Lynde is away. Oh, Anne!"

"Don't cry, Di," said Anne cheerily. "I know exactly what to do for croup. You forget that Mrs. Hammond had twins three times. They all had croup regularly. Just wait till I get the ippecac bottle—you mayn't have any at your house. Come on now."

The two little girls hastened out hand in hand. The night was clear and frosty, all ebony of shadow and silver of snowy slope. Anne, although sincerely sorry for Minnie May, was far from being insensible to the romance of the situation and to the sweetness of once more sharing that romance with a kindred spirit who had been so long estranged.

Minnie May, aged three, was really very sick. She lay on the kitchen sofa feverish and restless,

ippecac: a medicine that helps the sick person to vomit up harmful mucus

ebony: black; the word comes from the very dark wood of the ebony tree

insensible to: unaware of

romance: feelings of excitement, mystery, or adventure

estranged: separated or distanced

while her hoarse breathing could be heard all over the house. Young Mary Joe, a French girl whom Mrs. Barry had engaged to stay with the children during her absence, was helpless and bewildered, quite incapable of thinking what to do, or doing it if she thought of it.

Anne went to work with skill and promptness.

“Minnie May has croup all right. She’s pretty bad, but I’ve seen them worse. First we must have lots of hot water. I declare, Diana, there isn’t more than a cupful in the kettle! There, I’ve filled it up, and, Mary Joe, you may put some wood in the stove. I don’t want to hurt your feelings but it seems to me you might have thought of this before if you’d any imagination. Now, I’ll undress Minnie May and put her to bed and you try to find some soft flannel cloths, Diana. I’m going to give her a dose of ipecac first of all.”

Minnie May did not take kindly to the ipecac but Anne had not brought up three pairs of twins for nothing. Down that ipecac went, not only once, but many times during the long, anxious

hoarse: rough and ragged

night when the two little girls worked patiently over the suffering Minnie May. Young Mary Joe, honestly anxious to do all she could, kept up a roaring fire and heated more water than would have been needed for a hospital of croupy babies.

It was three o'clock when Matthew came with a doctor, for he had been obliged to go all the way to Spencervale for one. But the pressing need for assistance was past. Minnie May was much better and was sleeping soundly.

"I was awfully near giving up in despair," explained Anne. "She got worse and worse until she was sicker than ever the Hammond twins were, even the last pair. I actually thought she was going to choke to death. I gave her every drop of ipecac in that bottle and when the last dose went down I said to myself, 'This is the last lingering hope and I fear, 'tis a vain one.' But in about three minutes she coughed up the phlegm and began to get better right away. You must just imagine my relief, doctor, because I can't express it in words.

obliged: required

pressing: urgent

phlegm: mucus

You know there are some things that cannot be expressed in words."

"Yes, I know," nodded the doctor. He looked at Anne as if he were thinking some things about her that couldn't be expressed in words. Later on, however, he expressed them to Mr. and Mrs. Barry.

"That little redheaded girl they have over at Cuthbert's is as smart as they make 'em. She seems to have a skill and presence of mind perfectly wonderful in a child of her age. I tell you she saved that baby's life, for it would have been too late by the time I got there."

Anne had gone home in the wonderful, white-frosted winter morning, heavy-eyed from loss of sleep, but still talking unweariedly to Matthew as they crossed the long white field and walked under the glittering fairy arch of the Lover's Lane maples.

"Oh, Matthew, isn't it a wonderful morning? Those trees look as if I could blow them away with a breath—pouf! I'm so glad I live in a world where

unweariedly: tirelessly

there are white frosts, aren't you? And I'm so glad Mrs. Hammond had three pairs of twins after all. If she hadn't I mightn't have known what to do for Minnie May. But, oh, Matthew, I'm so sleepy. I can't go to school. I just know I couldn't keep my eyes open and I'd be so stupid. But I hate to stay home, for Gil—some of the others will get head of the class, and it's so hard to get up again—although of course the harder it is the more satisfaction you have when you do, haven't you?"

"Well now, I guess you'll manage all right," said Matthew, looking at Anne's white little face and the dark shadows under her eyes. "You just go right to bed and have a good sleep. I'll do all the chores."

Anne accordingly went to bed and slept so long and soundly that it was well on in the white and rosy winter afternoon when she awoke and descended to the kitchen where Marilla, who had arrived home in the meantime, was sitting knitting.

"Oh, did you see the Premier?" exclaimed Anne at once. "What did he look like, Marilla?"

"Well, he never got to be Premier on account

of his looks," said Marilla. "Your dinner is in the oven, Anne, and you can get yourself some blue plum preserve out of the pantry. I guess you're hungry. Matthew has been telling me about last night. I must say it was fortunate you knew what to do. There now, never mind talking till you've had your dinner. I can tell by the look of you that you're just full up with speeches, but they'll keep."

Marilla had something to tell Anne, but she did not tell it just then for she knew if she did Anne's consequent excitement would lift her clear out of the region of such material matters as appetite or dinner. Not until Anne had finished her saucer of blue plums did Marilla say:

"Mrs. Barry was here this afternoon, Anne. She wanted to see you, but I wouldn't wake you up. She says you saved Minnie May's life, and she is very sorry she acted as she did in that affair of the currant wine. She says she knows now you didn't mean to get Diana drunk, and she hopes you'll forgive her and be good friends with Diana again. You're to go over this evening if you like—

consequent: resulting

material: ordinary and everyday

now, Anne Shirley, for pity's sake don't fly up into the air."

The warning seemed not unnecessary, so uplifted and aerial was Anne's expression and attitude as she sprang to her feet, her face irradiated with the flame of her spirit.

"Oh, Marilla, can I go right now—without washing my dishes? I'll wash them when I come back, but I cannot tie myself down to anything so unromantic as dishwashing at this thrilling moment."

"Yes, yes, run along," said Marilla indulgently. "Anne Shirley—are you crazy? Come back this instant and put something on you. I might as well call to the wind. She's gone without a cap or wrap. Look at her tearing through the orchard with her hair streaming. It'll be a mercy if she doesn't catch her death of cold."

Anne came dancing home in the purple winter twilight across the snowy places. The tinkles of sleigh bells came like elfin chimes through the frosty air, but their music was not sweeter than the song in Anne's heart and on her lips.

irradiated: lit up

elfin chimes: fairy bells

“Oh, Marilla,” she said, “Mrs. Barry kissed me and cried and said she was so sorry and she could never repay me. I felt fearfully embarrassed, Marilla, but I just said as politely as I could, ‘I have no hard feelings for you, Mrs. Barry, and henceforth I shall cover the past with the mantle of oblivion.’ That was a pretty dignified way of speaking wasn’t it, Marilla? And Diana and I had a lovely afternoon. Diana gave me a beautiful card with a wreath of roses on it and a verse of poetry:

*If you love me as I love you
Nothing but death can part us two.*

And that is true, Marilla. We’re going to ask Mr. Phillips to let us sit together in school again. And we had an elegant tea. Mrs. Barry had the very best china set out, Marilla, just as if I was real company. I can’t tell you what a thrill it gave me. And we had pound cake and doughnuts and two kinds of preserves, Marilla. And Mrs. Barry asked me if I took tea and said, ‘Pa, why don’t you

mantle of oblivion: cloak of forgetfulness (Anne is quoting from a poem written in the early 1800s.)

pass the biscuits to Anne?' It must be lovely to be grown up, Marilla, when just being treated as if you were is so nice."

"I don't know about that," said Marilla, with a brief sigh.

"Well, anyway, when I am grown up," said Anne decidedly, "I'm always going to talk to little girls as if they were too, and I'll never laugh when they use big words. I know from sorrowful experience how that hurts one's feelings. Mrs. Barry asked me to come over as often as I could and, when I came home, Diana stood at the window and threw kisses to me all the way down to Lover's Lane. I assure you, Marilla, you see before you a perfectly happy person. I'm perfectly happy—yes, in spite of my red hair. Just at present I have a soul above red hair."

CHAPTER 17

A Concert, a Catastrophe, and a Confession

“O h, Marilla, what do you think?” said Anne, running breathlessly down from the east gable one February evening. “You know tomorrow is Diana’s birthday. Well, her mother told her she could ask me to go home with her from school and stay all night with her. And her cousins are coming over from Newbridge in a big sleigh to go to the Debating Club concert at the hall tomorrow night. And they are going to take Diana and me to the concert. Oh, I feel so excited.”

The Debating Club Concert

Anne is thrilled that Diana has invited her to a concert by the Avonlea Debating Club. Debating Clubs were groups for young people in which the members practiced public speaking and also met socially to organize various community events, such as fundraisers and concerts. Clubs like these allowed young people in small towns or rural areas to keep up with current trends and goings-on in the wider world.

“You can calm down then, because you’re not going. You’re better at home in your own bed.”

“I’m sure the Debating Club is a most respectable affair,” pleaded Anne.

“I’m not saying it isn’t. But you’re not going to begin gadding about to concerts and staying out all hours of the night. Pretty doings for children. I’m surprised at Mrs. Barry’s letting Diana go.”

“But it’s such a very special occasion,” mourned Anne, on the verge of tears. “Diana has only one birthday in a year. Prissy Andrews is going to recite ‘Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight.’ That is such a good moral piece, Marilla, I’m sure it would do me lots of good to hear it. And the choir are going to sing four lovely pathetic songs that are pretty near as good as hymns. And oh, Marilla, the minister is going to give an address! That will be just about the same thing as a sermon. Please, mayn’t I go, Marilla?”

gadding about: running around in pursuit of pleasure

“Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight”: a poem written in 1867 that tells the story of a young woman who saves her beloved from execution (Reciting poetry was a popular form of entertainment in the late 1800s.)

“You heard what I said, Anne, didn’t you? Take off your boots now and go to bed. It’s past eight.”

“There’s just one more thing, Marilla,” said Anne, with the air of producing the last shot in her locker. “Mrs. Barry told Diana that we might sleep in the spare-room bed. Think of the honor of your little Anne being put in the spare-room bed.”

“It’s an honor you’ll have to get along without. Go to bed, Anne, and don’t let me hear another word out of you.”

When Anne, with tears rolling over her cheeks, had gone sorrowfully upstairs, Matthew, who had been apparently sound asleep on the lounge during the whole dialogue, opened his eyes and said decidedly:

“Well now, Marilla, I think you ought to let Anne go.”

“I don’t,” retorted Marilla. “Who’s bringing this child up, Matthew, you or me?”

the last shot in her locker: a figure of speech meaning to make your final big attempt at something (literally, referring to the last cannonball left in the ammunition chest on a ship)

lounge: sofa

“Well now, you,” admitted Matthew.

“Don’t interfere then.”

“Well now, I ain’t interfering. It ain’t interfering to have your own opinion. And my opinion is that you ought to let Anne go.”

“You’d think I ought to let Anne go to the moon if she took the notion,” was Marilla’s amiable rejoinder. “I might have let her spend the night with Diana, if that was all. But I don’t approve of this concert plan. She’d go there and have her head filled up with nonsense and excitement. It would unsettle her for a week. I understand that child’s disposition and what’s good for it better than you, Matthew.”

The next morning, when Anne was washing the breakfast dishes in the pantry, Matthew paused on his way out to the barn to say to Marilla again, “I think you ought to let Anne go, Marilla.”

For a moment Marilla looked things not lawful to be uttered. Then she yielded to the inevitable and said tartly, “Very well, she can go, since nothing else’ll please you.”

Anne flew out of the pantry, dripping dishcloth in hand.

“Oh, Marilla, Marilla, say those blessed words again.”

“I guess once is enough to say them. This is Matthew’s doings and I wash my hands of it. If you catch pneumonia sleeping in a strange bed, don’t blame me, blame Matthew. Anne Shirley, you’re dripping greasy water all over the floor. I never saw such a careless child.”

Anne was too excited to do herself justice as to lessons that morning in school. Gilbert Blythe spelled her down in class and left her clear out of sight in mental arithmetic. Anne’s consequent humiliation was less than it might have been, however, in view of the concert and the spare-room bed. She felt that she could not have borne it if she had not been going to the concert, for nothing else was discussed that day in school. The Avonlea Debating Club, which met fortnightly all winter, had had several smaller free entertainments, but this was to be a big affair, admission ten cents, in aid of the library. Everybody in school over nine years of age expected to go, except Carrie Sloane,

fortnightly: every two weeks

whose father shared Marilla's opinions about small girls going out to night concerts. Carrie Sloane cried into her grammar book all the afternoon and felt that life was not worth living.

For Anne the real excitement began with the dismissal of school and increased therefrom until it reached to a crash of positive ecstasy in the concert itself. They had a "perfectly elegant tea," and then came the delicious occupation of dressing in Diana's little room upstairs. At last they were ready, cheeks scarlet and eyes glowing with excitement.

Then Diana's cousins, the Murrays from Newbridge, came. They all crowded into the big sleigh, among straw and furry robes. Anne reveled in the drive to the hall, slipping along over the satin-smooth roads with the snow crisping under the runners. There was a magnificent sunset, and the snowy hills and deep-blue water of the St. Lawrence Gulf seemed to rim in the splendor like a huge bowl of pearl and sapphire brimmed with wine and fire.

therefrom: from that point on

ecstasy: total joy and delight

“Oh, Diana,” breathed Anne, squeezing Diana’s mittenend hand under the fur robe, “isn’t it all like a beautiful dream?”

The program that night was a series of “thrills” for at least one listener in the audience, and, as Anne assured Diana, every succeeding thrill was thrillier than the last. When Prissy Andrews recited—with a string of pearls about her throat and real carnations in her hair—Anne shivered in luxurious sympathy. When the choir sang, Anne gazed at the ceiling as if it were frescoed with angels. And when Mr. Phillips gave Mark Antony’s oration over the dead body of Caesar in

Mr. Phillips’s Speech

Mr. Phillips performs “Mark Antony’s oration over the dead body of Caesar,” a famous speech from Shakespeare’s play *Julius Caesar*. You might have heard the opening line: “Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.” The speech, in which Mark Antony mourns over the dead body of Caesar, who has just been assassinated, eventually inspires the Roman citizens to riot.

succeeding: following

frescoed: painted in the fresco technique, in which watercolors are applied on wet plaster, so that the colors fuse with the plaster as it dries

oration: speech

the most heart-stirring tones—looking at Prissy Andrews at the end of every sentence—Anne felt that she could rise and mutiny on the spot if but one Roman citizen led the way.

Only one number on the program failed to interest her. When Gilbert Blythe recited "Bingen on the Rhine" Anne picked up Rhoda Murray's library book and read it until he had finished, when she sat rigidly stiff and motionless while Diana clapped her hands until they tingled.

It was eleven when they got home. Everybody seemed asleep and the house was dark and silent. Anne and Diana tiptoed into the parlor, a long narrow room out of which the spare room opened. It was pleasantly warm and dimly lighted by the embers of a fire in the grate.

"Let's undress here," said Diana. "It's so nice and warm."

"Hasn't it been a delightful time?" sighed Anne rapturously. "It must be splendid to get up

mutiny: rebel or revolt

"Bingen on the Rhine": a romantic poem from 1867, written from the point of view of a young soldier dying in a foreign land and asking his friends and family to remember him

and recite there. Do you suppose we will ever be asked to do it, Diana?"

"Yes, of course, someday. Gilbert Blythe does often and he's only two years older than us. Oh, Anne, how could you pretend not to listen to him? He looked right down at you."

"Diana," said Anne with dignity, "you are my bosom friend, but I cannot allow even you to speak to me of that person. Are you ready for bed? Let's run a race and see who'll get to the bed first."

The suggestion appealed to Diana. The two little white-clad figures flew down the long room, through the spare-room door, and bounded on the bed at the same moment. And then—something—moved beneath them, there was a gasp and a cry—and somebody said in muffled accents:

"Merciful goodness!"

Anne and Diana were never able to tell just how they got off that bed and out of the room. They only knew that after one frantic rush they found themselves tiptoeing shiveringly upstairs.

"Oh, who was it—*what* was it?" whispered

bounded: jumped

Anne, her teeth chattering with cold and fright.

“It was Aunt Josephine,” said Diana, gasping with laughter. “Oh, Anne, it was Aunt Josephine, however she came to be there. Oh, and I know she will be furious. It’s dreadful—it’s really dreadful—but did you ever know anything so funny, Anne?”

“Who is your Aunt Josephine?”

“She’s father’s aunt and she lives in Charlottetown. She’s awfully old—seventy anyhow—and I don’t believe she was ever a little girl. We were expecting her out for a visit, but not so soon. She’s awfully prim and proper and she’ll scold dreadfully about this, I know. Well, we’ll have to sleep with Minnie May—and you can’t think how she kicks.”

Miss Josephine Barry did not appear at the early breakfast the next morning. Diana and Anne preserved a discreet silence but exchanged furtive smiles of guilty amusement across the table. Anne hurried home after breakfast and so remained in blissful ignorance of the disturbance which presently resulted in the Barry household until

discreet: careful and tactful

furtive: secretive

the late afternoon, when she went down to Mrs. Lynde's on an errand for Marilla.

"So you and Diana nearly frightened poor old Miss Barry to death last night?" said Mrs. Lynde severely, but with a twinkle in her eye. "Mrs. Barry was here a few minutes ago on her way to Carmody. She's feeling real worried over it. Old Miss Barry was in a terrible temper when she got up this morning—and Josephine Barry's temper is no joke, I can tell you that. She wouldn't speak to Diana at all."

"It wasn't Diana's fault," said Anne contritely. "It was mine. I suggested racing to see who would get into bed first."

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Lynde, with the exultation of a correct guesser. "I knew that idea came out of your head. Well, it's made a nice lot of trouble, that's what. Old Miss Barry came out to stay for a month, but she declares she won't stay another day and is going right back to town tomorrow. She had promised to pay for music lessons for Diana, but now she is determined to do

exultation: a feeling of triumphant celebration or rejoicing

nothing at all for her. Oh, I guess they had a lively time of it there this morning."

Mrs. Lynde laughed comfortably, but Anne remained pensive. She saw nothing to laugh at in the situation, which to her eyes appeared very serious. When she left Mrs. Lynde's she took her way across the crusted fields to Orchard Slope. Diana met her at the kitchen door.

"Your Aunt Josephine was very cross about it, wasn't she?" whispered Anne.

"Yes," answered Diana, stifling a giggle with an apprehensive glance over her shoulder at the closed sitting-room door. "She was fairly dancing with rage, Anne. She said I was the worst-behaved girl she ever saw and that my parents ought to be ashamed. She says she won't stay and I'm sure I don't care. But Father and Mother do."

"Why didn't you tell them it was my fault?" demanded Anne.

"Anne Shirley," said Diana with just scorn, "I'm no telltale, and anyhow I was just as much to blame as you."

pensive: thoughtful

stifling: holding in

apprehensive: anxious

“Well, I’m going in to tell her myself,” said Anne resolutely.

Diana stared.

“Anne, you’d never! Why—she’ll eat you alive!”

“I’ve got to do it, Diana. It was my fault and I’ve got to confess. I’ve had practice in confessing, fortunately.”

“Well,” said Diana, “you can go in if you want to. I wouldn’t dare. And I don’t believe you’ll do a bit of good.”

With this encouragement Anne walked resolutely up to the sitting-room door and knocked faintly. A sharp “Come in” followed.

Miss Josephine Barry, thin, prim, and rigid, was knitting fiercely by the fire, her wrath quite unappeased and her eyes snapping through her gold-rimmed glasses. She wheeled around in her chair, expecting to see Diana, and beheld a white-faced girl whose great eyes were brimmed up with a mixture of desperate courage and shrinking terror.

unappeased: not calmed

brimmed up: filled

“Who are you?” demanded Miss Josephine Barry.

“I’m Anne of Green Gables,” said the small visitor tremulously, “and I’ve come to confess, if you please.”

“Confess what?”

“That it was all my fault about jumping into bed on you last night. I suggested it. Diana would never have thought of such a thing, I am sure. Diana is a very ladylike girl, Miss Barry. So you must see how unjust it is to blame her.”

“Oh, I must, hey? I rather think Diana did her share of the jumping at least. Such carryings on in a respectable house!”

“But we were only in fun,” persisted Anne. “I think you ought to forgive us, Miss Barry, now that we’ve apologized. And anyhow, please forgive Diana and let her have her music lessons. Diana’s heart is set on her music lessons, Miss Barry, and I know too well what it is to set your heart on a thing and not get it. If you must be cross with anyone, be cross with me. I’ve been so used in my early days to having people cross at me that I can endure it much better than Diana can.”

Much of the snap had gone out of the old lady's eyes by this time and was replaced by a twinkle of amused interest. But she still said severely:

"I don't think it is any excuse for you that you were only in fun. You don't know what it is to be awakened out of a sound sleep, after a long and arduous journey, by two great girls coming bounce down on you."

"I don't *know*, but I can *imagine*," said Anne eagerly. "I'm sure it must have been very disturbing. But then, there is our side of it too. Have you any imagination, Miss Barry? If you have, just put yourself in our place. We didn't know there was anybody in that bed and you nearly scared us to death. And then we couldn't sleep in the spare room after being promised. I suppose you are used to sleeping in spare rooms. But just imagine what you would feel like if you were a little orphan girl who had never had such an honor."

All the snap had gone by this time. Miss Barry actually laughed—a sound which caused Diana, waiting in speechless anxiety in the kitchen

arduous: difficult and tiring

outside, to give a great gasp of relief.

"I'm afraid my imagination is a little rusty—it's so long since I used it," she said. "I dare say it all depends on the way we look at it. Sit down here and tell me about yourself."

"I am very sorry I can't," said Anne firmly. "I would like to, because you seem like an interesting lady, and you might even be a kindred spirit. But it is my duty to go home to Miss Marilla Cuthbert. Miss Marilla Cuthbert is a very kind lady who has taken me to bring up properly. She is doing her best, but it is very discouraging work. But before I go I do wish you would tell me if you will forgive Diana and stay just as long as you meant to in Avonlea."

"I think perhaps I will if you will come over and talk to me occasionally," said Miss Barry.

That evening Miss Barry gave Diana a silver bracelet and told the senior members of the household that she had unpacked her valise.

"I've made up my mind to stay simply for the sake of getting better acquainted with that Anne-

girl," she said frankly. "She amuses me, and at my time of life an amusing person is a rarity."

Marilla's only comment when she heard the story was, "I told you so." This was for Matthew's benefit.

Miss Barry stayed her month out and over. She was a more agreeable guest than usual, for Anne kept her in good humor. They became firm friends.

When Miss Barry went away she said, "Remember, you Anne-girl, when you come to town you're to visit me and I'll put you in my very sparest spare-room bed to sleep."

"Miss Barry was a kindred spirit, after all," Anne confided to Marilla. "You wouldn't think so to look at her, but she is. You don't find it right out at first, as in Matthew's case, but after a while you come to see it. Kindred spirits are not so scarce as I used to think. It's splendid to find out there are so many of them in the world."

CHAPTER 18

A Good Imagination Gone Wrong

Spring had come once more to Green Gables—the beautiful, capricious, reluctant Canadian spring, lingering along through April and May in a succession of sweet, fresh, chilly days, with pink sunsets and miracles of resurrection and growth. The maples in Lover's Lane were red-budded and little curly ferns pushed up around the Dryad's Bubble. Behind Mr. Silas Sloane's place the Mayflowers blossomed out, pink and white stars of sweetness under their brown leaves.

"I'm so sorry for people who live in lands where there are no Mayflowers," said Anne. "Diana says perhaps they have something better, but there couldn't be anything better than Mayflowers,

capricious: changeable or fickle

resurrection: rebirth

Mayflowers: a very sweet-smelling ground shrub with small star-shaped flowers; also called ground laurel. Mayflowers are the emblem of Nova Scotia—in the 1800s, the province's motto was, "We bloom amid the snow."

could there, Marilla? And Diana says if they don't know what they are like they don't miss them. But I think that is the saddest thing of all. I think it would be *tragic*, Marilla, not to know what Mayflowers are like."

After the Mayflowers came the violets, and Violet Vale was empurpled with them. Anne walked through it on her way to school with reverent steps and worshiping eyes, as if she trod on holy ground.

"Somehow," she told Diana, "when I'm going through here I don't really care whether Gil—whether anybody gets ahead of me in class or not. But when I'm up in school it's all different and I care as much as ever. There's such a lot of different Annes in me. I sometimes think that is why I'm such a troublesome person. If I was just the one Anne it would be ever so much more comfortable, but then it wouldn't be half so interesting."

One June evening, when the orchards were pink-blossomed again, and the frogs were singing

empurpled: turned purple

reverent: both respectful and adoring

trod: walked

silvery-sweet in the marshes about the head of the Lake of Shining Waters, Anne was sitting by her gable window. She had been studying her lessons, but it had grown too dark to see the book, so she had fallen into wide-eyed reverie, looking out past the boughs of the Snow Queen, once more bestarred with its tufts of blossom.

Presently Marilla came briskly in with some of Anne's freshly ironed aprons. She hung them over a chair and sat down with a short sigh. She had had one of her headaches that afternoon, and although the pain had gone she felt weak and "tuckered out," as she expressed it. Anne looked at her with eyes limpid with sympathy.

"I do truly wish I could have had the headache in your place, Marilla. I would have endured it joyfully for your sake."

"I guess you did your part in attending to the work and letting me rest," said Marilla. "You seem to have got on fairly well. Of course most people when they put a pie in the oven to warm up for dinner take it out and eat it when it gets hot

bestarred: spangled; as if covered in stars

limpid: crystal-clear

instead of leaving it to be burned to a crisp. But that doesn't seem to be your way evidently."

Headaches always left Marilla somewhat sarcastic.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Anne penitently. "I never thought about that pie from the moment I put it in the oven till now, although I felt instinctively that there was something missing on the dinner table. I was firmly resolved, when you left me in charge this morning, not to imagine anything, but keep my thoughts on facts. Then an irresistible temptation came to me to imagine I was an enchanted princess shut up in a lonely tower with a handsome knight riding to my rescue on a coal-black steed. But I'm sorry about the pie. I wanted to be extra good today because it's an anniversary. Do you remember what happened this day last year, Marilla?"

"No, I can't think of anything special."

"Oh, Marilla, it was the day I came to Green Gables. I shall never forget it. It was the turning point in my life. Of course it wouldn't seem so

penitently: apologetically

instinctively: in a gut-feeling sort of way

important to you. I've been here for a year and I've been so happy. Are you sorry you kept me, Marilla?"

"No, I can't say I'm sorry," said Marilla, who sometimes wondered how she could have lived before Anne came to Green Gables, "no, not exactly sorry. If you've finished your lessons, Anne, I want you to run over and ask Mrs. Barry if she'll lend me Diana's apron pattern."

"Oh—it's—it's too dark," cried Anne.

"Too dark? Why, it's only twilight. And goodness knows you've gone over often enough after dark."

"I'll go over early in the morning," said Anne eagerly. "I'll get up at sunrise and go over, Marilla."

"What has got into your head now, Anne Shirley? I want that pattern to cut out your new apron this evening. Go at once and be smart too."

"I'll have to go around by the road, then," said Anne, taking up her hat reluctantly.

"Go by the road and waste half an hour!"

"I can't go through the Haunted Wood, Marilla," cried Anne desperately.

Marilla stared.

“The Haunted Wood! Are you crazy? What is the Haunted Wood?”

“The spruce wood over the brook,” said Anne in a whisper.

“Fiddlesticks! There is no such thing as a haunted wood anywhere. Who has been telling you such stuff?”

“Nobody,” confessed Anne. “Diana and I just imagined the wood was haunted. All the places around here are so—so—commonplace. A haunted wood is so very romantic, Marilla. We chose the spruce grove because it’s so gloomy. Oh, we have imagined the most harrowing things. There’s a lady dressed in white who walks along the brook just about this time of the night and wrings her hands and utters wailing cries. And the ghost of a little murdered child haunts the corner up by Idlewild, and there’s a headless man that stalks up and down the path and skeletons glower at you between the boughs. Oh, Marilla, I wouldn’t go through the Haunted Wood after dark now

commonplace: normal, everyday, boring

harrowing: terrifying

glower: look in an angry and threatening way

for anything. I'd be sure that white things would reach out from behind the trees and grab me."

"Did ever anyone hear the like!" exclaimed Marilla. "Anne Shirley, do you mean to tell me you believe all that nonsense of your own imagination?"

"Not believe *exactly*," faltered Anne. "At least, I don't believe it in daylight. But after dark, Marilla, it's different. That is when ghosts walk."

"There are no such things as ghosts, Anne."

"Oh, but there are, Marilla," cried Anne eagerly. "I know people who have seen them. Charlie Sloane says that his grandmother saw his grandfather driving home the cows one night after he'd been buried for a year. And Ruby Gillis says—"

"Anne Shirley," interrupted Marilla firmly, "I never want to hear you talking in this fashion again. You'll go right over to Barry's, and you'll go through that spruce grove, just for a lesson to you. And never let me hear a word out of your head about haunted woods again."

"Oh, Marilla, how can you be so cruel?" sobbed Anne. "What would you feel like if a white thing did snatch me up and carry me off?"

“I’ll risk it,” said Marilla unfeeling. “I’ll cure you of imagining ghosts into places. March, now.”

Anne marched. That is, she stumbled down to the spring and over the bridge and went shuddering up the horrible dim path beyond. Anne never forgot that walk. The goblins of her fancy lurked in every shadow about her, reaching out their cold, fleshless hands to grasp the terrified small girl who had called them into being. A white strip of birch bark blowing over the brown floor of the grove made her heart stand still. The wail of two old boughs rubbing against each other brought out the perspiration in beads on her forehead. The swoop of bats in the darkness over her was as the wings of unearthly creatures. When she reached Mr. William Bell’s field she fled across it as if pursued by an army of ghosts, and arrived at the Barry kitchen door so out of breath that she could hardly gasp out her request for the apron pattern. Diana was away so that she had no excuse to linger. The dreadful return journey had to be faced. When she finally stumbled over the

fancy: imagination or make-believe

log bridge she drew one long shivering breath of relief.

“Well, so nothing caught you?” said Marilla unsympathetically.

“Oh, Mar—Marilla,” chattered Anne, “I’ll b-b-be cont-t-tented with c-c-commonplace places after this.”

CHAPTER 19

A New Departure in Flavorings

“**D**ear me, there is nothing but meetings and partings in this world, as Mrs. Lynde says,” remarked Anne plaintively, putting her slate and books down on the kitchen table on the last day of June and wiping her red eyes with a very damp handkerchief. “Wasn’t it fortunate, Marilla, that I took an extra handkerchief to school today? I had a presentiment that it would be needed.”

“I never thought you were so fond of Mr. Phillips that you’d require two handkerchiefs to dry your tears just because he was going away,” said Marilla.

“I don’t think I was crying because I was really fond of him,” reflected Anne. “I just cried because all the others did. Ruby Gillis started it. Ruby Gillis has always declared she hated

plaintively: in a sad and wistful way

presentiment: premonition or hunch

Mr. Phillips, but just as soon as he got up to make his farewell speech she burst into tears. Then all the girls began to cry. I tried to hold out, Marilla. I tried to remember the time Mr. Phillips made me sit with Gil—with a boy, and the time he spelled my name without an 'e' on the blackboard, and how he said I was the worst dunce he ever saw at geometry and laughed at my spelling, but somehow I couldn't, and I just had to cry too. Oh, Marilla, it was heartrending. Mr. Phillips made such a beautiful farewell speech, and he had tears in his eyes too. Oh, I felt dreadfully sorry for all the times I'd drawn pictures of him on my slate and made fun of him and Prissy. The girls cried all the way home from school. I do feel dreadfully sad, Marilla. But one can't feel quite in the depths of despair with two months' vacation before them, can they? And besides, we met the new minister and his wife coming from the station. I couldn't help taking a little interest in a new minister, could I? His wife is very pretty. She was dressed in blue muslin with lovely puffed sleeves

heartrending: heartbreaking or tragic

and a hat trimmed with roses. Jane Andrews said she thought puffed sleeves were too worldly for a minister's wife, but I didn't make any such uncharitable remark, Marilla, because I know what it is to long for puffed sleeves. Besides, she's only been a minister's wife for a little while, so one should make allowances, shouldn't they? They are going to board with Mrs. Lynde until the manse is ready."

The new minister and his wife were a young, pleasant-faced couple, still on their honeymoon, and full of all good and beautiful enthusiasms for their chosen life work. Avonlea opened its heart to them from the start. Old and young liked the frank, cheerful young Mr. Allan with his high ideals, and the bright, gentle lady who assumed the mistress-ship of the manse. With Mrs. Allan, Anne fell promptly and wholeheartedly in love. She had discovered another kindred spirit.

worldly: experienced or sophisticated; not innocent or modest

uncharitable: unkind or ungenerous

manse: a house near a town's church, specifically reserved for the minister's family

ideals: beliefs and hopes about how the world might or should be

assumed the mistress-ship of: took over management of

“Mrs. Allan is perfectly lovely,” she announced one Sunday afternoon. “She’s taken our class and she’s a splendid teacher. She said right away she didn’t think it was fair for the teacher to ask all the questions, and you know, Marilla, that is exactly what I’ve always thought. She said we could ask her any question we liked and I asked ever so many. Mrs. Allan has such exquisite dimples in her cheeks. I wish I had dimples in my cheeks, Marilla. If I had perhaps I could influence people for good. Mrs. Allan said we ought always to try to influence other people for good. She talked so nice about everything. I never knew before that religion was such a cheerful thing. I always thought it was kind of melancholy, but Mrs. Allan’s isn’t.”

“I suppose we must have Mr. and Mrs. Allan up to tea someday soon,” said Marilla reflectively. “Next Wednesday would be a good time to have them. But don’t say a word to Matthew about it, for if he knew they were coming he’d find some

to ask all the questions: As teacher of Anne’s Sunday-school class, Mrs. Allan has replaced the former teacher, who didn’t approve of students asking questions.

exquisite: very beautiful and delicate

reflectively: thoughtfully

excuse to be away that day. He's going to find it hard to get acquainted with a new minister, and a new minister's wife will frighten him to death."

"I'll be as secret as the dead," assured Anne. "But oh, Marilla, will you let me make a cake for the occasion? I'd love to do something for Mrs. Allan, and you know I can make a pretty good cake by this time."

"You can make a layer cake," promised Marilla.

Monday and Tuesday great preparations went on at Green Gables. Having the minister and his wife to tea was a serious and important undertaking, and Marilla was determined not to be eclipsed by any of the Avonlea housekeepers. Anne was wild with excitement and delight. When Wednesday morning came, she got up at sunrise because she was too excited to sleep. She had caught a severe cold in the head by reason of her dabbling in the spring on the preceding evening, but nothing short of absolute pneumonia could have quenched her interest in culinary matters

eclipsed: overshadowed or outdone

dabbling: wading

culinary: having to do with cooking

that morning. After breakfast she proceeded to make her cake. When she finally shut the oven door upon it she drew a long breath.

“I’m sure I haven’t forgotten anything this time, Marilla. But do you think it will rise? Just suppose perhaps the baking powder isn’t good? Mrs. Lynde says you can never be sure of getting good baking powder nowadays. Mrs. Lynde says the Government ought to take the matter up, but she says we’ll never see the day. Oh, Marilla, I dreamed last night that I was chased all around by a fearful goblin with a big layer cake for a head. What if the cake doesn’t rise?”

“We’ll have plenty without it” was Marilla’s unimpassioned way of looking at the subject.

The cake did rise, however, and came out of the oven as light and feathery as golden foam. Anne, flushed with delight, clapped it together with layers of ruby jelly and, in imagination, saw Mrs. Allan eating it and possibly asking for another piece.

“You’ll be using the best tea set, of course,

unimpassioned: calm and unemotional

Marilla," she said. "Can I fix the table with ferns and wild roses?"

"I think that's all nonsense," sniffed Marilla. "In my opinion it's the eatables that matter and not flummery decorations."

"Mrs. Barry had *her* table decorated," said Anne, "and the minister paid her an elegant compliment. He said it was a feast for the eye as well as the palate."

"Well, do as you like," said Marilla, who was quite determined not to be surpassed by Mrs. Barry or anybody else. "Only mind you leave enough room for the food."

Anne laid herself out to decorate after a fashion that should leave Mrs. Barry's nowhere. Having abundance of roses and ferns and a very artistic taste of her own, she made that tea table such a thing of beauty that when the minister and his wife sat down to it they exclaimed in chorus over its loveliness.

flummery: nonsense

palate: literally, the roof of the mouth, and figuratively (as used here), a person's appreciation for flavor

surpassed: outdone

laid herself out: went to great lengths; used all her ability

in chorus: together at the same time

"It's Anne's doings," said Marilla, grimly just, and Anne felt that Mrs. Allan's approving smile was almost too much happiness for this world.

Matthew was there, having been inveigled into the party only goodness and Anne knew how. He had been in such a state of shyness and nervousness that Marilla had given him up in despair, but Anne took him in hand so successfully that he now sat at the table in his best clothes and white collar and talked to the minister not uninterestingly. All went merry as a marriage bell until Anne's layer cake was passed.

"You must take a piece of this, Mrs. Allan," Marilla said smilingly. "Anne made it on purpose for you."

"In that case I must sample it," laughed Mrs. Allan, helping herself to a plump triangle, as did the minister and Marilla.

Mrs. Allan took a mouthful of hers and a most peculiar expression crossed her face. Not a word did she say, however, but steadily ate away at it.

grimly just: stern and stony-faced but fair

inveigled: coaxed or persuaded

peculiar: strange and unusual

Marilla saw the expression and hastened to taste the cake.

“Anne Shirley!” she exclaimed, “what on earth did you put into that cake?”

“Nothing but what the recipe said, Marilla,” cried Anne with a look of anguish. “Oh, isn’t it all right?”

“All right! It’s simply horrible. Mr. Allan, don’t try to eat it. Anne, taste it yourself. What flavoring did you use?”

“Vanilla,” said Anne, her face scarlet with mortification after tasting the cake. “Only vanilla. Oh, Marilla, it must have been the baking powder. I had my suspicions of that bak—”

“Baking powder fiddlesticks! Go and bring me the bottle of vanilla you used.”

Anne fled to the pantry and returned with a small bottle partially filled with a brown liquid and labeled, “Best Vanilla.”

Marilla took it, uncorked it, smelled it.

“Mercy on us, Anne, you’ve flavored that cake with *anodyne liniment*. I broke the liniment

anguish: terrible distress and suffering

bottle last week and poured what was left into an old empty vanilla bottle. I suppose it's partly my fault—I should have warned you—but for pity's sake why couldn't you have smelled it?"

The Case of the Liniment Cake

Poor Anne unintentionally flavored her cake with anodyne liniment, which is an oily medicinal liquid used for relieving pain, like that of sore muscles. Montgomery took this mistake of Anne's from a real event in her own life. She wrote in her journal about a time when she was working as a teacher and boarding with a minister's family. One day at tea, the minister's wife "flavored a layer cake with anodyne liniment.... Never shall I forget the taste of that cake and the fun we had over it.... A strange minister was there to tea that night. He ate every crumb of his piece of cake. What he thought of it we never discovered. Possibly he imagined it was simply some new-fangled flavoring."

Anne dissolved into tears under this double disgrace.

"I couldn't—I had such a cold!" and with this she fled to the gable chamber, where she cast herself on the bed and wept.

Presently a light step sounded on the stairs and somebody entered the room.

"Oh, Marilla," sobbed Anne, without looking up, "I'm disgraced forever. I shall never be able

to live this down. It will get out—I shall always be pointed at as the girl who flavored a cake with anodyne liniment. Gil—the boys in school will never get over laughing at it. Oh, Marilla, I cannot ever look Mrs. Allan in the face again. Perhaps she'll think I tried to poison her. But the liniment isn't poisonous. It's meant to be taken internally—although not in cakes. Won't you tell Mrs. Allan so, Marilla?"

"Suppose you jump up and tell her so yourself," said a merry voice.

Anne flew up to find Mrs. Allan standing by her bed, surveying her with laughing eyes.

"My dear little girl, you mustn't cry like this," she said. "Why, it's all just a funny mistake that anybody might make."

"Oh, no, it takes me to make such a mistake," said Anne forlornly. "And I wanted to have that cake so nice for you, Mrs. Allan."

"Yes, I know, dear. And I assure you I appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness just as much as if it had turned out all right. Now, you mustn't cry any more, but come down with me and show me your flower garden. Miss Cuthbert tells

me you have a little plot all your own. I want to see it, for I'm very much interested in flowers."

Anne permitted herself to be led down and comforted, reflecting that it was really providential that Mrs. Allan was a kindred spirit. Nothing more was said about the liniment cake, and when the guests went away Anne found that she had enjoyed the evening more than could have been expected.

"Oh, Marilla," said Anne happily, sitting with her tired curly head in Marilla's gingham lap, "Mrs. Allan and I had a heart-to-heart talk. I told her everything—about Mrs. Thomas and the twins and Katie Maurice and coming to Green Gables and my troubles over geometry. And would you believe it, Marilla? Mrs. Allan told me she was a dunce at geometry too. You don't know how that encouraged me. And what do you think, Marilla? Mrs. Allan said the trustees have hired a new teacher and it's a lady. Her name is Miss Muriel Stacy. Isn't that a romantic name? I think it will be splendid to have a lady teacher, and I really don't

plot: a section of ground used for gardening

trustees: members of the Avonlea school board, responsible for choosing and hiring teachers for the local school

see how I'm going to live through the two weeks before school begins. I'm so impatient to see her."

"You needn't get in such a fever over it," said Marilla coolly. "Do learn to take things calmly, child."

For Anne to take things calmly would have been to change her nature. All "spirit and fire and dew," as she was, the pleasures and pains of life came to her with trebled intensity. She sighed deeply.

"Spirit and fire and dew"

Montgomery describes Anne as being made of all "spirit and fire and dew," meaning that she is a person of great passions—soulful and enthusiastic and tender. These words come from Robert Browning's 1855 poem "Evelyn Hope." You might recognize them from the very front of this book, where Montgomery uses them as her epigraph:

*The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit and fire and dew.*

An epigraph is a short piece of text, usually a quotation, used by the author at the beginning of a longer work, like a novel, in order to give the reader a sense of the work's inspirations and themes.

coolly: calmly

trebled: tripled

“Marilla, isn’t it nice to think that tomorrow is a new day with no mistakes in it yet?”

“I’ll warrant you’ll make plenty in it,” said Marilla. “I never saw your beat for making mistakes, Anne.”

“Yes,” admitted Anne mournfully. “But have you ever noticed one encouraging thing about me, Marilla? I never make the same mistake twice.”

“I don’t know as that’s much benefit when you’re always making new ones.”

“Oh, don’t you see, Marilla? There must be a limit to the mistakes one person can make, and when I get to the end of them, then I’ll be through with them. That’s a very comforting thought.

CHAPTER 20

Anne Comes to Grief in an Affair of Honor

A week later, Diana Barry gave a party. “Small and select,” Anne assured Marilla. “Just the girls in our class.” They had a very good time and nothing untoward happened until after tea, when they found themselves in the Barry garden, a little tired of all their games and ripe for any form of mischief which might present itself. This presently took the form of “daring.”

Daring was the fashionable amusement among the Avonlea small fry just then. First of all Carrie Sloane dared Ruby Gillis to climb the huge old willow tree before the front door; which Ruby Gillis, albeit in mortal dread of the fat green caterpillars with which said tree was

untoward: unexpected or unfortunate

ripe: ready

small fry: children; “fry” are, literally, baby fish

albeit: although

mortal: extreme and terrible

infested, nimbly did, to the discomfiture of the aforesaid Carrie Sloane. Then Josie Pye dared Jane Andrews to hop on her left leg around the garden without stopping once or putting her right foot to the ground; which Jane Andrews gamely tried to do, but gave out at the third corner and had to confess herself defeated.

Josie's triumph being rather more pronounced than good taste permitted, Anne Shirley dared her to walk along the top of the board fence which bounded the garden to the east. Now, to "walk" board fences requires more skill and steadiness of head and heel than one might suppose who has never tried it. But Josie Pye, if deficient in some qualities that make for popularity, had at least a natural gift for walking board fences. Josie walked the Barry fence with an airy unconcern which seemed to imply that a little thing like that wasn't worth a "dare." She descended from her perch, flushed with victory, and darted a defiant glance at Anne.

discomfiture: embarrassment

gamely: bravely

pronounced: noticeable or showy

bounded: bordered

deficient: lacking

Anne tossed her red braids.

"I don't think it's such a very wonderful thing to walk a little, low, board fence," she said. "I knew a girl in Marysville who could walk the ridgepole of a roof."

"I don't believe it," said Josie flatly. "I don't believe anybody could walk a ridgepole. *You* couldn't, anyhow."

"Couldn't I?" cried Anne rashly.

"Then I dare you to do it," said Josie defiantly. "I dare you to climb up there and walk the ridgepole of Mr. Barry's kitchen roof."

Anne turned pale, but there was clearly only one thing to be done. She walked toward the house, where a ladder was leaning against the kitchen roof. All the fifth-class girls said, "Oh!" partly in excitement, partly in dismay.

"Don't you do it, Anne," entreated Diana. "You'll fall off and be killed. Never mind Josie Pye. It isn't fair to dare anybody to do anything so dangerous."

ridgepole: the pole or board that runs along the apex, or highest part, of a steeply angled roof, where the sides meet

"I must do it. My honor is at stake," said Anne solemnly. "I shall walk that ridgepole, Diana, or perish in the attempt. If I am killed you are to have my pearl bead ring."

Anne climbed the ladder amid breathless silence, gained the ridgepole, balanced herself uprightly on that precarious footing, and started to walk along it. She managed to take several steps before the catastrophe came. Then she swayed, lost her balance, stumbled, staggered, and fell, sliding down over the sun-baked roof and crashing off it through the tangle of Virginia creeper beneath—all before the dismayed circle below could give a simultaneous, terrified shriek.

If Anne had tumbled off the roof on the side up which she had ascended, Diana would probably have fallen heir to the pearl bead ring then and there. Fortunately she fell on the other side, where the roof extended down over the porch so nearly to the ground that a fall therefrom was a much less serious thing. Nevertheless, when Diana and

at stake: at risk; in danger of being lost unless defended

precarious: unstable and dangerous

Virginia creeper: a climbing vine plant, similar to ivy



ANNE BALANCED HERSELF UPRIGHTLY ON THAT
PRECARIOUS FOOTING.

the other girls had rushed frantically around the house—except Ruby Gillis, who remained as if rooted to the ground and went into hysterics—they found Anne lying all white and limp among the wreck and ruin of the Virginia creeper.

“Anne, are you killed?” shrieked Diana, throwing herself on her knees beside her friend. “Oh, Anne, dear Anne, speak just one word to me and tell me if you’re killed.”

To the immense relief of all the girls, and especially of Josie Pye, who, in spite of lack of imagination, had been seized with horrible visions of a future branded as the girl who was the cause of Anne Shirley’s early and tragic death, Anne sat dizzily up and answered uncertainly, “No, Diana, I am not killed, but I think I am rendered unconscious.”

“Where?” sobbed Carrie Sloane. “Oh, where, Anne?” Before Anne could answer Mrs. Barry appeared on the scene. At sight of her Anne tried to scramble to her feet, but sank back again with a sharp little cry of pain.

hysterics: emotional breakdown; an attack of weeping

rendered: made; caused to be

“What’s the matter? Where have you hurt yourself?” demanded Mrs. Barry.

“My ankle,” gasped Anne. “Oh, Diana, please find your father and ask him to take me home. I know I can never walk there.”

Marilla was out in the orchard picking summer apples when she saw Mr. Barry coming over the log bridge and up the slope, with Mrs. Barry beside him and a whole procession of little girls trailing after him. In his arms he carried Anne, whose head lay limply against his shoulder.

At that moment Marilla had a revelation. In the sudden stab of fear that pierced her very heart she realized what Anne had come to mean to her. She would have admitted that she liked Anne—nay, that she was very fond of Anne. But now she knew as she hurried wildly down the slope that Anne was dearer to her than anything else on earth.

“Mr. Barry, what has happened to her?” she gasped.

Anne herself answered, lifting her head.

revelation: a sudden and dramatic realization

“Don’t be very frightened, Marilla. I was walking the ridgepole and I fell off. I expect I have sprained my ankle. But, Marilla, I might have broken my neck. Let us look on the bright side of things.”

“I might have known you’d go and do something of the sort when I let you go to that party,” said Marilla, sharp and shrewish in her very relief. “Bring her in here, Mr. Barry, and lay her on the sofa. Mercy me, the child has gone and fainted!”

It was quite true. Overcome by the pain of her injury, Anne had one more of her wishes granted to her. She had fainted dead away.

Matthew was straightway dispatched for the doctor, who in due time came, to discover that the injury was more serious than they had supposed. Anne’s ankle was broken.

That night, when Marilla went up to the east gable, a plaintive voice greeted her from the bed.

“Aren’t you very sorry for me, Marilla?”

shrewish: bad-tempered and snappy

straightway: immediately

“It was your own fault,” said Marilla, lighting a lamp.

“And that is just why you should be sorry for me,” said Anne, “because the thought that it is all my own fault is what makes it so hard. But what would you have done, Marilla, if you had been dared to walk a ridgepole?”

“I’d have stayed on good firm ground and let them dare away. Such absurdity!” said Marilla.

Anne sighed.

“But you have such strength of mind, Marilla. I haven’t. I just felt that I couldn’t bear Josie Pye’s scorn. She would have crowed over me all my life. And I think I have been punished so much that you needn’t be very cross with me, Marilla. It’s not a bit nice to faint, after all. And the doctor hurt me dreadfully when he was setting my ankle. I won’t be able to go around for six or seven weeks and I’ll miss the new lady teacher. She won’t be new anymore by the time I’m able to go to school. And Gil—everybody will get ahead of me in class.

absurdity: ridiculousness or foolishness

crowed over me: bragged and rubbed it in

Oh, I am an afflicted mortal. But I'll try to bear it all bravely if only you won't be cross with me, Marilla."

"There, there, I'm not cross," said Marilla. "You're an unlucky child, there's no doubt about that. Here now, try and eat some supper."

"Isn't it fortunate I've got such an imagination?" said Anne. "It will help me through splendidly, I expect. What do people who haven't any imagination do when they break their bones, do you suppose, Marilla?"

Anne had good reason to bless her imagination many a time during the tedious seven weeks that followed. But she was not solely dependent on it. She had many visitors and not a day passed without one or more of the schoolgirls dropping in to bring her flowers and books and tell her all the happenings in the juvenile world of Avonlea.

"Everybody has been so good and kind, Marilla," sighed Anne happily, on the day when she could first limp across the floor. "Mrs. Allan

afflicted: distressed; cursed with suffering

tedious: boring and frustrating

solely: only or merely

juvenile: youthful or having to do with young people

has been to see me fourteen times. Isn't that something to be proud of, Marilla? She is such a cheerful person to have visit you, too. She never tells you it's your own fault and she hopes you'll be a better girl on account of it. Mrs. Lynde always told me that when she came to see me, and she said it in a kind of way that made me feel she might hope I'd be a better girl but didn't really believe I would. Even Josie Pye came to see me. I received her as politely as I could, because I think she was sorry. Diana has been a faithful friend. She's been over every day to cheer my lonely pillow. But oh, I shall be so glad when I can go to school for I've heard such exciting things about the new teacher. Diana says she has such fascinating eyes, and she dresses beautifully, and her sleeve puffs are bigger than anybody else's in Avonlea. Every other Friday afternoon she has recitations and everybody has to say a piece or take part in a dialogue. Oh, it's just glorious to think of it. Josie Pye says she hates it but that is just because Josie has so little imagination. And the Friday afternoons they don't have recitations, Miss Stacy takes them all to the woods for a 'field' day and

they study ferns and flowers and birds. And they have physical culture exercises every morning and evening. Mrs. Lynde says she never heard of such goings-on and it all comes of having a lady teacher. But I think it must be splendid and I believe I shall find that Miss Stacy is a kindred spirit."

"There's one thing plain to be seen, Anne," said Marilla, "and that is that your fall off the Barry roof hasn't injured your tongue at all."

Miss Stacy's Innovations

Anne is excited to meet the new teacher, Miss Stacy, and experience the new ideas she is bringing to the school at Avonlea, including "physical culture exercises" (like what you know as gym class), recitation (dramatically speaking a poem or passage, usually from memory), and "field" days for nature study. These new studies that Miss Stacy introduces—reciting and performing, outdoor nature study, and physical exercise—single her out as independent and modern, both as a woman and as a teacher.

CHAPTER 21

Miss Stacy and Her Pupils Get Up a Concert

It was October again when Anne was ready to go back to school—a glorious October, all red and gold, with mellow mornings when the valleys were filled with delicate mists of amethyst, pearl, silver, rose, and smoke-blue. The Birch Path was a canopy of yellow and the ferns were sere and brown all along it. There was a tang in the very air that inspired the hearts of small maidens tripping to school, and it *was* jolly to be back again at the little brown desk beside Diana, with Carrie Sloane sending up notes and Ruby Gillis nodding across the aisle. Anne drew a long breath of happiness as she sharpened her pencil. Life was certainly very interesting.

In the new teacher she found another true and helpful friend. Miss Stacy was a bright, sympathetic young woman with the happy gift of

sere: dried up

tang: a sharp, crisp smell or taste

winning and holding the affections of her pupils and bringing out the best that was in them. Anne expanded like a flower under this wholesome influence and carried home to the admiring Matthew and the critical Marilla glowing accounts of school.

“I love Miss Stacy with my whole heart, Marilla. When she pronounces my name I feel *instinctively* that she’s spelling it with an E. We had recitations this afternoon. I just wish you could have been there to hear me recite ‘Mary, Queen of Scots.’ I just put my whole soul into it. Ruby Gillis told me I made her blood run cold.”

Mary, Queen of Scots

In class, Anne recites “Mary, Queen of Scots,” a poem by a Scottish lawyer and poet, Henry Glassford Bell. Bell passionately defended the reputation of Mary Stuart (1542–1587, also known as Mary, Queen of Scots), the cousin of Queen Elizabeth I of England. Mary was kept under arrest for twenty years and eventually executed by Elizabeth, who feared her cousin’s claim to the English throne. Mary makes a perfect tragic heroine for Anne.

“Well now, you might recite it for me some of these days, out in the barn,” suggested Matthew.

“Mrs. Lynde says it made *her* blood run cold

to see the boys climbing to the very tops of those big trees on Bell's hill after crows' nests last Friday," said Marilla. "I wonder at Miss Stacy for encouraging it."

"But we wanted a crow's nest for nature study," explained Anne. "That was on our field afternoon. Field afternoons are splendid, Marilla. And Miss Stacy explains everything so beautifully. We have to write compositions on our field afternoons and I write the best ones."

"It's very vain of you to say so then. You'd better let your teacher say it."

"But she *did* say it, Marilla. And indeed I'm not vain about it. I love writing compositions. Mostly Miss Stacy lets us choose our own subjects, but next week we are to write a composition on some remarkable person. It's hard to choose among so many remarkable people who have lived. Mustn't it be splendid to be remarkable and have compositions written about you after you're dead? Oh, I would dearly love to be remarkable. We have physical culture exercises every day, too. They make you graceful and promote digestion."

promote: improve

“Promote fiddlesticks!” said Marilla, who honestly thought it was all nonsense.

But all the field afternoons and recitation Fridays and physical culture contortions paled before a project which Miss Stacy brought forward in November. This was that the scholars of Avonlea school should get up a concert and hold it in the hall on Christmas Night, for the laudable purpose of helping to pay for a schoolhouse flag. The pupils one and all taking to this plan, the preparations for a program were begun at once. And none was so excited as Anne Shirley, who threw herself into the undertaking heart and soul, hampered as she was by Marilla’s disapproval. Marilla thought it all foolishness.

“It’s just filling your heads up with nonsense and taking time that ought to be put on your lessons,” she grumbled. “I don’t approve of children’s getting up concerts and racing about to rehearsals. It makes them vain and forward.”

contortions: twistings and bendings of the body

paled: became inferior in comparison

get up: prepare to put on

laudable: praiseworthy

hampered: hindered or held back

forward: overly bold or immodest

“But think of the worthy object,” pleaded Anne. “A flag will cultivate a spirit of patriotism, Marilla.”

“Fudge! There’s precious little patriotism in the thoughts of any of you. All you want is a good time.”

“Well, when you can combine patriotism and fun, isn’t it all right? We’re going to have six choruses and Diana is to sing a solo. I’m in two dialogues—*The Society for the Suppression of Gossip* and *The Fairy Queen*. The boys are going to have a dialogue too. And I’m to have two recitations, Marilla. I just tremble when I think of it, but

Anne’s Two Dialogues

Anne delightedly tells Marilla that she’ll be in “two dialogues” at the school concert. Since recitation was so popular, there were collections of writings meant for student performance. *The Society for the Suppression of Gossip* (1879) was a short comic play by T. S. Denison, in which a group of ladies meets with the purpose of organizing such a society, but can’t quite get over gossiping while they’re at it. *The Fairy Queen* (1878) is a poem by Bishop Thomas Percy in which the queen of the title summons her elves and spirits for a nightly dance. (Montgomery wrote in her journal that as a student she performed in both these pieces herself.)

object: goal or cause

cultivate: encourage or help to grow

it's a nice thrill kind of tremble. I'm going to practice my recitations in the garret. Don't be alarmed if you hear me groaning. I have to groan heartrendingly in one of them, and it's really hard to get up a good artistic groan, Marilla. Josie Pye is sulky because she didn't get the part she wanted in the dialogue. She wanted to be the fairy queen, but that would have been ridiculous. Jane Andrews is to be the queen and I am to be one of her maids of honor. I'm to have a wreath of white roses in my hair and Ruby Gillis is going to lend me her slippers because I haven't any of my own. It's necessary for fairies to have slippers, you know. You couldn't imagine a fairy wearing boots, could you? Oh, Marilla, I know you are not so enthusiastic about it as I am, but don't you hope your little Anne will distinguish herself?"

"All I hope is that you'll behave yourself. I'll be heartily glad when all this fuss is over and you'll be able to settle down. As for your tongue, it's a marvel it's not clean worn out."

garret: attic

distinguish: to make oneself stand out by doing something impressive

Anne sighed and betook herself to the back yard, over which a young new moon was shining through the leafless poplar boughs, and where Matthew was splitting wood. Anne perched herself on a block and talked the concert over with him, sure of an appreciative and sympathetic listener in this instance at least.

“Well now, I reckon it’s going to be a pretty good concert. And I expect you’ll do your part fine,” he said, smiling down into her eager, vivacious little face. Anne smiled back at him. Those two were the best of friends and Matthew thanked his stars many a time and oft that he had nothing to do with bringing her up. That was Marilla’s exclusive duty. As it was, he was free to “spoil Anne”—Marilla’s phrasing—as much as he liked. But it was not such a bad arrangement after all. A little “appreciation” sometimes does quite as much good as all the conscientious “bringing up” in the world.

vivacious: lively and high-spirited

many a time and oft: a phrase borrowed from Shakespeare
meaning very often

conscientious: careful and responsible

CHAPTER 22

Matthew Insists on Puffed Sleeves

Matthew was having a bad ten minutes of it. He had come into the kitchen, in the twilight of a cold, gray December evening, and had sat down in the woodbox corner to take off his heavy boots, unconscious of the fact that Anne and her schoolmates were having a practice of "The Fairy Queen" in the sitting room. Presently they came trooping out into the kitchen, laughing and chattering happily. They did not see Matthew, who shrank bashfully back into the shadows, and he watched them shyly for the aforesaid ten minutes as they put on caps and jackets and talked about the dialogue and the concert. Anne stood among them, bright-eyed and animated as they, but Matthew suddenly became conscious that there was something about her different from her mates. Anne had a brighter face, and bigger, starrier eyes,

woodbox: a box or shelf for storing the cut logs for the fire and stove

and more delicate features than the others; even shy, unobservant Matthew had learned to take note of these things; but the difference that disturbed him did not consist in any of these respects. Then in what did it consist?

Matthew was haunted by this question long after the girls had gone. He could not refer it to Marilla, who, he felt, would be quite sure to sniff scornfully and remark that the only difference she saw between Anne and the other girls was that they sometimes kept their tongues quiet while Anne never did. This, Matthew felt, would be no great help.

He had recourse to his pipe that evening to help him study it out, much to Marilla's disgust. After two hours of smoking and hard reflection Matthew arrived at a solution. Anne was not dressed like the other girls!

The more Matthew thought about the matter the more he was convinced that Anne never had been dressed like the other girls—never since

respects: points or details

refer it to: pass it along to

had recourse to: made use of

she had come to Green Gables. Marilla kept her clothed in plain, dark dresses, all made after the same unvarying pattern. Matthew was quite sure that Anne's sleeves did not look at all like the sleeves the other girls wore—all cheerful in dresses of red and blue and pink and white. He wondered why Marilla always kept her so plainly and soberly gowned.

Of course, Marilla knew best and Marilla was bringing her up. But surely it would do no harm to let the child have one pretty dress—something like Diana Barry always wore. Matthew decided that he would give her one; Christmas was only a fortnight off. A nice new dress would be the very thing for a present. Matthew, with a sigh of satisfaction, put away his pipe and went to bed, while Marilla opened all the doors and aired the house.

The very next evening Matthew betook himself to Carmody to buy the dress, determined to get the worst over and have done with it. It would be, he felt assured, no trifling ordeal. After much cogitation Matthew resolved to go to Samuel

unvarying: unchanging

trifling: small or trivial

cogitation: thinking deeply about something

Lawson's store instead of William Blair's. To be sure, the Cuthberts always had gone to William Blair's, but William Blair's two daughters frequently waited on customers there and Matthew held them in absolute dread. So he would go to Lawson's, where Samuel or his son would wait on him.

Alas! Matthew did not know that Samuel, in the recent expansion of his business, had set up a lady clerk also. She was a niece of his wife's and a very dashing young person indeed, with a huge, drooping pompadour, big, rolling brown eyes, and a most extensive and bewildering smile. She was dressed with exceeding smartness and wore several bangle bracelets that glittered and rattled and tinkled with every movement of her hands. Matthew was covered with confusion at finding her there at all, and those bangles completely wrecked his wits.

"What can I do for you this evening, Mr. Cuthbert?" Miss Lucilla Harris inquired, tapping the counter with both hands.

dashing: stylish

pompadour: a very popular hairstyle for women in the late 1800s, in which all the front hair is rolled back (sometimes over a pad for extra volume) and given a great deal of puff and height.

"Have you any—any—any—well now, say any garden rakes?" stammered Matthew.

Miss Harris looked somewhat surprised, as well she might, to hear a man inquiring for garden rakes in the middle of December.

"I believe we have one or two left over," she said, "but they're upstairs in the lumber room. I'll go and see." During her absence Matthew collected his scattered senses for another effort.

When Miss Harris returned with the rake and cheerfully inquired: "Anything else tonight, Mr. Cuthbert?" Matthew took his courage in both hands and replied: "Well now, since you suggest it, I might as well—take—that is—look at—buy some—some hayseed."

Miss Harris had heard Matthew Cuthbert called odd. She now concluded that he was entirely crazy.

"We only keep hayseed in the spring," she explained loftily. "We've none on hand just now."

"Oh, certainly—certainly—just as you say," stammered unhappy Matthew, seizing the rake and

took his courage in both hands: a figure of speech meaning to summon up all one's courage at once
loftily: in a stuck up or haughty manner

making for the door. At the threshold he recollected that he had not paid for it and he turned miserably back. While Miss Harris was counting out his change he rallied his powers for a final desperate attempt.

“Well now—if it isn’t too much trouble—I might as well—that is—I’d like to look at—at—some sugar.”

“White or brown?” queried Miss Harris patiently.

“Oh—well now—brown,” said Matthew feebly.

“There’s a barrel of it over there,” said Miss Harris, shaking her bangles at it. “It’s the only kind we have.”

“I’ll—I’ll take twenty pounds of it,” said Matthew, with beads of perspiration standing on his forehead.

Matthew had driven halfway home before he was his own man again. It had been a gruesome experience, but it served him right, he thought, for going to a strange store. When he reached home he hid the rake in the tool house, but the sugar he carried in to Marilla.

gruesome: brutal and terrible

“Brown sugar!” exclaimed Marilla. “Whatever possessed you to get so much?”

“I—I thought it might come in handy sometime,” said Matthew, making his escape.

When Matthew came to think the matter over he decided that a woman was required to cope with the situation. Marilla was out of the question. There remained only Mrs. Lynde, for of no other woman in Avonlea would Matthew have dared to ask advice. To Mrs. Lynde he went accordingly, and that good lady promptly took the matter out of the harassed man’s hands.

“Pick out a dress for you to give Anne? To be sure I will. I’m going to Carmody tomorrow and I’ll attend to it. Have you something particular in mind? No? Well, I’ll just go by my own judgment then. I believe a nice rich brown would just suit Anne. Perhaps you’d like me to make it up for her, too, seeing that if Marilla was to make it Anne would probably get wind of it before the time and spoil the surprise? Well, I’ll do it. No, it isn’t a mite of trouble.”

harassed: put upon and stressed

get wind of it: a figure of speech meaning to hear about something or find it out

A New Dress: No Small Thing

Mrs. Lynde offers to pick out fabric for Anne's new dress and "to make it up for her, too." In a small town like Avonlea in the 1890s, you couldn't buy a dress ready-made. You would have to pick out the fabric and pattern at a shop, and then either have a seamstress make the dress for you or make it yourself. Mrs. Lynde volunteers to build Anne's dress from scratch for Matthew.

"Well now, I'm much obliged," said Matthew, "and—and—I dunno—but I'd like—I think they make the sleeves different nowadays to what they used to be. If it wouldn't be asking too much I—I'd like them made in the new way."

"Puffs? Of course. You needn't worry a speck more about it, Matthew. I'll make it up in the very latest fashion," said Mrs. Lynde. To herself she added when Matthew had gone:

"It'll be a real satisfaction to see that poor child wearing something decent for once. The way Marilla dresses her is positively ridiculous, that's what, and I've ached to tell her so plainly a dozen times. I suppose she's trying to cultivate a spirit of humility in Anne by dressing her as she does, but it's more likely to cultivate envy and discontent. I'm sure the child must feel the difference between

her clothes and the other girls'. But to think of Matthew taking notice of it! That man is waking up after being asleep for over sixty years."

Marilla knew all the following fortnight that Matthew had something on his mind, but what it was she could not guess, until Christmas Eve, when Mrs. Lynde brought up the new dress.

"So this is what Matthew has been looking so mysterious over, is it?" she said a little stiffly but tolerantly. "I knew he was up to some foolishness. Well, I must say I don't think Anne needed any more dresses. You'll just pamper her vanity, Matthew, and she's as vain as a peacock now. Well, I hope she'll be satisfied at last, for I know she's been hankering after those silly sleeves ever since they came in. The puffs have been getting bigger and more ridiculous right along; they're as big as balloons now. Next year anybody who wears them will have to go through a door sideways."

Christmas morning broke on a beautiful white world. It had been a very mild December and

pamper her vanity: spoil her
hankering: longing

people had looked forward to a green Christmas, but just enough snow fell softly in the night to transfigure Avonlea. Anne ran downstairs singing until her voice re-echoed through Green Gables.

"Merry Christmas, Marilla! Merry Christmas, Matthew! Isn't it a lovely Christmas? I'm so glad it's white. Any other kind of Christmas doesn't seem real, does it? Why—why—Matthew, is that for me? Oh, Matthew!"

Matthew had sheepishly unfolded the dress from its paper swathings and held it out with a deprecatory glance at Marilla, who feigned to be contemptuously filling the teapot, but nevertheless watched the scene out of the corner of her eye with a rather interested air.

Anne took the dress and looked at it in reverent silence. Oh, how pretty it was—a lovely soft brown with all the gloss of silk, a skirt with dainty frills and shirrings, a waist elaborately pintucked in the

swathings: wrappings

feigned: pretended

contemptuously: scornfully; in a proud and judgmental manner

dainty: delicate, pretty, and refined

shirrings: a decorative way to gather cloth to create a rippled effect

elaborately: in a detailed and careful manner

pintucked: sewn with delicate ridges in the fabric to give the

 fabric texture and a fancier finish

most fashionable way, with a little ruffle of filmy lace at the neck. But the sleeves—they were the crowning glory! Long elbow cuffs, and above them two beautiful puffs divided by rows of shirring and bows of brown-silk ribbon.

“That’s a Christmas present for you, Anne,” said Matthew shyly. “Why—why—Anne, don’t you like it? Well now—well now.”

For Anne’s eyes had suddenly filled with tears.

“Like it! Oh, Matthew!” Anne laid the dress over a chair and clasped her hands. “Matthew, it’s perfectly exquisite. Oh, I can never thank you enough. Look at those sleeves! Oh, it seems to me this must be a happy dream.”

“Well, well, let us have breakfast,” interrupted Marilla. “I must say, Anne, I don’t think you needed the dress, but since Matthew has got it for you, see that you take good care of it. There’s a hair ribbon Mrs. Lynde left for you to match the dress. Come now, sit in.”

“I don’t see how I’m going to eat breakfast,” said Anne rapturously. “I’d rather feast my eyes on that dress. I’m so glad that puffed sleeves are still fashionable. It did seem to me that I’d never get

over it if they went out before I had a dress with them. It was lovely of Mrs. Lynde to give me the ribbon too. It's at times like this I'm sorry I'm not a model little girl, and I always resolve that I will be in future. But somehow it's hard to carry out your resolutions when irresistible temptations come. Still, I really will make an extra effort after this."

When breakfast was over Diana appeared, and Anne flew down the slope to meet her.

"Merry Christmas, Diana! And oh, it's a wonderful Christmas. I've something splendid to show you. Matthew has given me the loveliest dress, with *such* sleeves. I couldn't even imagine any nicer."

"I've got something more for you," said Diana breathlessly. "Here—this box. Aunt Josephine sent us out a big box with ever so many things in it—and this is for you."

Anne opened the box and peeped in. First a card with "For the Anne-girl and Merry Christmas," written on it, and then, a pair of the daintiest little slippers, with beaded toes and satin bows and glistening buckles.

"Oh," said Anne, "Diana, this is too much. I must be dreaming."

“I call it providential,” said Diana. “You won’t have to borrow Ruby’s slippers now, and that’s a blessing, for they’re two sizes too big for you, and it would be awful to hear a fairy shuffling. Josie Pye would be delighted.”

All the Avonlea scholars were in a fever of excitement that day, for the hall had to be decorated and a last grand rehearsal held.

The concert came off in the evening and was a pronounced success. All the performers did excellently well, but Anne was the bright star of the occasion, as even envy, in the shape of Josie Pye, dared not deny.

“Oh, hasn’t it been a brilliant evening?” sighed Anne, when it was all over and she and Diana were walking home together under a dark, starry sky.

“Everything went off very well,” said Diana practically. “I guess we must have made as much as ten dollars. Mind you, Mr. Allan is going to send an account of it to the Charlottetown papers.”

“Oh, Diana, will we really see our names in print? It makes me thrill to think of it. Your solo was perfectly elegant, Diana. I felt prouder than you did when it was encored.”

encored: cheered with requests for more

“Well, your recitations just brought down the house, Anne. That sad one was simply splendid.”

“Oh, I was so nervous, Diana. I felt as if a million eyes were looking at me and through me, and for one dreadful moment I was sure I couldn’t begin at all. Then I thought of my lovely puffed sleeves and took courage. I knew that I must live up to those sleeves, Diana. Did I groan all right?”

“Yes, indeed, you groaned lovely,” assured Diana.

“I saw old Mrs. Sloane wiping away tears when I sat down. It was splendid to think I had touched somebody’s heart. Oh, it’s been a very memorable occasion indeed.”

“Wasn’t the boys’ dialogue fine?” said Diana. “Gilbert Blythe was just splendid. Anne, I do think it’s awful mean the way you treat Gil. Wait till I tell you. When you ran off the platform after the fairy dialogue one of your roses fell out of your hair. I saw Gil pick it up and put it in his breast pocket. There now. You’re so romantic that I’m sure you ought to be pleased at that.”

“It’s nothing to me what that person does,” said

Anne loftily. "I simply never waste a thought on him, Diana."

That night Marilla and Matthew, who had been out to a concert for the first time in twenty years, sat for a while by the kitchen fire after Anne had gone to bed.

"Well now, I guess our Anne did as well as any of them," said Matthew proudly.

"Yes, she did," admitted Marilla. "She's a bright child, Matthew. And she looked real nice too. I've been kind of opposed to this concert scheme, but I suppose there's no real harm in it after all. Anyhow, I was proud of Anne tonight, although I'm not going to tell her so."

"Well now, I was proud of her and I did tell her so 'fore she went upstairs," said Matthew. "We must see what we can do for her some of these days, Marilla. I guess she'll need something more than Avonlea school by and by."

"There's time enough to think of that," said Marilla. "She's only thirteen in March. Though tonight it struck me she was growing quite a big girl. Mrs. Lynde made that dress a mite too long, and it makes Anne look so tall. She's quick to learn

and I guess the best thing we can do for her will be to send her to Queen's after a spell. But nothing need be said about that for a year or two yet."

"Well now, it'll do no harm to be thinking it over off and on," said Matthew. "Things like that are all the better for lots of thinking over."

CHAPTER 23

The Story Club Is Formed

Junior Avonlea found it hard to settle down to humdrum existence again. To Anne in particular things seemed fearfully flat after the goblet of excitement she had been sipping for weeks. Could she go back to the former quiet pleasures of those faraway days before the concert? At first, as she told Diana, she did not really think she could.

“I’m positively certain, Diana, that life can never be quite the same again as it was in those olden days,” she said mournfully, as if referring to a period of at least fifty years back. “Perhaps after a while I’ll get used to it, but I’m afraid concerts spoil people for everyday life. I suppose that is why Marilla disapproves of them.”

Eventually, however, Avonlea school slipped back into its old groove and took up its old interests. It was an unusually mild winter, with so

humdrum: dull and commonplace

goblet: cup or glass with a stem and base

little snow that Anne and Diana could go to school nearly every day by way of the Birch Path. On Anne's birthday they were tripping lightly down it, keeping eyes and ears alert amid all their chatter, for Miss Stacy had told them that they must soon write a composition on "A Winter's Walk in the Woods," and it behooved them to be observant.

"Just think, Diana, I'm thirteen years old today," remarked Anne in an awed voice. "I can scarcely realize that I'm in my teens. When I woke this morning it seemed to me that everything must be different. You've been thirteen for a month, so I suppose it doesn't seem such a novelty to you as it does to me. It makes life seem so much more interesting. In two more years I'll be really grown up. It's a great comfort to think that I'll be able to use big words then without being laughed at."

"Ruby Gillis says she means to have a beau as soon as she's fifteen," said Diana.

"Ruby Gillis thinks of nothing but beaus," said Anne disdainfully. "She's actually delighted when

behooved: benefited

novelty: a brand-new and exciting thing

beau: boyfriend

anyone writes her name up in a take-notice for all she pretends to be so mad. But I'm afraid that is an uncharitable speech. Mrs. Allan says we should never make uncharitable speeches, but they do slip out so often before you think, don't they? I'm trying to be as much like Mrs. Allan as I possibly can, for I think she's perfect. I'm striving very hard and now that I'm really thirteen perhaps I'll get on better."

"In four more years we'll be able to put our hair up," said Diana. "Alice Bell is only sixteen and she is wearing hers up, but I think that's ridiculous. I shall wait until I'm seventeen."

"We'll be able to put our hair up"

Diana looks forward to being seventeen, when she and Anne will be able to start wearing their hair up. In the 1890s, younger girls wore their hair down, or sometimes in braids. Beginning to wear one's hair "up," or styled on top of the head, was a mark of coming of age, when a girl became a young woman.



"If Alice Bell—" said Anne decidedly, "but there! I won't say what I was going to because it was extremely uncharitable. Oh, Diana, look, there's a rabbit. That's something to remember for our woods composition."

"I won't mind writing that composition when its time comes," sighed Diana. "I can manage to write about the woods, but the one we're to hand in Monday is terrible. The idea of Miss Stacy telling us to write a story out of our own heads!"

"Why, it's as easy as *wink*," said Anne.

"It's easy for you because you have an imagination," retorted Diana, "but what would you do if you had been born without one? I suppose you have your composition all done?"

Anne nodded.

"I wrote it last Monday evening. It's called 'The Jealous Rival, or In Death Not Divided.' I read it to Marilla and she said it was stuff and nonsense. Then I read it to Matthew and he said it was fine. That is the kind of critic I like. It's a sad, sweet story. I just cried like a child while I was writing it. It's about two beautiful maidens called Cordelia Montmorency and Geraldine Seymour who lived

in the same village and were devotedly attached to each other. Cordelia was a regal brunette with a coronet of midnight hair and duskly flashing eyes. Geraldine was a queenly blonde with hair like spun gold and velvety purple eyes."

"I never saw anybody with purple eyes," said Diana dubiously.

"Neither did I. I just imagined them. Geraldine had an alabaster brow too. I've found out what an alabaster brow is. That is one of the advantages of being thirteen. You know so much more than you did when you were only twelve."

"Well, what became of Cordelia and Geraldine?" asked Diana, who was beginning to feel rather interested in their fate.

"They grew in beauty side by side until they were sixteen. Then Bertram DeVere came to their native village and fell in love with the fair Geraldine. He saved her life when her horse ran away with her in a carriage, and she fainted in his arms and he carried her home three miles. I found

coronet: a delicate crown, like a tiara

duskly: darkly, like the dusk or twilight

dubiously: doubtfully

it rather hard to imagine the proposal because I had no experience to go by. In the end I made it very flowery and poetical and Bertram went on his knees, although Ruby Gillis says it isn't done nowadays. Geraldine accepted him in a speech a page long. I rewrote it five times and I look upon it as my masterpiece. Bertram gave her a diamond ring and a ruby necklace and told her they would go to Europe for a wedding tour, for he was immensely wealthy. But then, alas, shadows began to darken over their path. Cordelia was secretly in love with Bertram herself and she was simply furious. All her affection for Geraldine turned to bitter hate, but she pretended to be Geraldine's friend the same as ever. One evening they were standing on the bridge over a rushing turbulent stream and Cordelia, thinking they were alone, pushed Geraldine over the brink with a wild, mocking, 'Ha, ha, ha.' But Bertram saw it all and he at once plunged into the current, exclaiming, 'I will save thee, my peerless Geraldine.' But alas, he had forgotten he couldn't swim, and they were

turbulent: rough and choppy, as if stirred up by a storm

peerless: matchless; without equal

both drowned, clasped in each other's arms. Their bodies were washed ashore soon afterwards. They were buried in the one grave and their funeral was most imposing, Diana. As for Cordelia, she went insane with remorse and was shut up in a lunatic asylum."

"How perfectly lovely!" sighed Diana, who belonged to Matthew's school of critics. "I don't see how you can make up such thrilling things out of your own head, Anne. I wish my imagination was as good as yours."

"It would be if you'd only cultivate it," said Anne cheerfully. "I've just thought of a plan, Diana. Let's have a story club all our own and write stories for practice. I'll help you along until you can do them by yourself. You ought to cultivate your imagination, you know. Miss Stacy says so."

This was how the story club came into existence. It was limited to Diana and Anne at first, but soon it was extended to include Jane Andrews and Ruby Gillis and one or two others

imposing: impressive; striking and dramatic

who felt that their imaginations needed cultivating. No boys were allowed in it—although Ruby Gillis opined that their admission would make it more exciting—and each member had to produce one story a week.

The Story Club

Anne and Diana founded a “story club” soon after their thirteenth birthdays. The idea came from Montgomery’s own childhood. In 1911, she wrote in her journal: “The Story Club was suggested by a little incident of one summer long ago when Jamie Simpson, Amanda Macneill, and I all wrote a story on the same plot. I suggested the plot and I remembered only that it was a very tragic one and the heroine was drowned.”

“It’s extremely interesting,” Anne told Marilla. “Each girl has to read her story out loud and then we talk it over. We each write under a nom-de-plume. Mine is Rosamond Montmorency. All the girls do pretty well. Ruby Gillis is rather sentimental. She puts too much flirting into her stories. Jane never puts any because she says it makes her feel so silly when she has to read it out loud. Jane’s stories are extremely sensible. Then

opined: voiced her opinion

nom-de-plume: a pen name or pseudonym; a name taken by an author in order not to reveal their own identity

Diana puts too many murders into hers. She says most of the time she doesn't know what to do with the people so she kills them off to get rid of them. I mostly always have to tell them what to write about, but that isn't hard for I've millions of ideas. Diana wrote her Aunt Josephine about our club and her Aunt Josephine wrote back that we were to send her some of our stories. So we copied out four of our very best and sent them. Miss Josephine Barry wrote back that she had never read anything so amusing in her life. That kind of puzzled us because the stories were all very pathetic and almost everybody died. But I'm glad Miss Barry liked them. It shows our club is doing some good in the world. Mrs. Allan says that ought to be our object in everything. I hope I shall be a little like Mrs. Allan when I grow up. Do you think there is any prospect of it, Marilla?"

"I shouldn't say there was a great deal" was Marilla's encouraging answer. "I'm sure Mrs. Allan was never such a silly, forgetful little girl as you are."

"No, but she wasn't always so good as she is now either," said Anne seriously. "She told me

so herself—that is, she said she was a dreadful mischief when she was a girl and was always getting into scrapes. I felt so encouraged when I heard that. Is it very wicked of me, Marilla, to feel encouraged when I hear that other people have been bad and mischievous?"

"The way I feel at present, Anne," said Marilla, "is that it's high time you had those dishes washed."

scrapes: mischief or trouble

CHAPTER 24

Vanity and Vexation of Spirit

Marilla, walking home one late April evening from an Aid meeting, realized that the winter was over and gone with the thrill of delight that spring never fails to bring to the oldest and saddest as well as to the youngest and merriest. Her eyes dwelt affectionately on Green Gables, and as she picked her steps along the damp lane, Marilla thought that it was really a satisfaction to know that she was going home to a briskly snapping wood fire and a table nicely spread for tea, instead of to the cold comfort of old Aid meeting evenings before Anne had come to Green Gables.

Consequently, when Marilla entered her kitchen and found the fire black out, with no sign of Anne anywhere, she felt justly disappointed and irritated. She had told Anne to be sure and have tea ready at five o'clock, but now she must hurry

to take off her second-best dress and prepare the meal herself.

“I’ll settle Miss Anne when she comes home,” said Marilla grimly. Matthew had come in and was waiting patiently for his tea in his corner. “She’s gadding off somewhere with Diana, writing stories or practicing dialogues or some such tomfoolery, and never thinking once about the time or her duties. I don’t care if Mrs. Allan does say she’s the brightest and sweetest child she ever knew. She may be bright and sweet enough, but she has no business to leave the house like this when I told her she was to stay home this afternoon and look after things.”

It was dark when supper was ready, and still no sign of Anne. Marilla washed and put away the dishes grimly. Then, wanting a candle to light her way down to the cellar, she went up to the east gable for the one that generally stood on Anne’s table. Lighting it, she turned around to see Anne herself lying on the bed, face downward among the pillows.

tomfoolery: silliness or foolishness

“Mercy on us,” said astonished Marilla, “have you been asleep, Anne?”

“No,” was the muffled reply.

“Are you sick then?” demanded Marilla anxiously, going over to the bed.

Anne cowered deeper into her pillows.

“No. But please, Marilla, go away and don’t look at me. I’m in the depths of despair and I don’t care who gets head in class or writes the best composition or sings in the Sunday-school choir anymore. Little things like that are of no importance now because I don’t suppose I’ll ever be able to go anywhere again. My career is closed. Please, Marilla, go away and don’t look at me.”

“Did anyone ever hear the like?” the mystified Marilla wanted to know. “Anne Shirley, whatever is the matter with you? What have you done? Get right up this minute and tell me. This minute, I say. There now, what is it?”

Anne had slid to the floor in despairing obedience.

“Look at my hair, Marilla,” she whispered.

cowered: cringed or shrank away

Accordingly, Marilla lifted her candle and looked.

“Anne Shirley, what have you done to your hair? Why, it’s *green!*”

Green it might be called, if it were any earthly color—a strange, dull, bronzy green, with streaks here and there of the original red to heighten the ghastly effect. Never in all her life had Marilla seen anything so grotesque as Anne’s hair at that moment.

“Yes, it’s green,” moaned Anne. “I thought nothing could be as bad as red hair. But now I know it’s ten times worse to have green hair. Oh, Marilla, you little know how utterly wretched I am.”

“I little know how you got into this fix, but I mean to find out,” said Marilla. “Come right down to the kitchen—it’s too cold up here—and tell me just what you’ve done. I’ve been expecting something strange for some time. You haven’t got into any scrape for over two months, and I was sure another one was due. Now, then, what did you do to your hair?”

ghastly: frightful or awful

grotesque: hideous and bizarre

“I dyed it.”

“Dyed it! Dyed your hair! Anne Shirley, didn’t you know it was a wicked thing to do?”

“Yes, I knew it was a little wicked,” admitted Anne. “But I thought it was worthwhile to be a little wicked to get rid of red hair. I meant to be extra good in other ways to make up for it.”

“Well,” said Marilla sarcastically, “if I’d decided it was worthwhile to dye my hair I’d have dyed it a decent color at least. I wouldn’t have dyed it green.”

“But I didn’t mean to dye it green, Marilla,” protested Anne dejectedly. “He said it would turn my hair a beautiful raven black—he positively assured me that it would—”

“Who said? Who are you talking about?”

“The peddler that was here this afternoon. I bought the dye from him.”

“Anne Shirley, how often have I told you never to let one of those peddlers in the house! I don’t believe in encouraging them to come around at all.”

peddler: someone who travels from place to place selling small household items. In a place like Avonlea, peddlers would have been seen as close to beggars and would have been frowned upon.

“Oh, I didn’t let him in the house. I went out, carefully shut the door, and looked at his things on the step. All at once I saw the bottle of hair dye. The peddler said it was warranted to dye any hair a beautiful raven black and wouldn’t wash off. In a trice I saw myself with beautiful raven-black hair and the temptation was irresistible. So I bought it, and as soon as he had gone I came up here and applied it with an old hairbrush as the directions said. I used up the whole bottle, and oh, Marilla, when I saw the dreadful color it turned my hair I repented of being wicked, I can tell you. And I’ve been repenting ever since.”

“Well,” said Marilla severely, “I hope that you’ve got your eyes opened to where your vanity has led you, Anne. Goodness knows what’s to be done. I suppose the first thing is to give your hair a good washing and see if that will do any good.”

Accordingly, Anne washed her hair, scrubbing it vigorously with soap and water, but for all the difference it made she might as well have been scouring its original red. The peddler had certainly

warranted: guaranteed

scouring: scrubbing

spoken the truth when he declared that the dye wouldn't wash off, however his veracity might be impeached in other respects.

"Oh, Marilla, what shall I do?" questioned Anne in tears. "I can never live this down. People have pretty well forgotten my other mistakes—the liniment cake and getting Diana drunk and flying into a temper with Mrs. Lynde. But they'll never forget this. Oh, how Josie Pye will laugh! Marilla, I *cannot* face Josie Pye. I am the unhappiest girl in Prince Edward Island."

Anne's unhappiness continued for a week. During that time she went nowhere and shampooed her hair every day. Diana alone of outsiders knew the fatal secret, but she promised solemnly never to tell. At the end of the week Marilla said decidedly:

"It's no use, Anne. That is fast dye if ever there was any. Your hair must be cut off; there is no other way. You can't go out with it looking like that."

Anne's lips quivered, but she realized the bitter truth of Marilla's remarks. With a dismal sigh she went for the scissors.

veracity: honesty

impeached: called into question

fast: permanent

“Please cut it off at once, Marilla, and have it over. Oh, I feel that my heart is broken. This is such an unromantic affliction. I’m going to weep all the time you’re cutting it off, if it won’t interfere. It seems such a tragic thing.”

Anne wept then, but later on, when she went upstairs and looked in the glass, she was calm with despair. Marilla had done her work thoroughly and it had been necessary to cut the hair as closely as possible. The result was not becoming, to state the case as mildly as may be. Anne promptly turned her glass to the wall.

“I’ll never, never look at myself again until my hair grows,” she exclaimed passionately.

Then she suddenly righted the glass.

“Yes, I will, too. I’ll do penance for being wicked that way. I’ll look at myself every time I come to my room, and I won’t try to imagine it away, either. I never thought I was vain about my hair, of all things, but now I know I was, in spite of its being red. I expect something will happen to my nose next.”

do penance: make up for some bad or wrong action

Anne's clipped head made a sensation in school on the following Monday, but to her relief nobody guessed the real reason for it, not even Josie Pye, who, however, did not fail to inform Anne that she looked like a perfect scarecrow.

"I just swept her one scornful look and then I forgave her," Anne confided that evening to Marilla, who was lying on the sofa after one of her headaches. "It makes you feel very virtuous when you forgive people, doesn't it? I mean to devote all my energies to being good after this and I shall never try to be beautiful again. I do really want to be good, Marilla, like you and Mrs. Allan and Miss Stacy. Diana says when my hair begins to grow to tie a black velvet ribbon around my head with a bow at one side. She says she thinks it will be very becoming. I will call it a snood—that sounds so romantic. But am I talking too much, Marilla? Does it hurt your head?"

virtuous: good and moral

snood: a net or decorative fabric bag made for holding the hair at the back of the neck. Anne probably thinks it sounds romantic because the medieval heroines she loves are often pictured with similar hairnets.

“My head is better now. It was terrible bad this afternoon, though. These headaches of mine are getting worse and worse. I’ll have to see a doctor about them. As for your chatter, I don’t know that I mind it—I’ve got so used to it.”

Which was Marilla’s way of saying that she liked to hear it.

CHAPTER 25

An Unfortunate Lily Maid

“O f course you must be Elaine, Anne,” said Diana. “I could never have the courage to float down there.”

“Nor I,” said Ruby Gillis, with a shiver. “I don’t mind floating down when there’s two or three of us in the flat and we can sit up. It’s fun then. But to lie down and pretend I was dead—I just couldn’t. I’d die really of fright.”

“Of course it would be romantic,” conceded Jane Andrews, “but I know I couldn’t keep still. I’d be popping up every minute to see if I wasn’t drifting too far out. And you know, Anne, that would spoil the effect.”

“But it’s so ridiculous to have a redhead Elaine,” mourned Anne. “I’m not afraid to float down and I’d love to be Elaine. But it’s ridiculous just the same. Ruby ought to be Elaine because

flat: a small, flat-bottomed row boat

conceded: admitted

she has such lovely long golden hair—Elaine had ‘all her bright hair streaming down,’ you know. And Elaine was the lily maid. Now, a red-haired person cannot be a lily maid.”

Elaine, the Lily Maid

The “Lily Maid” comes from *Idylls of the King*, written between 1859 and 1885 by the English poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson. This long poem retells the legends of King Arthur and his knights. The section of the poem titled “Lancelot and Elaine” tells the story of “Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat”—also called the Lady of Shalott—a beautiful young woman who wastes away and dies out of love for the knight Lancelot, which he does not return.

Anne and her friends are acting out a section of Tennyson’s poem in which Elaine’s brothers place her body in a funeral barge; with a lily clasped in her lifeless hands, she is rowed downstream to Arthur’s castle of Camelot. When her body arrives there, Lancelot is stricken with guilt and has her buried with honor. (The Lady of Shallot was a favorite subject for artists in the 1800s, and Anne might be surprised to know that some of the most famous paintings of Elaine depict her with red-brown hair.)

“Your hair is ever so much darker than it used to be before you cut it,” said Diana earnestly.

“Oh, do you really think so?” exclaimed Anne, flushing sensitively with delight. “I’ve sometimes

thought it was myself—but I never dared to ask anyone for fear she would tell me it wasn't. Do you think it could be called auburn now, Diana?"

"Yes, and I think it is real pretty," said Diana, looking admiringly at the short, silky curls that clustered over Anne's head and were held in place by a very jaunty black velvet ribbon and bow.

They were standing on the bank of the pond, below Orchard Slope, where a little headland fringed with birches ran out from the bank. At its tip was a small wooden platform built out into the water for the convenience of fishermen and duck hunters. Ruby and Jane were spending the midsummer afternoon with Diana, and Anne had come over to play with them.

It was Anne's idea that they dramatize Elaine. They had studied Tennyson's poem in school the preceding winter, and had analyzed and parsed it and torn it to pieces in general until it was a wonder there was any meaning at all left in it for them. But at least the fair lily maid and Lancelot and Guinevere and King Arthur had become

parsed: picked apart or examined

very real people to them, and Anne was devoured by secret regret that she had not been born in Camelot. Those days, she said, were so much more romantic than the present.

Anne's plan was hailed with enthusiasm. The girls had discovered that if the flat were pushed off from the landing place it would drift down with the current under the bridge and finally strand itself on another headland lower down which ran out at a curve in the pond. They had often gone down like this and nothing could be more convenient for playing Elaine.

"Well, I'll be Elaine," said Anne, yielding reluctantly. "Ruby, you must be King Arthur and Jane will be Guinevere and Diana must be Lancelot. But first you must be the brothers and the father. We must pall the barge all its length in blackest samite. That old black shawl of your mother's will be just the thing, Diana."

devoured: consumed or taken over by

pall: to cover with a pall, a dark cloth spread over a coffin or tomb

blackest samite: a fine silk fabric with gold and silver threads

woven into it for shine (Anne, quoting from Tennyson's poem, means they need to drape the barge, as if for a funeral, in shining black cloth.)

The black shawl having been procured, Anne spread it over the flat and then lay down on the bottom, with closed eyes and hands folded over her breast.

"Oh, she does look really dead," whispered Ruby Gillis nervously, watching the still, white little face under the flickering shadows of the birches. "Do you suppose it's really right to act like this? Mrs. Lynde says that all play-acting is abominably wicked."

"Ruby, you shouldn't talk about Mrs. Lynde," said Anne severely. "It spoils the effect because this is hundreds of years before Mrs. Lynde was born. Jane, you arrange this. It's silly for Elaine to be talking when she's dead."

Jane rose to the occasion. Cloth of gold for coverlet there was none, but an old piano scarf of yellow Japanese crepe was an excellent substitute.

procured: obtained or gotten

abominably: terribly

cloth of gold: a very rich fabric in which the threads are encased in thin strands of gold

coverlet: a small and delicate blanket

piano scarf: a piece of silk draped over the top of a piano for decoration and to keep dust off

crepe: a silken fabric with a textured appearance

A white lily was not obtainable just then, but the effect of a tall blue iris placed in one of Anne's folded hands was all that could be desired.

"Now, she's all ready," said Jane. "We must kiss her quiet brows and, Diana, you say, 'Sister, farewell forever,' and Ruby, you say, 'Farewell, sweet sister,' both of you as sorrowfully as you possibly can. Anne, for goodness sake smile a little. You know Elaine 'lay as though she smiled.' That's better. Now push the flat off."

The flat was accordingly pushed off, scraping roughly over an old embedded stake in the process. Diana and Jane and Ruby only waited long enough to see it caught in the current and headed for the bridge before scampering up through the woods, across the road, and down to the lower headland where, as Lancelot and Guinevere and the King, they were to be in readiness to receive the lily maid.

For a few minutes Anne, drifting slowly down, enjoyed the romance of her situation to the full. Then something happened not at all romantic. The

old embedded stake: an old wooden post stuck in the bottom of the pond

flat began to leak. In a very few moments it was necessary for Elaine to scramble to her feet, pick up her cloth of gold coverlet and pall of blackest samite and gaze blankly at a big crack in the bottom of her barge through which the water was literally pouring. That sharp stake at the landing had torn off the strip of batting nailed on the flat. Anne did not know this, but it did not take her long to realize that she was in a dangerous plight. At this rate the flat would fill and sink long before it could drift to the lower headland. Where were the oars? Left behind at the landing!

Anne gave one gasping little scream which nobody ever heard, but she did not lose her self-possession. There was one chance—just one.

"I was horribly frightened," she told Mrs. Allan the next day, "and it seemed like years while the flat was drifting down to the bridge and the water rising in it every moment. I prayed, Mrs. Allan, most earnestly, for I knew the only way

batting: a strip of metal nailed or glued across parallel boards on the bottom of a boat, to hold the boards together and keep them from warping and leaking

plight: a difficult or desperate situation

self-possession: self-assurance or presence of mind

God could save me was to let the flat float close enough to one of the bridge piles for me to climb up on it. You know the piles are just old tree trunks and there are lots of knots and old branch stubs on them. I just said, 'Dear God, please take the flat close to a pile and I'll do the rest,' over and over again. Under such circumstances you don't think much about making a flowery prayer. But mine was answered, for the flat bumped right into a pile for a minute and I flung the scarf and the shawl over my shoulder and scrambled up. And there I was, Mrs. Allan, clinging to that slippery old pile with no way of getting up or down. It was a very unromantic position, but you don't think much about romance when you have just escaped from a watery grave."

The flat drifted under the bridge and then promptly sank in midstream. Ruby, Jane, and Diana, already awaiting it on the lower headland, saw it disappear before their very eyes and had not a doubt but that Anne had gone down with it. For a moment they stood still, white as sheets, frozen

bridge piles: the posts or pillars holding up a bridge

with horror at the tragedy; then, shrieking at the tops of their voices, they started on a frantic run up through the woods, never pausing as they crossed the main road to glance the way of the bridge. Anne, clinging desperately to her precarious foothold, saw their flying forms and heard their shrieks. Help would soon come, but meanwhile her position was a very uncomfortable one.

The minutes passed by, each seeming an hour to the unfortunate lily maid. Why didn't somebody come? Where had the girls gone? Suppose they had fainted, one and all! Suppose nobody ever came! Suppose she grew so tired and cramped that she could hold on no longer! Anne looked at the wicked green depths below her and shivered. Her imagination began to suggest all manner of gruesome possibilities to her.

Then, just as she thought she really could not endure the ache in her arms and wrists another moment, Gilbert Blythe came rowing under the bridge in Harmon Andrews's dory!

Gilbert glanced up and, much to his amazement, beheld a face looking down upon him with big, frightened but also scornful gray eyes.

“Anne Shirley! How on earth did you get there?” he exclaimed.

Without waiting for an answer he pulled close to the pile and extended his hand. There was no help for it. Anne, clinging to Gilbert Blythe’s hand, scrambled down into the dory, where she sat, drabbled and furious, with her arms full of dripping shawl and wet crepe. It was certainly extremely difficult to be dignified under the circumstances!

“What has happened, Anne?” asked Gilbert, taking up his oars.

“We were playing Elaine,” explained Anne frigidly, without even looking at her rescuer, “and I had to drift down to Camelot in the barge—I mean the flat. The flat began to leak and I climbed out on the pile. The girls went for help. Will you be kind enough to row me to the landing?”

Gilbert obligingly rowed to the landing and

drabbled: wet and grimy

obligingly: with willing kindness



WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER HE PULLED CLOSE TO THE PILE
AND EXTENDED HIS HAND.

Anne, disdaining assistance, sprang nimbly on shore.

“I’m very much obliged to you,” she said haughtily as she turned away. But Gilbert had also sprung from the boat and now laid a hand on her arm.

“Anne,” he said hurriedly, “look here. Can’t we be good friends? I’m awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. I didn’t mean to vex you and I only meant it for a joke. Besides, it’s so long ago. I think your hair is awfully pretty now—honest I do. Let’s be friends.”

For a moment Anne hesitated. She had an odd, newly awakened consciousness under all her outraged dignity that the half-shy, half-eager expression in Gilbert’s hazel eyes was something that was very good to see. Her heart gave a quick little beat. But the bitterness of her old grievance promptly stiffened up her wavering determination. Gilbert had called her “carrots” and had brought about her disgrace before the whole school. She hated Gilbert Blythe! She would never forgive him!

“No,” she said coldly, “I shall never be friends

disdaining: scornfully refusing

grievance: deep resentment over a real or imagined wrong

with you, Gilbert Blythe, and I don't want to be!"

"All right!" Gilbert sprang into his skiff with an angry color in his cheeks. "I'll never ask you to be friends again, Anne Shirley. And I don't care either!"

He pulled away with swift defiant strokes, and Anne went up the steep, ferny little path under the maples. She held her head very high, but she was conscious of an odd feeling of regret. She almost wished she had answered Gilbert differently. Of course, he had insulted her terribly, but still—! Altogether, Anne rather thought it would be a relief to sit down and have a good cry.

Halfway up the path she met Jane and Diana rushing back to the pond in a state narrowly removed from positive frenzy. They had found nobody at Orchard Slope, both Mr. and Mrs. Barry being away. Here Ruby Gillis had succumbed to hysterics, and was left to recover from them as best she might, while Jane and Diana flew through the Haunted Wood and across the brook to Green Gables. There they had found nobody either, for

skiff: small boat

succumbed: given in or surrendered

Marilla had gone to Carmody and Matthew was making hay in the back field.

“Oh, Anne,” gasped Diana, fairly weeping with relief and delight, “oh, Anne—we thought—you were—drowned—and we felt like murderers—because we had made—you be—Elaine. And Ruby is in hysterics—oh, Anne, how did you escape?”

“I climbed up on one of the piles,” explained Anne wearily, “and Gilbert Blythe came along in Mr. Andrews’s dory and brought me to land.”

“Oh, Anne, how splendid of him! Why, it’s so romantic!” said Jane, finding breath enough for utterance at last. “Of course you’ll speak to him after this.”

“Of course I won’t,” flashed Anne, with a momentary return of her old spirit. “And I don’t want ever to hear the word ‘romantic’ again, Jane Andrews. I’m awfully sorry you were so frightened, girls. It is all my fault. I feel sure I was born under an unlucky star. Everything I do gets me or my dearest friends into a scrape. We’ve gone and lost your father’s flat, Diana, and I have

utterance: speech

a presentiment that we'll not be allowed to row on the pond anymore."

Anne's presentiment proved more trustworthy than presentiments are apt to do. Great was the consternation in the Barry and Cuthbert households when the events of the afternoon became known.

"Will you ever have any sense, Anne?" groaned Marilla.

"Oh, yes, I think I will, Marilla," returned Anne optimistically. A good cry in the grateful solitude of the east gable had soothed her nerves and restored her to her wonted cheerfulness. "I think my prospects of becoming sensible are brighter now than ever."

"I don't see how," said Marilla.

"Well," explained Anne, "I've learned a new and valuable lesson today. Ever since I came to Green Gables I've been making mistakes, and each mistake has helped to cure me of some great shortcoming. The affair of the amethyst brooch cured me of meddling with things that didn't belong to me. The Haunted Wood cured me of

letting my imagination run away with me. The liniment cake mistake cured me of carelessness in cooking. Dyeing my hair cured me of vanity. I never think about my hair and nose now—at least, very seldom. And today's mistake is going to cure me of being too romantic. I have come to the conclusion that it is no use trying to be romantic in Avonlea. It was probably easy enough in Camelot hundreds of years ago, but romance is not appreciated now. I feel quite sure that you will soon see a great improvement in me in this respect, Marilla."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Marilla skeptically.

But Matthew, who had been sitting mutely in his corner, laid a hand on Anne's shoulder when Marilla had gone out.

"Don't give up all your romance, Anne," he whispered shyly, "a little of it is a good thing—not too much, of course—but keep a little of it, Anne, keep a little of it."

CHAPTER 26

An Epoch in Anne's Life

“ **O**h, I have such news, Anne,” said Diana, coming through the gate that led into the Barry field as Anne was bringing the cows home in the clear violet dusk of a September evening. “Guess. You can have three guesses.”

“Charlotte Gillis is going to be married in the church after all and Mrs. Allan wants us to decorate it,” cried Anne.

“No, guess again.”

“Jane’s mother is going to let her have a birthday party?”

Diana shook her head, her black eyes dancing with merriment.

“I can’t think what it can be,” said Anne in despair, “unless it’s that Moody Spurgeon MacPherson saw you home last night. Did he?”

“I should think not,” exclaimed Diana

epoch: the beginning of a new era or period of time in history or in a person’s life

indignantly. “I wouldn’t be likely to boast of it if he did! I knew you couldn’t guess it. Mother had a letter from Aunt Josephine today, and Aunt Josephine wants you and me to go to town next Tuesday and stop with her for the Exhibition. There!”

The Charlottetown Exhibition

Aunt Josephine has invited Diana and Anne to come stay with her while the Charlottetown Exhibition is going on. Exhibitions like this one were large, celebratory events like harvest festivals or state fairs, with displays of livestock, competitions, prize-giving, displays of new inventions, and performances such as Scottish dancing. Established in 1879, the Charlottetown Exhibition would feel like an exciting adventure to the big city for two young people from rural Avonlea.

“Oh, Diana,” whispered Anne, finding it necessary to lean up against a maple tree for support, “do you really mean it? But I’m afraid Marilla won’t let me go. She will say that she can’t encourage gadding about.”

“We’ll get Mother to ask Marilla,” said Diana. “She’ll be more likely to let you go then, and if she does we’ll have the time of our lives, Anne. I’ve never been to an Exhibition, and it’s so

aggravating to hear the other girls talking about their trips. Jane and Ruby have been twice, and they're going this year again."

Marilla agreed to let Anne go to town, and it was arranged that Mr. Barry should take the girls in on the following Tuesday. Anne was up before sunrise on Tuesday morning, and a glance from her window assured her that the day would be fine, for the eastern sky was all silvery and cloudless. Through the gap in the trees a light was shining in the western gable of Orchard Slope, a token that Diana was also up.

It was a long drive to Charlottetown, but Anne and Diana enjoyed every minute of it. It was delightful to rattle along over the moist roads in the early red sunlight that was creeping across the shorn harvest fields. The air was fresh and crisp, and little smoke-blue mists curled through the valleys and floated off from the hills. It was almost noon when they reached town and found their way to Beechwood. It was quite a fine old mansion, set back from the street amidst green

token: sign

shorn: cut short

Beechwood: the name of Josephine Barry's house

elms and branching beeches. Miss Barry met them at the door with a twinkle in her sharp black eyes.

“So you’ve come to see me at last, you Anne-girl,” she said. “Mercy, child, how you have grown! You’re taller than I am, I declare. And you’re ever so much better-looking than you used to be, too. But I dare say you know that without being told.”

“Indeed I didn’t,” said Anne radiantly. “I know I’m not so freckled as I used to be, so I’ve much to be thankful for, but I really hadn’t dared to hope there was any other improvement. I’m so glad you think there is, Miss Barry.” Miss Barry’s house was furnished with “great magnificence,” as Anne told Marilla afterward. The two little country girls were rather abashed by the splendor of the parlor where Miss Barry left them when she went to see about dinner.

“Isn’t it just like a palace?” whispered Diana. “I’d no idea it was so grand. I just wish Julia Bell could see this—she puts on such airs about her mother’s parlor.”

“Velvet carpet,” sighed Anne luxuriously, “and silk curtains! I’ve dreamed of such things,

Diana. But do you know I don't believe I feel very comfortable with them after all. There are so many things in this room and all so splendid that there is no scope for imagination. That is one consolation when you are poor—there are so many more things you can imagine about."

Their sojourn in town was something that Anne and Diana dated from for years. From first to last it was crowded with delights.

On Wednesday Miss Barry took them to the Exhibition grounds and kept them there all day.

"It was splendid," Anne related to Marilla later on. "I never imagined anything so interesting. I think I liked the horses and the flowers and the fancywork best. Josie Pye took first prize for knitted lace. I was real glad she did. It shows I'm improving, don't you think, Marilla, when I can rejoice in Josie's success? Mr. Bell took first prize for a pig. Diana said she thought it was ridiculous for a Sunday-school superintendent to take a prize in pigs. She said she would always think of it after

sojourn: a stay or visit

dated from: used as an important event by which to mark time

fancywork: decorative needlework

this when he was praying so solemnly. Mrs. Lynde got first prize for homemade butter and cheese. I never knew how much I really liked her until I saw her familiar face among all those strangers. There were thousands of people there, Marilla. It made me feel dreadfully insignificant. And Miss Barry took us to see the horse races, and we saw a man go up in a balloon, and we saw a man selling fortunes. Oh, it was a never-to-be-forgotten day, Marilla. I was so tired I couldn't sleep at night. Miss Barry put us in the spare room, according to promise. It was an elegant room, Marilla, but somehow sleeping in a spare room isn't what I used to think it was. That's the worst of growing up, and I'm beginning to realize it. The things you wanted so much when you were a child don't seem half so wonderful to you when you get them."

Thursday the girls had a drive in the park, and in the evening Miss Barry took them to a concert where a noted prima donna was to sing. To Anne the evening was a glittering vision of delight.

insignificant: small and unimportant

prima donna: a leading lady of the opera

“Oh, Marilla, it was beyond description. I was so excited I couldn’t even talk, so you may know what it was like. I just sat in enraptured silence. When she began to sing I never thought about anything else. Oh, I can’t tell you how I felt. It seemed to me that it could never be hard to be good any more. I felt like I do when I look up to the stars. Tears came into my eyes, but, oh, they were such happy tears. I was so sorry when it was all over, and I told Miss Barry I didn’t see how I was ever to return to common life again. She said she thought if we went over to the restaurant across the street and had an ice cream it might help me. That sounded so prosaic, but to my surprise I found it true. Diana said she believed she was born for city life. Miss Barry asked me what my opinion was, but I said I would have to think it over very seriously before I could tell her what I really thought. So I thought it over after I went to bed. And I came to the conclusion, Marilla, that I wasn’t born for city life and that I was glad of it. It’s nice to be eating ice cream at

prosaic: dull and ordinary

brilliant restaurants at eleven o'clock at night once in a while, but as a regular thing I'd rather be in the east gable at eleven, sound asleep, but kind of knowing even in my sleep that the stars were shining outside and that the wind was blowing in the firs across the brook. I told Miss Barry so at breakfast the next morning and she laughed. Miss Barry generally laughed at anything I said, even when I said the most solemn things. I don't think I liked it, Marilla, because I wasn't trying to be funny. But she is a most hospitable lady and treated us royally."

Friday brought going-home time, and Mr. Barry drove in for the girls.

"Well, I hope you've enjoyed yourselves," said Miss Barry, as she bade them good-bye.

"Indeed we have," said Diana.

"And you, Anne-girl?"

"I've enjoyed every minute of the time," said Anne, throwing her arms impulsively about the old woman's neck and kissing her wrinkled cheek. Diana would never have dared to do such a thing

and felt rather aghast at Anne's freedom. But Miss Barry was pleased, and she stood on her veranda and watched the buggy out of sight. Then she went back into her big house with a sigh. It seemed very lonely, lacking those fresh young lives.

"I thought Marilla Cuthbert was an old fool when I heard she'd adopted a girl out of an orphan asylum," she said to herself, "but I guess she didn't make much of a mistake after all. If I'd a child like Anne in the house all the time I'd be a better and happier woman."

Anne and Diana found the drive home as pleasant as the drive in. It was sunset when the Avonlea hills came out darkly against the saffron sky. Behind them the moon was rising out of the sea that grew all radiant and transfigured in her light. The waves broke with a soft swish on the rocks below them, and the tang of the sea was in the strong, fresh air.

"Oh, but it's good to be alive and to be going home," breathed Anne.

aghast: shocked

veranda: a covered porch

saffron: a deep shade of yellow-orange

“So you’ve got back?” said Marilla, folding up her knitting as Anne ran blithely into the kitchen.

“Yes, and oh, it’s so good to be back,” said Anne joyously. “I could kiss everything, even the clock. Marilla, a broiled chicken! You don’t mean to say you cooked that for me!”

“Yes, I did,” said Marilla. “I thought you’d be hungry after such a drive. Hurry and take off your things, and we’ll have supper as soon as Matthew comes in. I’m glad you’ve got back, I must say. It’s been fearful lonesome here without you.”

After supper Anne sat before the fire between Matthew and Marilla, and gave them a full account of her visit.

“I’ve had a splendid time,” she concluded happily, “and I feel that it marks an epoch in my life. But the best of it all was the coming home.”

broiled: grilled or roasted in a very hot oven

CHAPTER 27

The Queen's Class Is Organized

Mariilla laid her knitting on her lap and leaned back in her chair. Her eyes were tired, and she thought vaguely that she must see about having her glasses changed the next time she went to town, for her eyes had grown tired very often of late.

It was nearly dark, for the full November twilight had fallen around Green Gables, and the only light in the kitchen came from the dancing red flames in the stove.

Anne was curled up cross-legged on the hearthrug, gazing into that joyous glow. She had been reading, but her book had slipped to the floor, and now adventures wonderful and entralling were happening to her in the cloudland of her lively fancy—adventures that always turned out triumphantly and never involved her in scrapes like those of actual life.

Marilla looked at her with a tenderness that would never have been suffered to reveal itself in any clearer light than that soft mingling of fireshine and shadow. The lesson of a love that should display itself easily in spoken word and open look was one Marilla could never learn. But she had learned to love this slim, gray-eyed girl with an affection all the deeper and stronger from its very undemonstrativeness. Certainly Anne herself had no idea how Marilla loved her. She sometimes thought wistfully that Marilla was very hard to please and distinctly lacking in sympathy and understanding. But she always checked the thought reproachfully, remembering what she owed to Marilla.

"Anne," said Marilla abruptly, "Miss Stacy was here this afternoon when you were out with Diana."

Anne came back from her other world with a start and a sigh.

suffered: allowed

mingling: blending

undemonstrativeness: the quality of not showing one's

emotions openly

abruptly: suddenly

“Was she? Oh, I’m so sorry I wasn’t in. Why didn’t you call me, Marilla? Diana and I were only over in the Haunted Wood. It’s lovely in the woods now. All the little wood things—the ferns and the satin leaves and the berries—have gone to sleep, just as if somebody had tucked them away until spring under a blanket of leaves. I think it was a little gray fairy with a rainbow scarf that came tiptoeing along and did it. Diana and I are thinking seriously of promising each other that we will never marry but be nice old maids and live together forever. Diana hasn’t quite made up her mind though, because she thinks perhaps it would be nobler to marry some wild, dashing, wicked young man and reform him. Diana and I talk a great deal about serious subjects now, you know. We feel that we are so much older than we used to be that it isn’t becoming to talk of childish matters. It’s such a solemn thing to be almost fourteen, Marilla. Miss Stacy took all us girls who are in our teens down to the brook last Wednesday, and talked to us about it. But why was Miss Stacy here this afternoon?”

reform: improve; transform for the better

“That is what I want to tell you, Anne, if you’ll ever give me a chance to get a word in edgewise. She was talking about you.”

“About me?” Anne looked rather scared. “Oh, Marilla, I won’t say another word—not one. I know I talk too much, but I am really trying to overcome it, and although I say far too much, yet if you only knew how many things I want to say and don’t, you’d give me some credit for it.”

“Well, Miss Stacy wants to organize a class among her advanced students who mean to study for the entrance examination into Queen’s. She intends to give them extra lessons for an hour after school. And she came to ask Matthew and me if we would like to have you join it. What do you think, Anne? Would you like to go to Queen’s and pass for a teacher?”

Becoming a Teacher

Marilla asks Anne if she’d like to go to Queen’s College and “pass for a teacher.” This means that Anne would complete the course of study and take the examination to become a teacher, just like Miss Stacy. In 1893, at the age of 18, Lucy Maud Montgomery went to Prince of Wales College, where she completed a two-year course in one year and earned her teacher’s license.

“Oh, Marilla!” Anne straightened to her knees and clasped her hands. “It’s been the dream of my life—that is, for the last six months, ever since Ruby and Jane began to talk of studying for the Entrance. But I didn’t say anything about it, because I supposed it would be perfectly useless. I’d love to be a teacher. But won’t it be dreadfully expensive?”

“I guess you needn’t worry about that part of it. When Matthew and I took you to bring up we resolved we would do the best we could for you and give you a good education. I believe in a girl being fitted to earn her own living. You’ll always have a home at Green Gables as long as Matthew and I are here, but nobody knows what is going to happen in this uncertain world, and it’s just as well to be prepared. So you can join the Queen’s class if you like, Anne.”

“Oh, Marilla, thank you.” Anne flung her arms about Marilla’s waist and looked up earnestly into her face. “I’ll study as hard as I can and do my very

the Entrance: the Entrance Examination. In order to attend a college like Queen’s, students first had to pass an extensive exam.

best to be a credit to you and Matthew. I warn you not to expect much in geometry, but I think I can hold my own in anything else if I work hard."

"I dare say you'll get along well enough. Miss Stacy says you are bright and diligent." Not for worlds would Marilla have told Anne just what Miss Stacy had said about her; that would have been to pamper vanity. "You needn't rush to any extreme of killing yourself over your books. You won't be ready to try the Entrance for a year and a half yet. But it's well to be thoroughly grounded, Miss Stacy says."

"I shall take more interest than ever in my studies now," said Anne blissfully, "because I have a purpose in life."

The Queen's class was organized in due time. Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley, Ruby Gillis, Jane Andrews, Josie Pye, Charlie Sloane, and Moody Spurgeon MacPherson joined it. Diana Barry did not, as her parents did not intend to send her to Queen's. This seemed nothing short of a calamity to Anne. Never, since the night on which Minnie

to be a credit to: to be someone you can be proud of
calamity: disaster

May had had the croup, had she and Diana been separated in anything. On the evening when the Queen's class first remained in school for the extra lessons and Anne saw Diana go slowly out with the others to walk home alone, a lump came into her throat, and she hastily retired behind the pages of her uplifted Latin grammar to hide the tears in her eyes. Not for worlds would Anne have had Gilbert Blythe or Josie Pye see those tears.

There was open rivalry between Gilbert and Anne now. Previously the rivalry had been rather one-sided, but there was no longer any doubt that Gilbert was as determined to be first in class as Anne was. The other members of the class tacitly acknowledged their superiority, and never dreamed of trying to compete with them.

Since the day by the pond when she had refused to listen to his plea for forgiveness, Gilbert, save for the aforesaid determined rivalry, had evinced no recognition whatever of the existence of Anne Shirley. He talked and jested with the other girls, exchanged books with them, discussed

retired: hid

tacitly: quietly; without speaking about something

evinced: revealed or shown

lessons and plans, sometimes walked home with one or the other of them from Debating Club. But Anne Shirley he simply ignored, and Anne found out that it is not pleasant to be ignored. It was in vain that she told herself with a toss of her head that she did not care. Deep down in her wayward heart she knew that she did care, and that if she had that chance of the Lake of Shining Waters again she would answer very differently. Anne realized that she had forgiven and forgotten without knowing it. But it was too late.

And at least neither Gilbert nor anybody else, not even Diana, should ever suspect how sorry she was and how much she wished she hadn't been so proud and horrid! She determined to shroud her feelings, and she did it so successfully that Gilbert, who possibly was not quite so indifferent as he seemed, could not console himself with any belief that Anne felt his retaliatory scorn. The only poor comfort he had was that she snubbed Charlie Sloane, unmercifully, continually, and undeservedly.

wayward: willful; stubborn; changeable

shroud: conceal; cover up

indifferent: unconcerned or uncaring

retaliatory: revengeful

snubbed: rejected

Otherwise the winter passed away in a round of pleasant duties and studies. For Anne the days slipped by like golden beads on the necklace of the year. She was happy, eager, interested. There were lessons to be learned and honor to be won, delightful books to read, new pieces to be practiced for the Sunday-school choir, pleasant Saturday afternoons at the manse with Mrs. Allan. And then, almost before Anne realized it, spring had come again to Green Gables and all the world was abloom once more.

Studies palled just a wee bit then. The Queen's class, left behind in school while the others scattered to green lanes and meadow byways, looked wistfully out of the windows and discovered that Latin verbs and French exercises had somehow lost the zest they had possessed in the crisp winter months. Even Anne and Gilbert lagged. Teacher and taught were alike glad when the term was ended and the glad vacation days stretched rosily before them.

“But you've done good work this past year,”

palled: became less appealing

lagged: lost energy

Miss Stacy told them on the last evening, "and you deserve a good, jolly vacation. Have the best time you can in the out-of-door world and lay in a good stock of health and vitality and ambition to carry you through next year before the Entrance."

When Anne got home that night she stacked all her textbooks away in an old trunk in the attic, locked it, and threw the key into the blanket box.

"I'm not even going to look at a school book in vacation," she told Marilla. "I've studied as hard all the term as I possibly could and I'm going to let my imagination run riot for the summer. Oh, you needn't be alarmed, Marilla. I'll only let it run riot within reasonable limits. But I want to have a real good, jolly time this summer, for maybe it's the last summer I'll be a little girl. Mrs. Lynde says that if I keep stretching out next year as I've done this I'll have to put on longer skirts. And when I put on longer skirts I shall feel that I have to live up to

blanket box: a storage chest for quilts, usually kept at the foot of a bed

run riot: go wild

longer skirts: While young girls in Anne's time wore skirts of knee or mid-calf length, coming of age as a young woman meant, among other things, starting to wear floor-length skirts.

them and be very dignified. It won't do to believe in fairies then, I'm afraid, so I'm going to believe in them with all my whole heart this summer."

Mrs. Lynde came up the next afternoon to find out why Marilla had not been at the Aid meeting on Thursday. When Marilla was not at the Aid meeting people knew there was something wrong at Green Gables.

"Matthew had a bad spell with his heart Thursday," Marilla explained, "and I didn't feel like leaving him. Oh, yes, he's all right again now, but he takes them spells oftener than he used to and I'm anxious about him. The doctor says he must be careful to avoid excitement. That's easy enough, but he's not to do any very heavy work either and you might as well tell Matthew not to breathe as not to work. Come and lay off your things, Rachel. You'll stay to tea?"

"Well, seeing you're so pressing, perhaps I might as well stay," said Mrs. Rachel, who had not the slightest intention of doing anything else.

Mrs. Rachel and Marilla sat comfortably in the parlor while Anne got the tea and made hot

pressing: insistent

biscuits that were light and white enough to defy even Mrs. Rachel's criticism.

"I must say Anne has turned out a real smart girl," admitted Mrs. Rachel, as Marilla accompanied her to the end of the lane at sunset. "She must be a great help to you."

"She is," said Marilla, "and she's real steady and reliable now. I used to be afraid she'd never get over her featherbrained ways, but she has and I wouldn't be afraid to trust her in anything now."

"I never would have thought she'd have turned out so well that first day I was here three years ago," said Mrs. Rachel. "Lawful heart, shall I ever forget that tantrum of hers! When I went home that night I says to Thomas, says I, 'Mark my words, Thomas, Marilla Cuthbert'll live to rue the step she's took.' But I was mistaken and I'm real glad of it. But it weren't no wonder, for an odder, unexpecteder witch of a child there never was in this world, that's what. I did make a mistake in judging Anne, but I ain't one of those kind of people, Marilla, as can never be brought to own up that they've made a mistake. No, that never was my way, thank goodness."

rue: regret

CHAPTER 28

Where the Brook and River Meet

Anne had her “good” summer and enjoyed it wholeheartedly. She and Diana fairly lived outdoors, reveling in all the delights that Lover’s Lane and the Dryad’s Bubble and Willowmere afforded. Marilla offered no objections to Anne’s wanderings, and as a result, Anne walked, rowed, berried, and dreamed to her heart’s content. When September came she was bright-eyed and alert, with a heart full of ambition and zest once more.

“I feel just like studying with might and main,” she declared as she brought her books down from the attic. “Oh, you good old friends, I’m glad to see your honest faces once more —yes, even you, geometry. I’ve had a perfectly beautiful summer, Marilla, and now I’m rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, as Mr. Allan said last Sunday. Doesn’t

might and main: all my strength

as a strong man to run a race: from Psalm 19 in the Bible (Anne means she’s as excited to study as an athlete would be to race.)

Mr. Allan preach magnificent sermons? If I were a man I think I'd be a minister. It must be thrilling to preach splendid sermons and stir your hearers' hearts. Why can't women be ministers, Marilla? I asked Mrs. Lynde that and she was shocked and said it would be a scandalous thing. But I don't see why. I'm sure Mrs. Lynde can pray every bit as well as Superintendent Bell and I've no doubt she could preach too with a little practice."

"Yes, I believe she could," said Marilla dryly. "She does plenty of unofficial preaching as it is."

"Marilla," said Anne in a burst of confidence, "I want to tell you something that has worried me terribly. I do really want to be good, and when I'm with you or Mrs. Allan or Miss Stacy I want to do just what would please you and what you would approve of. But mostly when I'm with Mrs. Lynde I feel desperately wicked and as if I wanted to go and do the very thing she tells me I oughtn't to do. I feel irresistibly tempted to do it. Now, what do you think is the reason I feel like that? Do you think it's because I'm really bad?"

confidence: trusting someone to keep a secret

Marilla looked dubious for a moment. Then she laughed.

"If you are I guess I am too, Anne, for Rachel often has that very effect on me. I sometimes think she'd have more of an influence for good, as you say yourself, if she didn't keep nagging people to do right. But there, I shouldn't talk so. Rachel is a good woman and she means well."

"I'm very glad you feel the same," said Anne decidedly. "It's so encouraging. I shan't worry so much over that after this. But I dare say there'll be other things to worry me. It's a serious thing to grow up, isn't it, Marilla?"

Miss Stacy came back to Avonlea school and found all her pupils eager for work once more. Especially did the Queen's class gird up their loins for the fray, for at the end of the coming year loomed up that fateful thing known as "the Entrance." Suppose they did not pass! That thought was doomed to haunt Anne through the waking hours of that winter. When she had bad

gird up their loins: prepare themselves (The phrase refers to buckling on a sword belt before battle.)

fray: battle

dreams she found herself staring miserably at pass lists of the Entrance exams, where Gilbert Blythe's name was blazoned at the top and in which hers did not appear at all.

But it was a jolly, busy, swift-flying winter. Schoolwork was as interesting, class rivalry as absorbing, as of yore. New worlds of thought, feeling, and ambition, fresh, fascinating fields of unexplored knowledge seemed to be opening out before Anne's eager eyes. Much of all this was due to Miss Stacy's careful, broad-minded guidance. She led her class to think and explore and discover for themselves and encouraged straying from the old beaten paths to a degree that quite shocked Mrs. Lynde.

Apart from her studies Anne expanded socially, for Marilla no longer vetoed occasional outings. The Debating Club flourished and gave several concerts; there were one or two parties almost verging on grown-up affairs; there were sleigh drives and skating frolics galore.

blazoned: prominently written

yore: old days

broad-minded: open-minded; unprejudiced; tolerant

vetoed: banned

galore: in great quantity; in abundance

Between times Anne grew, shooting up so rapidly that Marilla was astonished one day, when they were standing side by side, to find the girl was taller than herself.

“Why, Anne, how you’ve grown!” she said, almost unbelievingly. A sigh followed on the words. Marilla felt a strange regret over Anne’s inches. The child she had learned to love had vanished somehow and here was this tall, serious-eyed girl of fifteen, with the thoughtful brows and the proudly poised little head, in her place. Marilla loved the girl as much as she had loved the child, but she was conscious of a strange, sorrowful sense of loss. That night, Marilla sat alone in the wintry twilight and indulged in the weakness of a cry. Matthew, coming in with a lantern, caught her at it and gazed at her in such consternation that Marilla had to laugh through her tears.

“I was thinking about Anne,” she explained. “She’s got to be such a big girl—and she’ll probably be away from us next winter. I’ll miss her terrible.”

poised: self-assured

“She’ll be able to come home often,” comforted Matthew, to whom Anne was as yet and always would be the little, eager girl he had brought home from Bright River on that June evening four years before. “The railroad will be built to Carmody by that time.”

“It won’t be the same thing as having her here all the time,” sighed Marilla gloomily. “But there—men can’t understand these things!”

There were other changes in Anne no less real than the physical change. For one thing, she became much quieter. Perhaps she thought all the more and dreamed as much as ever, but she certainly talked less. Marilla noticed and commented on this also.

“You don’t chatter half as much as you used to, Anne, nor use half as many big words. What has come over you?”

Anne colored and laughed a little, as she dropped her book and looked dreamily out of the window, where big red buds were bursting out in the spring sunshine.

“I don’t know—I don’t want to talk as much,” she said, denting her chin thoughtfully with her

colored: blushed

forefinger. "It's nicer to think dear, pretty thoughts and keep them in one's heart, like treasures. I don't like to have them laughed at or wondered over. And somehow I don't want to use big words any more. It's almost a pity, isn't it, now that I'm really growing big enough to say them if I did want to. It's fun to be almost grown up in some ways, but it's not the kind of fun I expected, Marilla. There's so much to learn and do and think that there isn't time for big words. Besides, Miss Stacy says the short ones are much stronger and better. She makes us write all our essays as simply as possible, and she criticizes our compositions very sharply and makes us criticize our own too. I never thought my compositions had so many faults until I began to look for them myself. I felt so ashamed I wanted to give up altogether, but Miss Stacy said I could learn to write well if I only trained myself to be my own severest critic. And so I am trying to."

"You've only two more months before the Entrance," said Marilla. "Do you think you'll be able to get through?"

Anne shivered.

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'll be all

right—and then I get horribly afraid. We've studied hard and Miss Stacy has drilled us thoroughly, but we mayn't get through for all that. We've each got a stumbling block. Mine is geometry of course. Moody Spurgeon says he feels it in his bones that he is going to fail in English history. I wish it was all over, Marilla. It haunts me. Sometimes I wake up in the night and wonder what I'll do if I don't pass."

"Why, go to school next year and try again," said Marilla unconcernedly.

"Oh, I don't believe I'd have the heart for it. It would be such a disgrace to fail, especially if Gil—if the others passed. And I get so nervous in an examination that I'm likely to make a mess of it. I wish I had nerves like Jane Andrews. Nothing rattles her."

Anne sighed and, dragging her eyes from the witcheries of the spring world, buried herself resolutely in her book. There would be other springs, but if she did not succeed in passing the Entrance, Anne felt convinced that she would never recover sufficiently to enjoy them.

CHAPTER 29

The Pass List Is Out

With the end of June came the close of the term and the close of Miss Stacy's rule in Avonlea school. Anne and Diana walked home that evening feeling very sober indeed. Diana looked back at the schoolhouse from the foot of the spruce hill and sighed deeply.

"It does seem as if it was the end of everything, doesn't it?" she said dismally.

"But you'll be back again next winter," said Anne, hunting vainly for a dry spot on her handkerchief. "I suppose I've left the dear old school forever—if I have good luck, that is."

"It won't be a bit the same. I shall have to sit all alone, for I couldn't bear to have another deskmate after you. Oh, we have had jolly times, haven't we, Anne? It's dreadful to think they're all over."

Two big tears rolled down by Diana's nose.

"If you would stop crying I could," said Anne

imploringly. "After all, I dare say I'll be back next year. This is one of the times I know I'm not going to pass. They're getting alarmingly frequent."

"Why, you came out splendidly in the exams Miss Stacy gave."

"Yes, but those exams didn't make me nervous. When I think of the real thing you can't imagine what a horrid, cold fluttery feeling comes round my heart."

"I do wish I was going in with you," said Diana. "Wouldn't we have a perfectly elegant time? But I suppose you'll have to cram in the evenings."

"No, Miss Stacy has made us promise not to open a book at all. She says it would only tire and confuse us and we are to go out walking and not think about the exams at all and go to bed early. It's good advice, but I expect it will be hard to follow. Prissy Andrews told me that she sat up half the night every night of her Entrance week and crammed for dear life. It was so kind of your Aunt Josephine to ask me to stay at Beechwood while I'm in town."

cram: study hard

“You’ll write to me while you’re in, won’t you?”

“I’ll write Tuesday night and tell you how the first day goes,” promised Anne.

“I’ll be haunting the post office Wednesday,” vowed Diana.

Anne went to town the following Monday and on Wednesday Diana haunted the post office, as agreed, and got her letter.

Dearest Diana [wrote Anne],

Here it is Tuesday night and I’m writing this in the library at Beechwood. Last night I was horribly lonesome all alone in my room and wished so much you were with me. I couldn’t cram because I’d promised Miss Stacy not to, but it was as hard to keep from opening my history as it used to be to keep from reading a story before my lessons were learned.

This morning Miss Stacy came for me and we went to the Academy, calling for Jane and Ruby and Josie on our way. Ruby asked me to feel her hands and they were as cold as ice. When we reached the Academy there were scores of students there from all over the Island. Moody Spurgeon was sitting on

the steps and muttering away to himself. He said he was repeating the multiplication table over and over to steady his nerves and for pity's sake not to interrupt him, because if he stopped for a moment he got frightened and forgot everything he ever knew.

When we were assigned to our rooms Miss Stacy had to leave us. Jane and I sat together and Jane was so composed that I envied her. Good, steady, sensible Jane! I wondered if they could hear my heart thumping clear across the room. Then a man came in and began distributing the English examination sheets. For just one awful moment, Diana, I felt exactly as I did four years ago when I asked Marilla if I might stay at Green Gables — and then everything cleared up in my mind, for I knew I could do something with that paper anyhow.

At noon we went home for dinner and then back again for history in the afternoon. The history was a pretty hard paper and I got dreadfully mixed up in the dates. Still, I think I did fairly well today. But oh, Diana, tomorrow the geometry exam comes off. If I thought the multiplication table would help

me any I would recite it from now till tomorrow morning.

I went down to see the other girls this evening. Ruby was in hysterics when I reached their boardinghouse; she had just discovered a fearful mistake she had made in her English paper. When she recovered we went uptown and had an ice cream. How we wished you had been with us.

Oh, Diana, if only the geometry examination were over! But there, as Mrs. Lynde would say, the sun will go on rising and setting whether I fail in geometry or not. That is true but not especially comforting. I think I'd rather it didn't go on if I failed!

Yours devotedly,

ANNE

The geometry examination and all the others were over in due time and Anne arrived home on Friday evening, rather tired but with an air of chastened triumph about her. Diana was over at Green Gables when she arrived and they met as if

boardinghouse: a house where guests, known as boarders,

can pay for a room and meals

chastened: humbled or subdued

they had been parted for years.

“You old darling, it seems like an age since you went to town and oh, Anne, how did you get along?”

“Pretty well, I think, in everything but the geometry. I don’t know whether I passed in it or not and I have a creepy, crawly presentiment that I didn’t. Oh, how good it is to be back! Green Gables is the dearest, loveliest spot in the world.”

“How did the others do?”

“The girls say they know they didn’t pass, but I think they did pretty well. Josie says the geometry was so easy a child of ten could do it! Moody Spurgeon thinks he failed in history and Charlie says he failed in algebra. But we don’t really know anything about it and won’t until the pass list is out. That won’t be for a fortnight. Fancy living a fortnight in such suspense! I wish I could go to sleep until it is over.”

Diana knew it would be useless to ask how Gilbert Blythe had fared, so she merely said, “Oh, you’ll pass all right. Don’t worry.”

fared: managed or gotten on

“I’d rather not pass at all than not come out pretty well up on the list,” flashed Anne, by which she meant—and Diana knew she meant—that success would be incomplete and bitter if she did not come out ahead of Gilbert Blythe.

But she had another and nobler motive for wishing to do well. She wanted to “pass high” for the sake of Matthew and Marilla—especially Matthew. Matthew had declared to her his conviction that she “would beat the whole Island.” That, Anne felt, was something it would be foolish to hope for even in the wildest dreams. But she did hope fervently that she would be among the first ten at least, so that she might see Matthew’s kindly brown eyes gleam with pride. That, she felt, would be a sweet reward indeed.

At the end of the fortnight Anne took to “haunting” the post office also, in the distracted company of Jane, Ruby, and Josie, opening the Charlottetown dailies with shaking hands.

fervently: passionately

Charlottetown dailies: the local daily newspapers [Anne and her classmates check the newspapers because, at that time, the papers published the results of public exams—so, anyone and everyone might see an individual student’s grade.]

When three weeks had gone by without the pass list appearing Anne began to feel that she really couldn't stand the strain much longer. Her appetite failed and her interest in Avonlea doings languished. But one evening the news came. Anne was sitting at her open window, for the time forgetful of the woes of examinations and the cares of the world. As she drank in the beauty of the summer dusk, sweet-scented with flower breaths from the garden below, she saw Diana come flying down through the firs, over the log bridge, and up the slope, with a fluttering newspaper in her hand.

Anne sprang to her feet. The pass list was out! Her head whirled and her heart beat until it hurt. She could not move a step. It seemed an hour before Diana came rushing along the hall and burst into the room without even knocking, so great was her excitement.

“Anne, you’ve passed,” she cried, “passed the *very first*—you and Gilbert both—you’ve tied—but your name is first. Oh, I’m so proud!”

Diana flung the paper on the table and herself

languished: weakened or wasted away

on Anne's bed, utterly breathless and incapable of further speech. Anne snatched up the paper. Yes, she had passed—there was her name at the very top of a list of two hundred! That moment was worth living for.

"You did just splendidly, Anne," puffed Diana, recovering sufficiently to sit up and speak, for Anne, starry-eyed and rapt, had not uttered a word. "Father brought the paper home from Bright River not ten minutes ago, and when I saw the pass list I just rushed over like a wild thing. You've all passed, every one of you, Moody Spurgeon and all, although he's conditioned in history. Jane and Ruby did pretty well—they're halfway up—and so did Charlie. Josie just scraped through with three marks to spare, but you'll see she'll put on as many airs as if she'd led. Won't Miss Stacy be delighted? Oh, Anne, what does it feel like to see your name at the head of a pass list like that? If it were me I know I'd go crazy with joy, but you're as calm and cool as a spring evening."

"I'm just dazzled inside," said Anne. "I want

conditioned: passed on condition of doing more work in the subject

to say a hundred things, and I can't find words to say them. I never dreamed of this—yes, I did too, just once! I let myself think *once*, 'What if I should come out first?' But it seemed so vain and presumptuous to think I could lead the Island. Excuse me a minute, Diana. I must run right out to the field to tell Matthew. Then we'll go up the road and tell the good news to the others."

They hurried to the hayfield below the barn where Matthew was raking hay, and, as luck would have it, Mrs. Lynde was talking to Marilla at the lane fence.

"Oh, Matthew," exclaimed Anne, "I've passed and I'm first—or one of the first! I'm not vain, but I'm thankful."

"Well now, I always said it," said Matthew, gazing at the pass list delightedly. "I knew you could beat them all easy."

"You've done pretty well, I must say, Anne," said Marilla, trying to hide her extreme pride in Anne from Mrs. Rachel's critical eye. But that

good soul said heartily:

"I just guess she has done well, and far be it from me to be backward in saying it. You're a credit to your friends, Anne, that's what, and we're all proud of you."

That night Anne knelt by her open window in a great sheen of moonshine and murmured a prayer of gratitude and aspiration that came straight from her heart. There was in it thankfulness for the past and reverent petition for the future, and when she slept her dreams were as fair and bright and beautiful as maidenhood might desire.

sheen: shimmering pool

aspiration: a longing to achieve something

petition: appeal or prayer

CHAPTER 30

A Queen's Girl

The next three weeks were busy ones at Green Gables, for Anne was getting ready to go to Queen's, and there was much sewing to be done, and many things to be talked over and arranged. Anne's outfit was pretty, for Matthew saw to that, and Marilla for once made no objections whatever to anything he purchased or suggested. More—one evening she went up to the east gable with her arms full of a delicate pale green material.

"Anne, here's something for a nice light dress for you. I don't suppose you really need it, you've plenty of pretty waists, but I thought maybe you'd like something real dressy to wear if you were asked out anywhere in town, to a party or anything like that. I hear that Jane and Ruby and Josie have got 'evening dresses,' as they call them, and I don't mean you shall be behind them. I got Mrs. Allan to help me pick it in town last week, and we'll get Emily Gillis to make it for you. Emily

has got taste, and her fits aren't to be equaled."

"Oh, Marilla, it's just lovely," said Anne. "Thank you so much. I don't believe you ought to be so kind to me—it's making it harder every day for me to go away."

The green dress was made up with as many tucks and frills and shirrings as Emily's taste permitted. Anne put it on one evening for Matthew's and Marilla's benefit, and recited "The Maiden's Vow" for them in the kitchen. As Marilla watched the bright, animated face and graceful motions her thoughts went back to the evening Anne had arrived at Green Gables, and memory recalled a vivid picture of the odd, frightened child in her preposterous yellowish-brown wincey dress, the heartbreak looking out of her tearful eyes. Something in the memory brought tears to Marilla's own eyes.

"I declare, my recitation has made you cry, Marilla," said Anne, stooping over Marilla's chair to drop a butterfly kiss on that lady's cheek.

"The Maiden's Vow": a romantic poem from 1883 that tells the story of a young woman who vows to remain faithful to the memory of her lover, who has died in battle

preposterous: ridiculous

“Now, I call that a positive triumph.”

“No, I wasn’t crying over your piece,” said Marilla. “I just couldn’t help thinking of the little girl you used to be, Anne. You’ve grown up now and you’re going away, and you look so tall and stylish and so—so—different altogether in that dress—as if you didn’t belong in Avonlea at all—and I just got lonesome thinking it all over.”

“Marilla!” Anne sat down on Marilla’s gingham lap, took Marilla’s lined face between her hands, and looked gravely and tenderly into Marilla’s eyes. “I’m not a bit changed—not really. The real *me*—back here—is just the same. It won’t make a bit of difference where I go or how much I change outwardly. At heart I shall always be your little Anne, who will love you and Matthew and dear Green Gables more and better every day of her life.”

Anne laid her fresh young cheek against Marilla’s faded one, and reached out a hand to pat Matthew’s shoulder. Marilla would have given much just then to have possessed Anne’s power of putting her feelings into words, but she could only put her arms close about her girl and hold her

tenderly to her heart, wishing that she need never let her go.

Matthew, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, got up and went out-of-doors. Under the stars of the blue summer night he walked agitatedly across the yard to the gate under the poplars.

"Well now, I guess she ain't been much spoiled," he muttered, proudly. "I guess my putting in my oar occasional never did much harm after all. She's smart and pretty, and loving, too, which is better than all the rest. She's been a blessing to us, and there never was a luckier mistake than what Mrs. Spencer made—if it was luck. I don't believe it was any such thing. It was Providence, because the Almighty saw we needed her, I reckon."

The day finally came when Anne must go to town. She and Matthew drove in one fine September morning, after a tearful parting with Diana and an untateful practical one—on Marilla's side at least—with Marilla. But when Anne had gone Diana dried her tears and went to a beach picnic at White Sands with some of her Carmody

suspicious: peculiar; irregular

agitatedly: anxiously

cousins, where she enjoyed herself tolerably well; while Marilla plunged fiercely into unnecessary work and kept at it all day long with the bitterest kind of heartache—the ache that burns and gnaws and cannot wash itself away in ready tears. But that night, when Marilla went to bed, acutely and miserably conscious that the little gable room at the end of the hall was untenanted by any vivid young life and unstirred by any soft breathing, she buried her face in her pillow, and wept for her girl in a passion of sobs.

Anne and the rest of the Avonlea scholars reached town just in time to hurry off to the Academy. That first day passed pleasantly enough in a whirl of excitement, meeting all the new students, learning to know the professors by sight, and being organized into classes. Anne intended taking up the Second Year work, being advised to do so by Miss Stacy. Gilbert Blythe elected to do the same. This meant getting a First Class teacher's license in one year instead of two, if they were successful, but it also meant much more and

acutely: sharply

untenanted: uninhabited

Anne's Plans at Queen's

Anne is planning on "taking up the Second Year work," which means that she will start her time at Queen's taking courses at the second-year level rather than the first-year level. She and Gilbert will be completing a two-year program in one year, in order to receive the highest level of teacher's license — First Class.

This form of college was really more like an advanced and extended modern high school education. Students could leave with their teacher's licenses as young as sixteen or seventeen. In 1889, most of the primary school teachers in rural Canada were between seventeen and twenty-three years old. Montgomery herself did exactly what Anne and Gilbert are planning and earned her teacher's license in one year instead of two.

harder work. Jane, Ruby, Josie, Charlie, and Moody Spurgeon, not being troubled with the stirrings of ambition, were content to take up the First Year work. Anne was conscious of a pang of loneliness when she found herself in a room with fifty other students, not one of whom she knew, except the tall, brown-haired boy across the room; and knowing him in the fashion she did, did not help her much. Yet she was undeniably glad that they were in the same class. The old rivalry could still be carried on, and Anne would hardly have known what to do if it had been lacking.

"I wouldn't feel comfortable without it," she thought. "Gilbert looks awfully determined. I suppose he's making up his mind, here and now, to win the medal. What a splendid chin he has! I never noticed it before. I do wish Jane and Ruby had gone in for First Class, too. I wonder which of the girls here are going to be my friends. Of course I promised Diana that no Queen's girl, no matter how much I liked her, should ever be as dear to me as she is, but I've lots of second-best affections to bestow. I like the look of that girl with the brown eyes and the crimson dress. She looks vivid and red-rosy. Then there's that pale, fair one gazing out of the window. She has lovely hair, and looks as if she knew a thing or two about dreams. I'd like to know them both. But just now I don't know them and they don't know me, and probably don't want to know me particularly. Oh, it's lonesome!"

It was lonesomer still when Anne found herself alone in her hall bedroom that night at twilight. She was not to board with the other girls, who all had relatives in town to take pity on them.

the medal: the award for coming first in one's class

board: to pay for a room and meals in someone's house (Anne will not be staying in the same house as the other girls.)

Beechwood was so far from the Academy that it was out of the question, so Miss Josephine Barry hunted up a boardinghouse, assuring Matthew and Marilla that it was the very place for Anne.

As Anne looked dismally about her narrow little boardinghouse room, with its dull, pictureless walls, its small iron bedstead and empty bookcase, her first agony of homesickness seized upon her. A horrible choke came into her throat as she thought of her own room at Green Gables, of moonlight falling on the orchard, of the brook below the slope and the spruce boughs tossing in the night wind beyond it, of a vast starry sky, and the light from Diana's window shining out through the gap in the trees. Anne knew that she was going to cry, and fought against it.

"I *won't* cry. It's silly—and weak—I'm going home next Friday, but that seems a hundred years away. Oh, Matthew is nearly home by now—and Marilla is at the gate, looking down the lane for him. I can't cheer up—I don't *want* to cheer up. It's nicer to be miserable!"

bedstead: the frame of a bed

A flood of tears would have come, no doubt, had not Josie Pye appeared at that moment. In the joy of seeing a familiar face, even a Pye was welcome.

"I'm so glad you came up," Anne said sincerely.

"You've been crying," remarked Josie, with aggravating pity. "I suppose you're homesick. I've no intention of being homesick, I can tell you. Town's too jolly after that poky old Avonlea. You shouldn't cry, Anne; it isn't becoming, for your nose and eyes get red, and then you seem *all* red. Have you anything eatable around? I'm literally starving. Ah, I guessed Marilla'd load you up with cake. That's why I called round. Otherwise I'd have gone to the park with Frank Stockley. He noticed you in class today. I told him you were an orphan that the Cuthberts had adopted, and nobody knew very much about what you'd been before that."

Anne was wondering if, after all, solitude and tears were not more satisfactory than Josie Pye's companionship when Jane and Ruby appeared. As Josie was not "speaking" to Jane just then she had to subside into comparative harmlessness.

comparative: relative; compared to what might have been

"Well," said Jane with a sigh, "I feel as if I'd lived many moons since the morning. I ought to be home studying my Virgil—but I simply couldn't settle down to study tonight. Anne, if you've been crying *do* own up. It will restore my self-respect, for I was shedding tears freely before Ruby came along. Cake? You'll give me a teeny piece, won't you?"

Ruby, perceiving the Queen's calendar lying on the table, wanted to know if Anne meant to try for the gold medal.

Anne blushed and admitted she was thinking of it.

"Oh, that reminds me," said Josie, "Queen's is to get one of the Avery scholarships after all. Frank Stockley told me—his uncle is one of the board of governors, you know. It will be announced in the Academy tomorrow."

An Avery scholarship! Anne felt her heart beat more quickly, and the horizons of her ambition broadened as if by magic. Before Josie had told the news Anne's highest pinnacle of aspiration had been a teacher's license, First Class, at the end of the year, and perhaps the medal! But now in

Virgil: Roman poet of the first century BCE, author of the epic

poem the *Aeneid*

pinnacle: peak

one moment Anne saw herself winning the Avery scholarship, taking an Arts course at Redmond College, and graduating in a gown and mortar board, before the echo of Josie's words had died away. For the Avery scholarship was in English, and Anne felt that here her foot was on native heath. At the end of the year the graduate who made the highest mark in English and English Literature would win the scholarship—two hundred and fifty dollars a year for four years at Redmond College.

Redmond College

When Anne hears about the Avery scholarship, she starts dreaming about "taking an Arts course at Redmond College." Redmond is a fictional name, based on the real Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Here Anne could earn a full university degree, over and above a teacher's license.

After a year of working as a teacher, Montgomery used more than half her savings, combined with a gift from her grandmother, to pay for one year of studying literature at Dalhousie. She could never afford to earn a full four-year degree—the kind Anne is now dreaming of—and it was always a sadness for her.

a gown and mortar board: black academic robes and the flat, square black cap of a graduate

native heath: familiar ground

No wonder that Anne went to bed that night with tingling cheeks!

"I'll win that scholarship if hard work can do it," she resolved. "Wouldn't Matthew be proud if I got to be a B.A.? Oh, it's delightful to have ambitions. I'm so glad I have such a lot. And there never seems to be any end to them—that's the best of it. It does make life so interesting."

B.A.: Bachelor of Arts, the official title for an undergraduate degree in the arts (including subjects like English Literature and Philosophy)

CHAPTER 31

The Winter at Queen's

Anne's homesickness wore off, greatly helped in the wearing by her weekend visits home. As long as the open weather lasted the Avonlea students went out to Carmody on the new railway every Friday night. Diana and several other Avonlea young folks were generally on hand to meet them and they all walked over to Avonlea in a merry party. Anne thought those Friday evening strolls over the autumnal hills in the crisp golden air, with the homelights of Avonlea twinkling beyond, were the best and dearest hours in the whole week.

Gilbert Blythe nearly always walked with Ruby Gillis and carried her satchel for her. Ruby was a very handsome young lady now. She wore her skirts as long as her mother would let her and did her hair up in town, though she had to take it down when she went home. She had large, bright-blue eyes, laughed a great deal, was cheerful and good-tempered, and

enjoyed the pleasant things of life.

"But I shouldn't think she was the sort of girl Gilbert would like," whispered Jane to Anne. Anne did not think so either, but she would not have said so for the Avery scholarship. She could not help thinking, too, that it would be very pleasant to have such a friend as Gilbert to jest and chatter with and exchange ideas about books and studies and ambitions. Gilbert was a clever young fellow, with his own thoughts about things and a determination to get the best out of life and put the best into it. He had ambitions, Anne knew, and Ruby Gillis did not seem the sort of person with whom such things could be discussed.

There was no silly sentiment in Anne's ideas concerning Gilbert. Boys were to her, when she thought about them at all, merely possible good comrades. But she thought that if Gilbert had ever walked home with her from the train, over the crisp fields and along the ferny byways, they might have had many and merry and interesting conversations about the new world that was opening around them.

comrades: friends or companions

In the Academy Anne gradually drew a little circle of friends about her, thoughtful, imaginative, ambitious students like herself. With the "rose-red" girl, Stella Maynard, and the "dream girl," Priscilla Grant, she soon became intimate, finding the latter pale, spiritual-looking maiden to be full to the brim of mischief and fun, while the vivid, black-eyed Stella had a heartful of wistful dreams and fancies as aerial and rainbow-like as Anne's own.

After the Christmas holidays the Avonlea students gave up going home on Fridays and settled down to hard work. By this time all the Queen's scholars had gravitated into their own places in the ranks. Certain facts had become generally accepted. It was admitted that the medal contestants had practically narrowed down to three—Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley, and Lewis Wilson. The Avery scholarship was more doubtful, any one of a certain six being a possible winner.

Anne worked hard and steadily. Her rivalry with Gilbert was as intense as it had ever been in Avonlea school, but somehow the bitterness had gone out of it. Anne no longer wished to win for the sake of defeating Gilbert; rather, for the proud

consciousness of a well-won victory over a worthy foe. It would be worthwhile to win, but she no longer thought life would be insupportable if she did not.

In spite of lessons the students found opportunities for pleasant times. Anne spent many of her spare hours at Beechwood and generally ate her Sunday dinners there and went to church with Miss Barry. The latter was, as she admitted, growing old, but her black eyes were not dim nor the vigor of her tongue in the least abated.

"That Anne-girl improves all the time," she said. "I get tired of other girls—there is such a provoking and eternal sameness about them. Anne has as many shades as a rainbow and every shade is the prettiest while it lasts. She makes me love her and I like people who make me love them. It saves me so much trouble in making myself love them."

Then, almost before anybody realized it, spring had come. Out in Avonlea the Mayflowers were

foe: enemy

insupportable: unacceptable or unbearable

abated: decreased or lessened

provoking: aggravating

peeping pinkly out on the barrens where snow-wreaths lingered, and the "mist of green" was on the woods and in the valleys. But in Charlottetown, harassed Queen's students thought and talked only of examinations.

"It doesn't seem possible that the term is nearly over," said Anne. "Why, last fall it seemed so long to look forward to—a whole winter of studies and classes. And here we are, with the exams looming up next week. Girls, sometimes I feel as if those exams meant everything, but when I look at the big buds swelling on those chestnut trees and the misty blue air at the end of the streets they don't seem half so important."

Jane and Ruby and Josie did not take this view of it. It was all very well for Anne, who was sure of passing at least, but when your whole future depended on the examinations—as the girls truly thought theirs did—you could not regard them philosophically.

"I've lost seven pounds in the last two weeks," sighed Jane. "It's no use to say don't worry.

"**mist of green**": a phrase from Tennyson's 1881 poem
"The Brook"

I *will* worry. It would be dreadful if I failed to get my license after going to Queen's all winter and spending so much money."

"I don't care," said Josie Pye. "If I don't pass this year I'm coming back next. My father can afford to send me. Anne, Frank Stockley says that Professor Tremaine said Gilbert Blythe was sure to get the medal and that Emily Clay would likely win the Avery scholarship."

"That may make me feel badly tomorrow, Josie," laughed Anne, "but just now I honestly feel that as long as I know the violets are coming out all purple down in the hollow below Green Gables, it's not a great deal of difference whether I win the Avery or not. I've done my best. Next to trying and winning, the best thing is trying and failing."

"What are you going to wear for commencement, Jane?" asked Ruby practically.

Jane and Josie both answered at once and the chatter drifted into a side eddy of fashions. But Anne, with her elbows on the windowsill and her

commencement: a graduation ceremony

eddy: a small whirlpool or swirling part of a stream

eyes filled with visions, looked out unheedingly across city roof and spire to that glorious dome of sunset sky. All the Beyond was hers, with its possibilities lurking rosily in the oncoming years.

unheedingly: without noticing or paying attention

CHAPTER 32

The Glory and the Dream

On the morning when the final results of all the examinations were to be posted on the bulletin board at Queen's, Anne and Jane walked down the street together. Jane was smiling and happy; examinations were over and she was comfortably sure she had made a pass at least. Anne was pale and quiet. In ten more minutes she would know who had won the medal and who the Avery. Beyond those ten minutes there did not seem, just then, to be anything worth being called Time.

“The Glory and the Dream”

For the title of this chapter, Lucy Maud Montgomery borrowed words from William Wordsworth's 1807 poem “Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood”:

*There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.*

“Of course you’ll win one of them anyhow,” said Jane, who couldn’t understand how the faculty could be so unfair as to order it otherwise.

“I have no hope of the Avery,” said Anne. “Everybody says Emily Clay will win it. And I’m not going to march up to that bulletin board and look at it before everybody. I haven’t the courage. You must read the announcements and then come and tell me, Jane. If I have failed just say so, without trying to break it gently. And whatever you do *don’t* sympathize with me. Promise me this, Jane.”

Jane promised solemnly, but, as it happened, there was no necessity for such a promise. When they went up the entrance steps of Queen’s they found the hall full of boys who were carrying Gilbert Blythe around on their shoulders and yelling at the tops of their voices, “Hurrah for Blythe, Medalist!”

For a moment Anne felt one sickening pang of defeat and disappointment. So she had failed and Gilbert had won! Well, Matthew would be sorry—he had been so sure she would win.

And then!

Somebody called out:
“Three cheers for Miss Shirley, winner of the Avery!”

“Oh, Anne,” gasped Jane, as they fled to the girls’ dressing room amid hearty cheers. “Oh, Anne, I’m so proud! Isn’t it splendid?”

And then the girls were around them and Anne was the center of a laughing, congratulating group. Her shoulders were thumped and her hands shaken vigorously. She was pushed and pulled and hugged and among it all she managed to whisper to Jane:

“Oh, won’t Matthew and Marilla be pleased! I must write the news home right away.”

Commencement exercises were held in the big assembly hall of the Academy. Addresses were given, essays read, songs sung, the public award of diplomas, prizes, and medals made.

Matthew and Marilla were there, with eyes and ears for only one student on the platform—a tall girl in pale green, with faintly flushed cheeks and starry eyes, who read the best essay and was pointed out and whispered about as the Avery winner.

“Reckon you’re glad we kept her, Marilla?” whispered Matthew when Anne had finished her essay.

“It’s not the first time I’ve been glad,” retorted Marilla. “You do like to rub things in, Matthew Cuthbert.”

Miss Barry, who was sitting behind them, leaned forward and poked Marilla in the back with her parasol.

“Aren’t you proud of that Anne-girl? I am,” she said.

Anne went home to Avonlea with Matthew and Marilla that evening. She had not been home since April and she felt that she could not wait another day. The apple blossoms were out and the world was fresh and young. Diana was at Green Gables to meet her. In her own white room, where Marilla had set a flowering house-rose on the windowsill, Anne looked about her and drew a long breath of happiness.

“Oh, Diana, it’s so good to be back again. It’s so good to see those pointed firs coming out against the pink sky—and that white orchard

parasol: a light umbrella for use in the sun

and the old Snow Queen. And it's *good* to see you again, Diana!"

"I thought you liked that Stella Maynard better than me," said Diana reproachfully. "Josie Pye told me you did. Josie said you were *infatuated* with her."

Anne laughed and pelted Diana with the faded "June lilies" of her bouquet.

"Stella Maynard is the dearest girl in the world except one and you are that one, Diana," she said. "I love you more than ever—and I've so many things to tell you. But just now I feel as if it were joy enough to sit here and look at you. I'm tired, I think—tired of being studious and ambitious. I mean to spend at least two hours tomorrow lying out in the orchard grass, thinking of absolutely nothing."

"You've done splendidly, Anne. I suppose you won't be teaching now that you've won the Avery?"

"No. I'm going to Redmond in September. Doesn't it seem wonderful? I'll have a brand new stock of ambition laid in by that time after three

laid in: stored up

glorious, golden months of vacation. Jane and Ruby are going to teach. Isn't it splendid to think we all got through, even Moody Spurgeon and Josie Pye?"

"The Newbridge trustees have offered Jane their school already," said Diana. "Gilbert Blythe is going to teach, too. He has to. His father can't afford to send him to college next year, after all, so he means to earn his own way through. I expect he'll get the school here."

Anne felt a strange little sensation of dismayed surprise. She had not known this. She had expected that Gilbert would be going to Redmond also. What would she do without their inspiring rivalry? Would not work be rather flat without her friend the enemy?

The next morning at breakfast it suddenly struck Anne that Matthew was not looking well. Surely he was much grayer than he had been a year before.

"Marilla," she said hesitatingly when he had gone out, "is Matthew quite well?"

"No, he isn't," said Marilla in a troubled tone. "He's had some real bad spells with his heart this

spring and he won't spare himself a mite. I've been real worried about him, but he's some better this while back and we've got a good hired man, so I'm hoping he'll kind of rest and pick up. Maybe he will now you're home. You always cheer him up."

Anne leaned across the table and took Marilla's face in her hands.

"You are not looking as well yourself as I'd like to see you, Marilla. You look tired. I'm afraid you've been working too hard. You must take a rest, now that I'm home. I'm just going to take this one day off to visit all the dear old spots and hunt up my old dreams, and then it will be your turn to be lazy while I do the work."

Marilla smiled affectionately at her girl.

"It's not the work—it's my head. I've got a pain so often now—behind my eyes. Doctor Spencer's been fussing with glasses, but they don't do me any good. There is a distinguished oculist coming to the Island the last of June and the doctor says I must see him. I guess I'll have to. I can't read or sew with any comfort now. Well, Anne, you've done real well at Queen's I must say. To take

oculist: eye doctor

First Class License in one year and win the Avery scholarship—well, well, Mrs. Lynde says pride goes before a fall and she doesn't believe in the higher education of women at all. I don't believe a word of it. Speaking of Rachel reminds me—did you hear anything about the Abbey Bank lately, Anne?"

"I heard it was shaky," answered Anne. "Why?"

"That is what Rachel said. She was up here one day last week and said there was some talk about it. Matthew felt real worried. All we have saved is in that bank—every penny. Old Mr. Abbey was a great friend of father's and he always banked with him. I wanted Matthew to draw our money right out and he said he'd think of it. But Mr. Russell told him yesterday that the bank was all right."

Anne had her good day in the companionship of the outdoor world. She never forgot that day. It was so bright and golden and fair, so free from shadow and so lavish of blossom. Anne spent some of its rich hours in the orchard; she went to the

shaky: (in describing a business) unstable; likely to fail
lavish: lush or rich

Dryad's Bubble and Willowmere and Violet Vale; she called at the manse and had a satisfying talk with Mrs. Allan; and finally in the evening she went with Matthew for the cows, through Lover's Lane to the back pasture. The woods were all gloried through with sunset and the warm splendor of it streamed down through the hill gaps in the west. Matthew walked slowly with bent head. Anne, tall and erect, suited her springing step to his.

"You've been working too hard today, Matthew," she said reproachfully. "Why won't you take things easier?"

"Well now, I can't seem to," said Matthew, as he opened the yard gate to let the cows through. "It's only that I'm getting old, Anne, and keep forgetting it."

"If I had been the boy you sent for," said Anne wistfully, "I'd be able to help you so much now and spare you in a hundred ways. I could find it in my heart to wish I had been, just for that."

"Well now, I'd rather have you than a dozen boys, Anne," said Matthew, patting her hand. "Just mind you that—rather than a dozen boys. I guess it wasn't a boy that took the Avery

scholarship, was it? It was a girl—my girl—my girl that I'm proud of."

He smiled his shy smile at her as he went into the yard. Anne took the memory of it with her when she went to her room that night and sat for a long while at her open window, thinking of the past and dreaming of the future. Outside the Snow Queen was mistily white in the moonshine; the frogs were singing in the marsh beyond Orchard Slope. Anne always remembered the silvery, peaceful beauty and fragrant calm of that night. It was the last night before sorrow touched her life, and no life is ever quite the same again when once that touch has been laid upon it.

CHAPTER 33

The Reaper Whose Name Is Death

“M atthew—Matthew—what is the matter? Matthew, are you sick?”

“The Reaper Whose Name Is Death”

The title of this chapter comes from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s 1839 poem “The Reaper and the Flowers”:

*There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.*

A reaper is someone who harvests grain with a long, curved blade called a scythe. Death is often depicted in folklore as the “grim reaper,” a dark figure with a scythe who cuts off lives like grain in a field.



DEATH AS THE GRIM REAPER

It was Marilla who spoke, alarm in every jerky word. Anne came through the hall, her hands full of white narcissus—it was long before Anne could love the sight or odor of white narcissus again—in time to hear her and to see Matthew standing in the porch doorway, a folded paper in his hand, and his face strangely drawn and gray. Anne dropped her flowers and sprang across the kitchen to him at the same moment as Marilla. They were both too late; before they could reach him Matthew had fallen across the threshold.

“He’s fainted,” gasped Marilla. “Anne, run for Martin—quick, quick! He’s at the barn.”

Martin, the hired man, who had just driven home from the post office, started at once for the doctor, calling at Orchard Slope on his way to send Mr. and Mrs. Barry over. Mrs. Lynde, who was there on an errand, came too. They found Anne and Marilla distractedly trying to restore Matthew to consciousness.

Mrs. Lynde pushed them gently aside, tried his pulse, and then laid her ear over his heart. She looked at their anxious faces sorrowfully and the

drawn: drained and sickly

tears came into her eyes.

“Oh, Marilla,” she said gravely. “I don’t think—we can do anything for him.”

“Mrs. Lynde, you don’t think—you can’t think Matthew is—is—” Anne could not say the dreadful word.

“Child, yes, I’m afraid of it. Look at his face. When you’ve seen that look as often as I have you’ll know what it means.”

When the doctor came he said that death had been instantaneous and probably painless, caused in all likelihood by some sudden shock. The secret of the shock was discovered to be in the paper Matthew had held. It contained an account of the failure of the Abbey Bank.

The news spread quickly through Avonlea, and all day friends and neighbors thronged Green Gables and came and went on errands of kindness for the dead and living. For the first time shy, quiet Matthew Cuthbert was a person of central importance. The majesty of death had fallen on him and set him apart as one crowned.

When the calm night came softly down over Green Gables the old house was hushed and tranquil. In the parlor lay Matthew Cuthbert in his coffin, his long gray hair framing his placid face on which there was a little kindly smile as if he but slept, dreaming pleasant dreams. There were flowers about him—sweet old-fashioned flowers which his mother had planted in the homestead garden in her bridal days and for which Matthew had always had a secret, wordless love. Anne had gathered them and brought them to him, her anguished, tearless eyes burning in her white face. It was the last thing she could do for him.

The Barrys and Mrs. Lynde stayed with them that night. Diana, going to the east gable, where Anne was standing at her window, said gently, "Anne dear, would you like to have me sleep with you tonight?"

"Thank you, Diana." Anne looked earnestly into her friend's face. "I think you won't misunderstand me when I say I want to be alone. I'm not afraid. I haven't been alone one minute

placid: peaceful

anguished: heartbroken

since it happened—and I want to be. I want to be quite silent and quiet and try to realize it. I can't realize it. Half the time it seems to me that Matthew can't be dead; and the other half it seems as if he must have been dead for a long time and I've had this horrible dull ache ever since."

Diana did not quite understand. Marilla's impassioned grief, breaking all the bounds of natural reserve and lifelong habit in its stormy rush, she could comprehend better than Anne's tearless agony. But she went away kindly, leaving Anne alone to keep her first vigil with sorrow.

Anne hoped that the tears would come in solitude. It seemed to her a terrible thing that she could not shed a tear for Matthew, whom she had loved so much and who had been so kind to her, Matthew who had walked with her last evening at sunset and was now lying in the dim room below with that awful peace on his brow. But no tears came at first, even when she knelt by her window in the darkness and prayed, looking up to the

impassioned: highly emotional

reserve: restraint or self-control

vigil: a period of keeping watch, often to pray or to mourn

stars beyond the hills—no tears, only the same horrible dull ache of misery that kept on aching until she fell asleep, worn out with the day's pain and excitement.

In the night she awakened, with the stillness and the darkness about her, and the recollection of the day came over her like a wave of sorrow. She could see Matthew's face smiling at her—she could hear his voice saying, "My girl—my girl that I'm proud of." Then the tears came and Anne wept her heart out. Marilla heard her and crept in to comfort her.

"There—there—don't cry so, dearie. It can't bring him back. It—it—isn't right to cry so. I knew that today, but I couldn't help it then. He'd always been such a good, kind brother to me—but God knows best."

"Oh, just let me cry, Marilla," sobbed Anne. "The tears don't hurt me like that ache did. Stay here for a little while with me and keep your arm round me. I couldn't have Diana stay, she's good and kind and sweet—but it's not her sorrow. It's our sorrow—yours and mine. Oh, Marilla, what will we do without him?"

“We’ve got each other, Anne. I don’t know what I’d do if you weren’t here—if you’d never come. Oh, Anne, I know I’ve been kind of strict and harsh with you maybe—but you mustn’t think I didn’t love you as well as Matthew did, for all that. I want to tell you now when I can. It’s never been easy for me to say things out of my heart, but at times like this it’s easier. I love you as dear as if you were my own flesh and blood and you’ve been my joy and comfort ever since you came to Green Gables.”

Two days afterwards they carried Matthew Cuthbert over his homestead threshold and away from the fields he had tilled and the orchards he had loved and the trees he had planted; and then Avonlea settled back to its usual placidity. Even at Green Gables work was done and duties fulfilled with regularity as before, although always with the aching sense of loss. Anne, new to grief, thought it almost sad that it could be so—that they could go on in the old way without Matthew. She felt something like shame and remorse when

threshold: the border of wood or stone at the bottom of a doorway. To “cross the threshold” is literally to go through a doorway, and figuratively to undergo some great change or enter a new phase.

she discovered that the sunrises behind the firs and the pale pink buds opening in the garden gave her the old rush of gladness when she saw them—that Diana's visits were pleasant to her and that Diana's merry words and ways moved her to laughter and smiles—that, in brief, the beautiful world of blossom and love and friendship had lost none of its power to thrill her heart, that life still called to her with many insistent voices.

“It seems like disloyalty to Matthew, somehow, to find pleasure in these things now that he has gone,” she said wistfully to Mrs. Allan one evening when they were together in the manse garden. “I miss him so much—all the time—and yet, Mrs. Allan, the world and life seem very beautiful and interesting to me for all. Today Diana said something funny and I found myself laughing. I thought when it happened I could never laugh again. And it somehow seems as if I oughtn’t to.”

“When Matthew was here he liked to hear you laugh and he liked to know that you found pleasure in the pleasant things around you,” said

for all: despite everything

Mrs. Allan gently. "He is just away now, and he likes to know it just the same. I am sure we should not shut our hearts against the healing influences that nature offers us. But I can understand your feeling. I think we all experience the same thing. We almost feel as if we were unfaithful to our sorrow when we find our interest in life returning to us."

"I went down to the graveyard to plant a rosebush on Matthew's grave this afternoon," said Anne dreamily. "I took a slip of the little white Scotch rosebush his mother brought out from Scotland long ago. Matthew always liked those roses the best—they were so small and sweet on their thorny stems. I hope he has roses like them in heaven. I must go home now. Marilla is all alone and she gets lonely at twilight."

"She will be lonelier still, I fear, when you go away again to college," said Mrs. Allan.

Anne did not reply. She said good night and went slowly back to Green Gables. Marilla was sitting on the front door-steps and Anne sat down beside her. The door was open behind them, held back by a big pink conch shell with hints of sea

sunsets in its smooth inner convolutions.

“Doctor Spencer was here while you were away,” Marilla said. “He says that the specialist will be in town tomorrow and he insists that I must go in and have my eyes examined. I suppose I’d better go and have it over. You won’t mind staying here alone while I’m away, will you? Martin will have to drive me in and there’s ironing and baking to do.”

“I shall be all right. Diana will come over for company for me. I shall attend to the ironing and baking beautifully—you needn’t fear that I’ll flavor the cake with liniment.”

Marilla laughed.

“What a girl you were for making mistakes in them days, Anne. You were always getting into scrapes. I did use to think you were possessed. Do you mind the time you dyed your hair?”

“Yes, indeed. I shall never forget it,” smiled Anne, touching the heavy braid of hair that was wound about her shapely head. “I laugh a little now sometimes when I think what a worry my

convolutions: complex spiraling shapes

mind: remember

hair used to be to me—but I don’t laugh *much*, because it was a very real trouble then. People are nice enough to tell me my hair is auburn now—all but Josie Pye. She informed me yesterday that she really thought it was redder than ever, or at least my black dress made it look redder. Marilla, I’ve almost decided to give up trying to like Josie Pye. I’ve made what I would once have called a heroic effort to like her, but Josie Pye won’t *be* liked.”

“Josie is a Pye,” said Marilla sharply, “so she can’t help being disagreeable. I suppose people of that kind serve some useful purpose in society, but I must say I don’t know what it is. Is Josie going to teach?”

“No, she is going back to Queen’s next year. So are Moody Spurgeon and Charlie Sloane. Jane and Ruby are going to teach and they have both got schools—Jane at Newbridge and Ruby at some place up west.”

“Gilbert Blythe is going to teach too, isn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“What a nice-looking fellow he is,” said Marilla. “I saw him in church last Sunday and he

black: the traditional color of clothing worn by those in mourning

seemed so tall and manly. He looks a lot like his father did at the same age. John Blythe was a nice boy. We used to be real good friends, he and I. People called him my beau."

Anne looked up with swift interest.

"Oh, Marilla—and what happened? Why didn't you—"

"We had a quarrel. I wouldn't forgive him when he asked me to. I meant to, after a while—but I was sulky and angry and I wanted to punish him first. He never came back—the Blythes were all mighty independent. But I always felt—rather sorry. I've always kind of wished I'd forgiven him when I had the chance."

"So you've had a bit of romance in your life, too," said Anne softly.

"Yes, I suppose you might call it that. You wouldn't think so to look at me, would you? But you never can tell about people from their outsides. Everybody has forgot about me and John. I'd forgotten myself. But it all came back to me when I saw Gilbert last Sunday."

CHAPTER 34

The Bend in the Road

Marilla went to town the next day and returned in the evening. Anne had gone over to Orchard Slope with Diana and came back to find Marilla in the kitchen, sitting by the table with her head leaning on her hand. Something in her dejected attitude struck a chill to Anne's heart. She had never seen Marilla sit limply inert like that.

"Are you very tired, Marilla?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," said Marilla wearily, looking up. "I suppose I am tired but I haven't thought about it. It's not that."

"Did you see the oculist? What did he say?" asked Anne anxiously.

"Yes, I saw him. He examined my eyes. He says that if I give up all reading and sewing entirely and any kind of work that strains the

limply: in a weak, drooping manner

inert: unmoving, as if lifeless

eyes, and if I'm careful not to cry, and if I wear the glasses he's given me he thinks my eyes may not get any worse and my headaches will be cured. But if I don't he says I'll certainly be stone-blind in six months. Blind! Anne, just think of it!"

For a minute Anne, after her first quick exclamation of dismay, was silent. It seemed to her that she could *not* speak. Then she said bravely, but with a catch in her voice:

"Marilla, *don't* think of it. You know he has given you hope. If you are careful you won't lose your sight altogether, and if his glasses cure your headaches it will be a great thing."

"I don't call it much hope," said Marilla bitterly. "What am I to live for if I can't read or sew or do anything like that? I might as well be blind—or dead. And as for crying, I can't help that when I get lonesome. But there, it's no good talking about it. If you'll get me a cup of tea I'll be thankful. I'm about done out. Don't say anything about this to anyone for a spell yet, anyway. I can't bear that folks should come here to question and sympathize and talk about it."

a catch: a tremor of emotion

done out: worn out

When Marilla had eaten her lunch Anne persuaded her to go to bed. Then Anne went herself to the east gable and sat down by her window in the darkness alone with her tears and her heaviness of heart. How sadly things had changed since she had sat there the night after coming home! Then she had been full of hope and joy and the future had looked rosy with promise. Anne felt as if she had lived years since then, but before she went to bed there was a smile on her lips and peace in her heart. She had looked her duty courageously in the face and found it a friend—as duty ever is when we meet it frankly.

One afternoon a few days later Marilla came slowly in from the front yard where she had been talking to a caller—a man whom Anne knew by sight as Mr. Sadler from Carmody. Anne wondered what he could have been saying to bring that look to Marilla's face.

“What did Mr. Sadler want, Marilla?”

Marilla sat down by the window and looked at Anne. There were tears in her eyes in defiance of the oculist's prohibition and her voice broke as she said:

caller: visitor

prohibition: ban

“He heard that I was going to sell Green Gables and he wants to buy it.”

“Buy it! Buy Green Gables?” Anne wondered if she had heard aright. “Oh, Marilla, you don’t mean to sell Green Gables!”

“Anne, I don’t know what else is to be done. I’ve thought it all over. If my eyes were strong I could stay here and look after things and manage, with a good hired man. But as it is I can’t. I may lose my sight altogether, and anyway I’ll not be fit to run things. Oh, I never thought I’d live to see the day when I’d have to sell my home. But every cent of our money was in that bank. Mrs. Lynde advises me to sell the farm and board somewhere—with her, I suppose. It won’t bring much—it’s small and the buildings are old. But it’ll be enough for me to live on I reckon. I’m thankful you’re provided for with that scholarship, Anne. I’m sorry you won’t have a home to come to in your vacations, that’s all, but I suppose you’ll manage somehow.”

Marilla broke down and wept bitterly.

“You mustn’t sell Green Gables,” said Anne resolutely.

“Oh, Anne, I wish I didn’t have to. But you can see for yourself. I can’t stay here alone. I’d go crazy with trouble and loneliness. And my sight would go—I know it would.”

“You won’t have to stay here alone, Marilla. I’ll be with you. I’m not going to Redmond.”

“Not going to Redmond!” Marilla lifted her worn face from her hands and looked at Anne. “Why, what do you mean?”

“Just what I say. I’m not going to take the scholarship. I decided so the night after you came home from town. You surely don’t think I could leave you alone in your trouble, Marilla, after all you’ve done for me. I’ve been thinking and planning. Let me tell you my plans. Mr. Barry wants to rent the farm for next year. So you won’t have any bother over that. And I’m going to teach. I’ve applied for the school here—but I don’t expect to get it for I understand the trustees have promised it to Gilbert Blythe. But I can have the Carmody school—of course that won’t be quite as nice or convenient as if I had the Avonlea school. But I can drive myself over to Carmody and back, in the warm weather at least. And even in winter

I can come home Fridays. We'll keep a horse for that. Oh, I have it all planned out, Marilla. And I'll read to you and keep you cheered up. You shan't be dull or lonesome. And we'll be real cozy and happy here together, you and I."

Marilla had listened like a woman in a dream.

"Oh, Anne, I could get on real well if you were here, I know. But I can't let you sacrifice yourself for me. It would be terrible."

"Nonsense!" Anne laughed merrily. "There is no sacrifice. Nothing could be worse than giving up Green Gables—nothing could hurt me more. We must keep the dear old place. My mind is quite made up, Marilla. I'm *not* going to Redmond, and I am going to stay here and teach. Don't you worry about me a bit."

"But your ambitions—and—"

"I'm just as ambitious as ever. Only, I've changed the object of my ambitions. I'm going to be a good teacher—and I'm going to save your eyesight. Besides, I mean to study at home here and take a little college course all by myself. Oh, I've dozens of plans, Marilla. I've been thinking them out for a week. I shall give life here my best,

and I believe it will give its best to me in return. When I left Queen's my future seemed to stretch out before me like a straight road. I thought I could see along it for many a mile. Now there is a bend in it. I don't know what lies around the bend, but I'm going to believe that the best does. It has a fascination of its own, that bend, Marilla. I wonder how the road beyond it goes—what new landscapes—what new beauties—what curves and hills and valleys further on."

"I don't feel as if I ought to let you give it up," said Marilla, referring to the scholarship.

"But you can't prevent me. I'm sixteen and a half, 'obstinate as a mule,' as Mrs. Lynde once told me," laughed Anne. "Oh, Marilla, don't you go pitying me. I don't like to be pitied, and there is no need for it. I'm heart glad over the very thought of staying at dear Green Gables. Nobody could love it as you and I do—so we must keep it."

"You blessed girl!" said Marilla, yielding. "I feel as if you'd given me new life. I guess I ought to stick out and make you go to college—but I know

heart glad: happy deep in my heart

I can't, so I ain't going to try. I'll make it up to you though, Anne."

When it became noised abroad in Avonlea that Anne Shirley had given up the idea of going to college and intended to stay home and teach, there was a good deal of discussion over it. Most of the good folks, not knowing about Marilla's eyes, thought she was foolish. Mrs. Allan did not. She told Anne so in approving words that brought tears of pleasure to the girl's eyes. Neither did good Mrs. Lynde. She came up one evening and found Anne and Marilla sitting at the front door in the warm, scented summer dusk. Mrs. Rachel deposited her substantial person upon the stone bench by the door with a long breath of mingled weariness and relief.

"I declare I'm getting glad to sit down. I've been on my feet all day, and two hundred pounds is a good bit for two feet to carry round. Well, Anne, I hear you've given up your notion of going to college. I was real glad to hear it. I don't believe in girls going to college and cramming their heads

noised abroad: widely known; talked about throughout the community

full of Latin and Greek and all that nonsense."

"But I'm going to study Latin and Greek just the same, Mrs. Lynde," said Anne, laughing. "I'm going to take my Arts course right here at Green Gables, and study everything that I would at college."

Mrs. Lynde lifted her hands in holy horror.

"Anne Shirley, you'll kill yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I shall thrive on it. Oh, I'm not going to overdo things, but I'll have lots of spare time in the long winter evenings. I'm going to teach over at Carmody, you know."

"I don't know it. I guess you're going to teach right here in Avonlea. The trustees have decided to give you the school."

"Mrs. Lynde!" cried Anne, springing to her feet in her surprise. "Why, I thought they had promised it to Gilbert Blythe!"

"So they did. But as soon as Gilbert heard that you had applied for it he went to them and told them that he withdrew his application, and suggested that they accept yours. He said he was going to teach at White Sands. Of course he knew how much you wanted to stay with Marilla, and

I must say I think it was real kind and thoughtful in him, that's what. Real self-sacrificing, too, for he'll have his board to pay at White Sands, and everybody knows he's got to earn his own way through college. So the trustees decided to take you. I was tickled to death when Thomas came home and told me."

"I don't feel that I ought to take it," murmured Anne. "I mean—I don't think I ought to let Gilbert make such a sacrifice for—for me."

"I guess you can't prevent him now. He's signed papers with the White Sands trustees. So it wouldn't do him any good now if you were to refuse. Of course you'll take the school. You'll get along all right, now that there are no Pyes going. Josie was the last of them, and a good thing she was, that's what. Bless my heart! What does all that winking and blinking at the Barry gable mean?"

"Diana is signaling for me to go over," laughed Anne. "Excuse me while I run over and see what she wants."

Anne ran down the clover slope like a deer, and

tickled to death: as pleased as can be

disappeared in the firry shadows of the Haunted Wood. Mrs. Lynde looked after her indulgently.

“There’s a good deal of the child about her yet in some ways.”

“There’s a good deal more of the woman about her in others,” retorted Marilla, with a momentary return of her old crispness.

But crispness was no longer Marilla’s distinguishing characteristic. As Mrs. Lynde told her Thomas that night, “Marilla Cuthbert has got *mellow*. That’s what.”

Anne went to the little Avonlea graveyard the next evening to put fresh flowers on Matthew’s grave and water the Scotch rosebush. She lingered there until dusk, liking the peace and calm of the little place, with its poplars whose rustle was like low, friendly speech, and its whispering grasses growing at will among the graves. When she finally left it and walked down the long hill that sloped to the Lake of Shining Waters it was past sunset and all Avonlea lay before her in a dreamlike afterlight. There was a freshness in the air as of a wind that had blown over honey-sweet fields of clover.

distinguishing: defining

Home lights twinkled out here and there among the homestead trees. Beyond lay the sea, misty and purple, with its haunting, unceasing murmur. The beauty of it all thrilled Anne's heart, and she gratefully opened the gates of her soul to it.

"Dear old world," she murmured, "you are very lovely, and I am glad to be alive in you."

Halfway down the hill a tall lad came whistling out of a gate before the Blythe homestead. It was Gilbert, and the whistle died on his lips as he recognized Anne. He lifted his cap courteously, but he would have passed on in silence, if Anne had not stopped and held out her hand.

"Gilbert," she said, with scarlet cheeks, "I want to thank you for giving up the school for me. It was very good of you—and I want you to know that I appreciate it."

Gilbert took the offered hand eagerly.

"It wasn't particularly good of me at all, Anne. I was pleased to be able to do you some small service. Are we going to be friends after this? Have you really forgiven me my old fault?"

Anne laughed and tried unsuccessfully to withdraw her hand.

courteously: politely

“I forgave you that day by the pond landing, although I didn’t know it. What a stubborn little goose I was. I’ve been—I may as well make a complete confession—I’ve been sorry ever since.”

“We are going to be the best of friends,” said Gilbert, jubilantly. “We were born to be good friends, Anne. You’ve thwarted destiny enough. I know we can help each other in many ways. You are going to keep up your studies, aren’t you? So am I. Come, I’m going to walk home with you.”

Marilla looked curiously at Anne when the latter entered the kitchen.

“Who was that came up the lane with you, Anne?”

“Gilbert Blythe,” answered Anne, vexed to find herself blushing. “I met him on Barry’s hill.”

“I didn’t think you and Gilbert Blythe were such good friends that you’d stand for half an hour at the gate talking to him,” said Marilla with a dry smile.

“We haven’t been—we’ve been good enemies. But we have decided that it will be much more

jubilantly: joyfully

thwarted: blocked or stood in the way of



"COME, I'M GOING TO WALK HOME WITH YOU."

sensible to be good friends in the future. Were we really there half an hour? It seemed just a few minutes. But, you see, we have five years' lost conversations to catch up with, Marilla."

Anne sat long at her window that night companioned by a glad content. The wind purred softly in the cherry boughs, and the mint breaths came up to her. The stars twinkled over the pointed firs in the hollow and Diana's light gleamed through the old gap.

Anne's horizons had closed in since the night she had sat there after coming home from Queen's; but if the path set before her feet was to be narrow she knew that flowers of quiet happiness would bloom along it. The joy of sincere work and worthy aspiration and congenial friendship were to be hers. Nothing could rob her of her birthright of fancy or her ideal world of dreams. And there was always the bend in the road!

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," whispered Anne softly.

companioned: accompanied

congenial: like-minded, compatible (or, as Anne would say, kindred)

birthright: something that is naturally yours

"God's in his heaven..."

Anne's closing words—"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world"—come from the beautifully hopeful beginning of Robert Browning's 1841 verse drama *Pippa Passes*:

*The Year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dewpearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lucy Maud Montgomery

“Mustn’t it be splendid to be remarkable and have compositions written about you after you’re dead?

Oh, I would dearly love to be remarkable.”

—Anne, *Anne of Green Gables*

Lucy Maud Montgomery was born on November 30, 1874, in the town of Clifton on Prince Edward Island, the smallest of Canada’s ten provinces. Maud, as she would always go by, may have been born on a small island, but she was destined to lead a very big life.

Maud’s mother died when she was two years old. Her father soon sent her to live with her grandparents in Cavendish, a coastal village which Maud would later transform in her writing into the town of Avonlea. When Maud was ten, her father moved permanently to Saskatchewan, thousands of miles away from Prince Edward Island. He began a new family and his daughter saw very little of him. Though her father would live till 1900, in many ways young Maud was as much an orphan as her beloved

heroine, Anne. Her childhood was often lonely, but Maud was full of imagination. She made up stories and imagined playmates for herself, and by the time she was thirteen, she was already writing in her journal about her “dreams of future fame.”



LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY IN 1891
(THE YEAR AFTER SHE PUBLISHED HER FIRST POEM)

In 1890, sixteen-year-old Maud published her first poem. That same year, her father unexpectedly sent for her from Saskatchewan. Maud left school and happily made the long journey across Canada, but she was soon disappointed. Her father expected her to keep house and take care of his new baby.

She couldn't attend school and she was desperately homesick for Prince Edward Island. In letters she wrote to a cousin, her frustration is clear: if she had been a boy, her father would never have expected his oldest child, an extremely bright student, to leave school to become a nanny.

Maud returned to Prince Edward Island as soon as she could, went back to school, and placed fifth out of 264 students in the entrance examinations for Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. There, she earned her teacher's license. While making her living as a teacher she wrote as much as she could, publishing more than one hundred short stories between 1897 and 1907.

But 1908 was the year that would change Maud's life forever. In that year, she published her first novel, *Anne of Green Gables*. Though two years earlier it had been rejected by four publishers, Anne became an immediate success. It sold 19,000 copies in the first six months, and Maud would continue writing sequels to *Anne of Green Gables* for the rest of her life. For the next thirty-four years, she published constantly: hundreds of short stories and dozens of novels, including eight more books in the *Anne* series,

the *Emily of New Moon* trilogy, *The Story Girl* (her own favorite of her works), *Pat of Silver Bush*, *Kilmenny of the Orchard*, and *The Golden Road*. She wrote numerous journals, poems, letters, and essays, and in 1917, published a memoir titled *The Alpine Path: The Story of My Career*.

Like the redheaded heroine she introduced to the world, Maud was imaginative, ambitious, and full of a passionate love for stories, nature, and life in all its wildness and beauty. In 1905, she wrote in her journal about her moments of inspiration, often experienced while walking the wooded paths of her beloved Prince Edward Island: "Amid the commonplaces of life, I was very near to a kingdom of ideal beauty. Between it and me hung only a thin veil. I could never quite draw it aside, but sometimes a wind fluttered it. I seemed to catch a glimpse of the enchanting realm beyond—only a glimpse—but those glimpses had always made life worthwhile."

Lucy Maud Montgomery died on April 24, 1942. She is buried in Cavendish, close to the restored homestead now known as Green Gables, which stands as part of a national park dedicated to her and the works of her imagination.



LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY (1874-1942)

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Every so often, a character comes along who is so vibrant and remarkable that she seems to leap right off of the page and take on a life of her own. Anne—spelled with an *E*, mind you!—first delighted readers in 1908. Since then, movies, TV shows, and plays have all been made about Anne, and her popularity shows no sign of fading. This Core Classics volume presents a shortened version of the novel with background information and helpful notes.

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