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Ann of Avonlea

“UY O’QISHI”

fanidan

3 - 4 bosqich talabalari uchun

o’quv uslubiy qo’llanma

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Tuzuvchilar: Ingliz tili kafedrasi katta o’qituvchilari
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Ushbu o’quv uslubiy qo’llanma “Anna of Avonlea” asarining VII-XVII boblaridan tashkil topgan bo’lib, avvalgi 2006 yilda tuzilgan qo’llanmaning davomi sifatida uchinchi va to’rtinchi bosqich talabalari uchun tayyorlandi.

Bu qo’llanma talabalarni “uy o’qishi” fanidan o’zlashtirishlari zarur bo’lgan so’zlar, so’z birikmalar hamda mashqlar tizimidan iborat bo’lib talabalarni ingliz tilida keltirilgan matnlarni o’qishga, tahlil qilsihga, bu matnlar yuzasidan o’z fikrlarini ingliz tilida erkin ifodalashga imkoniyat yaratadi.

Qo’llanmaning maqsadi talabalarga ingliz tilida matnlarni o’qishni, ular ustida ishlashni, turli xil savollar tuzishni, matnlarni so’zlab berishni, gapirish va suhbatlashish imkoniyatini berishdan iborat.

Qo’llanma 10 ta darsdan iborat bo’lib, har bir dars bo’limi 6-7 ga yaqin topshiriqlarga, mashqlarga ilova qilingan. Mashg’ulotlar qamrovi talabalarni matnlarni o’qib, ularni mazmunini o’z fikrlari orqali ifodalashga, muloqat qilish, gapirish, suhbat olib borish, tinglab tushunish, ijodiy fikrlash, qobilyatlarini rivojlantirishga oid turli uslubdagi topshiriqlar, tinglab tushunishga oid tekstlar, u tildan bu tilga tarjima mashqlaru va og’zaki nutq faoliyatini rivojlantiruvchi o’yinlardan tashkil topgan.

Anna of Avonlea

Chapter VII The Pointing of Duty

Anne leaned back in her chair one mild October evening and sighed. She was sitting at a table covered with text books and exercises, but the closely written sheets of paper before her had no apparent connection with studies or school work. "What is the matter?" asked Gilbert, who had arrived at the open kitchen door just in time to hear the sigh. Anne colored, and thrust her writing out of sight under some school compositions.

"Nothing very dreadful. I was just trying to write out some of my thoughts, as Professor Hamilton advised me, but I couldn't get them to please me. They seem so still and foolish directly they're written down on white paper with black ink. Fancies are like shadows . . . you can't cage them; they're such wayward, dancing things. But perhaps I'll learn the secret some day if I keep on trying. I haven't a great many spare moments, you know. By the time I finish correcting school exercises and compositions, I don't always feel like writing any of my own." "You are getting on splendidly in school, Anne. All the children like you," said Gilbert, sitting down on the stone step.

"No, not all. Anthony Pye doesn't and *won't* like me. What is worse, he doesn't respect me. . .no, he doesn't. He simply holds me in contempt and I don't mind confessing to you that it worries me miserably. It isn't that he is so very bad. . .he is only rather mischievous, but no worse than some of the others. He seldom disobeys me; but he obeys with a scornful air of toleration as if it wasn't worthwhile disputing the point or he would. . .and it has a bad effect on the others. I've tried every way to win him but I'm beginning to fear I never shall. I want to, for he's rather a cute little lad, if he *is* a Pye, and I could like him if he'd let me." "Probably it's merely the effect of what he hears at home." "Not altogether. Anthony is an independent little chap and makes up his own mind about things. He has always gone to men before and he says girl teachers are no good. Well, we'll see what patience and kindness will do. I like overcoming difficulties and teaching is really very interesting work. Paul Irving makes up for all that is lacking in the others. That child is a perfect darling, Gilbert, and a genius into the bargain. I'm persuaded the world will hear of him some day," concluded Anne in a tone of conviction "I like teaching, too," said Gilbert. "It's good training, for one thing. Why, Anne, I've learned more in the weeks I've been teaching the young the ideas of White Sands than I learned in all the years I went to school myself. We all seem to be getting on pretty well. The New bridge people like Jane, I hear; and I think White Sands is tolerably satisfied with your humble servant . . . all except Mr. Andrew Spencer. I met Mrs. Peter Blewett on my way home last night and she told

me she thought it her duty to inform me that Mr. Spencer didn't approve of my methods." "Have you ever noticed," asked Anne reflectively, "that when people say it is their duty to tell you a certain thing you may prepare for something disagreeable? Why is it that they never seem to think it a duty to tell you the pleasant things they hear about you? Mrs. H. B. Don*nell* called at the school again yesterday and told me she thought it *her* duty to inform me that Mrs. Harmon Andrew didn't approve of my reading fairy tales to the children, and that Mr. Rogerson thought Prillie wasn't coming on fast enough in arithmetic. If Prillie would spend less time making eyes at the boys over her slate she might do better. I feel quite sure that Jack Gillis works her class sums for her, though I've never been able to catch him red-handed." "Have you succeeded in reconciling Mrs. Don*nell*'s hopeful son to his saintly name?" "Yes," laughed Anne, "but it was really a difficult task. At first, when I called him `St. Clair' he would not take the least notice until I'd spoken two or three times; and then, when the other boys nudged him, he would look up with such an aggrieved air, as if I'd called him John or Charlie and he couldn't be expected to know I meant him. So I kept him in after school one night and talked kindly to him. I told him his mother wished me to call him St. Clair and I couldn't go against her wishes. He saw it when it was all explained out. . .he's really a very reasonable little fellow. . .and he said *I* could call him St. Clair but that he'd `lick the stuffing' out of any of the boys that tried it. Of course, I had to rebuke him again for using such shocking language. Since then *I* call him St. Clair and the boys call him Jake and all goes smoothly. He informs me that he means to be a carpenter, but Mrs. Don*nell* says I am to make a college professor out of him. "The mention of college gave a new direction to Gilbert's thoughts, and they talked for a time of their plans and wishes. . .gravely, earnestly, hopefully, as youth loves to talk, while the future is yet an untrodden path full of wonderful possibilities. Gilbert had finally made up his mind that he was going to be a doctor. "It's a splendid profession," he said enthusiastically. "A fellow has to fight something all through life. . .didn't somebody once define man as a fighting animal?. . .and I want to fight disease and pain and ignorance. . .which are all members one of another. I want to do my share of honest, real work in the world, Anne. . . add a little to the sum of human knowledge that all the good men have been accumulating since it began. The folks who lived before me have done so much for me that I want to show my gratitude by doing something for the folks who will live after me. It seems to me that is the only way a fellow can get square with his obligations to the race. "I'd like to add some beauty to life," said Anne dreamily. "I don't exactly want to make people *know* more. . .though I know that *is* the noblest ambition. . .but I'd love to make them have a pleasanter time because of me. . .to have some little joy or happy thought that would never have existed if I hadn't been born." "I think you're fulfilling that ambition every day," said Gilbert admiringly.And he was right. Anne was one of the children of light by birthright. After she had passed through a life with a smile or a word thrown across it like a gleam of sunshine the owner of that life saw it, for the time being at least, as hopeful and lovely and of good report. Finally Gilbert rose regretfully. "Well, I must run up to McPherson’s'. Moody Spurgeon came home from Queen's today for

Sunday and he was to bring me out a book Professor Boyd is lending me." "And I must get Marilla's tea. She went to see Mrs. Keith this evening and she will soon be back." Anne had tea ready when Marilla came home; the fire was crackling cheerily, a vase of frost-bleached ferns and ruby-red maple leaves adorned the table, and delectable odors of ham and toast pervaded the air. But Marilla sank into her chair with a deep sigh. "Are your eyes troubling you? Does your head ache?" queried Anne anxiously. "No. I'm only tired. . .and worried. It's about Mary and those children . . .Mary is worse. . .she can't last much longer. And as for the twins, *I* don't know what is to become of them." "Hasn't their uncle been heard from?" "Yes, Mary had a letter from him. He's working in a lumber camp and `shacking it,' whatever that means. Anyway, he says he can't possibly take the children till the spring. He expects to be married then and will have a home to take them to; but he says she must get some of the neighbors to keep them for the winter. She says she can't bear to ask any of them. Mary never got on any too well with the East Grafton people and that's a fact. And the long and short of it is, Anne, that I'm sure Mary wants me to take those children. . .she didn't say so but she *looked* it. "Oh!" Anne clasped her hands, all a thrill with excitement. "And of course you will, Marilla, won't you?""I haven't made up my mind," said Marilla rather tartly. "I don't rush into things in your headlong way, Anne. Third cousinship is a pretty slim claim. And it will be a fearful responsibility to have two children of six years to look after. . .twins, at that." Marilla had an idea that twins were just twice as bad as single children. "Twins are very interesting. . .at least one pair of them," said Anne. "It's only when there are two or three pairs that it gets monotonous. And I think it would be real nice for you to have something to amuse you when I'm away in school. "I don't reckon there'd be much amusement in it. . .more worry and bother than anything else, I should say. It wouldn't be so risky if they were even as old as you were when I took you. I wouldn't mind Dora so much. . .she seems good and quiet. But that Davy is a limb." Anne was fond of children and her heart yearned over the Keith twins. The remembrance of her own neglected childhood was very vivid with her still. She knew that Marilla's only vulnerable point was her stern devotion to what she believed to be her duty, and Anne skillfully marshaled her arguments along this line. "If Davy is naughty it's all the more reason why he should have good training, isn't it, Marilla? If we don't take them we don't know who will, nor what kind of influences may surround them. Suppose Mrs. Keith's next door neighbors, the Sprotts, were to take them. Mrs. Lynde says Henry Sprott is the most profane man that ever lived and you can't believe a word his children say. Wouldn't it be dreadful to have the twins learn anything like that? Or suppose they went to the Wiggins'. Mrs. Lynde says that Mr. Wiggins sells everything off the place that can be sold and brings his family up on skim milk. You wouldn't like your relations to be starved, even if they were only third cousins, would you? It seems to me, Marilla, that it is our duty to take them. "I suppose it is," assented Marilla gloomily. "I daresay I'll tell Mary I'll take them. You needn't look so delighted, Anne. It will mean a good deal of extra work for you. I can't sew a stitch on account of my eyes, so you'll have to see to the making and mending of their clothes. And you don't like sewing. "I hate it," said Anne calmly, "but if you are

willing to take those children from a sense of duty surely I can do their sewing from a sense of duty. It does people good to have to do things they don't like. . .in moderation."

Chapter VII

1. Answer the following questions.

1. What was Anna busy with in a mild October evening?
2. What was wrong with Anna's writings?
3. Did Anna have any complexes about her teaching at school?
4. How did other peoples attitude reflected on Anna's mood?
5. What was Gilbert going to be?
6. What were Anna and Gilbert dreaming about?
7. Where was Marilla that October evening?
8. What made Marilla feel worried and troubled?
9. What happened to Mary and her children?
10. Why was Anna happy at the end of this chapter?

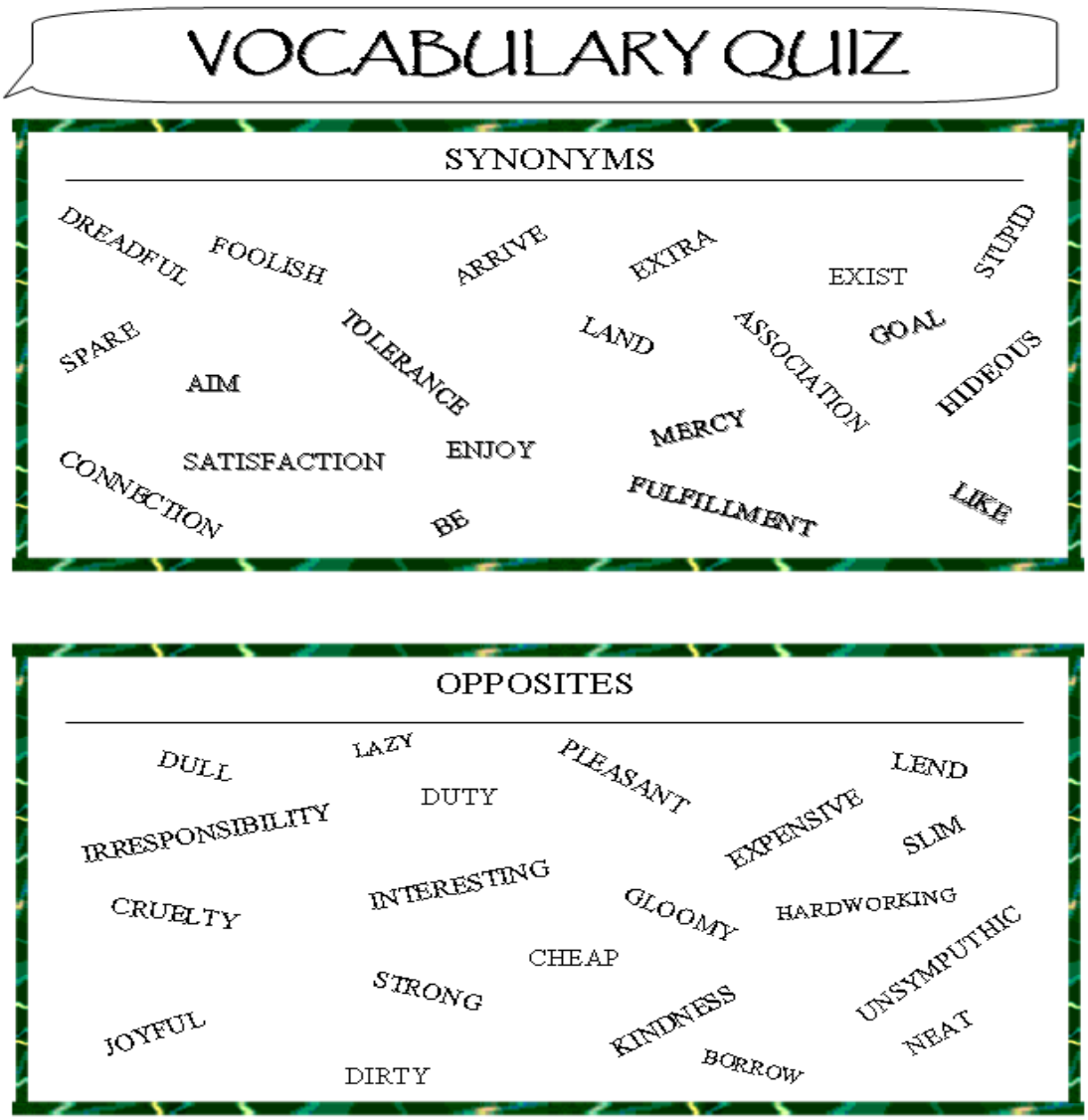
2. Who does Anna speak about?

Davy, Dora, Marilla, Anthony Pye, Paul Irving, Gilbert, Mr. Spencer, Mrs.Donnell.

- He doesn't respect me. He holds me in contempt.
- He makes up for all that is lacking in the others. That child is perfect.
- She didn't approve the reading fairy tales to the children.
- She says I am to make a college professor out of her son.
- He didn't approve of my methods.
- He finally made up his mind and decided to be a doctor.

3 What Anna and Marilla were talking about? Use key words to retell that part from the chapter.

Worried, tired, children, because, twins, uncle, lumber camp, spring, marry, neighbors, winter, East Grafton, Mary, excitement, responsibility, amuse, interesting.



6. Make up sentences using these synonyms and opposites.

Ex: It was very difficult to imagine the existence of the UFOs.

I was in a foolish situation when I forgot to take off my raincoat in opera concert.

I lend some money to Davy because he is going to buy a new car.

May I borrow your dictionary for a day? Yes, of course.

Chapter VIII Marilla Adopts Twins

Mrs. Rachel Lynde was sitting at her kitchen window, knitting a quilt, just as she had been sitting one evening several years previously when Matthew Cuthbert had driven down over the hill with what Mrs. Rachel called "his imported orphan." But that had been in springtime; and this was late autumn, and all the woods were leafless and the fields sere and brown. The sun was just setting with a great deal of purple and golden pomp behind the dark woods west of Avonlea when a buggy drawn by a comfortable brown nag came down the hill. Mrs. Rachel peered at it eagerly. "There's Marilla getting home from the funeral," she said to her husband, who was lying on the kitchen lounge. Thomas Lynde lay more on the lounge nowadays than he had been used to do, but Mrs. Rachel, who was so sharp at noticing anything beyond her own household, had not as yet noticed this. "And she's got the twins with her,. . .yes, there's Davy leaning over the dashboard grabbing at the pony's tail and Marilla jerking him back. Dora's sitting up on the seat as prim as you please. She always looks as if she'd just been starched and ironed. Well, poor Marilla is going to have her hands full this winter and no mistake. Still, I don't see that she could do anything less than take them, under the circumstances, and she'll have Anne to help her. Anne's tickled to death over the whole business, and she has a real knacky way with children, I must say. Dear me, it doesn't seem a day since poor Matthew brought Anne herself home and everybody laughed at the idea of Marilla bringing up a child. And now she has adopted twins. You're never safe from being surprised till you're dead. The fat pony jogged over the bridge in Lynde's Hollow and along the Green Gables lane. Marilla's face was rather grim. It was ten miles from East Grafton and Davy Keith seemed to be possessed with a passion for perpetual motion. It was beyond Marilla's power to make him sit still and she had been in an agony the whole way lest he fall over the back of the wagon and break his neck, or tumble over the dashboard under the pony's heels. In despair she finally threatened to whip him soundly when she got him home. Whereupon Davy climbed into her lap, regardless of the reins, flung his chubby arms about her neck and gave her a bear-like hug. "I don't believe you mean it," he said, smacking her wrinkled cheek affectionately. "You don't *look* like a lady who'd whip a little boy just 'cause he couldn't keep still.

Didn't you find it awful hard to keep still when you was only 's old as me?" "No, I always kept still when I was told," said Marilla, trying to speak sternly, albeit she felt her heart waxing soft within her under Davy's impulsive caresses.» Well, I suppose that was 'cause you was a girl," said Davy, squirming back to his place after another hug. "You *was* a girl once, I suppose, though it's awful funny to think of it. Dora can sit still. . .but there aren't much fun in it *I* don't think. Seems to me it must be slow to be a girl. Here, Dora, let me liven you up a bit." Davy's method of "livening up" was to grasp Dora's curls in his fingers and give them a tug. Dora shrieked and then cried. "How can you be such a naughty boy and your poor mother just laid in her grave this very day?" demanded Marilla despairingly. "But she was glad to die," said Davy confidentially. "I know, 'cause she told me so. She was awful tired of being sick. We'd a long talk the night before she died. She told me you was going to take me and Dora for the winter and I was to be a good boy. I'm going to be good, but can't you be good running round just as well as sitting still? And she said I was always to be kind to Dora and stand up for her, and I'm going to." "Do you call pulling her hair being kind to her?" "Well, I am not going to let anybody else pull it," said Davy, doubling up his fists and frowning. "They'd just better try it. I didn't hurt her much. . .she just cried 'cause she's a girl. I'm glad I'm a boy but I'm sorry I'm a twin. When Jimmy Sprott's sister contradict him he just says, `I'm older you, so of course I know better,' and that settles *her*. But I can't tell Dora that, and she just goes on thinking different from me. You might let me drive the gee-gee for a spell, since I'm a man. "Altogether, Marilla was a thankful woman when she drove into her own yard, where the wind of the autumn night was dancing with the brown leaves. Anne was at the gate to meet them and lift the twins out. Dora submitted calmly to be kissed, but Davy responded to Anne's welcome with one of his hearty hugs and the cheerful announcement, "I'm Mr. Davy Keith. "At the supper table Dora behaved like a little lady, but Davy's manners left much to be desired "I'm so hungry I am not got time to eat politely," he said when Marilla reproved him. "Dora am not half as hungry as I am. Look at all the excise I took on the road here. That cake's awful nice and plumy. We haven't had any cake at home for ever so long, 'cause mother was too sick to make it and Mrs. Sprott said it was as much as she could do to bake our bread for us. And Mrs. Wiggins never puts any plums in *her* cakes. Catch her! Can I have another piece?" Marilla would have refused but Anne cut a generous second slice. However, she reminded Davy that he ought to say "Thank you" for it. Davy merely grinned at her and took a huge bite. When he had finished the slice he said, "If you'll give me *another* piece I'll say thank you for *it*." "No, you have had plenty of cake," said Marilla in a tone which Anne knew and Davy was to learn to be final. Davy winked at Anne, and then, leaning over the table, snatched Dora's first piece of cake, from which she had just taken one dainty little bite, out of her very fingers and, opening his mouth to the fullest extent, crammed the whole slice in. Dora's lip trembled and Marilla was speechless with horror. Anne promptly exclaimed, with her best "schoolma'am" air, "Oh, Davy, gentlemen don't do things like that. "I know they don't," said Davy, as soon as he could speak, "but I am not a gem plum." "But don't you want to be?" said shocked Anne. "Course I do. But you can't

be a gem plum till you grow up." "Oh, indeed you can," Anne hastened to say, thinking she saw a chance to sow good seed betimes. "You can begin to be a gentleman when you are a little boy. And gentlemen *never* snatch things from ladies. . . or forget to say thank you. . .or pull anybody's hair." "They don't have much fun, that's a fact," said Davy frankly. "I guess I'll wait till I'm grown up to be one." Marilla, with a resigned air, had cut another piece of cake for Dora. She did not feel able to cope with Davy just then. It had been a hard day for her, what with the funeral and the long drive. At that moment she looked forward to the future with a pessimism that would have done credit to Eliza Andrews herself. The twins were not noticeably alike, although both were fair. Dora had long sleek curls that never got out of order. Davy had a crop of fuzzy little yellow ringlets all over his round head. Dora's hazel eyes were gentle and mild; Davy's were as roguish and dancing as an elf's. Dora's nose was straight, Davy's a positive snub; Dora had a "prunes and prisms" mouth, Davy's was all smiles; and besides, he had a dimple in one cheek and none in the other, which gave him a dear, comical, lopsided look when he laughed. Mirth and mischief lurked in every corner of his little face. "They'd better go to bed," said Marilla, who thought it was the easiest way to dispose of them. "Dora will sleep with me and you can put Davy in the west gable. You're not afraid to sleep alone, are you, Davy? ""No; but I ain't going to bed for ever so long yet," said Davy comfortably. "Oh, yes, you are." That was all the much tried Marilla said, but something in her tone squelched even Davy. He trotted obediently upstairs with Anne. "When I'm grown up the very first thing I'm going to do is stay up *all* night just to see what t would be like," he told her confidentially. In after years Marilla never thought of that first week of the twins' sojourn at Green Gables without a shiver. Not that it really was so much worse than the weeks that followed it; but it seemed so by reason of its novelty. There was seldom a waking minute of any day when Davy was not in mischief or devising it; but his first notable exploit occurred two days after his arrival, on Sunday morning. . .a fine, warm day, as hazy and mild as September. Anne dressed him for church while Marilla attended to Dora. Davy at first objected strongly to having his face washed.

"Marilla washed it yesterday. . .and Mrs. Wiggins scoured me with hard soap the day of the funeral. That's enough for one week. I don't see the good of being so awful clean. It's lots more co fable being dirty." "Paul Irving washes his face every day of his own accord," said Anne astutely. Davy had been an inmate of Green Gables for little over forty-eight hours; but he already worshipped Anne and hated Paul Irving, whom he had heard Anne praising enthusiastically the day after his arrival. If Paul Irving washed his face every day, that settled it. He, Davy Keith, would do it too, if it killed him. The same consideration induced him to submit meekly to the other details of his toilet, and he was really a handsome little lad when all was done. Anne felt an almost maternal pride in him as she led him into the old Cuthbert pew. Davy behaved quite well at first, being occupied in casting covert glances at all the small boys within view and wondering which was Paul Irving. The first two hymns and the Scripture reading passed off uneventfully. Mr. Allan was praying when the sensation came. Lauretta White was sitting in front of

Davy, her head slightly bent and her fair hair hanging in two long braids, between which a tempting expanse of white neck showed, encased in a loose lace frill. Lauretta was a fat, placid-looking child of eight, who had conducted herself irreproachably in church from the very first day her mother carried her there, an infant of six months.Davy thrust his hand into his pocket and produced . . .a caterpillar, a furry, squirming caterpillar. Marilla saw and clutched at him but she was too late. Davy dropped the caterpillar down Lauretta's neck. Right into the middle of Mr. Allan's prayer burst a series of piercing shrieks. The minister stopped appalled and opened his eyes. Every head in the congregation flew up. Lauretta White was dancing up and down in her pew, clutching frantically at the back of her dress. "Ow. . .mommer. . .mommer. . .ow. . .take it off. . .ow. . .get it out. . .ow. . .that bad boy put it down my neck. . .ow. . .mommer. . .it's going further down. . .ow. . .ow. . .ow...." Mrs. White rose and with a set face carried the hysterical, writhing Lauretta out of church. Her shrieks died away in the distance and Mr. Allan proceeded with the service. But everybody felt that it was a failure that day. For the first time in her life Marilla took no notice of the text and Anne sat with scarlet cheeks of mortification. When they got home Marilla put Davy to bed and made him stay there for the rest of the day. She would not give him any dinner but allowed him a plain tea of bread and milk. Anne carried it to him and sat sorrowfully by him while he ate it with an unrepentant relish. But Anne's mournful eyes troubled him. "I suppose," he said reflectively, "that Paul Irving wouldn't have dropped a caterpillar down a girl's neck in church, would he?" "Indeed he wouldn't," said Anne sadly. "Well, I'm kind of sorry I did it, then," conceded Davy. "But it was such a jolly big caterpillar . . .I picked him up on the church steps just as we went in. It seemed a pity to waste him. And say, wasn't it fun to hear that girl yell?" Tuesday afternoon the Aid Society met at Green Gables. Anne hurried home from school, for she knew that Marilla would need all the assistance she could give. Dora, neat and proper, in her nicely starched white dress and black sash, was sitting with the members of the Aid in the parlor, speaking demurely when spoken to, keeping silence when not, and in every way comporting herself as a model child. Davy, blissfully dirty, was making mud pies in the barnyard."I told him he might," said Marilla wearily. "I thought it would keep him out of worse mischief. He can only get dirty at that. We'll have our teas over before we call him to his. Dora can have hers with us, but I would never dare to let Davy sit down at the table with all the Aids here." When Anne went to call the Aids to tea she found that Dora was not in the parlor. Mrs. Jasper Bell said Davy had come to the front door and called her out. A hasty consultation with Marilla in the pantry resulted in a decision to let both children have their teas together later on. Tea was half over when the dining room was invaded by a forlorn figure. Marilla and Anne stared in dismay, the Aids in amazement. Could that be Dora. . .that sobbing nondescript in a drenched, dripping dress and hair from which the water was streaming on Marilla's new coin-spot rug? "Dora, what has happened to you?" cried Anne, with a guilty glance at Mrs. Jasper Bell, whose family was said to be the only one in the world in which accidents never occurred. "Davy made me walk the pigpen fence," wailed Dora. "I didn't want to but he called me a afraid-cat. And I fell off into the

pigpen and my dress got all dirty and the pig runned right over me. My dress was just awful but Davy said if I'd stand under the pump he'd wash it clean, and I did and he pumped water all over me but my dress isn't a bit cleaner and my pretty sash and shoes is all spoiled." Anne did the honors of the table alone for the rest of the meal while Marilla went upstairs and redressed Dora in her old clothes. Davy was caught and sent to bed without any supper. Anne went to his room at twilight and talked to him seriously . . .a method in which she had great faith, not altogether unjustified by results. She told him she felt very badly over his conduct. "I feel sorry now myself," admitted Davy, "but the trouble is I never feel sorry for doing things till after I've did them. Dora wouldn't help me make pies, cause she was afraid of messing her clothes and that made me hopping mad. I suppose Paul Irving wouldn't have made *his* sister walk a pigpen fence if he knew she'd fall in?" "No, he would never dream of such a thing. Paul is a perfect little gentleman." Davy screwed his eyes tight shut and seemed to meditate on this for a time. Then he crawled up and put his arms about Anne's neck, snuggling his flushed little face down on her shoulder. "Anne, don't you like me a little bit, even if I am not a good boy like Paul?" "Indeed I do," said Anne sincerely. Somehow, it was impossible to help liking Davy. "But I'd like you better still if you weren't so naughty." "I. . .did something else today," went on Davy in a muffled voice. "I'm sorry now but I'm awful scared to tell you. You won't be very cross, will you? And you won't tell Marilla, will you?" "I don't know, Davy. Perhaps I ought to tell her. But I think I can promise you I won't if you promise me that you will never do it again, whatever it is." "No, I never will. Anyhow, it's not likely I'd find any more of them this year. I found this one on the cellar steps." "Davy, what is it you've done?" "I put a toad in Marilla's bed. You can go and take it out if you like. But say, Anne, wouldn't it be fun to leave it there?" "Davy Keith!" Anne sprang from Davy's clinging arms and flew across the hall to Marilla's room. The bed was slightly rumpled. She threw back the blankets in nervous haste and there in very truth was the toad, blinking at her from under a pillow. "How can I carry that awful thing out?" moaned Anne with a shudder. The fire shovel suggested itself to her and she crept down to get it while Marilla was busy in the pantry. Anne had her own troubles carrying that toad downstairs, for it hopped off the shovel three times and once she thought she had lost it in the hall. When she finally deposited it in the cherry orchard she drew a long breath of relief. "If Marilla knew she'd never feel safe getting into bed again in her life. I'm so glad that little sinner repented in time. There's Diana signaling to me from her window. I'm glad. . .I really feel the need of some diversion, for what with Anthony Pye in school and Davy Keith at home my nerves have had about all they can endure for one day."

Chapter VIII

1. Make the sentences opposite.

1. But that had been in spring time.
2. Dora's sitting up on the seat as prim as you please.
3. Didn't you find it awful hard to keep still when you was only' old as me?
4. Dora shrieked and then cried.
5. "But she was glad to die" said Davy confidentially.
6. Dora's lip trembled and Marilla was speechless with horror.
7. Anna dressed him for church while Marilla attended to Dora.
8. Davy behaved quite well at first, being occupied in casting covert glances at all the small boys.
9. When they got home Marilla put Davy to bed and made him stay there for the rest of the time.
10. Davy blissfully dirty was making mud pies in the barn yard.

2. Whom these sentences belong to: Davy, Dora, Anna, Marilla, Mr.Allan, Mrs.Rachel Lynde.

- She carried to him and sat sorrowfully by him while he ate it with an unrepentant relish
- Never thought of that first week of the twins sojourn at Green Gables
- At first objected strongly to having his face washed.
- My dress was just awful but Davy said if I'd stand under the pump he'd wash it clean and I did and he pumped water all over me.
- She was sitting at the kitchen window, knitting a quilt.
- Proceeded with the service.

3. Translate the sentences from English in to Uzbek or Russian

1. You're never safe from being surprised till you're dead.
2. In despair she finally threatened to whip him soundly when she got him home.

3. “Davy’s method of living up” was to grasp Dora’s curls in his fingers and give them a tug.

4. At the supper table Dora behaved like a little lady, but Davy’s manners left much to be desired.

5. Davy winked at Anna and then leaning over the table, snatched Dora’s first piece of cake.

6. Mirth and mischief lurked in every corner of his little face.

7. Davy had been an inmate at Green Gables for little over forty eight hours, but he already worshiped Anna and hated Paul Irving.

8. The first two hymns and the Scripture reading passed off uneventfully.

9. For the first time in her life Marilla took no notice of the text and Anna sat with scarlet cheeks of mortification.

10. Anna did the honors of the table alone for the rest of the meal while Marilla went upstairs and redressed Dora in her old clothes.

4. Pair work activity

In this activity students choose a pair and work with them. Students choose a character of Davy or Dora. Student A is Davy, student B is Dora. They describe the character of the heroes. In class discuss children’s behavior, mood and personality.

5. Translate these words and word combinations find them from the text and describe their meaning.

-Black sash,–Mischief, -Guilty glance, -Forlorn figure, -Cheerful,
-Announcement, -Funeral -Pessimism
-Redress Dora, -Placid looking child, -Objected strongly, -Pigpen fence
-Sleek curls, -Worship,

6.Correct the sentences

1. Marilla is tall and she has got long black hairs.

2. Who’s compositions are these?
3. I am wearing a jeans.
4. Look at Davy. He stands next to Dora.
5. She’s work at school. She is a teacher.
6. What is drinking Anna.
7. Whose that man in the garden?
8. Where Gilbert going tonight?
9. What Irving do after school today.
10. Mr. Harrison go to Green Gables last year.

Chapter IX A Question of Color

"That old nuisance of a Rachel Lynde was here again today, pestering me for a subscription towards buying a carpet for the vestry room," said Mr. Harrison wrathfully. "I detest that woman more than anybody I know. She can put a whole sermon, text, comment, and application, into six words, and throw it at you like a brick." Anne, who was perched on the edge of the veranda, enjoying the charm of a mild west wind blowing across a newly ploughed field on a gray November twilight and piping a quaint little melody among the twisted firs below the garden, turned her dreamy face over her shoulder. "The trouble is, you and Mrs. Lynde don't understand one another," she explained. "That is always what is wrong when people don't like each other. I didn't like Mrs. Lynde at first either; but as soon as I came to understand her I learned to." "Mrs. Lynde may be an acquired taste with some folks; but I didn't keep on eating bananas because I was told I'd learn to like them if I did," growled Mr. Harrison." And as for understanding her, I understand that she is a confirmed busybody and I told her so." "Oh, that must have hurt her feelings very much," said Anne reproachfully. "How could you say such a thing? I said some dreadful things to Mrs. Lynde long ago but it was when I had lost my temper. I couldn't say them *deliberately*." "It was the truth and I believe in telling the truth to everybody.""But you don't tell the whole truth," objected Anne. "You only tell the disagreeable part of the truth. Now, you've told me a dozen times that my hair was red, but you've never once told me that I had a nice nose." "I daresay you know it without any telling," chuckled Mr. Harrison. "I know I have red hair too. . .although it's *much* darker than it used to be. . .so there's no need of telling me that either." "Well, well, I'll try and not mention it again since you're so sensitive. You must excuse me, Anne. I've got a habit of being outspoken and folks mustn't mind it." "But they can't help minding it. And I don't think it's any help that it's your habit. What would you think of a person who went about sticking pins and needles into people and saying, `Excuse me, you mustn't mind it. . .it's just a habit I've got.' You'd think he was crazy, wouldn't you? And as for Mrs. Lynde being a busybody, perhaps she is. But did you tell her she had a very kind heart and always helped the poor, and never said a word when Timothy Cotton stole a crock of butter out of her dairy and told his wife he'd bought it from her? Mrs. Cotton cast it up to her the next time they met that it tasted of turnips and Mrs. Lynde just said

she was sorry it had turned out so poorly." "I suppose she has some good qualities," conceded Mr. Harrison grudgingly. "Most folks have. I have some myself, though you might never suspect it. But anyhow I ain't going to give anything to that carpet. Folks are everlasting begging for money here, it seems to me. How's your project of painting the hall coming on?" "Splendidly. We had a meeting of the A.V.I.S. last Friday night and found that we had plenty of money subscribed to paint the and shingle the roof too. *Most* people gave very liberally, Mr. Harrison." Anne was a sweet-souled lass, but she could instill some venom into innocent italics when occasion required. "What color are you going to have it?" "We have decided on a very pretty green. The roof will be dark red, of course. Mr. Roger Pye is going to get the paint in town today." "Who's got the job?" "Mr. Joshua Pye of Carmody. He has nearly finished the shingling. We had to give him the contract, for every one of the Pyes. . . and there are four families, you know. . .said they wouldn't give a cent unless Joshua got it. They had subscribed twelve dollars between them and we thought that was too much to lose, although some people think we shouldn't have given in to the Pyes. Mrs. Lynde says they try to run everything." "The main question is will this Joshua do his work well. If he does I don't see that it matters whether his name is Pye or Pudding." "He has the reputation of being a good workman, though they say he's a very peculiar man. He hardly ever talks." "He's peculiar enough all right then," said Mr. Harrison drily. "Or at least, folks here will call him so. I never was much of a talker till I came to Avonlea and then I had to begin in self-defense or Mrs. Lynde would have said I was dumb and started a subscription to have me taught sign language. You're not going yet, Anne?"

"I must. I have some sewing to do for Dora this evening. Besides, Davy is probably breaking Marilla's heart with some new mischief by this time. This morning the first thing he said was, `Where does the dark go, Anne? I want to know.' I told him it went around to the other side of the world but after breakfast he declared it didn't. . .that it went down the well. Marilla says she caught him hanging over the well-box four times today, trying to reach down to the dark." "He's a limb," declared Mr. Harrison. "He came over here yesterday and pulled six feathers out of Ginger's tail before I could get in from the barn. The poor bird has been moping ever since. Those children must be a sight of trouble to you folks." "Everything that's worth having is some trouble," said Anne, secretly resolving to forgive Davy's next offence, whatever it might be, since he had avenged her on Ginger. Mr. Roger Pye brought the hall paint home that night and Mr. Joshua Pye, a surly, taciturn man, began painting the next day. He was not disturbed in his task. The hall was situated on what was called "the lower road." In late autumn this road was always muddy and wet, and people going to Carmody traveled by the longer "upper" road. The hall was so closely surrounded by fir woods that it was invisible unless you were near it. Mr. Joshua Pye painted away in the solitude and independence that were so dear to his unsociable heart. Friday afternoon he finished his job and went home to Carmody. Soon after his departure Mrs. Rachel Lynde drove by, having braved the mud of the lower road out of curiosity to see what the hall looked like in its new coat of paint. When she rounded the spruce

curve she saw. The sight affected Mrs. Lynde oddly. She dropped the reins, held up her hands, and said "Gracious Providence!" She stared as if she could not believe her eyes. Then she laughed almost hysterically. "There must be some mistake. . .there must. I knew those Pyes would make a mess of things." Mrs. Lynde drove home, meeting several people on the road and stopping to tell them about the hall. The news flew like wildfire. Gilbert Blythe, poring over a text book at home, heard it from his father's hired boy at sunset, and rushed breathlessly to Green Gables, joined on the way by Fred Wright. They found Diana Barry, Jane Andrews, and Anne Shirley, despair personified, at the yard gate of Green Gables, under the big leafless willows. "It isn't true surely, Anne?" exclaimed Gilbert. "It is true," answered Anne, looking like the muse of tragedy. "Mrs. Lynde called on her way from Carmody to tell me. Oh, it is simply dreadful! What is the use of trying to improve anything?" "What is dreadful?" asked Oliver Sloane, arriving at this moment with a bandbox he had brought from town for Marilla. "Haven't you heard?" said Jane wrathfully. "Well, its simply this. . .Joshua Pye has gone and painted the hall blue instead of green. . .a deep, brilliant blue, the shade they use for painting carts and wheelbarrows. And Mrs. Lynde says it is the most hideous color for a building, especially when combined with a red roof, that she ever saw or imagined. You could simply have knocked me down with a feather when I heard it. It's heartbreaking, after all the trouble we've had." "How on earth could such a mistake have happened?" wailed Diana. The blame of this unmerciful disaster was eventually narrowed down to the Pyes. The Improvers had decided to use Morton-Harris paints and the Morton-Harris paint cans were numbered according to a color card. A purchaser chose his shade on the card and ordered by the accompanying number. Number 147 was the shade of green desired and when Mr. Roger Pye sent word to the Improvers by his son, John Andrew, that he was going to town and would get their paint for them, the Improvers told John Andrew to tell his father to get 147. John Andrew always averred that he did so, but Mr. Roger Pye as stanchly declared that John Andrew told him 157; and there the matter stands to this day. That night there was blank dismay in every Avonlea house where an Improver lived. The gloom at Green Gables was so intense that it quenched even Davy. Anne wept and would not be comforted. "I must cry, even if I am almost seventeen, Marilla," she sobbed. "It is so mortifying. And it sounds the death knell of our society. We'll simply be laughed out of existence." In life, as in dreams, however, things often go by contraries. The Avonlea people did not laugh; they were too angry. Their money had gone to paint the hall and consequently they felt themselves bitterly aggrieved by the mistake. Public indignation centered on the Pyes. Roger Pye and John Andrew had bungled the matter between them; and as for Joshua Pye, he must be a born fool not to suspect there was something wrong when he opened the cans and saw the color of the paint. Joshua Pye, when thus animadverted upon, retorted that the Avonlea taste in colors was no business of his, whatever his private opinion might be; he had been hired to paint the hall, not to talk about it; and he meant to have his money for it. The Improvers paid him his money in bitterness of spirit, after consulting Mr. Peter Sloane, who was a magistrate. "You'll have to pay it," Peter told him. "You can't hold him responsible

for the mistake, since he claims he was never told what the color was supposed to be but just given the cans and told to go ahead. But it's a burning shame and that hall certainly does look awful." The luckless Improvers expected that Avonlea would be more prejudiced than ever against them; but instead, public sympathy veered around in their favor. People thought the eager, enthusiastic little band who had worked so hard for their object had been badly used. Mrs. Lynde told them to keep on and show the Pyes that there really were people in the world who could do things without making a muddle of them. Mr. Major Spencer sent them word that he would clean out all the stumps along the road front of his farm and seed it down with grass at his own expense; and Mrs. Hiram Sloane called at the school one day and beckoned Anne mysteriously out into the porch to tell her that if the "Society" wanted to make a geranium bed at the crossroads in the spring they needn't be afraid of her cow, for she would see that the marauding animal was kept within safe bounds. Even Mr. Harrison chuckled, if he chuckled at all, in private, and was all sympathy outwardly. "Never mind, Anne. Most paints fade uglier every year but that blue is as ugly as it can be to begin with, so it's bound to fade prettier. And the roof is shingled and painted all right. Folks will be able to sit in the hall after this without being leaked on. You've accomplished so much anyhow." "But Avonlea's blue hall will be a byword in all the neighboring settlements from this time out," said Anne bitterly. And it must be confessed that it was.

Chapter IX

1. Find the words in B that have the same pronunciation as the words in A.

A.	B.
hear, write, wear,	four, sun, our
see, eye, there,	I, sea, where,
hour, for, too,	right, two, buy
by, son, know	no, their here

2.Complete missing words.

"I must. I have some_____to do for Dora this evening. Besides, Davy is _____breaking Marilla's _____with some new _____by this time. This morning the _____he said was, `Where does the dark go, Anne? I want to know.' I told him it _____to the other side of the world but after _____he declared it

didn't. . .that it went down the well. Marilla says she caught him _____the well-box four times today, _____down to the dark."

3. Try to read

riFayd fornetnoa eh shefindi ish obj nda tewn meoh ot Cradymo. Onos atfre sih derupatre Mrs Rchlea Ledyn evodr yb, vinhag vedbra het udm of eht olwer adro tou of cusityri to ese wtah eht lalh olokde kile ni its wen atco of paitn . hwne hse ruonedd het spurec rvecu hse was.

Friday afternoon he finished his job and went home to Carmody. Soon after his departure Mrs. Rachel Lynde drove by, having braved the mud of the lower road out of curiosity to see what the hall looked like in its new coat of paint. When she rounded the spruce curve she saw.

4. What colors do you know? Make sentences using colors.

Red, blue, green, orange, black, yellow, pink, grey, white.

5. Translate these extracts.

The Improvers had decided to use Morton-Harris paints and the Morton-Harris paint cans were numbered according to a color card. A purchaser chose his shade on the card and ordered by the accompanying number. Number 147 was the shade of green desired and when Mr. Roger Pye sent word to the Improvers by his son, John Andrew, that he was going to town and would get their paint for them, the Improvers told John Andrew to tell his father to get 147. John Andrew always averred that he did so, but Mr. Roger Pye as stanchly declared that John Andrew told him 157; and there the matter stands to this day.

"But they can't help minding it. And I don't think it's any help that it's your habit. What would you think of a person who went about sticking pins and needles into people and saying, `Excuse me, you mustn't mind it. . .it's just a habit I've got.' You'd think he was crazy, wouldn't you? And as for Mrs. Lynde being a busybody, perhaps she is. But did you tell her she had a very kind heart and always helped the poor, and never said a word when Timothy Cotton stole a crock of butter out of her dairy and told his wife he'd bought it from her? Mrs. Cotton cast it up to her the next time they met that it tasted of turnips and Mrs. Lynde just said she was sorry it had turned out so poorly."

6. Make up ten questions and as a group answer for them.

Chapter X Davy in Search of a Sensation

Anne, walking home from school through the Birch Path one November afternoon, felt convinced afresh that life was a very wonderful thing. The day had been a good day; all had gone well in her little kingdom. St. Clair Donnell had not fought any of the other boys over the question of his name; Prillie Rogerson's face had been so puffed up from the effects of toothache that she did not once try to coquette with the boys in her vicinity. Barbara Shaw had met with only *one* accident. . .spilling a dipper of water over the floor. . .and Anthony Pye had not been in school at all."What a nice month this November has been!" said Anne, who had never quite got over her childish habit of talking to herself. "November is usually such a disagreeable month. . .as if the year had suddenly found out that she was growing old and could do nothing but weep and fret over it. This year is growing old gracefully. . .just like a stately old lady who knows she can be charming even with gray hair and wrinkles. We've had lovely days and delicious twilights. This last fortnight has been so peaceful, and even Davy has been almost well-behaved. I really think he is improving a great deal. How quiet the woods are today. . . not a murmur except that soft wind purring in the treetops! It sounds like surf on a faraway shore. How dear the woods are! You beautiful trees! I love every one of you as a friend." Anne paused to throw her arm about a slim young birch and kiss its cream-white trunk. Diana, rounding a curve in the path, saw her and laughed. "Anne Shirley, you're only pretending to be grown up. I believe when you're alone you're as much a little girl as you ever were." "Well, one can't get over the habit of being a little girl all at once," said Anne gaily. "You see, I was little for fourteen years and I've only been grown-uppish for scarcely three. I'm sure I shall always feel like a child in the woods. These walks home from school are almost the only time I have for dreaming . . . except the half-hour or so before I go to sleep. I'm so busy with teaching and studying and helping Marilla with the twins that I haven't another moment for imagining things. You don't know what splendid adventures I have for a little while after I go to bed in the east gable every night. I always imagine I'm something very brilliant and triumphant and splendid . . . a great prim Donna or a Red Cross nurse or a queen. Last night I was a queen. It's

really splendid to imagine you are a queen. You have all the fun of it without any of the inconveniences and you can stop being a queen whenever you want to, which you couldn't in real life. But here in the woods I like best to imagine quite different things. . .I'm a dryad living in an old pine, or a little brown wood-elf hiding under a crinkled leaf. That white birch you caught me kissing is a sister of mine. The only difference is, she's a tree and I'm a girl, but that's no real difference. Where are you going, Diana?" "Down to the Dicksons. I promised to help Alberta cut out her new dress. Can't you walk down in the evening, Anne, and come home with me?" "I might. . .since Fred Wright is away in town," said Anne with a rather too innocent face. Diana blushed, tossed her head, and walked on. She did not look offended, however. Anne fully intended to go down to the Dicksons' that evening, but she did not. When she arrived at Green Gables she found a state of affairs which banished every other thought from her mind. Marilla met her in the yard. . .a wild-eyed Marilla. "Anne, Dora is lost!" "Dora! Lost!" Anne looked at Davy, who was swinging on the yard gate, and detected merriment in his eyes. "Davy, do you know where she is?" "No, I don't," said Davy stoutly. "I haven't seen her since dinner time, cross my heart." "I've been away ever since one o'clock," said Marilla. "Thomas Lynde took sick all of a sudden and Rachel sent up for me to go at once. When I left here Dora was playing with her doll in the kitchen and Davy was making mud pies behind the barn. I only got home half an hour ago . . .and no Dora to be seen. Davy declares he never saw her since I left." "Neither I did," avowed Davy solemnly. "She must be somewhere around," said Anne. "She would never wander far away alone. . .you know how timid she is. Perhaps she has fallen asleep in one of the rooms." Marilla shook her head. "I've hunted the whole house through. But she may be in some of the buildings."

A thorough search followed. Every corner of house, yard, and outbuildings was ransacked by those two distracted people. Anne roved the orchards and the Haunted Wood, calling Dora's name. Marilla took a candle and explored the cellar. Davy accompanied each of them in turn, and was fertile in thinking of places where Dora could possibly be. Finally they met again in the yard. "It's a most mysterious thing," groaned Marilla. "Where can she be?" said Anne miserably."Maybe she's tumbled into the well," suggested Davy cheerfully. Anne and Marilla looked fearfully into each other's eyes. The thought had been with them both through their entire search but neither had dared to put it into words. "She. . .she might have," whispered Marilla. Anne, feeling faint and sick, went to the well box and peered over. The bucket sat on the shelf inside. Far down below was a tiny glimmer of still water. The Cuthbert well was the deepest in Avonlea. If Dora. . .but Anne could not face the idea. She shuddered and turned away. "Run across for Mr. Harrison," said Marilla, wringing her hands. "Mr. Harrison and John Henry are both away. . .they went to town today. I'll go for Mr. Barry." Mr. Barry came back with Anne, carrying a coil of rope to which was attached a claw-like instrument that had been the business end of a grubbing fork. Marilla and Anne stood by, cold and shaken with horror and dread, while Mr. Barry dragged the well, and Davy, astride the gate, watched the group with a face indicative of huge enjoyment. Finally Mr. Barry shook his head, with a relieved air. "She can't be

down there. It's a mighty curious thing where she could have got to, though. Look here, young man, are you sure you've no idea where your sister is?" "I've told you a dozen times that I haven't," said Davy, with an injured air. "Maybe a tramp come and stole her." "Nonsense," said Marilla sharply, relieved from her horrible fear of the well. "Anne, do you suppose she could have strayed over to Mr. Harrison's? She has always been talking about his parrot ever since that time you took her over" "I can't believe Dora would venture so far alone but I'll go over and see," said Anne. Nobody was looking at Davy just then or it would have been seen that a very decided change came over his face. He quietly slipped off the gate and ran, as fast as his fat legs could carry him, to the barn. Anne hastened across the fields to the Harrison establishment in no very hopeful frame of mind. The house was locked, the window shades were down, and there was no sign of anything living about the place. She stood on the veranda and called Dora loudly. Ginger, in the kitchen behind her, shrieked and swore with sudden fierceness; but between his outbursts Anne heard a plaintive cry from the little building in the yard which served Mr. Harrison as a toolhouse. Anne flew to the door, unhasped it, and caught up a small mortal with a tearstained face who was sitting forlornly on an upturned nail keg. "Oh, Dora, Dora, what a fright you have given us! How came you to be here?" "Davy and I came over to see Ginger," sobbed Dora, "but we couldn't see him after all, only Davy made him swear by kicking the door. And then Davy brought me here and run out and shut the door; and I couldn't get out. I cried and cried, I was frightened, and oh, I'm so hungry and cold; and I thought you'd never come, Anne." "Davy?" But Anne could say no more. She carried Dora home with a heavy heart. Her joy at finding the child safe and sound was drowned out in the pain caused by Davy's behavior. The freak of shutting Dora up might easily have been pardoned. But Davy had told falsehoods. . .downright coldblooded falsehoods about it. That was the ugly fact and Anne could not shut her eyes to it. She could have sat down and cried with sheer disappointment. She had grown to love Davy dearly. . .how dearly she had not known until this minute. . .and it hurt her unbearably to discover that he was guilty of deliberate falsehood. Marilla listened to Anne's tale in a silence that boded no good Davy-ward; Mr. Barry laughed and advised that Davy be summarily dealt with. When he had gone home Anne soothed and warmed the sobbing, shivering Dora, got her her supper and put her to bed. Then she returned to the kitchen, just as Marilla came grimly in, leading, or rather pulling, the reluctant, cobwebby Davy, whom she had just found hidden away in the darkest corner of the stable. She jerked him to the mat on the middle of the floor and then went and sat down by the east window. Anne was sitting limply by the west window. Between them stood the culprit. His back was toward Marilla and it was a meek, subdued, frightened back; but his face was toward Anne and although it was a little shamefaced there was a gleam of comradeship in Davy's eyes, as if he knew he had done wrong and was going to be punished for it, but could count on a laugh over it all with Anne later on. But no half hidden smile answered him in Anne's gray eyes, as there might have done had it been only a question of mischief. There was something else. . .something ugly and repulsive. "How could you behave so, Davy?" she asked sorrowfully. Davy squirmed

uncomfortably. "I just did it for fun. Things have been so awful quiet here for so long that I thought it would be fun to give you folks a big scare. It was, too." In spite of fear and a little remorse Davy grinned over the recollection. "But you told a falsehood about it, Davy," said Anne, more sorrowfully than ever. Davy looked puzzled. "What's a falsehood? Do you mean a whopper?" "I mean a story that was not true." "Course I did," said Davy frankly. "If I hadn't you wouldn't have been scared. I *had* to tell it." Anne was feeling the reaction from her fright and exertions. Davy's impenitent attitude gave the finishing touch. Two big tears brimmed up in her eyes. "Oh, Davy, how could you?" she said, with a quiver in her voice. "Don't you know how wrong it was?" Davy was aghast. Anne crying. . .he had made Anne cry! A flood of real remorse rolled like a wave over his warm little heart and engulfed it. He rushed to Anne, hurled himself into her lap, flung his arms around her neck, and burst into tears. "I didn't know it was wrong to tell whoppers," he sobbed. "How did you expect me to know it was wrong? All Mr. Sprott's children told them *regular* every day, and cross their hearts too. I suppose Paul Irving never tells whoppers and here I've been trying awful hard to be as good as him, but now I sup pose you'll never love me again. But I think you might have told me it was wrong. I'm awful sorry I've made you cry, Anne, and I'll never tell a whopper again." Davy buried his face in Anne's shoulder and cried stormily. Anne, in a sudden glad flash of understanding, held him tight and looked over his curly thatch at Marilla. "He didn't know it was wrong to tell falsehoods, Marilla. I think we must forgive him for that part of it this time if he will promise never to say what isn't true again." "I never will, now that I know it's bad," asseverated Davy between sobs. "If you ever catch me telling a whopper again you can. . ." Davy groped mentally for a suitable penance. . ."you can skin me alive, Anne." "Don't say `whopper,' Davy. . .say `falsehood,'" said the school ma'am. "Why?" queried Davy, settling comfortably down and looking up with a tearstained, investigating face. "Why isn’t whopper as good as falsehood? I want to know. It's just as big a word." "It's slang; and it's wrong for little boys to use slang." "There's an awful lot of things it's wrong to do," said Davy with a sigh. "I never supposed there was so many. I'm sorry it's wrong to tell whop. . . falsehoods, 'cause it's awful handy, but since it is I'm never going to tell any more. What are you going to do to me for telling them this time? I want to know." Anne looked beseechingly at Marilla "I don't want to be too hard on the child," said Marilla. "I daresay nobody ever did tell him it was wrong to tell lies, and those Sprott children were no fit companions for him. Poor Mary was too sick to train him properly and I presume you couldn't expect a six-year-old child to know things like that by instinct. I suppose we'll just have to assume he doesn't know *anything* right and begin at the beginning. But he'll have to be punished for shutting Dora up, and I can't think of any way except to send him to bed without his supper and we've done that so often. Can't you suggest something else, Anne? I should think you ought to be able to, with that imagination you're always talking of." "But punishments are so horrid and I like to imagine only pleasant things," said Anne, cuddling Davy. "There are so many unpleasant things in the world already that there is no use in imagining any more." In the end Davy was sent to bed, as usual, there to remain until noon next day. He

evidently did some thinking, for when Anne went up to her room a little later she heard him calling her name softly. Going in, she found him sitting up in bed, with his elbows on his knees and his chin propped on his hands. "Anne," he said solemnly, "is it wrong for everybody to tell whop. . . falsehoods? I want to know" "Yes, indeed." "Is it wrong for a grown-up person?" "Yes." "Then," said Davy decidedly, "Marilla is bad, for *she* tells them. And she's worsening me, for I didn't know it was wrong but she does." "Davy Keith, Marilla never told a story in her life," said Anne indignantly. "She did so. She told me last Tuesday that something dreadful *would* happen to me if I didn't say my prayers every night. And I haven't said them for over a week, just to see what would happen. . . and nothing has," concluded Davy in an aggrieved tone. Anne choked back a mad desire to laugh with the conviction that it would be fatal, and then earnestly set about saving Marilla's reputation."Why, Davy Keith," she said solemnly, "something dreadful *has* happened to you this very day "Davy looked skeptical. "I suppose you mean being sent to bed without any supper," he said scornfully, "but *that* isn't dreadful. Course, I don't like it, but I've been sent to bed so much since I come here that I'm getting used to it. And you don't save anything by making me go without supper either, for I always eat twice as much for breakfast." "I don't mean your being sent to bed. I mean the fact that you told a falsehood today. And, Davy,". . .Anne leaned over the footboard of the bed and shook her finger impressively at the culprit. . ."for a boy to tell what isn't true is almost the worst thing that could *happen* to him. . .almost the very worst. So you see Marilla told you the truth." "But I thought the something bad would be exciting," protested Davy in an injured tone."Marilla isn't to blame for what you thought. Bad things aren't always exciting. They're very often just nasty and stupid." "It was awful funny to see Marilla and you looking down the well, though," said Davy, hugging his knees. Anne kept a sober face until she got downstairs and then she collapsed on the sitting room lounge and laughed until her sides ached. "I wish you'd tell me the joke," said Marilla, a little grimly. "I haven't seen much to laugh at today." "You'll laugh when you hear this," assured Anne. And Marilla did laugh, which showed how much her education had advanced since the adoption of Anne. But she sighed immediately afterwards. "I suppose I shouldn't have told him that, although I heard a minister say it to a child once. But he did aggravate me so. It was that night you were at the Carmody concert and I was putting him to bed. He said he didn't see the good of praying until he got big enough to be of some importance to God. Anne, I do not know what we are going to do with that child. I never saw his beat. I'm feeling clean discouraged." "Oh, don't say that, Marilla. Remember how bad I was when I came here." "Anne, you never were bad. . .*never*. I see that now, when I've learned what real badness is. You were always getting into terrible scrapes, I'll admit, but your motive was always good. Davy is just bad from sheer love of it." "Oh, no, I don't think it is real badness with him either," pleaded Anne. "It's just mischief. And it is rather quiet for him here, you know. He has no other boys to play with and his mind has to have something to occupy it. Dora is so prim and proper she is no good for a boy's playmate. I really think it would be better to let them go to school, Marilla." "No," said Marilla resolutely, "my father always said that no child should

be cooped up in the four walls of a school until it was seven years old, and Mr. Allan says the same thing. The twins can have a few lessons at home but go to school they shan't till they're seven." "Well, we must try to reform Davy at home then," said Anne cheerfully. "With all his faults he's really a dear little chap. I can't help loving him. Marilla, it may be a dreadful thing to say, but honestly, I like Davy better than Dora, for all she's so good." "I don't know but that I do, myself," confessed Marilla, "and it isn't fair, for Dora isn't a bit of trouble. There couldn't be a better child and you'd hardly know she was in the house." "Dora is too good," said Anne. "She'd behave just as well if there wasn't a soul to tell her what to do. She was born already brought up, so she doesn't need us; and I think," concluded Anne, hitting on a very vital truth, "that we always love best the people who need us. Davy needs us badly." "He certainly needs something," agreed Marilla. "Rachel Lynde would say it was a good spanking."

Chapter X

1. Whom do these descriptions belong to?

The day had been a good day; all had gone well in her little kingdom.

_____had not fought any of the other boys over the question of his name;

_____'s face had been so puffed up from the effects of toothache that she did not once try to coquette with the boys in her vicinity.

_____had met with only *one* accident. . .spilling a dipper of water over the floor. .

_____ had not been in school at all.

2. Ccomplete missing words.

Childish habit, faraway shore, suddenly, growing old, delicious, November, twilights, well-behaved, I love, gracefully, charming

"What a nice month this _____ has been!" said Anne, who had never quite got over her _____of talking to herself. "November is usually such a disagreeable month. . .as if the year had _____found out that she was _____and could do nothing but weep and fret over it. This year is growing old_____. .just like a stately old lady who knows she can be _____even with gray hair and wrinkles. We've had lovely days and_____. This last fortnight has been so peaceful, and even Davy has been almost_____. I really think he is improving a great deal. How quiet the woods are today. . . not a murmur except that soft wind purring in the treetops! It sounds like surf on a _____How dear the woods are! You beautiful trees! _____every one of you as a friend."

3. What do you think?

Describe these people and their relationship.

Davy **Dora** **Anna** **Marilla**

4. Translate these sentences

1. Davy buried his face in Anne's shoulder and cried stormily. Anne, in a sudden glad flash of understanding, held him tight and looked over his curly thatch at Marilla.

2. The house was locked, the window shades were down, and there was no sign of anything living about the place. She stood on the veranda and called Dora loudly.

3. You don't know what splendid adventures I have for a little while after I go to bed in the east gable every night. I always imagine I'm something very brilliant and triumphant and splendid . . . a great prim Donna or a Red Cross nurse or a queen.

4. Anne choked back a mad desire to laugh with the conviction that it would be fatal, and then earnestly set about saving Marilla's reputation.

5. A flood of real remorse rolled like a wave over his warm little heart and engulfed it. He rushed to Anne, hurled himself into her lap, flung his arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

6. Anne and Marilla looked fearfully into each other's eyes. The thought had been with them both through their entire search but neither had dared to put it into words.

7. I can't help loving him. Marilla, it may be a dreadful thing to say, but honestly, I like Davy better than Dora, for all she's so good." "I don't know but that I do, myself," confessed Marilla, "and it isn't fair, for Dora isn't a bit of trouble.

8. He said he didn't see the good of praying until he got big enough to be of some importance to God.

5. Make up sentences using these words.

Keep, downstairs, grimly, laugh, aggravate, adopt, education, concert, discourage, cheerfully, behave, reform, good, spanking, occupy, confess, dreadful, thing, sigh, immediately.

6. Role play

Students divide in to groups of four, Anna, Marilla, Dora, Davy. You are these characters from this chapter. Play the role of these heroes. Try to express their feelings and emotions.

Chapter XI Facts and Fancies

"Teaching is really very interesting work," wrote Anne to a Queen's Academy chum. "Jane says she thinks it is monotonous but I don't find it so. Something funny is almost sure to happen every day, and the children say such amusing things. Jane says she punishes her pupils when they make funny speeches, which is probably why she finds teaching monotonous. This afternoon little Jimmy Andrews was trying to spell `speckled' and couldn't manage it. `Well,' he said finally, `I can't spell it but I know what it means.' "`What?' I asked. "`St. Clair Donnell's face, miss.' "St. Clair is certainly very much freckled, although I try to prevent the others from commenting on it. . .for I was freckled once and well do I remember it. But I don't think St. Clair minds. It was because Jimmy called him `St. Clair' that St. Clair pounded him on the way home from school. I heard of the pounding, but not officially, so I don't think I'll take any notice of it. "Yesterday I was trying to teach Lottie Wright to do addition. I said, `If you had three candies in one hand and two in the other, how many would you have altogether?' `A mouthful,' said Lottie. And in the nature study class, when I asked them to give me a good reason why toads shouldn't be killed, Benjie Sloane gravely answered, `Because it would rain the next day.' "It's so hard not to laugh, Stella. I have to save up all my amusement until I get home, and Marilla says it makes her nervous to hear wild shrieks of mirth proceeding from the east gable without any apparent cause. She says a man in Grafton went insane once and that was how it began. "Did you know that Thomas a Becket was canonized as a *snake*? Rose Bell says he was. . .also that William Tyndale *wrote* the New Testament. Claude White says a `glacier' is a man who puts in window frames! "I think the most difficult thing in teaching, as well as the most interesting, is to get the children to tell you their real thoughts about things. One stormy day last week I gathered them around me at dinner hour and tried to get them to talk to me just as if I were one of themselves. I asked them to tell me the things they most wanted. Some of the answers were commonplace enough . . . dolls, ponies, and skates. Others were decidedly original. Hester Boulter wanted `to wear her Sunday dress every day and eat in the sitting room.' Hannah Bell wanted `to be good without having to take any trouble about

it.' Marjory White, aged ten, wanted to be a *widow*. Questioned why, she gravely said that if you weren't married people called you an old maid, and if you were your husband bossed you; but if you were a widow there'd be no danger of either. The most remarkable wish was Sally Bell's. She wanted a 'honeymoon.' I asked her if she knew what it was and she said she thought it was an extra nice kind of bicycle because her cousin in Montreal went on a honeymoon when he was married and he had always had the very latest in bicycles! "Another day I asked them all to tell me the naughtiest thing they had ever done. I couldn't get the older ones to do so, but the third class answered quite freely. Eliza Bell had `set fire to her aunt's carded rolls.' Asked if she meant to do it she said, `not altogether.' She just tried a little end to see how it would burn and the whole bundle blazed up in a jiffy. Emerson Gillis had spent ten cents for candy when he should have put it in his missionary box. Annetta Bell's worst crime was `eating some blueberries that grew in the graveyard.' Willie White had `slid down the sheephouse roof a lot of times with his Sunday trousers on.' `But I was punished for it 'cause I had to wear patched pants to Sunday School all summer, and when you're punished for a thing you don't have to repent of it,' declared Willie. "I wish you could see some of their compositions. . .so much do I wish it that I'll send you copies of some written recently. Last week I told the fourth class I wanted them to write me letters about anything they pleased, adding by way of suggestion that they might tell me of some place they had visited or some interesting thing or person they had seen. They were to write the letters on real note paper, seal them in an envelope, and address them to me, all without any assistance from other people. Last Friday morning I found a pile of letters on my desk and that evening I realized afresh that teaching has its pleasures as well as its pains. Those compositions would atone for much. Here is Ned Clay's, address, spelling, and grammar as originally penned.

"`Miss teacher ShiRley

Green gabels.

p.e. Island can

birds"`Dear teacher I think I will write you a composition about birds. birds is very useful animals. my cat catches birds. His name is William but pa calls him tom. he is oll striped and he got one of his ears froz of last winter. only for that he would be a good-looking cat. My unkle has adopted a cat. it come to his house one day and woudent go away and unkle says it has forgot more than most people ever knowed. he lets it sleep on his rocking chare and my aunt says he thinks more of it than he does of his children. that is not right. we ought to be kind to cats and give them new milk but we ought not be better to them than to our children. this is all I can think of so no more at present from

Edward Blake Clay.'" "St. Clair Donnell's is, as usual, short and to the point. St. Clair never wastes words. I do not think he chose his subject or added the postscript out of malice aforethought. It is just that he has not a great deal of tact or imagination. "`Dear Miss Shirley You told us to describe something strange we have seen. I will describe the Avonlea Hall. It has two doors, an inside one and an outside one. It has six windows and a chimney. It has two ends and two sides. It is painted blue. That is what makes it strange. It is built on the lower Carmody road.

It is the third most important building in Avonlea. The others are the church and the blacksmith shop. They hold debating clubs and lectures in it and concerts. Yours truly, Jacob Donnell. P.S. The hall is a very bright blue.'" "Annetta Bell's letter was quite long, which surprised me, for writing essays is not Annetta's forte, and hers are generally as brief as st. Clair's. Annetta is a quiet little puss and a model of good behavior, but there isn't a shadow of orginality in her. Here is her letter. – "`Dearest teacher, I think I will write you a letter to tell you how much I love you. I love you with my whole heart and soul and mind. . .with all there is of me to love. . .and I want to serve you for ever. It would be my highest privilege. That is why I try so hard to be good in school and learn my lessons. "`You are so beautiful, my teacher. Your voice is like music and your eyes are like pansies when the dew is on them. You are like a tall stately queen. Your hair is like rippling gold. Anthony Pye says it is red, but you needn't pay any attention to Anthony. "`I have only known you for a few months but I cannot realize that there was ever a time when I did not know you. . .when you had not come into my life to bless and hallow it. I will always look back to this year as the most wonderful in my life because it brought you to me. Besides, it's the year we moved to Avonlea from Newbridge. My love for you has made my life very rich and it has kept me from much of harm and evil. I owe this all to you, my sweetest teacher. "`I shall never forget how sweet you looked the last time I saw you in that black dress with flowers in your hair. I shall see you like that for ever, even when we are both old and gray. You will always be young and fair to me, dearest teacher. I am thinking of you all the time. . .in the morning and at the noontide and at the twilight. I love you when you laugh and when you sigh. . .even when you look disdainful. I never saw you look cross though Anthony Pye says you always look so but I don't wonder you look cross at him for he deserves it. I love you in every dress. . .you seem more adorable in each new dress than the last. "`Dearest teacher, good night. The sun has set and the stars are shining. . .stars that are as bright and beautiful as your eyes. I kiss your hands and face, my sweet. May God watch over you and protect you from all harm. Your affectionate pupil Annette Bell.'" "This extraordinary letter puzzled me not a little. I knew Annette couldn't have composed it any more than she could fly. When I went to school the next day I took her for a walk down to the brook at recess and asked her to tell me the truth about the letter. Annette cried and 'fussed up freely. She said she had never written a letter and she didn't know how to, or what to say, but there was bundle of love letters in her mother's top bureau drawer which had been written to her by an old `beau.' "`It wasn't father,' sobbed Annette, `it was someone who was studying for a minister, and so he could write lovely letters, but ma didn't marry him after all. She said she couldn't make out what he was driving at half the time. But I thought the letters were sweet and that I'd just copy things out of them here and there to write you. I put "teacher" where he put "lady" and I put in something of my own when I could think of it and I changed some words. I put "dress" in place of "mood." I didn't know just what a "mood" was but I supposed it was something to wear. I didn't spouse you'd know the difference. I don't see how you found out it wasn't all mine. You must be awful clever, teacher.'"I told Annette it was very wrong to copy

another person's letter and pass it off as her own. But I'm afraid that all Annette repented of was being found out. "`And I do love you, teacher,' she sobbed. `It was all true, even if the minister wrote it first. I do love you with all my heart.' "It's very difficult to scold anybody properly under such circumstances. "Here is Barbara Shaw's letter. I can't reproduce the blots of the original.

"`Dear teacher, You said we might write about a visit. I never visited but once. It was at my Aunt Mary's last winter. My Aunt Mary is a very particular woman and a great housekeeper. The first night I was there we were at tea. I knocked over a jug and broke it. Aunt Mary said she had had that jug ever since she was married and nobody had ever broken it before. When we got up I stepped on her dress and all the gathers tore out of the skirt. The next morning when I got up I hit the pitcher against the basin and cracked them both and I upset a cup of tea on the tablecloth at breakfast. When I was helping Aunt Mary with the dinner dishes I dropped a china plate and it smashed. That evening I fell downstairs and sprained my ankle and had to stay in bed for a week. I heard Aunt Mary tell Uncle Joseph it was a mercy or I'd have broken everything in the house. When I got better it was time to go home. I don't like visiting very much. I like going to school better, especially since I came to Avonlea.Yours respectfully, Barbara. Shaw.'"

"Willie White's began,

Respected Miss, I want to tell you about my Very Brave Aunt. She lives in Ontario and one day she went out to the barn and saw a dog in the yard. The dog had no business there so she got a stick and whacked him hard and drove him into the barn and shut him up. Pretty soon a man came looking for an inaginary lion' (Query; -- Did Willie mean a menagerie lion?) `that had run away from a circus. And it turned out that the dog was a lion and my Very Brave Aunt had druv him into the barn with a stick. It was a wonder she was not et up but she was very brave. Emerson Gillis says if she thought it was a dog she wasn't any braver than if it really was a dog. But Emerson is jealous because he hasn't got a Brave Aunt himself, nothing but uncles.'"

"I have kept the best for the last. You laugh at me because I think Paul is a genius but I am sure his letter will convince you that he is a very uncommon child. Paul lives away down near the shore with his grandmother and he has no playmates. . no real playmates. You remember our School Management professor told us that we must not have `favorites' among our pupils, but I can't help loving Paul Irving the best of all mine. I don't think it does any harm, though, for everybody loves Paul, even Mrs. Lynde, who says she could never have believed she'd get so fond of a Yankee. The other boys in school like him too. There is nothing weak or girlish about him in spite of his dreams and fancies. He is very manly and can hold his own in all games. He fought St. Clair Donnell recently because St. Clair said the Union Jack was away ahead of the Stars and Stripes as a flag. The result was a drawn battle and a mutual agreement to respect each other's patriotism henceforth. St. Clair says he can hit the *hardest* but Paul can hit the *oftenest*.

"Paul's Letter.

My dear teacher, You told us we might write you about some interesting people we knew. I think the most interesting people I know are my rock people and I mean to tell you about them. I have never told anybody about them except grandma and father but I would like to have you know about them because you understand things. There are a great many people who do not understand things so there is no use in telling them. My rock people live at the shore. I used to visit them almost every evening before the winter came. Now I can't go till spring, but they will be there, for people like that never change. . .that is the splendid thing about them. Nora was the first one of them I got acquainted with and so I think I love her the best. She lives in Andrews' Cove and she has black hair and black eyes, and she knows all about the mermaids and the water kelpies. You ought to hear the stories she can tell. Then there are the Twin Sailors. They don't live anywhere, they sail all the time, but they often come ashore to talk to me. They are a pair of jolly tars and they have seen everything in the world. . .and more than what is in the world. Do you know what happened to the youngest Twin Sailor once? He was sailing and he sailed right into a moonglade. A moonglade is the track the full moon makes on the water when it is rising from the sea, you know, teacher. Well, the youngest Twin Sailor sailed along the moonglade till he came right up to the moon, and there was a little golden door in the moon and he opened it and sailed right through. He had some wonderful adventures in the moon but it would make this letter too long to tell them. Then there is the Golden Lady of the cave. One day I found a big cave down on the shore and I went away in and after a while I found the Golden Lady. She has golden hair right down to her feet and her dress is all glittering and glistening like gold that is alive. And she has a golden harp and plays on it all day long. . .you can hear the music any time along shore if you listen carefully but most people would think it was only the wind among the rocks. I've never told Nora about the Golden Lady. I was afraid it might hurt her feelings. It even hurt her feelings if I talked too long with the Twin Sailors.I always met the Twin Sailors at the Striped Rocks. The youngest Twin Sailor is very good-tempered but the oldest Twin Sailor can look dreadfully fierce at times. I have my suspicions about that oldest Twin. I believe he'd be a pirate if he dared. There's really something very mysterious about him. He swore once and I told him if he ever did it again he needn't come ashore to talk to me because I'd promised grandmother I'd never associate with anybody that swore. He was pretty well scared, I can tell you, and he said if I would forgive him he would take me to the sunset. So the next evening when I was sitting on the Striped Rocks the oldest Twin came sailing over the sea in an enchanted boat and I got in her. The boat was all pearly and rainbowy, like the inside of the mussel shells, and her sail was like moonshine. Well, we sailed right across to the sunset. Think of that, teacher, I've been in the sunset. And what do you suppose it is? The sunset is a land all flowers. We sailed into a great garden, and the clouds are beds of flowers. We sailed into a great harbor, all the color of gold, and I stepped right out of the boat on a big meadow all covered with buttercups as big as roses. I stayed there for ever so long. It seemed nearly a year but the Oldest Twin says it was only a few minutes. You

see, in the sunset land the time is ever so much longer than it is here. Your loving pupil Paul Irving.

Chapter XI

1. Find the definitions of these words.

1)	Chum	6)	Malice
2)	Monotonous	7)	Adorable
3)	Prevent	8)	Convince
4)	Noontide	9)	Fancy
5)	Postscript	10)	Mercy

2. Supply articles where necessary.

1) It is … third most important building in … Avonlea.
2) … others are … church and … blacksmith shop.
3) That is why I try so hard to be … good in … school and learn my lessons.
4) You are like … tall stately queen.
5) My aunt Mary is … very particular woman and … great housekeeper.
6) St. Clair says he can hit … hardest but Paul can hit … oftenest.
7) I'm thinking of you all … time, in … morning and at … noontide and at … twilight.

3. Who said each of the following words and to whom were they speaking.

1) **"**I wish you could see some of their compositions … so much do I wish it"…
2) "Did you know that Thomas a Becket was canonized as a snake?"
3) "I can't spell but I know what it means."
4) " You're so beautiful my teacher."
5) "It's very difficult to scold anybody properly under such circumstances."
6) "I like going to school better, especially since I came to Avonlea.

4. Complete the sentences.

1) Teaching is really very … .
2) Jane says she punishes her pupils when they … .
3) It is the third most important building in … .

4) Annatta Bell's worst crime was eating some blueberries that … .
5) Those composition would atone … .
6) I didn't know just what a "mood" was but I sposed it was something … .
7) The other boys in school like … .

5. Find the equivalents of the following expressions.

Trouble	Prevent	Agree
Want	Suggest	Can
Snake	Puzzle	Laugh
Mean	Weak	Break
Debate	Battle	Married
Adopt		

6. Find the adjectives as much as you read. Make up 10 questions to the text covering the main points of the Chapter.

Chapter XII A Jonah Day

It really began the night before with a restless, wakeful vigil of grumbling toothache. When Anne arose in the dull, bitter winter morning she felt that life was flat, stale, and unprofitable. She went to school in no angelic mood. Her cheek was swollen and her face ached. The schoolroom was cold and smoky, for the fire refused to burn and the children were huddled about it in shivering groups. Anne sent them to their seats with a sharper tone than she had ever used before. Anthony Pye strutted to his with his usual impertinent swagger and she saw him whisper something to his seat-mate and then glance at her with a grin. Never, so it seemed to Anne, had there been so many squeaky pencils as there were that morning; and when Barbara Shaw came up to the desk with a sum she tripped over the coal scuttle with disastrous results. The coal rolled to every part of the room, her slate was broken into fragments, and when she picked herself up, her face, stained with coal dust, sent the boys into roars of laughter. Anne turned from the second reader class which she was hearing. "Really, Barbara," she said icily, "if you cannot move without falling over something you'd better remain in your seat. It is positively disgraceful for a girl of your age to be so awkward." Poor Barbara stumbled back to her desk, her tears combining with the coal dust to produce an effect truly grotesque. Never before had her beloved, sympathetic teacher spoken to her in such a tone or fashion, and Barbara was heartbroken. Anne herself felt a prick of conscience but it only served to increase her mental irritation, and the second reader class remember that lesson yet, as well as the unmerciful infliction of arithmetic that followed. Just as Anne was snapping the sums out St. Clair Donnell arrived breathlessly. "You are half an hour late, St. Clair," Anne reminded him frigidly. "Why is this?" "Please, miss, I had to help ma make a pudding for dinner 'cause we're expecting company and Clarice Almira's sick," was St. Clair's answer, given in a perfectly respectful voice but nevertheless provocative of great mirth among his mates. "Take your seat and work out the six problems on page eighty-

four of your arithmetic for punishment," said Anne. St. Clair looked rather amazed at her tone but he went meekly to his desk and took out his slate. Then he stealthily passed a small parcel to Joe Sloane across the aisle. Anne caught him in the act and jumped to a fatal conclusion about that parcel. Old Mrs. Hiram Sloane had lately taken to making and selling "nut cakes" by way of adding to her scanty income. The cakes were specially tempting to small boys and for several weeks Anne had had not a little trouble in regard to them. On their way to school the boys would invest their spare cash at Mrs. Hiram's, bring the cakes along with them to school, and, if possible, eat them and treat their mates during school hours. Anne had warned them that if they brought any more cakes to school they would be confiscated; and yet here was St. Clair Donnell coolly passing a parcel of them, wrapped up in the blue and white striped paper Mrs. Hiram used, under her very eyes."Joseph," said Anne quietly, "bring that parcel here." Joe, startled and abashed, obeyed. He was a fat urchin who always blushed and stuttered when he was frightened. Never did anybody look more guilty than poor Joe at that moment. "Throw it into the fire," said Anne. Joe looked very blank. "P. . .p. . .p. . .lease, m. . .m. . .miss," he began. "Do as I tell you, Joseph, without any words about it." "B. . .b. . .but m. . .m. . .miss. . .th. . .th. . .they're. . ." gasped Joe in desperation. "Joseph, are you going to obey me or are you *not*?" said Anne. A bolder and more self-possessed lad than Joe Sloane would have been overawed by her tone and the dangerous flash of her eyes. This was a new Anne whom none of her pupils had ever seen before. Joe, with an agonized glance at St. Clair, went to the stove, opened the big, square front door, and threw the blue and white parcel in, before St. Clair, who had sprung to his feet, could utter a word. Then he dodged back just in time. For a few moments the terrified occupants of Avonlea school did not know whether it was an earthquake or a volcanic explosion that had occurred. The innocent looking parcel which Anne had rashly supposed to contain Mrs. Hiram's nut cakes really held an assortment of firecrackers and pinwheels for which Warren Sloane had sent to town by St. Clair Donnell's father the day before, intending to have a birthday celebration that evening. The crackers went off in a thunderclap of noise and the pinwheels bursting out of the door spun madly around the room, hissing and spluttering. Anne dropped into her chair white with dismay and all the girls climbed shrieking upon their desks. Joe Sloane stood as one transfixed in the midst of the commotion and St. Clair, helpless with laughter, rocked to and fro in the aisle. Prillie Rogerson fainted and Annetta Bell went into hysterics. It seemed a long time, although it was really only a few minutes, before the last pinwheel subsided. Anne, recovering herself, sprang to open doors and windows and let out the gas and smoke which filled the room. Then she helped the girls carry the unconscious Prillie into the porch, where Barbara Shaw, in an agony of desire to be useful, poured a pailful of half frozen water over Prillie's face and shoulders before anyone could stop her. It was a full hour before quiet was restored . . .but it was a quiet that might be felt. Everybody realized that even the explosion had not cleared the teacher's mental atmosphere. Nobody, except Anthony Pye, dared whisper a word. Ned Clay accidentally squeaked his pencil while working a sum, caught Anne's eye and wished the floor would open and swallow him up. The

geography class were whisked through a continent with a speed that made them dizzy. The grammar class were parsed and analyzed within an inch of their lives. Chester Sloane, spelling "odoriferous" with two f's, was made to feel that he could never live down the disgrace of it, either in this world or that which is to come. Anne knew that she had made herself ridiculous and that the incident would be laughed over that night at a score of tea-tables, but the knowledge only angered her further. In a calmer mood she could have carried off the situation with a laugh but now that was impossible; so she ignored it in icy disdain. When Anne returned to the school after dinner all the children were as usual in their seats and every face was bent studiously over a desk except Anthony Pye's. He peered across his book at Anne, his black eyes sparkling with curiosity and mockery. Anne twitched open the drawer of her desk in search of chalk and under her very hand a lively mouse sprang out of the drawer, scampered over the desk, and leaped to the floor. Anne screamed and sprang back, as if it had been a snake, and Anthony Pye laughed aloud. Then a silence fell. . .a very creepy, uncomfortable silence. Annetta Bell was of two minds whether to go into hysterics again or not, especially as she didn't know just where the mouse had gone. But she decided not to. Who could take any comfort out of hysterics with a teacher so white-faced and so blazing-eyed standing before one? "Who put that mouse in my desk?" said Anne. Her voice was quite low but it made a shiver go up and down Paul Irving's spine. Joe Sloane caught her eye, felt responsible from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, but stuttered out wildly, "N. . .n. . .not m. . .m. . .me t. . .t. . .teacher, n. . .n. . .not m. . .m. . .me." Anne paid no attention to the wretched Joseph. She looked at Anthony Pye, and Anthony Pye looked back unabashed and unashamed. "Anthony, was it you?" "Yes, it was," said Anthony insolently. Anne took her pointer from her desk. It was a long, heavy hardwood pointer. "Come here, Anthony." It was far from being the most severe punishment Anthony Pye had ever undergone. Anne, even the stormy-souled Anne she was at that moment, could not have punished any child cruelly. But the pointer nipped keenly and finally Anthony's bravado failed him; he winced and the tears came to his eyes. Anne, conscience-stricken, dropped the pointer and told Anthony to go to his seat. She sat down at her desk feeling ashamed, repentant, and bitterly mortified. Her quick anger was gone and she would have given much to have been able to seek relief in tears. So all her boasts had come to this. . .she had actually whipped one of her pupils. How Jane would triumph! And how Mr. Harrison would chuckle! But worse than this, bitterest thought of all, she had lost her last chance of winning Anthony Pye. Never would he like her now. Anne, by what somebody has called "a Herculaneum effort," kept back her tears until she got home that night. Then she shut herself in the east gable room and wept all her shame and remorse and disappointment into her pillows. . .wept so long that Marilla grew alarmed, invaded the room, and insisted on knowing what the trouble was. "The trouble is, I've got things the matter with my conscience," sobbed Anne. "Oh, this has been such a Jonah day, Marilla. I'm so ashamed of myself. I lost my temper and whipped Anthony Pye." "I'm glad to hear it," said Marilla with decision. "It's what you should have done long ago." "Oh, no, no, Marilla. And I don't see how I can ever look those children in the face again. I

feel that I have humiliated myself to the very dust. You don't know how cross and hateful and horrid I was. I can't forget the expression in Paul Irving's eyes. . .he looked so surprised and disappointed. Oh, Marilla, I *have* tried so hard to be patient and to win Anthony's liking. . .and now it has all gone for nothing." Marilla passed her hard work-worn hand over the girl's glossy, tumbled hair with a wonderful tenderness. When Anne's sobs grew quieter she said, very gently for her, "You take things too much to heart, Anne. We all make mistakes. . .but people forget them. And Jonah days come to everybody. As for Anthony Pye, why need you care if he does dislike you? He is the only one." "I can't help it. I want everybody to love me and it hurts me so when anybody doesn't. And Anthony never will now. Oh, I just made an idiot of myself today, Marilla. I'll tell you the whole story." Marilla listened to the whole story, and if she smiled at certain parts of it Anne never knew. When the tale was ended she said briskly, "Well, never mind. This day's done and there's a new one coming tomorrow, with no mistakes in it yet, as you used to say yourself. Just come downstairs and have your supper. You'll see if a good cup of tea and those plum puffs I made today won't hearten you up." "Plum puffs won't minister to a mind diseased," said Anne disconsolately; but Marilla thought it a good sign that she had recovered sufficiently to adapt a quotation. The cheerful supper table, with the twins' bright faces, and Marilla's matchless plum puffs. . .of which Davy ate four. . . did "hearten her up" considerably after all. She had a good sleep that night and and awakened in the morning to find herself and the world transformed. It had snowed softly and thickly all through the hours of darkness and the beautiful whiteness, glittering in the frosty sunshine, looked like a mantle of charity cast over all the mistakes and humiliations of the past. "Every morn is a fresh beginning,Every morn is the world made new,"sang Anne, as she dressed. Owing to the snow she had to go around by the road to school and she thought it was certainly an impish coincidence that Anthony Pye should come ploughing along just as she left the Green Gables lane. She felt as guilty as if their positions were reversed; but to her unspeakable astonishment Anthony not only lifted his cap. . .which he had never done before. . .but said easily, "Kind of bad walking, ain't it? Can I take those books for you, teacher?" Anne surrendered her books and wondered if she could possibly be awake. Anthony walked on in silence to the school, but when Anne took her books she smiled down at him. . .not the stereotyped "kind" smile she had so persistently assumed for his benefit but a sudden outflashing of good comradeship. Anthony smiled. . .no, if the truth must be told, Anthony *grinned* back. A grin is not generally supposed to be a respectful thing; yet Anne suddenly felt that if she had not yet won Anthony's liking she had, somehow or other, won his respect. Mrs. Rachel Lynde came up the next Saturday and confirmed this. "Well, Anne, I guess you've won over Anthony Pye, that's what. He says he believes you are some good after all, even if you are a girl. Says that whipping you gave him was `just as good as a man's.'" "I never expected to win him by whipping him, though," said Anne, a little mournfully, feeling that her ideals had played her false somewhere. "It doesn't seem right. I'm sure my theory of kindness can't be wrong." "No, but the Pyes are an exception to every known rule, that's what," declared Mrs. Rachel with

conviction. Mr. Harrison said, "Thought you'd come to it," when he heard it, and Jane rubbed it in rather unmercifully.

Chapter XII A Jonah Day

1. Try to guess the meaning of the following expressions from the context.

1. Angelic mood
2. unmerciful infliction
3. self possessed lad
4. a calmer mood
5. icy disdain
6. blazing –eyed
7. the stormy –souled Anne
8. conscience stricken
9. hard work worn hand
10. to make an idion of oneself

2. Debate the controversial statement.

"Punishment makes no any good"

-Agree	-Disagree
1. _	1. _
2. _	2. _
3. _	3. _
4. _	4. _
5. _	5. _

3. Retell the text according to the plan.

1. Anna had no angelic mood.
2. Hiram Sloane's "nut cakes" problem.
3. Anna had Geography and Germany lessons in icy disdain.
4. Umshamed and unabased Anthony Pie
5. Anna felt ashamed and talked to Marilla.

4. Cause (sabab) Effect (natija)

1. For. Ex toothache - Anna's cheek was swollen

- Her face ached

- She had a sharper tone

- her voice was icy

5. Advantages Disadvantages

of being a teacher

Ad- Happy Dis-some naughty students

-love of the students - classroom discipline

-good result

6. Problem solving activity

What would you do if you were in the following situation?

1. Problem with Anthony Pie.

2. "Hiram's cakes" story.

3. Classroom discipline

Chapter XIII A Golden Picnic

Anne, on her way to Orchard Slope, met Diana, bound for Green Gables, just where the mossy old log bridge spanned the brook below the Haunted Wood, and they sat down by the margin of the Dryad's Bubble, where tiny ferns were unrolling like curly-headed green pixy folk wakening up from a nap. "I was just on my way over to invite you to help me celebrate my birthday on Saturday," said Anne. "Your birthday? But your birthday was in March!" "That wasn't my fault," laughed Anne. "If my parents had consulted me it would never have happened then. I should have chosen to be born in spring, of course. It must be delightful to come into the world with the mayflowers and violets. You would always feel that you were their foster sister. But since I didn't, the next best thing is to celebrate my birthday in the spring. Priscilla is coming over Saturday and Jane will be home. We'll all four start off to the woods and spend a golden day making the acquaintance of the spring. We none of us really know her yet, but we'll meet her back there as we never can anywhere else. I want to explore all those fields and lonely places anyhow. I have a conviction that there are scores of beautiful nooks there that have never really been *seen* although they may have been *looked* at. We'll make friends with wind and sky and sun, and bring home the spring in our hearts." "It *sounds* awfully nice," said Diana, with some inward distrust of Anne's magic of words. "But won't it be very damp in some places yet?" "Oh, we'll wear rubbers," was Anne's concession to practicalities. "And I want you to come over early Saturday morning and help me prepare lunch. I'm going to have the daintiest things possible. . . things that will match the spring, you understand. . .little jelly tarts and lady fingers, and drop cookies frosted with pink and yellow icing, and buttercup cake. And we must have sandwiches too, though they're *not* very poetical." Saturday proved an ideal day for a picnic. . .a day of breeze and blue, warm, sunny, with a little rollicking wind blowing across meadow and orchard. Over every sunlit upland and field was a delicate, flower-starred green. Mr. Harrison, harrowing at the back of his farm and feeling some of the spring witch-work even in his sober, middle-aged blood,

saw four girls, basket laden, tripping across the end of his field where it joined a fringing woodland of birch and fir. Their blithe voices and laughter echoed down to him. "It's so easy to be happy on a day like this, isn't it?" Anne was saying, with true Anneish philosophy. "Let's try to make this a really golden day, girls, a day to which we can always look back with delight. We're to seek for beauty and refuse to see anything else. `Begone, dull care!' Jane, you are thinking of something that went wrong in school yesterday." "How do you know?" gasped Jane, amazed."Oh, I know the expression. . .I've felt it often enough on my own face. But put it out of your mind, there's a dear. It will keep till Monday. . .or if it doesn't so much the better. Oh, girls, girls, see that patch of violets! There's something for memory's picture gallery. When I'm eighty years old. . .if I ever am. . . I shall shut my eyes and see those violets just as I see them now. That's the first good gift our day has given us." "If a kiss could be seen I think it would look like a violet," said Priscilla. Anne glowed. "I'm so glad you *spoke* that thought, Priscilla, instead of just thinking it and keeping it to yourself. This world would be a much more interesting place. . .although it *is* very interesting anyhow. . . if people spoke out their real thoughts." "It would be too hot to hold some folks," quoted Jane sagely. "I suppose it might be, but that would be their own faults for thinking nasty things. Anyhow, we can tell all our thoughts today because we are going to have nothing but beautiful thoughts. Everybody can say just what comes into her head. *That* is conversation. Here's a little path I never saw before. Let's explore it." The path was a winding one, so narrow that the girls walked in single file and even then the fir boughs brushed their faces. Under the firs were velvety cushions of moss, and further on, where the trees were smaller and fewer, the ground was rich in a variety of green growing things. "What a lot of elephant's ears," exclaimed Diana. "I'm going to pick a big bunch, they're so pretty." "How did such graceful feathery things ever come to have such a dreadful name?" asked Priscilla. "Because the person who first named them either had no imagination at all or else far too much," said Anne, "Oh, girls, look at that!"

"That" was a shallow woodland pool in the center of a little open glade where the path ended. Later on in the season it would be dried up and its place filled with a rank growth of ferns; but now it was a glimmering placid sheet, round as a saucer and clear as crystal. A ring of slender young birches encircled it and little ferns fringed its margin. "*How* sweet!" said Jane. "Let us dance around it like wood-nymphs," cried Anne, dropping her basket and extending her hands. But the dance was not a success for the ground was boggy and Jane's rubbers came off. "You can't be a wood-nymph if you have to wear rubbers," was her decision. "Well, we must name this place before we leave it," said Anne, yielding to the indisputable logic of facts. "Everybody suggest a name and we'll draw lots. Diana?" "Birch Pool," suggested Diana promptly. "Crystal Lake," said Jane. Anne, standing behind them, implored Priscilla with her eyes not to perpetrate another such name and Priscilla rose to the occasion with "Glimmer-glass." Anne's selection was "The Fairies' Mirror." The names were written on strips of birch bark with a pencil Schoolma'am Jane produced from her pocket, and placed in Anne's hat. Then Priscilla shut her eyes and drew one. "Crystal Lake," read Jane triumphantly. Crystal Lake it was, and if Anne thought that chance had played the pool a shabby trick she did not say so. Pushing through the undergrowth beyond, the girls came out to the young green seclusion of Mr. Silas Sloane's back pasture.

Across it they found the entrance to a lane striking up through the woods and voted to explore it also. It rewarded their quest with a succession of pretty surprises. First, skirting Mr. Sloane's pasture, came an archway of wild cherry trees all in bloom. The girls swung their hats on their arms and wreathed their hair with the creamy, fluffy blossoms. Then the lane turned at right angles and plunged into a spruce wood so thick and dark that they walked in a gloom as of twilight, with not a glimpse of sky or sunlight to be seen. "This is where the bad wood elves dwell," whispered Anne. "They are impish and malicious but they can't harm us, because they are not allowed to do evil in the spring. There was one peeping at us around that old twisted fir; and didn't you see a group of them on that big freckly toadstool we just passed? The good fairies always dwell in the sunshiny places." "I wish there really were fairies," said Jane. "Wouldn't it be nice to have three wishes granted you. . .or even only one? What would you wish for, girls, if you could have a wish granted? I'd wish to be rich and beautiful and clever." "I'd wish to be tall and slender," said Diana. "I would wish to be famous," said Priscilla. Anne thought of her hair and then dismissed the thought as unworthy. "I'd wish it might be spring all the time and in everybody's heart and all our lives," she said. "But that," said Priscilla, "would be just wishing this world were like heaven." "Only like a part of heaven. In the other parts there would be summer and autumn. . .yes, and a bit of winter, too. I think I want glittering snowy fields and white frosts in heaven sometimes. Don't you, Jane?" "I. . .I don't know," said Jane uncomfortably. Jane was a good girl, a member of the church, who tried conscientiously to live up to her profession and believed everything she had been taught. But she never thought about heaven any more than she could help, for all that. "Minnie May asked me the other day if we would wear our best dresses every day in heaven," laughed Diana. "And didn't you tell her we would?" asked Anne. "Mercy, no! I told her we wouldn't be thinking of dresses at all there." "Oh, I think we will. . .a *little*," said Anne earnestly. "There'll be plenty of time in all eternity for it without neglecting more important things. I believe we'll all wear beautiful dresses. . .or I suppose *raiment* would be a more suitable way of speaking. I shall want to wear pink for a few centuries at firSt. . .it would take me that long to get tired of it, I feel sure. I do love pink so and I can never wear it in *this* world." Past the spruces the lane dipped down into a sunny little open where a log bridge spanned a brook; and then came the glory of a sunlit beechwood where the air was like transparent golden wine, and the leaves fresh and green, and the wood floor a mosaic of tremulous sunshine. Then more wild cherries, and a little valley of lissome firs, and then a hill so steep that the girls lost their breath climbing it; but when they reached the top and came out into the open the prettiest surprise of all awaited them. Beyond were the "back fields" of the farms that ran out to the upper Carmody road. Just before them, hemmed in by beeches and firs but open to the south, was a little corner and in it a garden . . .or what had once been a garden. A tumbledown stone dyke, overgrown with mosses and grass, surrounded it. Along the eastern side ran a row of garden cherry trees, white as a snowdrift. There were traces of old paths still and a double line of rosebushes through the middle; but all the rest of the space was a sheet of yellow and white narcissi, in their airiest, most lavish, wind-swayed bloom above the lush green grasses. "Oh, how perfectly lovely!" three of the girls cried. Anne only gazed in eloquent silence. "How in the world does it happen that there ever was a garden back

here?" said Priscilla in amazement. "It must be Hester Gray's garden," said Diana. "I've heard mother speak of it but I never saw it before, and I wouldn't have supposed that it could be in existence still. You've heard the story, Anne?" "No, but the name seems familiar to me." "Oh, you've seen it in the graveyard. She is buried down there in the poplar corner. You know the little brown stone with the opening gates carved on it and `Sacred to the memory of Hester Gray, aged twenty-two.' Jordan Gray is buried right beside her but there's no stone to him. It's a wonder Marilla never told you about it, Anne. To be sure, it happened thirty years ago and everybody has forgotten." "Well, if there's a story we must have it," said Anne. "Let's sit right down here among the narcissi and Diana will tell it. Why, girls, there are hundreds of them. . .they've spread over everything. It looks as if the garden were carpeted with moonshine and sunshine combined. This is a discovery worth making. To think that I've lived within a mile of this place for six years and have never seen it before! Now, Diana." "Long ago," began Diana, "this farm belonged to old Mr. David Gray. He didn't live on it. . .he lived where Silas Sloane lives now. He had one son, Jordan, and he went up to Boston one winter to work and while he was there he fell in love with a girl named Hester Murray. She was working in a store and she hated it. She'd been brought up in the country and she always wanted to get back. When Jordan asked her to marry him she said she would if he'd take her away to some quiet spot where she'd see nothing but fields and trees. So he brought her to Avonlea. Mrs. Lynde said he was taking a fearful risk in marrying a Yankee, and it's certain that Hester was very delicate and a very poor housekeeper; but mother says she was very pretty and sweet and Jordan just worshipped the ground she walked on. Well, Mr. Gray gave Jordan this farm and he built a little house back here and Jordan and Hester lived in it for four years. She never went out much and hardly anybody went to see her except mother and Mrs. Lynde. Jordan made her this garden and she was crazy about it and spent most of her time in it. She wasn't much of a housekeeper but she had a knack with flowers. And then she got sick. Mother says she thinks she was in consumption before she ever came here. She never really laid up but just grew weaker and weaker all the time. Jordan wouldn't have anybody to wait on her. He did it all himself and mother says he was as tender and gentle as a woman. Every day he'd wrap her in a shawl and carry her out to the garden and she'd lie there on a bench quite happy. They say she used to make Jordan kneel down by her every night and morning and pray with her that she might die out in the garden when the time came. And her prayer was answered. One day Jordan carried her out to the bench and then he picked all the roses that were out and heaped them over her; and she just smiled up at him. . .and closed her eyes. . .and that," concluded Diana softly, "was the end." "Oh, what a dear story," sighed Anne, wiping away her tears. "What became of Jordan?" asked Priscilla. "He sold the farm after Hester died and went back to Boston. Mr. Jabez Sloane bought the farm and hauled the little house out to the road. Jordan died about ten years after and he was brought home and buried beside Hester." "I can't understand how she could have wanted to live back here, away from everything," said Jane. "Oh, I can easily understand *that*," said Anne thoughtfully. "I wouldn't want it myself for a steady thing, because, although I love the fields and woods, I love people too. But I can understand it in Hester. She was tired to death of the noise of the big city and the crowds of people always coming and going and caring nothing for her. She just

wanted to escape from it all to some still, green, friendly place where she could reSt. And she got just what she wanted, which is something very few people do, I believe. She had four beautiful years before she died. . .four years of perfect happiness, so I think she was to be envied more than pitied. And then to shut your eyes and fall asleep among roses, with the one you loved best on earth smiling down at you. . .oh, I think it was beautiful!"

"She set out those cherry trees over there," said Diana. "She told mother she'd never live to eat their fruit, but she wanted to think that something she had planted would go on living and helping to make the world beautiful after she was dead." "I'm so glad we came this way," said Anne, the shining-eyed. "This is my adopted birthday, you know, and this garden and its story is the birthday gift it has given me. Did your mother ever tell you what Hester Gray looked like, Diana?" "No. . .only just that she was pretty." "I'm rather glad of that, because I can imagine what she looked like, without being hampered by facts. I think she was very slight and small, with softly curling dark hair and big, sweet, timid brown eyes, and a little wistful, pale face." The girls left their baskets in Hester's garden and spent the rest of the afternoon rambling in the woods and fields surrounding it, discovering many pretty nooks and lanes. When they got hungry they had lunch in the prettiest spot of all. . .on the steep bank of a gurgling brook where white birches shot up out of long feathery grasses. The girls sat down by the roots and did full justice to Anne's dainties, even the unpoetical sandwiches being greatly appreciated by hearty, unspoiled appetites sharpened by all the fresh air and exercise they had enjoyed. Anne had brought glasses and lemonade for her guests, but for her own part drank cold brook water from a cup fashioned out of birch bark. The cup leaked, and the water tasted of earth, as brook water is apt to do in spring; but Anne thought it more appropriate to the occasion than lemonade. "Look do you see that poem?" she said suddenly, pointing. "Where?" Jane and Diana stared, as if expecting to see Runic rhymes on the birch trees. "There. . .down in the brook. . .that old green, mossy log with the water flowing over it in those smooth ripples that look as if they'd been combed, and that single shaft of sunshine falling right athwart it, far down into the pool. Oh, it's the most beautiful poem I ever saw." "I should rather call it a picture," said Jane. "A poem is lines and verses." "Oh dear me, no." Anne shook her head with its fluffy wild cherry coronal positively. "The lines and verses are only the outward garments of the poem and are no more really it than your ruffles and flounces are *you*, Jane. The real poem is the soul within them . . .and that beautiful bit is the soul of an unwritten poem. It is not every day one sees a soul. . .even of a poem." "I wonder what a soul. . .a person's soul. . .would look like," said Priscilla dreamily. "Like that, I should think," answered Anne, pointing to a radiance of sifted sunlight streaming through a birch tree. "Only with shape and features of course. I like to fancy souls as being made of light. And some are all shot through with rosy stains and quivers. . .and some have a soft glitter like moonlight on the sea. . .and some are pale and transparent like mist at dawn." "I read somewhere once that souls were like flowers," said Priscilla. "Then your soul is a golden narcissus," said Anne, "and Diana's is like a red, red rose. Jane's is an apple blossom, pink and wholesome and sweet." "And your own is a white violet, with purple streaks in its heart," finished Priscilla. Jane whispered to Diana that she really could not understand what they were talking about. Could she? The girls went home

by the light of a calm golden sunset, their baskets filled with narcissus blossoms from Hester's garden, some of which Anne carried to the cemetery next day and laid upon Hester's grave. Minstrel robins were whistling in the firs and the frogs were singing in the marshes. All the basins among the hills were brimmed with topaz and emerald light. "Well, we have had a lovely time after all," said Diana, as if she had hardly expected to have it when she set out. "It has been a truly golden day," said Priscilla. "I'm really awfully fond of the woods myself," said Jane. Anne said nothing. She was looking afar into the western sky and thinking of little Hester Gray.

Chapter XIII

1. Translate these sentences into Uzbek:

1) I suppose it might be, but that would be their own faults for thinking nasty things.

2) But the dance was not a success for the ground was boggy and Jane's rubbers came off.

3) The names were written on stripts of birch bark with a pencil Schoolma'am Jane produced from her pocket, and placed in Anna's hat.

4) They are impish and malicious but they can't harm us, because they are not allowed to do evil in the spring.

5) She was tried to death of the noise of the big city and the crowds of people always coming and going and caring nothing for her.

6) The girls left their baskets in Hester's garden and spent the rest of the afternoon rambling in the woods and fields surrounding it, discovering many pretty nooks and lanes.

7) The lines and verses are only the outward garments of the poem and are no more really it than your ruffles and flounces are you, Jane.

8) "How did such graceful feathery things ever come to have such a dreadful name?" asked Priscilla.

2. What do underlined expressions mean?

1) Who tried conscientiously <u>to live up to her profession?</u>

2) Where white birches <u>shot up out of long feathery grasses?</u>

3) <u>Put it out of your mind,</u> there's a dear.

4) And that to shut your eyes and <u>fall asleep among roses.</u>

5) Mother says she thinks she <u>was in consumption</u> before she ever came here.

6) I like <u>to fancy souls as being made of light.</u>

7) We're <u>to seek for beauty</u> and refuse to see anything else.

8) <u>Some inwards disturb of Anne's magic of words.</u>

3. Match the definitions of these words:

1. always
2. lonely
3. wood
4. heart
5. delicious
6. calm
7. beautiful
8. big
9. sound
10. justice
11. dream
12. shut

a. silence
b. soul
c. major
d. tasty
e. voice
f. every time
g. truth
h. forest
i. wish
j. alone
k. close
l. pretty

4. Using each of the following expressions below recall and retell the episode.

a) fault, consult, must be delightful, must mayflowers, foster sister, Priscilla is coming, a golden day, I have a conviction.

b) undergrowth, below, seclusion, Silas Sloane, pasture, vote to explore, rewarded, archway, wil cherry tree, bloom, swung, blossoms, a spruce wood.

c) Long ago, belong to, Mr. David Gray, Jordan, Boston, Hester Murray, to ask marry, Avonlea, Lynde, Yankee, poor housekeeper.

5. Draw squares on your note-book like at the example below and fill in the gaps with descriptions of the characters.

Priscilla	
Silas Slone	
Mr. David Garay	

6. Find the antonyms of the following words

1) disapprove
2) sharp
3) despairingly
4) worry
5) dissuade
6) quietly

Chapter XIV A Danger Averted

Anne, walking home from the post office one Friday evening, was joined by Mrs. Lynde, who was as usual cumbered with all the cares of church and state. "I've just been down to Timothy Cotton's to see if I could get Alice Louise to help me for a few days," she said. "I had her last week, for, though she's too slow to stop quick, she's better than nobody. But she's sick and can't come. Timothy's sitting there, too, coughing and complaining. He's been dying for ten years and he'll go on dying for ten years more. That kind can't even die and have done with it. . .they can't stick to anything, even to being sick, long enough to finish it. They're a terrible shiftless family and what is to become of them I don't know, but perhaps Providence does."Mrs. Lynde sighed as if she rather doubted the extent of Providential knowledge on the subject. "Marilla was in about her eyes again Tuesday, wasn't she? What did the specialist think of them?" she continued. "He was much pleased," said Anne brightly. "He says there is a great improvement in them and he thinks the danger of her losing her sight completely is past. But he says she'll never be able to read much or do any fine hand-work again. How are your preparations for your bazaar coming on?" The Ladies' Aid Society was preparing for a fair and supper, and Mrs. Lynde was the head and front of the enterprise. "Pretty well. . .and that reminds me. Mrs. Allan thinks it would be nice to fix up a booth like an old-time kitchen and serve a supper of baked beans, doughnuts, pie, and so on. We're collecting old-fashioned fixings everywhere. Mrs. Simon Fletcher is going to lend us her mother's braided rugs and Mrs. Levi Boulter some old chairs and Aunt Mary Shaw will lend us her cupboard with the glass doors. I suppose Marilla will let us have her brass candlesticks? And we want all the old dishes we can get. Mrs. Allan is specially set on having a real blue willow ware platter if we can find one. But nobody seems to have one. Do you know where we could get one?" "Miss Josephine Barry has one. I'll write and ask her if she'll lend it for the occasion," said Anne. "Well, I wish you would. I guess we'll

have the supper in about a fortnight's time. Uncle Abe Andrews is prophesying rain and storms for about that time; and that's a pretty sure sign we'll have fine weather." The said "Uncle Abe," it may be mentioned, was at least like other prophets in that he had small honor in his own country. He was, in fact, considered in the light of a standing joke, for few of his weather predictions were ever fulfilled. Mr. Elisha Wright, who labored under the impression that he was a local wit, used to say that nobody in Avonlea ever thought of looking in the Charlottetown dailies for weather probabilities. No; they just asked Uncle Abe what it was going to be tomorrow and expected the opposite. Nothing daunted, Uncle Abe kept on prophesying. "We want to have the fair over before the election comes off," continued Mrs. Lynde, "for the candidates will be sure to come and spend lots of money. The Tories are bribing right and left, so they might as well be given a chance to spend their money honestly for once." Anne was a red-hot Conservative, out of loyalty to Matthew's memory, but she said nothing. She knew better than to get Mrs. Lynde started on politics. She had a letter for Marilla, postmarked from a town in British Columbia. "It's probably from the children's uncle," she said excitedly, when she got home. "Oh, Marilla, I wonder what he says about them." "The best plan might be to open it and see," said Marilla curtly. A close observer might have thought that she was excited also, but she would rather have died than show it. Anne tore open the letter and glanced over the somewhat untidy and poorly written contents. "He says he can't take the children this spring. . .he's been sick most of the winter and his wedding is put off. He wants to know if we can keep them till the fall and he'll try and take them then. We will, of course, won't we Marilla?" "I don't see that there is anything else for us to do," said Marilla rather grimly, although she felt a secret relief. "Anyhow they're not so much trouble as they were. . .or else we've got used to them. Davy has improved a great deal." "His *manners* are certainly much better," said Anne cautiously, as if she were not prepared to say as much for his morals.Anne had come home from school the previous evening, to find Marilla away at an Aid meeting, Dora asleep on the kitchen sofa, and Davy in the sitting room closet, blissfully absorbing the contents of a jar of Marilla's famous yellow plum preserves. . . "company jam," Davy called it. . .which he had been forbidden to touch. He looked very guilty when Anne pounced on him and whisked him out of the closet. "Davy Keith, don't you know that it is very wrong of you to be eating that jam, when you were told never to meddle with anything in *that* closet?" "Yes, I knew it was wrong," admitted Davy uncomfortably, "but plum jam is awful nice, Anne. I just peeped in and it looked so good I thought I'd take just a weeny taste. I stuck my finger in. . ." Anne groaned. . ."and licked it clean. And it was so much gooder than I'd ever thought that I got a spoon and just *sailed in.*" Anne gave him such a serious lecture on the sin of stealing plum jam that Davy became conscience stricken and promised with repentant kisses never to do it again. "Anyhow, there'll be plenty of jam in heaven, that's one comfort," he said complacently. Anne nipped a smile in the bud. "Perhaps there will. . .if we want it," she said, "But what makes you think so?" "Why, it's in the catechism," said Davy. "Oh, no, there is nothing like *that* in the catechism, Davy." "But I tell you there is," persisted Davy. "It was

in that question Marilla taught me last Sunday. `Why should we love God?' It says, `Because He makes preserves, and redeems us.' Preserves is just a holy way of saying jam." "I must get a drink of water," said Anne hastily. When she came back it cost her some time and trouble to explain to Davy that a certain comma in the said catechism question made a great deal of difference in the meaning. "Well, I thought it was too good to be true," he said at last, with a sigh of disappointed conviction. "And besides, I didn't see when He'd find time to make jam if it's one endless Sabbath day, as the hymn says. I don't believe I want to go to heaven. Won't there ever be any Saturdays in heaven, Anne?" "Yes, Saturdays, and every other kind of beautiful days. And every day in heaven will be more beautiful than the one before it, Davy," assured Anne, who was rather glad that Marilla was not by to be shocked. Marilla, it is needless to say, was bringing the twins up in the good old ways of theology and discouraged all fanciful speculations thereupon. Davy and Dora were taught a hymn, a catechism question, and two Bible verses every Sunday. Dora learned meekly and recited like a little machine, with perhaps as much understanding or interest as if she were one. Davy, on the contrary, had a lively curiosity, and frequently asked questions which made Marilla tremble for his fate."Chester Sloane says we'll do nothing all the time in heaven but walk around in white dresses and play on harps; and he says he hopes he won't have to go till he's an old man, 'cause maybe he'll like it better then. And he thinks it will be horrid to wear dresses and I think so too. Why can't men angels wear trousers, Anne? Chester Sloane is interested in those things, 'cause they're going to make a minister of him. He's got to be a minister 'cause his grandmother left the money to send him to college and he can't have it unless he is a minister. She thought a minister was such a 'spectable thing to have in a family. Chester says he doesn't mind much. . .though he'd rather be a blacksmith. . .but he's bound to have all the fun he can before he begins to be a minister, 'cause he doesn't expect to have much afterwards. I ain't going to be a minister. I'm going to be a storekeeper, like Mr. Blair, and keep heaps of candy and bananas. But I'd rather like going to your kind of a heaven if they'd let me play a mouth organ instead of a harp. Do you s'pose they would?" "Yes, I think they would if you wanted it," was all Anne could trust herself to say. The A.V.I.S. met at Mr. Harmon Andrews' that evening and a full attendance had been requested, since important business was to be discussed. The A.V.I.S. was in a flourishing condition, and had already accomplished wonders. Early in the spring Mr. Major Spencer had redeemed his promise and had stumped, graded, and seeded down all the road front of his farm. A dozen other men, some prompted by a determination not to let a Spencer get ahead of them, others goaded into action by Improvers in their own households, had followed his example. The result was that there were long strips of smooth velvet turf where once had been unsightly undergrowth or brush. The farm fronts that had not been done looked so badly by contrast that their owners were secretly shamed into resolving to see what they could do another spring. The triangle of ground at the cross roads had also been cleared and seeded down, and Anne's bed of geraniums, unharmed by any marauding cow, was already set out in the center.

Altogether, the Improvers thought that they were getting on beautifully, even if Mr. Levi Boulter, tactfully approached by a carefully selected committee in regard to the old house on his upper farm, did bluntly tell them that he wasn't going to have it meddled with. At this especial meeting they intended to draw up a petition to the school trustees, humbly praying that a fence be put around the school grounds; and a plan was also to be discussed for planting a few ornamental trees by the church, if the funds of the society would permit of it. . .for, as Anne said, there was no use in starting another subscription as long as the hall remained blue. The members were assembled in the Andrews' parlor and Jane was already on her feet to move the appointment of a committee which should find out and report on the price of said trees, when Gertie Pye swept in, pompadoured and frilled within an inch of her life. Gertie had a habit of being late. . ."to make her entrance more effective," spiteful people said. Gertie's entrance in this instance was certainly effective, for she paused dramatically on the middle of the floor, threw up her hands, rolled her eyes, and exclaimed, "I've just heard something perfectly awful. What *do* you think? Mr. Judson Parker *is going to rent all the road fence of his farm to* a *Patent Medicine Company to paint advertisements on*." For once in her life Gertie Pye made all the sensation she desired. If she had thrown a bomb among the complacent Improvers she could hardly have made more. "It *can't* be true," said Anne blankly. "That's just what *I* said when I heard it first, don't you know," said Gertie, who was enjoying herself hugely. "*I* said it couldn't be true. . .that Judson Parker wouldn't have the *heart* to do it, don't you know. But father met him this afternoon and asked him about it and he said it *was* true. Just fancy! His farm is side-on to the Newbridge road and how perfectly awful it will look to see advertisements of pills and plasters all along it, don't you know?" The Improvers *did* know, all too well. Even the least imaginative among them could picture the grotesque effect of half a mile of board fence adorned with such advertisements. All thought of church and school grounds vanished before this new danger. Parliamentary rules and regulations were forgotten, and Anne, in despair, gave up trying to keep minutes at all. Everybody talked at once and fearful was the hubbub. "Oh, let us keep calm," implored Anne, who was the most excited of them all, "and try to think of some way of preventing him." "I don't know how you're going to prevent him," exclaimed Jane bitterly. "Everybody knows what Judson Parker is. He'd do *anything* for money. He hasn't a *spark* of public spirit or *any* sense of the beautiful." The prospect looked rather unpromising. Judson Parker and his sister were the only Parkers in Avonlea, so that no leverage could be exerted by family connections. Martha Parker was a lady of all too certain age who disapproved of young people in general and the Improvers in particular. Judson was a jovial, smooth-spoken man, so uniformly goodnatured and bland that it was surprising how few friends he had. Perhaps he had got the better in too many business transactions. . .which seldom makes for popularity. He was reputed to be very "sharp" and it was the general opinion that he "hadn't much principle." "If Judson Parker has a chance to `turn an honest penny,' as he says himself, he'll never lose it," declared Fred Wright. "Is there *nobody* who has any influence over him?" asked Anne despairingly. "He goes to see Louisa Spencer at White Sands,"

suggested Carrie Sloane. "Perhaps she could coax him not to rent his fences." "Not she," said Gilbert emphatically. "I know Louisa Spencer well. She doesn't `believe' in Village Improvement Societies, but she *does* believe in dollars and cents. She'd be more likely to urge Judson on than to dissuade him." "The only thing to do is to appoint a committee to wait on him and protest," said Julia Bell, "and you must send girls, for he'd hardly be civil to boys . . .but *I* won't go, so nobody need nominate me." "Better send Anne alone, " said Oliver Sloane. "She can talk Judson over if anybody can." Anne protested. She was willing to go and do the talking; but she must have others with her "for moral support." Diana and Jane were therefore appointed to support her morally and the Improvers broke up, buzzing like angry bees with indignation. Anne was so worried that she didn't sleep until nearly morning, and then she dreamed that the trustees had put a fence around the school and painted "Try Purple Pills" all over it. The committee waited on Judson Parker the next afternoon. Anne pleaded eloquently against his nefarious design and Jane and Diana supported her morally and valiantly. Judson was sleek, suave, flattering; paid them several compliments of the delicacy of sunflowers; felt real bad to refuse such charming young ladies . . .but business was business; couldn't afford to let sentiment stand in the way these hard times. "But I'll tell what I *will* do," he said, with a twinkle in his light, full eyes. "I'll tell the agent he must use only handsome, tasty colors. . .red and yellow and so on. I'll tell him he mustn't paint the ads *blue* on any account." The vanquished committee retired, thinking things not lawful to be uttered. "We have done all we can do and must simply trust the rest to Providence," said Jane, with an unconscious imitation of Mrs. Lynde's tone and manner. "I wonder if Mr. Allan could do anything," reflected Diana. Anne shook her head. "No, it's no use to worry Mr. Allan, especially now when the baby's so sick. Judson would slip away from him as smoothly as from us, although he *has* taken to going to church quite regularly just now. That is simply because Louisa Spencer's father is an elder and very particular about such things." "Judson Parker is the only man in Avonlea who would dream of renting his fences," said Jane indignantly. "Even Levi Boulter or Lorenzo White would never stoop to that, tightfisted as they are. They would have too much respect for public opinion." Public opinion was certainly down on Judson Parker when the facts became known, but that did not help matters much. Judson chuckled to himself and defied it, and the Improvers were trying to reconcile themselves to the prospect of seeing the prettiest part of the Newbridge road defaced by advertisements, when Anne rose quietly at the president's call for reports of committees on the occasion of the next meeting of the Society, and announced that Mr. Judson Parker had instructed her to inform the Society that he was *not* going to rent his fences to the Patent Medicine Company. Jane and Diana stared as if they found it hard to believe their ears. Parliamentary etiquette, which was generally very strictly enforced in the A.V.I.S., forbade them giving instant vent to their curiosity, but after the Society adjourned Anne was besieged for explanations. Anne had no explanation to give. Judson Parker had overtaken her on the road the preceding evening and told her that he had decided to humor the A.V.I.S. in its peculiar prejudice against patent medicine advertisements. That was all Anne would say, then or ever afterwards,

and it was the simple truth; but when Jane Andrews, on her way home, confided to Oliver Sloane her firm belief that there was more behind Judson Parker's mysterious change of heart than Anne Shirley had revealed, she spoke the truth also. Anne had been down to old Mrs. Irving's on the shore road the preceding evening and had come home by a short cut which led her first over the low-lying shore fields, and then through the beech wood below Robert Dickson's, by a little footpath that ran out to the main road just above the Lake of Shining Waters. . .known to unimaginative people as Barry's pond. Two men were sitting in their buggies, reined off to the side of the road, just at the entrance of the path. One was Judson Parker; the other was Jerry Corcoran, a Newbridge man against whom, as Mrs. Lynde would have told you in eloquent italics, nothing shady had ever been *proved*. He was an agent for agricultural implements and a prominent personage in matters political. He had a finger. . . some people said *all* his fingers. . .in every political pie that was cooked; and as Canada was on the eve of a general election Jerry Corcoran had been a busy man for many weeks, canvassing the county in the interests of his party's candidate. Just as Anne emerged from under the overhanging beech boughs she heard Corcoran say, "If you'll vote for Amesbury, Parker. . .well, I've a note for that pair of harrows you've got in the spring. I suppose you wouldn't object to having it back, eh?" "We. . .ll, since you put it in that way," drawled Judson with a grin, "I reckon I might as well do it. A man must look out for his own interests in these hard times." Both saw Anne at this moment and conversation abruptly ceased. Anne bowed frostily and walked on, with her chin slightly more tilted than usual. Soon Judson Parker overtook her. "Have a lift, Anne?" he inquired genially. "Thank you, no," said Anne politely, but with a fine, needle-like disdain in her voice that pierced even Judson Parker's none too sensitive consciousness. His face reddened and he twitched his reins angrily; but the next second prudential considerations checked him. He looked uneasily at Anne, as she walked steadily on, glancing neither to the right nor to the left. Had she heard Corcoran's unmistakable offer and his own too plain acceptance of it? Confound Corcoran! If he couldn't put his meaning into less dangerous phrases he'd get into trouble some of these long-come-shorts. And confound redheaded school-ma'ams with a habit of popping out of beechwoods where they had no business to be. If Anne had heard, Judson Parker, measuring her corn in his own half bushel, as the country saying went, and cheating himself thereby, as such people generally do, believed that she would tell it far and wide. Now, Judson Parker, as has been seen, was not overly regardful of public opinion; but to be known as having accepted a bribe would be a nasty thing; and if it ever reached Isaac Spencer's ears farewell forever to all hope of winning Louisa Jane with her comfortable prospects as the heiress of a well-to-do farmer. Judson Parker knew that Mr. Spencer looked somewhat askance at him as it was; he could not afford to take any risks. "Ahem. . .Anne, I've been wanting to see you about that little matter we were discussing the other day. I've decided not to let my fences to that company after all. A society with an aim like yours ought to be encouraged." Anne thawed out the merest trifle. "Thank you," she said. "And. . .and. . .you needn't mention that little conversation of mine with Jerry." "I have no intention of mentioning it in

any case," said Anne icily, for she would have seen every fence in Avonlea painted with advertisements before she would have stooped to bargain with a man who would sell his vote."Just so. . .just so," agreed Judson, imagining that they understood each other beautifully. "I didn't suppose you would. Of course, I was only stringing Jerry. . .he thinks he's so all-fired cute and smart. I've no intention of voting for Amesbury. I'm going to vote for Grant as I've always done. . .you'll see that when the election comes off. I just led Jerry on to see if he would commit himself. And it's all right about the fence . . .you can tell the Improvers that." "It takes all sorts of people to make a world, as I've often heard, but I think there are some who could be spared," Anne told her reflection in the east gable mirror that night. "I wouldn't have mentioned the disgraceful thing to a soul anyhow, so my conscience is clear on *that* score. I really don't know who or what is to be thanked for this. *I* did nothing to bring it about, and it's hard to believe that Providence ever works by means of the kind of politics men like Judson Parker and Jerry Corcoran have."

Chapter XIV

1. Translate into Uzbek.

1) He’s been dying fot ten years and he’ll go on dying for ten
2) years more.
3) He’s got to be a minister cause his grandmother left the money to send him to college and he is a minister.
4) Anne nipped a smile in the bud
5) All thought of church and school grounds vanished before this new danger.
6) Public opinion was certainly down on Judson Parker when the facts became known, but that did not help matters much.
7) And confound redheaded school – maams wish a habit of popping out of buchwoods where they had no business to be.

2. Full the sentences.

1) Mrs. Allan thinks it would to nice …
2) “Chester Sloane says we’ll do nothing all …
3) And it was so much gooder than I’d ever thought that…
4) Ever the least imaginative them could picture …
5) “Judson Parker is the only man in Avonlea who …
6) That is simply because Louisa Spencer’s father is …

3. Find the definition to this words:

1) Cumbered
2) Enterprise
3) Willow ware platter
4) Prophesying
5) Catechism
6) Postmarked
7) Repentant
8) Conscience
9) Complacently
10) Transactions

4. Choose the right definition of the verbs.

1) Doubted –
2) Fulfill –
3) To avert –
4) to prophesy –
5) to tremble –
6) assure –
7) resolve –

a) to prevent something bad or harmful from happening
b) to tell someone that smth will definitely happen or is definitely true
c) to find a satisfactory way of dealing with a disagreement
d) a feeling of not being certain about something
e) to describe a future event using religious or magic powers
f) to shake because of nervousness, afraid, or excitement.
g) To reach a particular standard, or to have the qualities that are necessary for something.

5. Find the synonyms of following

1) curiosity
2) contrary
3) heaven
4) marauding
5) weeny
6) spiteful

6. Find the authors of following sentences.

1) miss Josephine has one …
2) We want to have the fair over before the election comes off.
3) Why should we love god.
4) The best plan might be to open it and see.

5) “I hadn’t just what I said when I heard it first, don’t you khown”

6) “He goes to see Louisa Spencer at white Sands”

Chapter XV The Beginning of Vacation

Anne locked the schoolhouse door on a still, yellow evening, when the winds were purring in the spruces around the playground, and the shadows were long and lazy by the edge of the woods. She dropped the key into her pocket with a sigh of satisfaction. The school year was ended, she had been reengaged for the next, with many expressions of satisfaction. . .only Mr. Harmon Andrews told her she ought to use the strap oftener. . .and two delightful months of a well-earned vacation beckoned her invitingly. Anne felt at peace with the world and herself as she walked down the hill with her basket of flowers in her hand. Since the earliest mayflowers Anne had never missed her weekly pilgrimage to Matthew's grave. Everyone else in Avonlea, except Marilla, had already forgotten quiet, shy, unimportant Matthew Cuthbert; but his memory was still green in Anne's heart and always would be. She could never forget the kind old man who had been the first to give her the love and sympathy her starved childhood had craved. At the foot of the hill a boy was sitting on the fence in the shadow of the spruces. . .a boy with big, dreamy eyes and a beautiful, sensitive face. He swung down and joined Anne, smiling; but there were traces of tears on his cheeks. "I thought I'd wait for you, teacher, because I knew you were going to the graveyard," he said, slipping his hand into hers. "I'm going there, too. . .I'm taking this bouquet of geraniums to put on Grandpa Irving's grave for grandma. And look, teacher, I'm going to put this bunch of white roses beside Grandpa's grave in memory of my little mother. . .because I can't go to her grave to put it there. But don't you think she'll know all about it, just the same?" "Yes, I am sure she will, Paul." "You see, teacher, it's just three years today since my little mother died. It's such a long, long time but it hurts just as much as ever. . .and I miss her just as much as ever. Sometimes it seems to me that I just can't bear it, it hurts so." Paul's voice quivered and his lip trembled. He looked down at his roses, hoping that his teacher would not notice the tears in

his eyes. "And yet," said Anne, very softly, "you wouldn't want it to stop hurting . . .you wouldn't want to forget your little mother even if you could." "No, indeed, I wouldn't. . .that's just the way I feel. You're so good at understanding, teacher. Nobody else understands so well. . .not even grandma, although she's so good to me. Father understood pretty well, but still I couldn't talk much to him about mother, because it made him feel so bad. When he put his hand over his face I always knew it was time to stop. Poor father, he must be dreadfully lonesome without me; but you see he has nobody but a housekeeper now and he thinks housekeepers are no good to bring up little boys, especially when he has to be away from home so much on business. Grandmothers are better, next to mothers. Someday, when I'm brought up, I'll go back to father and we're never going to be parted again."Paul had talked so much to Anne about his mother and father that she felt as if she had known them. She thought his mother must have been very like what he was himself, in temperament and disposition; and she had an idea that Stephen Irving was a rather reserved man with a deep and tender nature which he kept hidden scrupulously from the world. "Father's not very easy to get acquainted with," Paul had said once. "I never got really acquainted with him until after my little mother died. But he's splendid when you do get to know him. I love him the best in all the world, and Grandma Irving next, and then you, teacher. I'd love you next to father if it wasn't my *duty* to love Grandma Irving best, because she's doing so much for me. *You* know, teacher. I wish she would leave the lamp in my room till I go to sleep, though. She takes it right out as soon as she tucks me up because she says I mustn't be a coward. I'm *not* scared, but I'd *rather* have the light. My little mother used always to sit beside me and hold my hand till I went to sleep. I expect she spoiled me. Mothers do sometimes, you know." No, Anne did not know this, although she might imagine it. She thought sadly of *her* "little mother," the mother who had thought her so "perfectly beautiful" and who had died so long ago and was buried beside her boyish husband in that unvisited grave far away. Anne could not remember her mother and for this reason she almost envied Paul.

"My birthday is next week," said Paul, as they walked up the long red hill, basking in the June sunshine, "and father wrote me that he is sending me something that he thinks I'll like better than anything else he could send. I believe it has come already, for Grandma is keeping the bookcase drawer locked and that is something new. And when I asked her why, she just looked mysterious and said little boys mustn't be too curious. It's very exciting to have a birthday, isn't it? I'll be eleven. You'd never think it to look at me, would you? Grandma says I'm very small for my age and that it's all because I don't eat enough porridge. I do my very best, but Grandma gives such generous platefuls. . .there's nothing mean about Grandma, I can tell you. Ever since you and I had that talk about praying going home from Sunday School that day, teacher. . . when you said we ought to pray about all our difficulties. . .I've prayed every night that God would give me enough grace to enable me to eat every bit of my porridge in the mornings. But I've never been able to do it yet, and whether it's because I have too little grace or too much porridge I really can't decide. Grandma says father was brought up on porridge, and it certainly did work well in his case, for you ought to see the shoulders he has.

But sometimes," concluded Paul with a sigh and a meditative air "I really think porridge will be the death of me." Anne permitted herself a smile, since Paul was not looking at her. All Avonlea knew that old Mrs. Irving was bringing her grandson up in accordance with the good, old-fashioned methods of diet and morals. "Let us hope not, dear," she said cheerfully. "How are your rock people coming on? Does the oldest Twin still continue to behave himself?" "He *has* to," said Paul emphatically. "He knows I won't associate with him if he doesn't. He is really full of wickedness, I think." "And has Nora found out about the Golden Lady yet?" "No; but I think she suspects. I'm almost sure she watched me the last time I went to the cave. *I* don't mind if she finds out. . . it is only for *her* sake I don't want her to. . .so that her feelings won't be hurt. But if she is *determined* to have her feelings hurt it can't be helped." "If I were to go to the shore some night with you do you think I could see your rock people too?" Paul shook his head gravely. "No, I don't think you could see *my* rock people. I'm the only person who can see them. But you could see rock people of your own. You're one of the kind that can. We're both that kind. *You* know, teacher," he added, squeezing her hand chummily. "Isn't it splendid to be that kind, teacher?" "Splendid," Anne agreed, gray shining eyes looking down into blue shining ones. Anne and Paul both knew "How fair the realmImagination opens to the view,"and both knew the way to that happy land. There the rose of joy bloomed immortal by dale and stream; clouds never darkened the sunny sky; sweet bells never jangled out of tune; and kindred spirits abounded. The knowledge of that land's geography. . . "east o' the sun, west o' the moon". . .is priceless lore, not to be bought in any market place. It must be the gift of the good fairies at birth and the years can never deface it or take it away. It is better to possess it, living in a garret, than to be the inhabitant of palaces without it. The Avonlea graveyard was as yet the grass-grown solitude it had always been. To be sure, the Improvers had an eye on it, and Priscilla Grant had read a paper on cemeteries before the last meeting of the Society. At some future time the Improvers meant to have the lichened, wayward old board fence replaced by a neat wire railing, the grass mown and the leaning monuments straightened up. Anne put on Matthew's grave the flowers she had brought for it, and then went over to the little poplar shaded corner where Hester Gray slept. Ever since the day of the spring picnic Anne had put flowers on Hester's grave when she visited Matthew's. The evening before she had made a pilgrimage back to the little deserted garden in the woods and brought therefrom some of Hester's own white roses. "I thought you would like them better than any others, dear," she said softly. Anne was still sitting there when a shadow fell over the grass and she looked up to see Mrs. Allan. They walked home together. Mrs. Allan's face was not the face of the girlbride whom the minister had brought to Avonlea five years before. It had lost some of its bloom and youthful curves, and there were fine, patient lines about eyes and mouth. A tiny grave in that very cemetery accounted for some of them; and some new ones had come during the recent illness, now happily over, of her little son. But Mrs. Allan's dimples were as sweet and sudden as ever, her eyes as clear and bright and true; and what her face lacked of girlish beauty was now more than atoned for in added tenderness and strength.

"I suppose you are looking forward to your vacation, Anne?" she said, as they left the graveyard. Anne nodded. "Yes.. . .I could roll the word as a sweet morsel under my tongue. I think the summer is going to be lovely. For one thing, Mrs. Morgan is coming to the Island in July and Priscilla is going to bring her up. I feel one of my old `thrills' at the mere thought." "I hope you'll have a good time, Anne. You've worked very hard this past year and you have succeeded." "Oh, I don't know. I've come so far short in so many things. I haven't done what I meant to do when I began to teach last fall. I haven't lived up to my ideals." "None of us ever do," said Mrs. Allan with a sigh. "But then, Anne, you know what Lowell says, `Not failure but low aim is crime.' We must have ideals and try to live up to them, even if we never quite succeed. Life would be a sorry business without them. With them it's grand and great. Hold fast to your ideals, Anne." "I shall try. But I have to let go most of my theories," said Anne, laughing a little. "I had the most beautiful set of theories you ever knew when I started out as a schoolma'am, but every one of them has failed me at some pinch or another." "Even the theory on corporal punishment," teased Mrs. Allan. But Anne flushed. "I shall never forgive myself for whipping Anthony." "Nonsense, dear, he deserved it. And it agreed with him. You have had no trouble with him since and he has come to think there's nobody like you. Your kindness won his love after the idea that a 'girl was no good' was rooted out of his stubborn mind." "He may have deserved it, but that is not the point. If I had calmly and deliberately decided to whip him because I thought it a just punishment for him I would not feel over it as I do. But the truth is, Mrs. Allan, that I just flew into a temper and whipped him because of that. I wasn't thinking whether it was just or unjust. . .even if he hadn't deserved it I'd have done it just the same. That is what humiliates me." "Well, we all make mistakes, dear, so just put it behind you. We should regret our mistakes and learn from them, but never carry them forward into the future with us. There goes Gilbert Blythe on his wheel. . .home for his vacation too, I suppose. How are you and he getting on with your studies?" "Pretty well. We plan to finish the Virgil tonight. . .there are only twenty lines to do. Then we are not going to study any more until September." "Do you think you will ever get to college?" "Oh, I don't know." Anne looked dreamily afar to the opal-tinted horizon. "Marilla's eyes will never be much better than they are now, although we are so thankful to think that they will not get worse. And then there are the twins. . .somehow I don't believe their uncle will ever really send for them. Perhaps college may be around the bend in the road, but I haven't got to the bend yet and I don't think much about it lest I might grow discontented." "Well, I should like to see you go to college, Anne; but if you never do, don't be discontented about it. We make our own lives wherever we are, after all. . .college can only help us to do it more easily. They are broad or narrow according to what we put into them, not what we get out. Life is rich and full here. . . everywhere. . .if we can only learn how to open our whole hearts to its richness and fulness." "I think I understand what you mean," said Anne thoughtfully, "and I know I have so much to feel thankful for. . .oh, so much. . . my work, and Paul Irving, and the dear twins, and all my friends. Do you know, Mrs. Allan, I'm so thankful for friendship. It beautifies life so much.""True friendship is a very helpfulul thing indeed," said

Mrs. Allan, "and we should have a very high ideal of it, and never sully it by any failure in truth and sincerity. I fear the name of friendship is often degraded to a kind of intimacy that has nothing of real friendship in it." "Yes. . .like Gertie Pye's and Julia Bell's. They are very intimate and go everywhere together; but Gertie is always saying nasty things of Julia behind her back and everybody thinks she is jealous of her because she is always so pleased when anybody criticizes Julia. I think it is desecration to call that friendship. If we have friends we should look only for the best in them and give them the best that is in us, don't you think? Then friendship would be the most beautiful thing in the world." "Friendship *is* very beautiful," smiled Mrs. Allan, "but some day. . ." Then she paused abruptly. In the delicate, white-browed face beside her, with its candid eyes and mobile features, there was still far more of the child than of the woman. Anne's heart so far harbored only dreams of friendship and ambition, and Mrs. Allan did not wish to brush the bloom from her sweet unconsciousness. So she left her sentence for the future years to finish.

Chapter XV

1. Find the definition of this words.

1) Playground
2) Miss
3) Satisfaction
4) College
5) Thoughtfully
6) Abruptly
7) Discontent
8) Whipping
9) Deliberately
10) Humiliate

2. Whose speeches are these?

1. “I shall never forgive myself for whipping Anthony”.
2. “He knows I won’t associate with him if he doesn’t.”
3. “No I don’t think you could see my rock people”.
4. “My birthday is next week”
5. “Then friend would be the most beautiful thing in the world”.
6. “I never got really acquainted with him until after my little mother died”.
7. We must have ideals and try to live up to them, even if we never quite succeed.

3. Complete the sentences.

1) Well, we all make mistakes, dear …
2) We plan to finish the Virgil tonight …
3) Perhaps college may be around the bend in the road …
4) Do you know, Mrs? Allan, …
5) I fear the name of friendship is often degraded to a kind of intimacy that …
6) Paul had talked so much to Anne about his mother and …
7) I've prayed every night that …
8) Your kindness won his love after the idea that …

4. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

1) A society … an aim like yours ought to be encouraged.
2) So she left her sentence … the future years to finish.
3) Anne permitted … herself a smile, since Paul was not looking … her.
4) The Avonlea graveyard was as yet the grass-grown solitude … it had always been.
5) The evening … she had made a pilgrimage back … the little deserted garden … the woods and brought there from some … Hester's own white roses.
6) When he put his hand … his face I always knew it was time to stop.
7) My little mother used always to sit … me and hold my hand till I went to sleep.
8) Anne could not remember her mother and … this reason she almost envied Paul.

5. Translate the sentences into Uzbek.

1. If I had calmly, and deliberately decide to whip him because I thought it a just punishment for him. I would not feel over it as I do.
2. If we have friends we should look on for the best in them and give them the best that is in us, don't you think.
3. In the delicate, white browed face beside her, with its candid eyes and mobile features, there was still far more of the child than of the woman.
4. "I thought I'd wait for you, teacher because I knew you were going to the graveyard", he said slipping his hand into hers.
5. They are broad or narrow according to what we put into them, not what we get out.

6. Find the antonyms of these words.

1) Discontented
2) Understanding
3) Ambitious
4) Satisfaction
5) Priceless.

Chapter XVI The Substance of Things Hoped For

"Anne," said Davy appealingly, scrambling up on the shiny, leather-covered sofa in the Green Gables kitchen, where Anne sat, reading a letter, "Anne, I'm *awful* hungry. You've no idea." "I'll get you a piece of bread and butter in a minute," said Anne absently. Her letter evidently contained some exciting news, for her cheeks were as pink as the roses on the big bush outside, and her eyes were as starry as only Anne's eyes could be. "But I ain't bread and butter hungry, " said Davy in a disgusted tone. "I'm plum cake hungry." "Oh," laughed Anne, laying down her letter and putting her arm about Davy to give him a squeeze, "that's a kind of hunger that can be endured very comfortably, Davy-boy. You know it's one of Marilla's rules that you can't have anything but bread and butter between meals." "Well, gimme a piece then. . .please." Davy had been at last taught to say "please," but he generally tacked it on as an afterthought. He looked with approval at the generous slice Anne presently brought to him. "You always put such a nice lot of butter on it, Anne. Marilla spreads it pretty thin. It slips down a lot easier when there's plenty of butter." The slice "slipped down" with tolerable ease, judging from its rapid disappearance. Davy slid head first off the sofa, turned a double somersault on the rug, and then sat up and announced decidedly, "Anne, I've made up my mind about heaven. I don't want to go there." "Why not?" asked Anne gravely., and I don't like Simon Fletcher." "Heaven in. . .Simon Fletcher's garret!" gasped Anne, too amazed even to laugh. "Davy Keith, whatever put such an extraordinary idea into your head?" "Milty Boulter says that's where it is. It was last Sunday in Sunday School. The lesson was about Elijah and Elisha, and I up and asked Miss Rogerson where heaven was. Miss Rogerson looked awful offended. She was cross anyhow, because when she'd asked us what Elijah left Elisha when he went to heaven Milty Boulter said, `His old clo'es,' and us fellows

all laughed before we thought. I wish you could think first and do things afterwards, 'cause then you wouldn't do them. But Milty didn't mean to be disrespeckful. He just couldn't think of the name of the thing. Miss Rogerson said heaven was where God was and I wasn't to ask questions like that. Milty nudged me and said in a whisper, `Heaven's in Uncle Simon's garret and I'll esplain about it on the road home.' So when we was coming home he esplained. Milty's a great hand at esplaining things. Even if he don't know anything about a thing he'll make up a lot of stuff and so you get it esplained all the same. His mother is Mrs. Simon's sister and he went with her to the funeral when his cousin, Jane Ellen, died. The minister said she'd gone to heaven, though Milty says she was lying right before them in the coffin. But he s'posed they carried the coffin to the garret afterwards. Well, when Milty and his mother went upstairs after it was all over to get her bonnet he asked her where heaven was that Jane Ellen had gone to, and she pointed right to the ceiling and said, `Up there.' Milty knew there wasn't anything but the garret over the ceiling, so that's how *he* found out. And he's been awful scared to go to his Uncle Simon's ever since." Anne took Davy on her knee and did her best to straighten out this theological tangle also. She was much better fitted for the task than Marilla, for she remembered her own childhood and had an instinctive understanding of the curious ideas that seven-year-olds sometimes get about matters that are, of course, very plain and simple to grown up people. She had just succeeded in convincing Davy that heaven was *not* in Simon Fletcher's garret when Marilla came in from the garden, where she and Dora had been picking peas. Dora was an industrious little soul and never happier than when "helping" in various small tasks suited to her chubby fingers. She fed chickens, picked up chips, wiped dishes, and ran errands galore. She was neat, faithful and observant; she never had to be told how to do a thing twice and never forgot any of her little duties. Davy, on the other hand, was rather heedless and forgetful; but he had the born knack of winning love, and even yet Anne and Marilla liked him the better. While Dora proudly shelled the peas and Davy made boats of the pods, with masts of matches and sails of paper, Anne told Marilla about the wonderful contents of her letter. "Oh, Marilla, what do you think? I've had a letter from Priscilla and she says that Mrs. Morgan is on the Island, and that if it is fine Thursday they are going to drive up to Avonlea and will reach here about twelve. They will spend the afternoon with us and go to the hotel at White Sands in the evening, because some of Mrs. Morgan's American friends are staying there. Oh, Marilla, isn't it wonderful? I can hardly believe I'm not dreaming." "I daresay Mrs. Morgan is a lot like other people," said Marilla drily, although she did feel a trifle excited herself. Mrs. Morgan was a famous woman and a visit from her was no commonplace occurrence. "They'll be here to dinner, then?" "Yes; and oh, Marilla, may I cook every bit of the dinner myself? I want to feel that I can do something for the author of `The Rosebud Garden,' if it is only to cook a dinner for her. You won't mind, will you?" "Goodness, I'm not so fond of stewing over a hot fire in July that it would vex me very much to have someone else do it. You're quite welcome to the job." "Oh, thank you," said Anne, as if Marilla had just conferred a tremendous favor, "I'll make out the menu this very night." "You'd better not try to

put on too much style," warned Marilla, a little alarmed by the high-flown sound of "menu." You'll likely come to grief if you do." "Oh, I'm not going to put on any `style,' if you mean trying to do or have things we don't usually have on festal occasions," assured Anne. "That would be affectation, and, although I know I haven't as much sense and steadiness as a girl of seventeen and a schoolteacher ought to have, I'm not so silly *as* that. But I want to have everything as nice and dainty as possible. Davy-boy, don't leave those peapods on the back stairs. . .someone might slip on them. I'll have a light soup to begin with. . .you know I can make lovely cream-of-onion soup. . .and then a couple of roast fowls. I'll have the two white roosters. I have real affection for those roosters and they've been pets ever since the gray hen hatched out just the two of them. . .little balls of yellow down. But I know they would have to be sacrificed sometime, and surely there couldn't be a worthier occasion than this. But oh, Marilla, *I* cannot kill them. . .not even for Mrs. Morgan's sake. I'll have to ask John Henry Carter to come over and do it for me." "I'll do it," volunteered Davy, "if Marilla'll hold them by the legs" cause I guess it'd take both my hands to manage the axe. It's awful jolly fun to see them hopping about after their heads are cut off." "Then I'll have peas and beans and creamed potatoes and a lettuce salad, for vegetables," resumed Anne, "and for dessert, lemon pie with whipped cream, and coffee and cheese and lady fingers. I'll make the pies and lady fingers tomorrow and do up my white muslin dress. And I must tell Diana tonight, for she'll want to do up hers. Mrs. Morgan's heroines are nearly always dressed in white muslin, and Diana and I have always resolved that that was what we would wear if we ever met her. It will be such a delicate compliment, don't you think? Davy, dear, you mustn't poke peapods into the cracks of the floor. I must ask Mr. and Mrs. Allan and Miss Stacy to dinner, too, for they're all very anxious to meet Mrs. Morgan. It's so fortunate she's coming while Miss Stacy is here. Davy dear, don't sail the peapods in the water bucket. . .go out to the trough. Oh, I do hope it will be fine Thursday, and I think it will, for Uncle Abe said last night when he called at Mr. Harrison's, that it was going to rain most of this week." "That's a good sign," agreed Marilla. Anne ran across to Orchard Slope that evening to tell the news to Diana, who was also very much excited over it, and they discussed the matter in the hammock swung under the big willow in the Barry garden. "Oh, Anne, mayn't I help you cook the dinner?" implored Diana. "You know I can make splendid lettuce salad." "Indeed you, may" said Anne unselfishly. "And I shall want you to help me decorate too. I mean to have the parlor simply a *bower* of blossoms. . .and the dining table is to be adorned with wild roses. Oh, I do hope everything will go smoothly. Mrs. Morgan's heroines *never* get into scrapes or are taken at a disadvantage, and they are always so selfpossessed and such good housekeepers. They seem to be *born* good housekeepers. You remember that Gertrude in `Edgewood Days' kept house for her father when she was only eight years old. When I was eight years old I hardly knew how to do a thing except bring up children. Mrs. Morgan must be an authority on girls when she has written so much about them, and I do want her to have a good opinion of us. I've imagined it all out a dozen different ways. . .what she'll look like, and what she'll say, and what I'll say. And I'm so anxious about my

nose. There are seven freckles on it, as you can see. They came at the A.V.I S. picnic, when I went around in the sun without my hat. I suppose it's ungrateful of me to worry over them, when I should be thankful they're not spread all over my face as they once were; but I do wish they hadn't come. . .all Mrs. Morgan's heroines have such perfect complexions. I can't recall a freckled one among them." "Yours are not very noticeable," comforted Diana. "Try a little lemon juice on them tonight." The next day Anne made her pies and lady fingers, did up her muslin dress, and swept and dusted every room in the house. . .a quite unnecessary proceeding, for Green Gables was, as usual, in the apple pie order dear to Marilla's heart. But Anne felt that a fleck of dust would be a desecration in a house that was to be honored by a visit from Charlotte E. Morgan. She even cleaned out the "catch-all" closet under the stairs, although there was not the remotest possibility of Mrs. Morgan's seeing its interior. "But I want to *feel* that it is in perfect order, even if she isn't to see it," Anne told Marilla. "You know, in her book `Golden Keys,' she makes her two heroines Alice and Louisa take for their motto that verse of Longfellow's, "`In the elder days of artBuilders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part, For the gods see everywhere,'and so they always kept their cellar stairs scrubbed and never forgot to sweep under the beds. I should have a guilty conscience if I thought this closet was in disorder when Mrs. Morgan was in the house. Ever since we read `Golden Keys,' last April, Diana and I have taken that verse for our motto too." That night John Henry Carter and Davy between them contrived to execute the two white roosters, and Anne dressed them, the usually distasteful task glorified in her eyes by the destination of the plump birds. "I don't like picking fowls," she told Marilla, "but isn't it fortunate we don't have to put our souls into what our hands may be doing? I've been picking chickens with my hands but in imagination I've been roaming the Milky Way." "I thought you'd scattered more feathers over the floor than usual," remarked Marilla. Then Anne put Davy to bed and made him promise that he would behave perfectly the next day. "If I'm as good as good can be all day tomorrow will you let me be just as bad as I like all the next day?" asked Davy. "I couldn't do that," said Anne discreetly, "but I'll take you and Dora for a row in the flat right to the bottom of the pond, and we'll go ashore on the sandhills and have a picnic." "It's a bargain," said Davy. "I'll be good, you bet. I meant to go over to Mr. Harrison's and fire peas from my new popgun at Ginger but another day'll do as well. I espect it will be just like Sunday, but a picnic at the shore'll make up for *that*."

CHAPTER XVI

1. Here are several expressions taken from the text. Translate each of them into Russian or Uzbek. Make up sentences of your own.

-- to get somebody something; to make up something; to go with;

---to be scared to; to frighten out something; to find something out;

2. Whom do these words belong to and whom were they talking to:

1. "Oh, thank you. I'll make out the menu this very right."
2. "You'd better not try to put on too much style. You'll likely come to grief if you do."
3. "I'll do it if Marilla'll hold them by the legs cause I guess It'd take both my hands to manage the axe. It's awful jolly fun to see them hopping about after their heads are cut off."
4. "I thought you'd scattered more feathers over the floor than usual."
5. I'm as good as good can be all day tomorrow will you let me be just as bad as I like all the next day.

3. Group work. Divide the class into group of 3 students.

Try to get to role and become each of students in the chapter and discuss their dialogues. Then make up the dialogue with your own sentences about the themes of the dialogues.

4. Using each of the following expressions below recall and retell the episode.

a) the lesson; Sunday; school; awful offended; to be disrespectful; make up a lot of stuff; to carry the coffin; funeral, garret;

b) festal occasions; assure; be affectation; steadiness; schoolteacher; peapods; cream-of-onion soup; roaster; to be sacrificed;

c) disadvantage; housekeepers; Gertrude; Mrs. Morgan; an authority; imagine out; anxious; A.V.I.S. picnic; complexions;

5. Draw squares on your note-book like at the example below and fill in the gaps with descriptions of the characters.

Marilla	
Anne	
Davy	

6. Answer the questions:

1. What was Anne doing when Davy asked her about her meaning and said he was hungry?
2. What Davy wanted to eat instead of bread and butter?
3. Who was the lesson at last Sunday lesson in Sunday school about?
4. What did Dora and Davy do when Anne told Marilla about the wonderful contents of her letter?
5. Who Anne wanted to kill the two white roosters for her?
6. Who was the author of “Golden Keys”

Chapter XVII A Chapter of Accidents

Anne woke three times in the night and made pilgrimages to her window to make sure that Uncle Abe's prediction was not coming true. Finally the morning dawned pearly and lustrous in a sky full of silver sheen and radiance, and the wonderful day had arrived. Diana appeared soon after breakfast, with a basket of flowers over one arm and *her* muslin dress over the other. . .for it would not do to don it until all the dinner preparations were completed. Meanwhile she wore her afternoon pink print and a lawn apron fearfully and wonderfully ruffled and frilled; and very neat and pretty and rosy she was. "You look simply sweet," said Anne admiringly. Diana sighed. "But I've had to let out every one of my dresses *again*. I weigh four pounds more than I did in July. Anne, *where* will this end? Mrs. Morgan's heroines are all tall and slender." "Well, let's forget our troubles and think of our mercies," said Anne gaily. "Mrs. Allan says that whenever we think of anything that is a trial to us we should also think of something nice that we can set over against it. If you are slightly too plump you've got the dearest dimples; and if I have a freckled nose the *shape* of it is all right. Do you think the lemon juice did any good?" "Yes, I really think it did," said Diana critically; and, much elated, Anne led the way to the garden, which was full of airy shadows and wavering golden lights. "We'll decorate the parlor first. We have plenty of time, for Priscilla said they'd be here about twelve or half past at the latest, so we'll have dinner at one." There may have been two happier and more excited girls somewhere in Canada or the United States at that moment, but I doubt it. Every snip of the scissors, as rose and peony and bluebell fell, seemed to chirp, "Mrs. Morgan is coming today." Anne wondered how Mr. Harrison *could* go on placidly mowing

hay in the field across the lane, just as if nothing were going to happen. The parlor at Green Gables was a rather severe and gloomy apartment, with rigid horsehair furniture, stiff lace curtains, and white antimacassars that were always laid at a perfectly correct angle, except at such times as they clung to unfortunate people's buttons. Even Anne had never been able to infuse much grace into it, for Marilla would not permit any alterations. But it is wonderful what flowers can accomplish if you give them a fair chance; when Anne and Diana finished with the room you would not have recognized it. A great blue bowlful of snowballs overflowed on the polished table. The shining black mantelpiece was heaped with roses and ferns. Every shelf of the what-not held a sheaf of bluebells; the dark corners on either side of the grate were lighted up with jars full of glowing crimson peonies, and the grate itself was aflame with yellow poppies. All this splendor and color, mingled with the sunshine falling through the honeysuckle vines at the windows in a leafy riot of dancing shadows over walls and floor, made of the usually dismal little room the veritable "bower" of Anne's imagination, and even extorted a tribute of admiration from Marilla, who came in to criticize and remained to praise. "Now, we must set the table," said Anne, in the tone of a priestess about to perform some sacred rite in honor of a divinity. "We'll have a big vaseful of wild roses in the center and one single rose in front of everybody's plate -- and a special bouquet of rosebuds only by Mrs. Morgan's -- an allusion to `The Rosebud Garden' you know." The table was set in the sitting room, with Marilla's finest linen and the best china, glass, and silver. You may be perfectly certain that every article placed on it was polished or scoured to the highest possible perfection of gloss and glitter. Then the girls tripped out to the kitchen, which was filled with appetizing odors emanating from the oven, where the chickens were already sizzling splendidly. Anne prepared the potatoes and Diana got the peas and beans ready. Then, while Diana shut herself into the pantry to compound the lettuce salad, Anne, whose cheeks were already beginning to glow crimson, as much with excitement as from the heat of the fire, prepared the bread sauce for the chickens, minced her onions for the soup, and finally whipped the cream for her lemon pies. And what about Davy all this time? Was he redeeming his promise to be good? He was, indeed. To be sure, he insisted on remaining in the kitchen, for his curiosity wanted to see all that went on. But as he sat quietly in a corner, busily engaged in untying the knots in a piece of herring net he had brought home from his last trip to the shore, nobody objected to this.

At half past eleven the lettuce salad was made, the golden circles of the pies were heaped with whipped cream, and everything was sizzling and bubbling that ought to sizzle and bubble. "We'd better go and dress now," said Anne, "for they may be here by twelve. We must have dinner at sharp one, for the soup must be served as soon as it's done." Serious indeed were the toilet rites presently performed in the east gable. Anne peered anxiously at her nose and rejoiced to see that its freckles were not at all prominent, thanks either to the lemon juice or to the unusual flush on her cheeks. When they were ready they looked quite as sweet and trim and girlish as ever did any of "Mrs. Morgan's heroines." "I do hope I'll be able

to say something once in a while, and not sit like a mute," said Diana anxiously. "All Mrs. Morgan's heroines converse so beautifully. But I'm afraid I'll be tongue-tied and stupid. And I'll be sure to say `I seen.' I haven't often said it since Miss Stacy taught here; but in moments of excitement it's sure to pop out. Anne, if I were to say `I seen' before Mrs. Morgan I'd die of mortification. And it would be almost as bad to have nothing to say." "I'm nervous about a good many things," said Anne, "but I don't think there is much fear that I won't be able to talk" And, to do her justice, there wasn't. Anne shrouded her muslin glories in a big apron and went down to concoct her soup. Marilla had dressed herself and the twins, and looked more excited than she had ever been known to look before. At half past twelve the Allans and Miss Stacy came. Everything was going well but Anne was beginning to feel nervous. It was surely time for Priscilla and Mrs. Morgan to arrive. She made frequent trips to the gate and looked as anxiously down the lane as ever her namesake in the Bluebeard story peered from the tower casement. "Suppose they don't come at all?" she said piteously. "Don't suppose it. It would be too mean," said Diana, who, however, was beginning to have uncomfortable misgivings on the subject. "Anne," said Marilla, coming out from the parlor, "Miss Stacy wants to see Miss Barry's willowware platter." Anne hastened to the sitting room closet to get the platter. She had, in accordance with her promise to Mrs. Lynde, written to Miss Barry of Charlottetown, asking for the loan of it. Miss Barry was an old friend of Anne's, and she promply sent the platter out, with a letter exhorting Anne to be very careful of it, for she had paid twenty dollars for it. The platter had served its purpose at the Aid bazaar and had then been returned to the Green Gables closet, for Anne would not trust anybody but herself to take it back to town. She carried the platter carefully to the front door where her guests were enjoying the cool breeze that blew up from the brook. It was examined and admired; then, just as Anne had taken it back into her own hands, a terrific crash and clatter sounded from the kitchen pantry. Marilla, Diana, and Anne fled out, the latter pausing only long enough to set the precious platter hastily down on the second step of the stairs. When they reached the pantry a truly harrowing spectacle met their eyes. . .a guilty looking small boy scrambling down from the table, with his clean print blouse liberally plastered with yellow filling, and on the table the shattered remnants of what had been two brave, becreamed lemon pies. Davy had finished ravelling out his herring net and had wound the twine into a ball. Then he had gone into the pantry to put it up on the shelf above the table, where he already kept a score or so of similar balls, which, so far as could be discovered, served no useful purpose save to yield the joy of possession. Davy had to climb on the table and reach over to the shelf at a dangerous angle. . .something he had been forbidden by Marilla to do, as he had come to grief once before in the experiment. The result in this instance was disastrous. Davy slipped and came sprawling squarely down on the lemon pies. His clean blouse was ruined for that time and the pies for all time. It is, however, an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the pig was eventually the gainer by Davy's mischance. "Davy Keith," said Marilla, shaking him by the shoulder, "didn't I forbid you to climb up on that table again? Didn't I?" "I forgot," whimpered Davy. "You've told me not to do such an awful lot

of things that I can't remember them all." "Well, you march upstairs and stay there till after dinner. Perhaps you'll get them sorted out in your memory by that time. No, Anne, never you mind interceding for him. I'm not punishing him because he spoiled your pies. . .that was an accident. I'm punishing him for his disobedience. Go, Davy, I say." "Ain't I to have any dinner?" wailed Davy. "You can come down after dinner is over and have yours in the kitchen." "Oh, all right," said Davy, somewhat comforted. "I know Anne'll save some nice bones for me, won't you, Anne? 'Cause you know I didn't mean to fall on the pies. Say, Anne, since they *are* spoiled can't I take some of the pieces upstairs with me?" "No, no lemon pie for you, Master Davy," said Marilla, pushing him toward the hall." What shall we do for dessert?" asked Anne, looking regretfully at the wreck and ruin. "Get out a crock of strawberry preserves," said Marilla consolingly. "There's plenty of whipped cream left in the bowl for it." One o'clock came. . .but no Priscilla or Mrs. Morgan. Anne was in an agony. Everything was done to a turn and the soup was just what soup should be, but couldn't be depended on to remain so for any length of time. "I don't believe they're coming after all," said Marilla crossly. Anne and Diana sought comfort in each other's eyes. At half past one Marilla again emerged from the parlor. "Girls, we *must* have dinner. Everybody is hungry and it's no use waiting any longer. Priscilla and Mrs. Morgan are not coming, that's plain, and nothing is being improved by waiting." Anne and Diana set about lifting the dinner, with all the zest gone out of the performance. "I don't believe I'll be able to eat a mouthful," said Diana dolefully. "Nor I. But I hope everything will be nice for Miss Stacy's and Mr. and Mrs. Allan's sakes," said Anne listlessly. When Diana dished the peas she tasted them and a very peculiar expression crossed her face. "Anne, did *you* put sugar in these peas?" "Yes," said Anne, mashing the potatoes with the air of one expected to do her duty. "I put a spoonful of sugar in. We always do. Don't you like it?" "But *I* put a spoonful in too, when I set them on the stove," said Diana. Anne dropped her masher and tasted the peas also. Then she made a grimace. "How awful! I never dreamed you had put sugar in, because I knew your mother never does. I happened to think of it, for a wonder. . . I'm always forgetting it. . .so I popped a spoonful in." "It's a case of too many cooks, I guess," said Marilla, who had listened to this dialogue with a rather guilty expression. "I didn't think you'd remember about the sugar, Anne, for I'm perfectly certain you never did before . . . so *I* put in a spoonful." The guests in the parlor heard peal after peal of laughter from the kitchen, but they never knew what the fun was about. There were no green peas on the dinner table that day, however. "Well," said Anne, sobering down again with a sigh of recollection, "we have the salad anyhow and I don't think anything has happened to the beans. Let's carry the things in and get it over." It cannot be said that that dinner was a notable success socially. The Allans and Miss Stacy exerted themselves to save the situation and Marilla's customary placidity was not noticeably ruffled. But Anne and Diana, between their disappointment and the reaction from their excitement of the forenoon, could neither talk nor eat. Anne tried heroically to bear her part in the conversation for the sake of her guests; but all the sparkle had been quenched in her for the time being, and, in spite of her love for the Allan's and Miss Stacy, she couldn't help thinking how nice it would be when everybody had gone home and she could bury her weariness and disappointment in the pillows of the east gable. There is an old proverb that really seems at times to be inspired . . ."it never rains but it pours." The measure of that day's tribulations was not yet full. Just as Mr. Allan had

finished returning thanks there arose a strange, ominous sound on the stairs, as of some hard, heavy object bounding from step to step, finishing up with a grand smash at the bottom. Everybody ran out into the hall. Anne gave a shriek of dismay. At the bottom of the stairs lay a big pink conch shell amid the fragments of what had been Miss Barry's platter; and at the top of the stairs knelt a terrified Davy, gazing down with wide-open eyes at the havoc. "Davy," said Marilla ominously, "did you throw that conch down *on purpose*?" "No, I never did," whimpered Davy. "I was just kneeling here, quiet as quiet, to watch you folks through the banisters, and my foot struck that old thing and pushed it off. . .and I'm awful hungry. . .and I do wish you'd lick a fellow and have done with it, instead of always sending him upstairs to miss all the fun." "Don't blame Davy," said Anne, gathering up the fragments with trembling fingers. "It was my fault. I set that platter there and forgot all about it. I am properly punished for my carelessness; but oh, what will Miss Barry say?" "Well, you know she only bought it, so it isn't the same as if it was an heirloom," said Diana, trying to console. The guests went away soon after, feeling that it was the most tactful thing to do, and Anne and Diana washed the dishes, talking less than they had ever been known to do before. Then Diana went home with a headache and Anne went with another to the east gable, where she stayed until Marilla came home from the post office at sunset, with a letter from Priscilla, written the day before. Mrs. Morgan had sprained her ankle so severely that she could not leave her room. "And oh, Anne dear," wrote Priscilla, "I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid we won't get up to Green Gables at all now, for by the time Aunty's ankle is well she will have to go back to Toronto. She has to be there by a certain date." "Well," sighed Anne, laying the letter down on the red sandstone step of the back porch, where she was sitting, while the twilight rained down out of a dappled sky, "I always thought it was too good to be true that Mrs. Morgan should really come. But there . . . that speech sounds as pessimistic as Miss Eliza Andrews and I'm ashamed of making it. After all, it was *not* too good to be true. . .things just as good and far better are coming true for me all the time. And I suppose the events of today have a funny side too. Perhaps when Diana and I are old and gray we shall be able to laugh over them. But I feel that I can't expect to do it before then, for it has truly been a bitter disappointment." "You'll probably have a good many more and worse disappointments than that before you get through life," said Marilla, who honestly thought she was making a comforting speech. "It seems to me, Anne that you are never going to outgrow your fashion of setting your heart so on things and then crashing down into despair because you don't get them." "I know I'm too much inclined that, way" agreed Anne ruefully. "When I think something nice is going to happen I seem to fly right up on the wings of anticipation; and then the first thing I realize I drop down to earth with a thud. But really, Marilla, the flying part *is* glorious as long as it lasts. . .it's like soaring through a sunset. I think it almost pays for the thud." "Well, maybe it does," admitted Marilla. "I'd rather walk calmly along and do without both flying and thud. But everybody has her own way of living. . .I used to think there was only one right way . . .but since I've had you and the twins to bring up I don't feel so sure of it. What are you going to do about Miss Barry's platter?" "Pay her back the twenty dollars she paid for it, I suppose. I'm so thankful it wasn't a cherished heirloom because then no money could replace it." "Maybe you could find one like it somewhere and buy it for her." "I'm afraid not. Platters as old as that are very scarce. Mrs. Lynde couldn't find one anywhere for the supper. I only wish I could, for of course Miss Barry would just as soon have one platter as another, if both were equally old and genuine. Marilla, look at that big star over Mr. Harrison's maple grove, with all that holy hush of silvery sky about it. It gives me a

feeling that is like a prayer. After all, when one can see stars and skies like that, little disappointments and accidents can't matter so much, can they?" "Where's Davy?" said Marilla, with an indifferent glance at the star. "In bed. I've promised to take him and Dora to the shore for a picnic tomorrow. Of course, the original agreement was that he must be good. But he *tried* to be good . . and I hadn't the heart to disappoint him." "You'll drown yourself or the twins, rowing about the pond in that flat," grumbled Marilla. "I've lived here for sixty years and I've never been on the pond yet." "Well, it's never too late to mend," said Anne roguishly. "Suppose you come with us tomorrow. We'll shut Green Gables up and spend the whole day at the shore, daffing the world aside." "No, thank you," said Marilla, with indignant emphasis. "I'd be a nice sight, wouldn't I, rowing down the pond in a flat? I think I hear Rachel pronouncing on it. There's Mr. Harrison driving away somewhere. Do you suppose there is any truth in the gossip that Mr. Harrison is going to see Isabella Andrews?" "No, I'm sure there isn't. He just called there one evening on business with Mr. Harmon Andrews and Mrs. Lynde saw him and said she knew he was courting because he had a white collar on. I don't believe Mr. Harrison will ever marry. He seems to have a prejudice against marriage." "Well, you can never tell about those old bachelors. And if he had a white collar on I'd agree with Rachel that it looks suspicious, for I'm sure he never was seen with one before." "I think he only put it on because he wanted to conclude a business deal with Harmon Andrews," said Anne. "I've heard him say that's the only time a man needs to be particular about his appearance, because if he looks prosperous the party of the second part won't be so likely to try to cheat him. I really feel sorry for Mr. Harrison; I don't believe he feels satisfied with his life. It must be very lonely to have no one to care about except a parrot, don't you think? But I notice Mr. Harrison doesn't like to be pitied. Nobody does, I imagine." "There's Gilbert coming up the lane," said Marilla. "If he wants you to go for a row on the pond mind you put on your coat and rubbers. There's heavy dew tonight."

CHAPTER XVII

1. Here are several expressions taken from the text. Translate each of them into Uzbek. Make up sentences.

-- to let out something;
-- to blame somebody;
-- to set over against something;
-- to be in an agony;
-- to forbid to do something;
-- pay somebody back;
-- hear somebody say something;
-- to do one’s best to do something;

2. Whom do these phrases belong to?

1. “I’ve lived here for 60 years and I’ve never been on the pond yet.”
2. Whose words are these and about whom is the speech: “I think he only put it on because he wanted to conclude a business deal with Harmon Andrews”
3. “Didn’t I forbid you to climb up on that table again?! Didn’t I?”
4. … says that whenever we think of anything that is a great trial to us we should also think of something nice that we can set over against it.
5. “I don’t believe I’ll be able to eat a mouthful ….”

3. Finish the sentences and see whether you remember the idea of them.

1. Well, let’s forget our …and think of …
2. If you’re slightly … you’ve got the …, and if I have … … of it is ….

3. Did you throw that …?
4. You'll probably have a good many more …… through life.
5. You've told me not to do … … all.

4. Find the equal words or word combinations.

Rain ←------→ …
Crimson ←------→ …
Suppose ←------→ …
Hasten ←------→ …
Thankful ←------→ …
Accident ←------→ …
Elated ←------→ …
Disappointment ←------→ …

5. Explain the differences.

On purpose <> By accident
To discover <> To invent
Hire <> Rent
Space <> The space

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