

Anne
of Green Gables

**W wersji do nauki angielskiego
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Trzech panów w łódce (nie licząc psa)

Lucy Maud Montgomery

Marta Fihel • Dariusz Jemielniak • Grzegorz Komerski



Anne *of* Green Gables

Ania z Zielonego Wzgórza

w wersji do nauki angielskiego

wydawnictwo
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Wstęp

Ania z Zielonego Wzgórza to książka zdecydowanie wyjątkowa. Wychowało się na niej wiele pokoleń kobiet na całym świecie, choć literacka wartość powieści powoduje, że sięgają po nią chętnie także mężczyźni. Trzeba też zauważyć, że powstała z myślą o Czytelnikach w różnym wieku, ale współcześnie uchodzi raczej za książkę przeznaczoną dla młodzieży.

Napisana w 1908 roku przez Lucy Maud Montgomery stała się bezdyskusyjnym światowym bestsellerem – dość powiedzieć, że sprzedano ponad 50 milionów egzemplarzy książki w około 40 różnych językach! Stanowi też kanwę licznych filmów, seriali, kreskówek, sztuk teatralnych, a nawet musicali od 50 lat wystawianych na całym świecie. W 2003 roku w sondażu przeprowadzonym na zamówienie BBC w Wielkiej Brytanii *Ania z Zielonego Wzgórza* zajęła 41. miejsce w rankingu ulubionych powieści czytelników w różnym wieku.

Powieść jest tak popularna do dnia dzisiejszego, że turyści odwiedzający Wyspę Księcia Edwarda, na której toczy się akcja utworu, stanowią podporę tamtejszej gospodarki. Zwiedzając wyspę, trudno nie natknąć się na oferty wycieczek tematycznych, a tablice rejestracyjne w tej prowincji Kanady długo ozdabiał portret głównej bohaterki.

Sukces autorka zawdzięcza m.in. temu, że udało jej się nawiązać do własnych doświadczeń z wiejskiego życia na Wyspie Księcia Edwarda, dzięki czemu opisy przyrody i otoczenia są niezwykle wierne, a przy tym barwne i plastyczne. Sama fabuła powieści jest jednak fikcyjna. Opiera się na oryginalnym pomysłe: opisuje historię dziewczynki-sieroty, która zostaje wysłana przez pomyłkę do dorosłego rodzeństwa, które chciało zaadoptować chłopca, aby pomagał w pracy na roli.

Na początku XX wieku historyjki o sierotach były dosyć popularnym motywem, jednak ciekawy punkt wyjścia, a także zajmujące opisy życia dorastającej dziewczyny, pełne realistycznych emocji, relacji z innymi nastolatkami i dorosłymi, rywalizacji, ambicji, marzeń i pragnień oraz trudności z dostosowaniem do realiów nowego życia i oczekiwań otoczenia, szybko wyróżniły *Anię z Zielonego Wzgórza* od wielu pozornie podobnych powieści.

Jako ciekawostkę można podać, że powieść jest niezwykle popularna w Japonii i od blisko 70 lat stanowi tam obowiązkową lekturę szkolną. Japoński tytuł książki to *Rudowłosa Anna*, a kanadyjską wyspę regularnie odwiedzają japońskie nastolatki w przeфарbowanych na rudo kucykach (na wzór głównej bohaterki), a także japońskie pary, które pragną pobrać się właśnie w małej ojczyźnie Ani.

Książka doczekała się licznych kontynuacji, w tym pośmiertnych, a także prequela. Jednak *Ania z Zielonego Wzgórza* pozostała niedoścignionym wzorem, prawdziwym *Harry Potterem* swoich czasów. Warto sięgnąć po tę perłę literatury i zanurzyć się w świecie odległej Kanady, a przede wszystkim poznać oryginalną bohaterkę.

Opracowany przez nas podręcznik oparty na oryginalnym tekście powieści został skonstruowany według przejrzystego schematu.

- Na marginesach tekstu podano **objaśnienia** trudniejszych wyrazów.
- Każdy rozdział jest zakończony krótkim testem sprawdzającym stopień **rozumienia tekstu**.
- Zawarty po każdym rozdziale dział **O słowach** jest poświęcony poszerzeniu słownictwa z danej dziedziny, synonimom, kolokacjom, wyrazom kłopotliwym, *phrasal verbs* oraz wyrażeniom idiomatycznym.
- W dziale poświęconym **gramatyce** omówiono wybrane zagadnienia gramatyczne, ilustrowane fragmentami poszczególnych części powieści.
- Dla dociekliwych został również opracowany komentarz do wybranych tematów związanych z **kulturą i historią**.

Różnorodne ćwiczenia pozwolą Czytelnikowi powtórzyć i sprawdzić omówione w podręczniku zagadnienia leksykalne i gramatyczne. Alfabetyczny wykaz wyrazów objaśnianych na marginesie tekstu znajduje się w **słowniczku**. Odpowiedzi do wszystkich zadań zamkniętych są podane w **kluczu** na końcu książki.

Part 1

SŁOWNICTWO

CHAPTER 1

Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow, fringed with alders and ladies' eardrops and traversed by a brook that had its source away back in the woods of the old Cuthbert place; it was reputed to be an intricate, head-long brook in its earlier course through those woods, with dark secrets of pool and cascade; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum; it probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel was sitting at her window, keeping a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

There are plenty of people in Avonlea and out of it, who can attend closely to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own; but Mrs. Rachel Lynde was one of those capable creatures who can manage their own concerns and those of other folks into the bargain. She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she "ran" the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the

dip (down): obniżać się, nachylać się
hollow: dolinka
fringed: otoczony, obramowany
alder: olcha
ladies' eardrops: (bot.) niecierpek pomarańczowy
traverse: przecinać
reputed: uznawany, domniemany
intricate: zawity, wijący się
well-conducted: dobrze ułożony
due: należny, należyty
regard: wzgląd
decency: przyzwoitość
decorum: dobre obyczaje, dobre maniery
ferret out: wyszukiwać, wywęszyc
whys and wherefores: przyczyny i powody
thereof: tegoż
by dint of: dzięki czemu
capable: sprawny,

kompetentny, utalentowany
concern: sprawa
into the bargain: ponadto,
 dodatkowo
run (ran, run): prowadzić
prop: podpora, filar
auxiliary: pomoc
abundant: wystarczający
knit: robić na drutach
cotton warp: bawełniany
be wont to: mieć w zwyczaju
awed: pełen respektu
wind (wound, wound) up: wić się
peninsula: półwysep
jut out: wystawać
run the gauntlet: być wystawionym na/być narażonym na krytykę
bridal: ślubny, weselny
flush: rumieniec
hum: brzęczeć
myriad: mnóstwo
meek: potulny, łagodny
sow (sowed, sown): siać
turnip: rzepa
volunteer: oferować, podsuwać dobrowolnie

placidly: spokojnie
moreover: co więcej, ponadto

buggy: powóz, powozik
sorrel: kasztanowy
mare: klacz
betoken: świadczyć, wróżyć, zapowiadać
considerable: znaczny
deftly: zręcznie, wprawnie

Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary. Yet with all this Mrs. Rachel found abundant time to sit for hours at her kitchen window, knitting “cotton warp” quilts – she had knitted sixteen of them, as Avonlea housekeepers were wont to tell in awed voices – and keeping a sharp eye on the main road that crossed the hollow and wound up the steep red hill beyond.

Since Avonlea occupied a little triangular peninsula jutting out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with water on two sides of it, anybody who went out of it or into it had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of Mrs. Rachel’s all-seeing eye.

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June. The sun was coming in at the window warm and bright; the orchard on the slope below the house was in a bridal flush of pinky-white bloom, hummed over by a myriad of bees. Thomas Lynde – a meek little man whom Avonlea people called “Rachel Lynde’s husband” – was sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn; and Matthew Cuthbert ought to have been sowing his on the big red brook field away over by Green Gables. Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair’s store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed the next afternoon. Peter had asked him, of course, for Matthew Cuthbert had never been known to volunteer information about anything in his whole life.

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

Had it been any other man in Avonlea, Mrs. Rachel, deftly putting this and that together, might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew so rarely went from home that it must be something

pressing and unusual which was taking him; he was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Matthew, dressed up with a white collar and driving in a buggy, was something that didn't happen often. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

"I'll just step over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he's gone and why," the worthy woman finally concluded. "He doesn't generally go to town this time of year and he NEVER visits; if he'd run out of turnip seed he wouldn't dress up and take the buggy to go for more; he wasn't driving fast enough to be going for a doctor. Yet something must have happened since last night to start him off. I'm clean puzzled, that's what, and I won't know a minute's peace of mind or conscience until I know what has taken Matthew Cuthbert out of Avonlea today."

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out; she had not far to go; the big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods when he founded his homestead. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated. Mrs. Rachel Lynde did not call living in such a place LIVING at all.

"It's just STAYING, that's what," she said as she stepped along the deep-rutted, grassy lane bordered with wild rose bushes. "It's no wonder Matthew and Marilla are both a little odd, living away back here by themselves. Trees aren't much company, though dear knows if they were there'd be enough of them. I'd ruther look at people. To be sure, they seem contented enough; but then, I suppose, they're used to it. A body

pressing: pilny, niecierpiący zwłoki

ponder: zastanawiać się, rozmyślać

conclude: dojść do wniosku

conscience: sumienie

accordingly: wobec czego
rambling: rozlegle zbudowany, rozwlekły
embowered: ocieniony
scant: skromny, niewielki

retreat: wycofać się, ukrywać się

homestead: obejście, gospodarstwo
barely: ledwie

deep-rutted: z głębokimi koleinami

ruther = rather
contented: zadowolony

patriarchal: patriarszy, stary

willow: wierzba

prim: schludny

Lombardy: czarna topola

stray: zbłąkany, przypadkowy

overbrim: przepełniać,

przelewać (się)

proverbial: przysłowiowy

peck of dirt: pyłek brudu

(nietrafione nawiązanie do: you must eat a peck of dirt before you die, gdzie peck znaczy *mnóstwo*)

rap: stukać

smartly: energicznie

bid (bade, bidden): poprosić, nakazać

parlor: salon

mellow: łagodny

nodding: kiwający się,

kołyszący się

birch: brzoza

tangle: plątania

vine: winorośl

crab-apple: rajskie jabłko

preserves: przetwory

can get used to anything, even to being hanged, as the Irishman said.”

With this Mrs. Rachel stepped out of the lane into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and the other with prim Lombardies. Not a stray stick nor stone was to be seen, for Mrs. Rachel would have seen it if there had been. Privately she was of the opinion that Marilla Cuthbert swept that yard over as often as she swept her house. One could have eaten a meal off the ground without overbrimming the proverbial peck of dirt.

Mrs. Rachel rapped smartly at the kitchen door and stepped in when bidden to do so. The kitchen at Green Gables was a cheerful apartment – or would have been cheerful if it had not been so painfully clean as to give it something of the appearance of an unused parlor. Its windows looked east and west; through the west one, looking out on the back yard, came a flood of mellow June sunlight; but the east one, whence you got a glimpse of the bloom white cherry-trees in the left orchard and nodding, slender birches down in the hollow by the brook, was greened over by a tangle of vines. Here sat Marilla Cuthbert, when she sat at all, always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously; and here she sat now, knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

Mrs. Rachel, before she had fairly closed the door, had taken a mental note of everything that was on that table. There were three plates laid, so that Marilla must be expecting some one home with Matthew to tea; but the dishes were everyday dishes and there was only crab-apple preserves and one kind of cake, so that the expected company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew’s white collar and the sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

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

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

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

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

Marilla’s lips **twitched** understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel up; she had known that the sight of Matthew **jaunting off** so **unaccountably** would be too much for her neighbor’s curiosity.

“Oh, no, I’m quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday,” she said. “Matthew went to Bright River. We’re getting a little boy from an **orphan asylum** in Nova Scotia and he’s coming on the train tonight.”

If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually **stricken dumb** for five seconds. It was **unsupposable** that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

“Are you **in earnest**, Marilla?” she **demanded** when voice returned to her.

“Yes, of course,” said Marilla, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm instead of being an unheard of innovation.

briskly: zwawo, rześko

dissimilarity: brak

podobieństwa, różnice

angle: kąt (w geometrii)

curve: krągłość, linia falista

streak: pasmo

twisted up: zwinęty

wire: druciany, matalowy

rigid: surowy, sztywny

slightly: odrobinę, lekko

consider: uważać za, uznawać za

indicative of: wskazujący na

twitch: drgnąć, wykrzywić się

jaunt off: jechać na wyprawę

unaccountably:

z niewyjaśnionych przyczyn

orphan asylum: dom sierot, sierociniec

stricken dumb: oniemiały,

porażony niemotą

unsupposable:

nieprawdopodobny, nie do pomyślenia

in earnest: serio, poważny

demand: pytać stanowczo

jolt: wstrząs

exclamation point: wykrzyknik

notion: pomysł, idea

disapprovingly: z dezaprobatą

perforce: siłą rzeczy,

z konieczności

disapprove: potępiać, nie

pochwalać

spry: rzeński, dziarski, żwawy

lobster: homar

cannery: fabryka konserw

Home boy: tu: sierota z Anglii

sound: mocno (o śnie)

likely: obiecujący; miły

chores: obowiązki domowe,

prace domowe

Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt. She thought in exclamation points. A boy! Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert of all people adopting a boy! From an orphan asylum! Well, the world was certainly turning upside down! She would be surprised at nothing after this! Nothing!

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

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

“Well, we’ve been thinking about it for some time – all winter in fact,” returned Marilla. “Mrs. Alexander Spencer was up here one day before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl from the asylum over in Hopeton in the spring. Her cousin lives there and Mrs. Spencer has visited here and knows all about it. So Matthew and I have talked it over off and on ever since. We thought we’d get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know – he’s sixty – and he isn’t so spry as he once was. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it’s got to be to get hired help. There’s never anybody to be had but those stupid, half-grown little French boys; and as soon as you do get one broke into your ways and taught something he’s up and off to the lobster canneries or the States. At first Matthew suggested getting a Home boy. But I said ‘no’ flat to that. ‘They may be all right--I’m not saying they’re not--but no London street Arabs for me,’ I said. ‘Give me a native born at least. There’ll be a risk, no matter who we get. But I’ll feel easier in my mind and sleep sounder at nights if we get a born Canadian.’ So in the end we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out one when she went over to get her little girl. We heard last week she was going, so we sent her word by Richard Spencer’s folks at Carmody to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age – old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. We had a telegram from Mrs. Alexander Spencer today – the

mail-man brought it from the station – saying they were coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off there. Of course she goes on to White Sands station herself.”

Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind; she proceeded to speak it now, having adjusted her mental attitude to this amazing piece of news.

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

This Job’s comforting seemed neither to offend nor to alarm Marilla. She knitted steadily on.

“I don’t deny there’s something in what you say, Rachel. I’ve had some qualms myself. But Matthew was terrible set on it. I could see that, so I gave in. It’s so seldom Matthew sets his mind on anything that when he does I always feel it’s my duty to give in. And as for the risk, there’s risks in pretty near everything a body does in this world. There’s risks in people’s having children of their own if it comes to that – they don’t always turn out well. And then Nova Scotia is right close to the Island. It isn’t as if we were getting him from England or the States. He can’t be much different from ourselves.”

“Well, I hope it will turn out all right,” said Mrs. Rachel in a tone that plainly indicated her painful doubts. “Only don’t say I didn’t warn you if he burns

speak one’s mind: głośno wyrażać swoje zdanie
proceed: przejść do
adjust: dostosować
attitude: stosunek
mighty: bardzo, niezwykle

disposition: usposobienie, skłonności
turn out: okazywać się
why: jak to
on purpose: naumyślnie, celowo
crisp: wiór
suck: ssać, wysysać
break somebody of something: oduczyć kogoś czegoś

Job’s comforting: pocieszanie Hioba (pocieszanie o odwrotnym skutku, w którym wykazujemy, że nieszczęście spotkało rozmówcę z jego własnej winy)
offend: obrażać
deny: zaprzeczać
qualm: wątpliwość
set one’s mind on something: uprzeć się, bardzo czegoś chcieć

indicate: wskazywać

agony: cierpienie

purely: czysto

feminine: kobiecy

accomplishment: osiągnięcie

shrink (shrank, shrunk)

from: cofnąć się przed

second to

none: nieustępujący żadnemu
innemu

relief: ulga

revive: ożywiać, ożywać

ejaculate: wykrzyknąć

uncanny: niesamowity;

zatrważający

be in somebody's shoes: być
na czyimś miejscu

profound: głęboki

Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well – I heard of a case over in New Brunswick where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful **agonies**. Only, it was a girl in that instance.”

“Well, we’re not getting a girl,” said Marilla, as if poisoning wells were a **purely feminine accomplishment** and not to be dreaded in the case of a boy. “I’d never dream of taking a girl to bring up. I wonder at Mrs. Alexander Spencer for doing it. But there, SHE wouldn’t **shrink from** adopting a whole orphan asylum if she took it into her head.”

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

“Well, of all things that ever were or will be!” **ejaculated** Mrs. Rachel when she was safely out in the lane. “It does really seem as if I must be dreaming. Well, I’m sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don’t know anything about children and they’ll expect him to be wiser and steadier than his own grandfather, if so be’s he ever had a grandfather, which is doubtful. It seems **uncanny** to think of a child at Green Gables somehow; there’s never been one there, for

Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built – if they ever WERE children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them. I wouldn’t **be in that orphan’s shoes** for anything. My, but I pity him, that’s what.”

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

CHAPTER 2

Matthew Cuthbert Is Surprised

Matthew Cuthbert and the sorrel mare jogged comfortably over the eight miles to Bright River. It was a pretty road, running along between **snug** farmsteads, with now and again a bit of **balsamy** fir wood to drive through or a hollow where wild plums hung out their **filmy** bloom. The air was sweet with the breath of many apple orchards and the **meadows** sloped away in the distance to horizon mists of pearl and purple; while

“The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year.”

Matthew enjoyed the drive after his own fashion, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them – for in Prince Edward island you are supposed to nod to **all and sundry** you meet on the road whether you know them or not.

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him. He may have been quite right in thinking so, for he was an odd-looking **personage**, with an **ungainly** figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his **stooping** shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train; he thought he was too early, so he tied his horse in the yard of the small Bright River hotel and went over to the station house. The long platform was almost **deserted**; the only living creature in sight being a girl who was sitting on a **pile** of **shingles** at the **extreme** end. Matthew, barely noting that it WAS a girl, **sidled** past her as quickly as possible without looking at her. Had he looked he could hardly have failed to notice the **tense rigidity** and expectation of her **attitude** and expression. She was sitting there waiting for something or somebody and, since sitting and waiting was the

snug: przytulny
balsamy: balsamiczny
fir: jodła, jodłowy
filmy: zwiewny, przezroczysty
meadow: łąka

all and sundry: wszyscy bez wyjątku

personage: persona, postać
ungainly: niezgrabny
stooping: pochylony

deserted: opuszczony
pile: sterta, stos
shingles: żwir, kamyki
extreme: najdalszy, najbardziej wysunięty
sidle: przesuwać się bokiem
tense: spięty
rigidity: sztywność
attitude: postawa

with all one's might and main: z całych sił
encounter: spotkać
preparatory: stanowiący
 wstęp, przygotowawczy

brisk: rzeński, żwawy

gravely: poważnie
scope (for): pole (dla),
 możliwość (czegoś)
blankly: obojętnie,
 beznamiętnie

whistle: gwizdać

conceal: ukrywać
hereabouts: w okolicy,
 w pobliżu
be at hand: być pod ręką
cope with: radzić sobie z

brand: gatunek, rodzaj
jauntily: beztrąsko, żwawo,
 dziarsko
beard: stawiać czoło
den: legowisko
groan: jęczeć
in spirit: w duchu
shuffle: szurać, powłóczyć
 nogami

only thing to do just then, she sat and waited **with all her might and main**.

Matthew **encountered** the stationmaster locking up the ticket office **preparatory** to going home for supper, and asked him if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

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

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

The stationmaster **whistled**.

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

"I don't understand," said Matthew helplessly, wishing that Marilla **was at hand** to **cope with** the situation.

"Well, you'd better question the girl," said the station-master carelessly. "I dare say she'll be able to explain – she's got a tongue of her own, that's certain. Maybe they were out of boys of the **brand** you wanted."

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

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

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

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that the chin was very pointed and pronounced; that the big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that the mouth was sweet-lipped and expressive; that the forehead was broad and full; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

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

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

Matthew had taken the scrawny little hand awkwardly in his; then and there he decided what to do. He could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that

ordinary: zwyczajny
garbed: odziany

wincey: mocna tkanina wełniano-bawełniana

faded: wyblakły

sailor hat: kapelusz marynarski

extend: wysuwać się

braid: warkocz

decidedly: zdecydowanie

extraordinary: niezwykły

pointed: spiczasty

pronounced: wyraźnie zaznaczony

vivacity: życie, ożywienie

discerning: bystry, uważny, wnikliwy

commonplace: pospolity, zwyczajny

ludicrously: niedorzecznie, absurdalnie

spare: oszczędzić (czegoś komuś)

ordeal: gehenna, męka

grasp: chwytać, ścisnąć

handle: rączka

shabby: wyświechtany, lichy

carpet-bag: torba podróżna

peculiarly: szczególnie

prevent: zapobiec, powstrzymać

bend: zakręt

dwel: mieszkać

marble: marmurowy

scrawny: wątły, mizerny

awkwardly: niezdarnie, niezręcznie

glow: błyszczeć

defer: odraczać, odkładać na później

respond: odpowiadać

knack: chwyt, sztuka (robienia czegoś)

wicked: niegodziwy, zły

belted: pasowany (o rycerstwie, arystokracji)

earl: hrabia; tytuł arystokratyczny w Anglii

infancy: dzieciństwo

confess: wypowiadać się; wyznać; przyznać się

ain't = aren't

there isn't a pick on

somebody's bones: z kogoś jest tylko skóra i kości

dimple: dołeczek

be out of breath: stracić dech w piersiach

there had been a mistake; he would take her home and let Marilla do that. She couldn't be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what mistake had been made, so all questions and explanations might as well be **deferred** until he was safely back at Green Gables.

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

"Oh, I can carry it," the child **responded** cheerfully. "It isn't heavy. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. And if it isn't carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out – so I'd better keep it because I know the exact **knack** of it. It's an extremely old carpet-bag. Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry-tree. We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I'm glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody – not really. But the asylum was the worst. I've only been in it four months, but that was enough. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was **wicked** of me to talk like that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? They were good, you know – the asylum people. But there is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum – only just in the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine things about them – to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of a **belted earl**, who had been stolen away from her parents in her **infancy** by a cruel nurse who died before she could **confess**. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn't have time in the day. I guess that's why I'm so thin – I AM dreadful thin, **ain't** I? There **isn't a pick on** my bones. I do love to imagine I'm nice and plump, with **dimples** in my elbows."

With this Matthew's companion stopped talking, partly because she **was out of breath** and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she

say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill, the road part of which had been cut so deeply into the soft **soil**, that the banks, fringed with blooming wild cherry-trees and slim white birches, were several feet above their heads.

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

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

“Well now, I **dunno**,” said Matthew.

“Why, a **bride**, of course – a bride all in white with a lovely **misty veil**. I’ve never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don’t ever expect to be a bride myself. I’m so **homely** nobody will ever want to marry me – unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn’t be very **particular**. But I do hope that some day I shall have a white dress. That is my highest ideal of **earthly bliss**. I just love pretty clothes. And I’ve never had a pretty dress in my life that I can remember – but of course it’s all the more to look forward to, isn’t it? And then I can imagine that I’m dressed **gorgeously**. This morning when I left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. A **merchant** in Hopeton last winter **donated** three hundred yards of wincey to the asylum. Some people said it was because he couldn’t sell it, but I’d rather believe that it was out of the kindness of his heart, wouldn’t you? When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress – because when you ARE imagining you might as well imagine something worthwhile – and a big hat all flowers and nodding **plumes**, and a gold watch, and **kid** gloves and boots. I felt cheered up right away and I enjoyed my trip to the Island with all my might. I wasn’t a bit sick coming over in the boat. Neither was Mrs. Spencer although she generally is. She said she hadn’t time to get sick,

soil: gleba, ziemia

dunno = don’t know

bride: panna młoda

misty: mglisty

veil: welon

homely: brzydki, pospolity

particular: wybredny

earthly: ziemski

bliss: szczęście, radość

gorgeously: olśniewający,
cudowny

merchant: kupiec

donate: oddać w ramach
dotacji

plume: pióro

kid: z kozłłej skóry

overboard: za burtę
prowl (about): kręcić się,
krążyć

opportunity: okazja, szansa,
możliwość

splendid: wspaniały

society: towarzystwo
detest: nie znosić
timidly: nieśmiało, bojaźliwie
sidewise: zwrócony na bok,
rzucony z ukosa
glance: zerknięcie, spojrzenie
gobble: pożreć, pochłonać
at a mouthful: jednym kęsem

watching to see that I didn't fall overboard. She said she never saw the beat of me for prowling about. But if it kept her from being seasick it's a mercy I did prowl, isn't it? And I wanted to see everything that was to be seen on that boat, because I didn't know whether I'd ever have another opportunity. Oh, there are a lot more cherry-trees all in bloom! This Island is the bloomiest place. I just love it already, and I'm so glad I'm going to live here. I've always heard that Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here, but I never really expected I would. It's delightful when your imaginations come true, isn't it? But those red roads are so funny. When we got into the train at Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red and she said she didn't know and for pity's sake not to ask her any more questions. She said I must have asked her a thousand already. I suppose I had, too, but how you going to find out about things if you don't ask questions? And what DOES make the roads red?"

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

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

Matthew, much to his own surprise, was enjoying himself. Like most quiet folks he liked talkative people when they were willing to do the talking themselves and did not expect him to keep up his end of it. But he had never expected to enjoy the society of a little girl. Women were bad enough in all conscience, but little girls were worse. He detested the way they had of sidling past him timidly, with sidewise glances, as if they expected him to gobble them up at a mouthful if

they **ventured** to say a word. That was the Avonlea type of well-bred little girl. But this freckled witch was very different, and although he found it rather difficult for his slower intelligence to keep up with her brisk mental processes he thought that he “kind of liked her **chatter**.” So he said as shyly as usual:

“Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don’t mind.”

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

“Well now, that seems **reasonable**,” said Matthew.

“Mrs. Spencer said that my tongue must be hung in the middle. But it isn’t – it’s **firmly fastened** at one end. Mrs. Spencer said your place was named Green Gables. I asked her all about it. And she said there were trees all around it. I was gladder than ever. I just love trees. And there weren’t any at all about the asylum, only a few poor **weeny-teeny** things out in front with little **whitewashed** cagey things about them. They just looked like orphans themselves, those trees did. It used to make me want to cry to look at them. I used to say to them, ‘Oh, you POOR little things! If you were out in a great big woods with other trees all around you and little **mosses** and **Junebells** growing over your roots and a brook not far away and birds singing in you branches, you could grow, couldn’t you? But you can’t where you are. I know just exactly how you feel, little trees.’ I felt sorry to leave them behind this morning. You do get so **attached** to things like that, don’t you? Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables? I forgot to ask Mrs. Spencer that.”

“Well now, yes, there’s one right below the house.”

“**Fancy**. It’s always been one of my dreams to live near a brook. I never expected I would, though. Dreams don’t often come true, do they? Wouldn’t it be nice if they did? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy.

venture: odważyć się

well-bred: dobrze wychowany

chatter: trajkotać, paplać

reasonable: rozsądny

firmly: mocno

fastened: przymocowany

weeny-teeny: maciupeńki

whitewashed: bielony

wapnem

moss: mech

Junebell: dzwoneczek (kwiat

polny)

attached: przywiązany

fancy: wspaniale, co za

niezwykłe szczęście

twitch: pociągnąć, szarpnąć

tint: kolor, barwa

tress: lok, pukiel, warkocz

sigh: westchnienie

exhale: wydychać

resignedly: z rezygnacją

rose-leaf: płatek róży; różany

complexion: cera

glorious: wspaniały, cudowny

raven: kruk

lifelong: na całe życie

pure: czysty

rippling: opadać falami

alabaster: alabastrowy

brow: czoło

rash: lekkomyślny,

nierozważny

entice: wabić, kusić, nęcić

merry-go-round: karuzela

divinely: bosko

dazzlingly: oślepiająco,

ośniewająco

angelically: anielsko

I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because – well, what color would you call this?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well now, no, I haven't," confessed Matthew ingenuously.

"I have, often. Which would you rather be if you had the choice – divinely beautiful or **dazzlingly** clever or **angelically** good?"

"Well now, I - I don't know exactly."

"Neither do I. I can never decide. But it doesn't make much real difference for it isn't likely I'll ever be either.

It's certain I'll never be angelically good. Mrs. Spencer says – oh, Mr. Cuthbert! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!! Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!!!”

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

The “Avenue,” so called by the Newbridge people, was a stretch of road four or five hundred yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple-trees, planted years ago by an eccentric old farmer. Overhead was one long canopy of snowy fragrant bloom. Below the boughs the air was full of a purple twilight and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She leaned back in the buggy, her thin hands clasped before her, her face lifted rapturously to the white splendor above. Even when they had passed out and were driving down the long slope to Newbridge she never moved or spoke. Still with rapt face she gazed afar into the sunset west, with eyes that saw visions trooping splendidly across that glowing background. Through Newbridge, a bustling little village where dogs barked at them and small boys hooted and curious faces peered from the windows, they drove, still in silence. When three more miles had dropped away behind them the child had not spoken. She could keep silence, it was evident, as energetically as she could talk.

“I guess you're feeling pretty tired and hungry,” Matthew ventured to say at last, accounting for her long visitation of dumbness with the only reason he could think of. “But we haven't very far to go now – only another mile.”

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

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

tumble out: wypaść
astonishing: zdumiewający
curve: zakręt

stretch: odcinek
arch over: być sklepieniem
wide-spreading: rozłożysty
overhead: nad głową
canopy: baldachim
fragrant: pachnący, wonny

bough: konar
twilight: zmierzch
aisle: nawa boczna; przejście między rzędami

rapturously: z zachwytem
splendor: wspaniałość, świetność, blask

rapt: zaabsorbowany; wniebowzięty
troop: gromadzić się, maszerować

splendidly: wspaniale
bustling: gwarny, tętniący życiem

hoot: pohukiwać, pokrzykiwać
peer: wyglądać, przypatrywać się

account for: wyjaśniać
visitation: nawiedzenie; odwiedziny

dumbness: niemota
revery/reverie: zaduma
gaze: spojrzenie

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

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

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

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

to a really truly home. Oh, isn’t that pretty!”

They had driven over the **crest** of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river so long and winding was it. A bridge **spanned** it midway and from there to its lower end, where an **amber-hued** belt of **sand-hills** shut it in from the dark blue **gulf** beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting **hues** – the most spiritual shadings of crocus and rose and **ethereal** green, with

recollect: przypominać sobie

royally: królewsko; cudownie

crest: grzbiet

span: łączyć brzegi, rozciągając się nad

amber-hued: bursztynowy (kolor)

sand-hill: wydma

gulf: zatoka

hue: kolor, odcień

ethereal: eteryczny, lekki,

zwiewny

other **elusive** **tintings** for which no name has ever been found. Above the bridge the pond ran up into **fringing** **groves** of fir and **maple** and lay all darkly **translucent** in their **wavering** shadows. Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a **white-clad** girl **tip-toeing** to her own **reflection**. From the **marsh** at the head of the pond came the clear, **mournfully**-sweet chorus of the frogs. There was a little gray house **peering** around a white apple orchard on a slope beyond and, although it was not yet quite dark, a light was shining from one of its windows.

“That’s Barry’s pond,” said Matthew.

“Oh, I don’t like that name, either. I shall call it – let me see – the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?”

Matthew **ruminated**.

“Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white **grubs** that **spade up** in the cucumber **beds**. I hate the look of them.”

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

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

“Has Mr. Barry any little girls? Well, not so very little either – about my size.”

“He’s got one about eleven. Her name is Diana.”

“Oh!” with a long **indrawing** of breath. “What a perfectly lovely name!”

“Well now, I dunno. There’s something dreadful **heathenish** about it, seems to me. I’d rather Jane or Mary or some **sensible** name like that. But when Diana was born there was a schoolmaster boarding

elusive: nieuchwytny, ulotny

tinting: podbarwienie, odcień

fringe: otaczać

grove: zagajnik

maple: klon

translucent: prześwitujący,

półprzezroczysty

waver: kołysać się

white-clad: odziany na biało

tip-toe: stać/chodzić na

palcach

reflection: odbicie (w lustrze)

marsh: mokradło, bagno

mournfully: żałobnie, żałośnie

peer: wyłaniać się

ruminates: rozmyślać

grub: larwa

spade up: ryc, kopać

bed: grządka

connection: związek,

powiązanie

reckon: sądzić

indrawing: wdech, wciągnięcie

heathenish: pogański

sensible: rozsądny

crumple up: załamać się,
zawalić się

jack-knife: scyzoryk

nip: zapaść (się)

rumble: huk, łoskot

interrupt: przerywać

partially: częściowo

afterlight: poświata, światło

spire: wieża

marigold: koloru nagietka,

pomarańczowoczerwony

scatter: rozrzucić, rozpraszać

dart: pędzić

eager: przejęty, niecierpliw,

wyczekujący

wistful: tęskny, rzewny

linger on: zatrzymać się,

pozostać

dimly: mgliście, niewyraźnie,

blado

stainless: czysty, nieskazitelny

there and they gave him the naming of her and he called her Diana.”

“I wish there had been a schoolmaster like that around when I was born, then. Oh, here we are at the bridge. I’m going to shut my eyes tight. I’m always afraid going over bridges. I can’t help imagining that perhaps just as we get to the middle, they’ll **crumple up** like a **jack-knife** and **nip** us. So I shut my eyes. But I always have to open them for all when I think we’re getting near the middle. Because, you see, if the bridge **DID** **crumple up** I’d want to **SEE** it **crumple**. What a jolly **rumble** it makes! I always like the **rumble** part of it. Isn’t it splendid there are so many things to like in this world? There we’re over. Now I’ll look back. Good night, dear Lake of Shining Waters. I always say good night to the things I love, just as I would to people. I think they like it. That water looks as if it was smiling at me.”

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

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

“Oh, don’t tell me,” she **interrupted** breathlessly, catching at his **partially** raised arm and shutting her eyes that she might not see his gesture. “Let me guess. I’m sure I’ll guess right.”

She opened her eyes and looked about her. They were on the crest of a hill. The sun had set some time since, but the landscape was still clear in the mellow **afterlight**. To the west a dark church **spire** rose up against a **marigold** sky. Below was a little valley and beyond a long, gently-rising slope with snug farmsteads **scattered** along it. From one to another the child’s eyes **darted**, **eager** and **wistful**. At last they **lingered on** one away to the left, far back from the road, **dimly** white with blossoming trees in the twilight of the surrounding woods. Over it, in the **stainless** southwest sky, a great crystal-white star was shining like a lamp of guidance and promise.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” she said, pointing.

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

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

"No, she didn't – really she didn't. All she said might just as well have been about most of those other places. I hadn't any real idea what it looked like. But just as soon as I saw it I felt it was home. Oh, it seems as if I must be in a dream. Do you know, my arm must be black and blue from the elbow up, for I've pinched myself so many times today. Every little while a horrible sickening feeling would come over me and I'd be so afraid it was all a dream. Then I'd pinch myself to see if it was real – until suddenly I remembered that even supposing it was only a dream I'd better go on dreaming as long as I could; so I stopped pinching. But it IS real and we're nearly home."

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

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

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

slap: uderzyć, klepnąć

reins: lejce

black and blue: posiniaczony

pinch: szczypać

rapture: zachwyty

relapse into: popadać w

stir: poruszać się, kręcić się

waif: porzucone/bezdomne

dziecko

vantage: punkt obserwacyjny

approach: nadchodzić,

nadciągać

revelation: objawienie,

rewelacja

rapt: wyciężony, urzeczon

quench: ugasić

rustle: szeleścić

contain: zawierać

luminous: jasny, świetlisty

wretchedly: żałośnie

rove: przebiegać, błędzić

animation: ożywienie

fade out: znikać

grasp: pojąć, objąć, zrozumieć

burst (burst, burst) into

tears: wybuchnąć płaczem

fling (flung, flung): rzucać, zarzucać

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

CHAPTER 3

Marilla Cuthbert Is Surprised

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

"Matthew Cuthbert, who's that?" she ejaculated. "Where is the boy?"

"There wasn't any boy," said Matthew wretchedly. "There was only HER."

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

"No boy! But there MUST have been a boy," insisted Marilla. "We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy."

"Well, she didn't. She brought HER. I asked the station-master. And I had to bring her home. She couldn't be left there, no matter where the mistake had come in."

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business!" ejaculated Marilla.

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

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

Burst into tears she did. Sitting down on a chair by the table, flinging her arms out upon it, and burying her face in them, she proceeded to cry stormily. Marilla and

Matthew looked at each other **deprecatingly** across the stove. Neither of them knew what to say or do. Finally Marilla **stepped lamely into the breach**.

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

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

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

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

The child hesitated for a moment.

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

“CALL you Cordelia? Is that your name?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

deprecatingly: z dezaprobata

lamely: niepewnie;

nieprzekonująco; kulawo

step into a breach: przejąć
pateczkę

reveal: odsłaniać, odkrywać

stained: poplamiony

reluctant: niechętny, oporny

rusty: zardzewiały (przen.
nieużywany)

mellow: łagodzić, nadawać
łagodności lub miękkości

investigate: badać, prowadzić
dochodzenie

eagerly: z przejęciem, żarliwie

reluctantly: niechętnie,
z ociąganiem

falter: mówić łamiącym się
głosem

fiddlesticks: bzdury, głupstwa

unsympathetic:
niewspółczujący

distinguished: dystyngowany
reconcile: pogodzić się

matron: przełożona

reproachfully: z wyrzutem

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

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

“Oh, yes, there was an abundance of them. But Mrs. Spencer said DISTINCTLY that you wanted a girl about eleven years old. And the matron said she thought I would do. You don't know how delighted I was. I couldn't sleep all last night for joy. Oh,” she added reproachfully, turning to Matthew, “why didn't you tell me at the station that you didn't want me and leave me there? If I hadn't seen the White Way of Delight and the Lake of Shining Waters it wouldn't be so hard.”

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

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

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

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

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

Anne took off her hat meekly. Matthew came back presently and they sat down to supper. But Anne could not eat. In vain she nibbled at the bread and butter and pecked at the crab-apple preserve out of the little

meekly: potulnie
in vain: na próżno
nibble (at): skubać (o jedzeniu)
peck (at): dziobać

scalloped glass dish by her plate. She did not really make any headway at all.

“You’re not eating anything,” said Marilla sharply, eyeing her as if it were a serious shortcoming. Anne sighed.

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

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

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

“No, I didn’t.”

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

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

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

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

“I suppose you have a nightgown?” she questioned.

scalloped glass dish: kokilka
headway: postęp

shortcoming: wada
sigh: wzdychać

indeed: w istocie, w rzeczy samej

lump in one’s throat: gula w gardle, ściskanie w gardle

gable: szczyt (budyunku)
spiritlessly: posepnie, apatycznie

skimpy: kusy

trailing: ścieg

frill: falbanka

consolation: pocieszenie

wistfully: smętnie, rzewnie

bare: nagi

staring: rzucający się w oczy

bareness: nagość

braided: pleciony

post: słupek

aforsaid: wyżej wymieniony,

wcześniej wspomniany

pin-cushion: poduszeczka na szpilki

adventurous: zuchwały

wash-stand: umywalka

marrow: szpik

sob: łkanie

discard: zrzucić, pozbywać się

garment: ubranie

burrow: ukryć, zakopać

raiment: szaty, odzienie

tempestuous: burzliwy

indication: wskazówka, oznaka

save: oprócz

deliberately: naumyślnie, z rozmysłem

Anne nodded.

“Yes, I have two. The matron of the asylum made them for me. They’re fearfully **skimpy**. There is never enough to go around in an asylum, so things are always skimpy – at least in a poor asylum like ours. I hate skimpy night-dresses. But one can dream just as well in them as in lovely **trailing** ones, with **frills** around the neck, that’s one **consolation**.”

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

When Marilla had gone Anne looked around her **wistfully**. The whitewashed walls were so painfully **bare** and **staring** that she thought they must ache over their own **bareness**. The floor was bare, too, except for a round **braided** mat in the middle such as Anne had never seen before. In one corner was the bed, a high, old-fashioned one, with four dark, low-turned **posts**. In the other corner was the **aforsaid** three-corner table adorned with a fat, red velvet **pin-cushion** hard enough to turn the point of the most **adventurous** pin. Above it hung a little six-by-eight mirror. Midway between table and bed was the window, with an **icy** white muslin **frill** over it, and opposite it was the **wash-stand**. The whole apartment was of a rigidity not to be described in words, but which sent a shiver to the very **marrow** of Anne’s bones. With a **sob** she hastily **discarded** her **garments**, put on the **skimpy** nightgown and sprang into bed where she **burrowed** face downward into the pillow and pulled the clothes over her head. When Marilla came up for the light various **skimpy** articles of **raiment** scattered most untidily over the floor and a certain **tempestuous** appearance of the bed were the only **indications** of any presence **save** her own.

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

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

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

"How can you call it a GOOD night when you know it must be the very worst night I've ever had?" she said reproachfully.

Then she dived down into **invisibility** again.

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

"Well, this is a pretty **kettle of fish**," she said **wrathfully**. "This is what comes of sending word instead of going ourselves. Richard Spencer's folks have twisted that message somehow. One of us will have to drive over and see Mrs. Spencer tomorrow, that's certain. This girl will have to be sent back to the asylum."

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, now, no, I suppose not – not exactly," **stammered** Matthew, uncomfortably driven into a corner for his precise meaning. "I suppose – we could hardly be expected to keep her."

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

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

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

suddenness: gwałtowność, raptowność

invisibility: niewidzialność

perturbation: poruszenie, niepokój

filthy: paskudny, brudny, obrzydliwy

wink at something: przymykać na coś oko

mere: zwykły

vent: ujście

kettle of fish: trudna sytuacja, kłopoty

wrathfully: gniewnie

predilection: upodobanie, pociąg

stammer: jąkać się

persist: nalegać, nie ustępować, upierać się

in somebody's favour: na czyjąś korzyść

despatch/dispatch: odesłać, wysłać

frown: marszczyć brwi
resolutely: zdecydowanie, stanowczo

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROZUMIENIE TEKSTU

Zaznacz wyrazy, które opisują poszczególne postaci (do każdej z osób może pasować więcej niż jedno określenie).

1. Mrs. Lynde:
 - A) inquisitive
 - B) active
 - C) hard-working
 - D) sociable
 - E) observant
 - F) a widow
2. Matthew Cuthbert:
 - A) talkative
 - B) inquisitive
 - C) unsociable

- D) shy
 - E) a farmer
 - F) an occasional smoker
3. Marilla Cuthbert
- A) distrustful
 - B) thin
 - C) Matthew's wife
 - D) Matthew's sister
 - E) resolute
 - F) meek
4. Anne Shirley
- A) talkative
 - B) thin
 - C) curious
 - D) pretty
 - E) an orphan
 - F) sensitive to nature and beauty
5. Mrs. Alexander Spencer
- A) an orphan asylum worker
 - B) sociable
 - C) wicked
 - D) an Avonlea inhabitant
 - E) a White Sands inhabitant
 - F) Marilla's close friend

O SŁOWACH

RUN

“She was a notable housewife; her work was always done and well done; she „ran” the Sewing Circle, helped run the Sunday-school, and was the strongest prop of the Church Aid Society and Foreign Missions Auxiliary.”

Run to nie tylko *biec* czy *działać*, ale również *prowadzić (coś)*, *zarządzać (czymś)*, np.:

The company he used to run is still flourishing.

Firma, którą kiedyś prowadził, wciąż świetnie prosperuje.

Paul runs a small cafe.

Paul prowadzi małą kawiarnię.

Run to także *przeprowadzać*, np.:

None of these experiments was run in class.

Żadne z tych doświadczeń nie zostało przeprowadzone w klasie.

Run stanowi trzon wielu czasowników złożonych (*phrasal verbs*), np.:

- **run away/off** – *uciekać*
- **run down** – *zbiegać, przebiegać, np. wzrokiem, wyczerpywać się*
- **run into** – *wbiec, wpłynąć, wpaść, natknąć się na kogoś*
- **run away with** – *zapanować nad, ponosić kogoś*

Sally was a troubled teenager – on her 16th birthday she even ran away from home.

Sally była trudną nastolatką – nawet uciekła z domu w swoje 16. urodziny.

Don't let these feelings run away with you.

Nie pozwól, żeby te uczucia nad tobą zapanowały.

I've just run into Tim and guess what he said.

Przed chwilą wpadłem na Tima i zgadnij, co powiedział.

Run pojawia się też w licznych idiomach i utartych wyrażeniach:

- **run amok** – *dostać szału, wpaść w amok*
- **run around/round in circles** – *ganiać, gonić w kółko, ganiać bez sensu*
- **run around like a headless chicken** – *latać jak kot z pęcherzem; robić coś bez ładu i składu*
- **run a mile from** – *uciekać jak najdalej od*
- **run out of steam** – *opaść z sił, zwolnić tempo*
- **run with the hare and hunt with the hounds** – *świecić Panu Bogu świeczkę i diabłu ogarek*

To see such a crowd run amok was quite an experience.

Widok tłumów w amoku był niezłym przeżyciem.

I feel as if I've been running in circles all day.

Czuję się, jak bym cały dzień ganiał bez sensu.

I'd run a mile from such a boring guy.

Uciekłabym jak najdalej od takiego nudziarza.

GRAMATYKA

A PIECE OF

“Mrs. Rachel prided herself on always speaking her mind; she proceeded to speak it now, having adjusted her mental attitude to this amazing piece of news.”

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

News i **business** to rzeczowniki niepoliczalne, mogą więc oznaczać zarówno *wiadomość/interes*, jak i *wiadomości/interes*. Dodanie **a piece of** pozwala nam podkreślić, że chodzi o ograniczoną ilość danej substancji (*kawałek, kęs*), np. **a piece of cake** (*kawałek ciasta*), **a slice of bread** (*kromka chleba*). **A piece of** (i inne wyrażenia tego typu) w podobny sposób działa w połączeniu z rzeczownikami bardziej abstrakcyjnymi, jak **information** (*informacja*), **evidence** (*dowód*), **news** i **business** – **a piece of news** to już nie wiadomości, tylko jedna, konkretna *wiadomość*, a **pretty piece of business** to ironiczne *niezły interes*. Oto kilka typowych związków wyrazowych z **piece**:

- **a piece of bread** – *kawałek chleba*
- **a piece of paper** – *kawałek papieru*
- **a piece of information/news/advice** – *informacja/wiadomość/rada, porada*
- **a piece of furniture** – *mebel*
- **a piece of music** – *utwór muzyczny*
- **a piece of land** – *kawałek gruntu, fragment ziemi*
- **a piece of lumber** – *grat*
- **a piece of clothing** – *sztuka odzieży*
- **a piece of sculpture** – *rzeźba (pojedyncze dzieło sztuki)*
- **a piece of baggage/luggage** – *sztuka bagażu*

Podobne do **a piece of** znaczenie ma **a bit of**. Jest nieformalne i może sygnalizować bardzo niewielką ilość danej substancji, np.:

- **a bit of bread** – *kawałeczek chleba, trochę chleba*
- **tiny bits of wood** – *maleńkie kawałeczki drewna*

W połączeniu z rzeczownikami **news**, **information**, **furniture**, **clothing** itd. wyraz **item** oznacza *pojedynczy egzemplarz, konkretną wiadomość, informację, mebel czy sztukę garderoby*. Oto inne rzeczowniki łączące się z **an item of**:

- **an item of jewellery** – *element biżuterii*
- **an item of food/a food item** – *produkt żywnościowy*
- **an item of vocabulary/a vocabulary item** – *element słownictwa; wyraz lub wyrażenie*

Dzięki **a piece/a bit/an item of** rzeczownik niepoliczalny nabiera znaczenia policzalnego (zaczyna przecież chodzić o pojedyncze: kawałki ciasta, wiadomości, sztuki garderoby itp.), a podmiotem wypowiedzi stają się całe wyrażenia (**a piece of cake, a bit of news, an item of clothing**). Należy zatem dostosować formę orzeczenia (zależną od liczby *sztuk, kawałków* itp.) i pamiętać, że **pieces of (cake, news itd.)** można już policzyć (w przeciwieństwie do **cake/news**). Porównaj przykłady:

Healthy food has become her obsession.

Zdrowa żywność stała się jej obsesją.

Fruit salad was Helen's favourite food item.

Salatka owocowa była ulubionym produktem spożywczym Helen.

Help! I need some advice!

Pomocy! Potrzebuję rady!

The piece of advice Tony gave me turned out useless.

Ta porada, którą dał mi Tony, okazała się bezużyteczna.

There's no paper left.

Nie ma już papieru.

She tore the letter into a thousand bits of paper.

Podarła list na tysiąc małych kawałeczków.

Oto kilka innych rzeczowników występujących przed rzeczownikami niepoliczalnymi:

- **a bar of chocolate/gold** – *tabliczka czekolady/sztabka złota*
- **a blade of grass** – *źdźbło trawy*
- **a grain of sand/rice** – *ziarenko piasku/ryżu*
- **a loaf/three loaves of bread** – *bochenek/trzy bochenki chleba*
- **a lump of sugar/coal/snow** – *kostka cukru/kęs (kawał) węgla/bryła śniegu, gruda śniegu*
- **a slice of cheese/tomato** – *plasterek sera/pomidora*
- **a speck of dust** – *pyłek kurzu*
- **a sheet of paper/metal** – *arkusz papieru/metalu*

- **a drop of wine/water** – *kropla wina/wody*
- **a sip of tea/coffee** – *łyk herbaty/kawy*
- **a morsel/bite of bread** – *kęs chleba*
- **a strip of land/wood** – *pas ziemi/lasu*

KULTURA I HISTORIA

CARPET BAG

Carpet bag (torba dywanikowa) stała się w XIX wieku niezwykle popularnym rodzajem bagażu. Mniej więcej w połowie stulecia doszło w Europie i Ameryce do szybkiego rozwoju kolei, co w efekcie zwiększyło liczbę przemieszczających się z miejsca na miejsce ludzi. A przecież wszyscy podróżni potrzebują bagażu. Wcześniej, przez długie stulecia, udający się w dalekie trasy Amerykanie i Europejczycy korzystali przede wszystkim z drewnianych lub metalowych kufrów. Tym jednak wiele brakowało do ideału – ciężkie i nieporęczne skrzynie sprawiały wiele kłopotu i nierzadko wymagały od podróżnych, zwłaszcza samotnych, korzystania z pomocy bagażowych.

Wyśmienitym rozwiązaniem okazały się właśnie szyte z najprawdziwszych dywanów *carpet bags*. Były lekkie, pojemne i wytrzymałe, a potrzebne do ich wykonania materiały często można było znaleźć nawet na strychu własnego domu.

Niebagatelną zaletą toreb dywanikowych była również ich niewygórowana cena. Ponieważ rymarze wytwarzali je przede wszystkim ze starych, nienadających się już do domowego użytku dywanów, stać było na nie osoby z prawie każdej sfery społeczeństwa. W ciągu ostatnich czterech dekad XIX wieku korzystali z nich już wszyscy – mężczyźni i kobiety, osoby dobrze sytuowane i uboższe. *Carpet bag* była pierwszym typem walizki, który produkowano w niemal masowych ilościach.

Osoby podróżujące z zapewnianymi swobodę przemieszczania torbami dywanikowymi postrzegano jako silne, zaradne i niezależne. Bohaterowie powieści Juliusza Verne'a „W osiemdziesiąt dni dokoła świata” swą wielką przygodę rozpoczynają zaopatrzeni właśnie w torbę tego rodzaju, do której pakują kilka podstawowych ubrań na zmianę i mnóstwo gotówki. Inną literacką postacią kojarzącą się z *carpet bag* jest Mary Poppins, której bagaż z kolei posiada właściwości magiczne i jest w środku większy niż na zewnątrz.

Specyficzna odmiana toreb dywanikowych mogła również służyć pasażerom kolei żelaznych za... koc pozwalający nie marznąć w pełnym przeciągów, nieogrzanym wnętrzu XIX-wiecznego pociągu. Torbę rozpinano, rozkładano i narzucano na ramiona, a po dotarciu do celu po prostu na powrót składano i pakowano.

W Ameryce można się zetknąć z terminem **carpetbagger**. Określenie to powstało wkrótce po zakończeniu wojny secesyjnej, kiedy wielu mieszkańców zwycięskiej Północy wyjechało na zniszczone, ubogie Południe. Różnice ekonomiczne między obiema częściami kraju stały się wówczas na tyle znaczące, że nawet stosunkowo niezamożni Jankesi dysponowali nierzadko kwotami, które w południowych stanach USA pozwalały inwestować lub założyć własny interes. Większość owych przybyszów wysiadała z pociągów z torbami dywanikowymi w rękach, przez co przezwano ich *carpetbaggers*. Trzeba jednak mieć na uwadze, iż jest to określenie pejoratywne. Południowcy postrzegali takich gości jako żerujących na sytuacji pokonanych rodaków oszustów, szarlatanów i innych typów spod ciemnej gwiazdy. Termin *carpetbagger* przyłgął również do skorumpowanych polityków z Północy, którzy budowali własne prywatne fortuny dzięki nieuczciwie prowadzonej odbudowie stanów Południa.

Współcześnie *carpetbagger* oznacza działacza partyjnego spoza danego terenu, przeniesionego na nowe miejsce z powodów czysto politycznych. Polskim odpowiednikiem tego terminu jest „spadochroniarz”.

ĆWICZENIA

1. Połącz wyrazy (1–10) z ich synonimami i definicjami (A–J).

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. placidly | A) a female horse |
| 2. mare | B) e.g. jam or marmalade |
| 3. pressing | C) for unknown reasons |
| 4. conclude | D) in a ridiculous way |
| 5. ponder | E) ordinary |
| 6. preserves | F) peacefully |
| 7. unaccountably | G) to come to a conclusion |
| 8. encounter | H) to meet |
| 9. commonplace | I) to think deeply |
| 10. ludicrously | J) urgent |

2. Uzupełnij zdania wyrazami z ramki. Jeden z wyrazów pasuje do dwóch zdań.

bargain; breath; dint; lump; mind; out; shoes; tears; wont

- a) Helen managed to pass all her exams by of hard, systematic work.

- b) Carrie burst into when she found out about her boyfriend cheating on her.
- c) I was simply out of when I reached the summit.
- d) Liz has two jobs and runs the house into the
- e) The very thought of losing you brings a into my throat.
- f) Jim always speaks his, regardless of other people's feelings.
- g) If I were in your, I would break up with George.
- h) Mary can be really stubborn if she sets her on something.
- i) We didn't actually trust Stewart at first, but now I must admit he turned to be the most loyal co-worker I've ever had.
- j) Kelly is to interrupt and ask silly questions no matter who has the floor.

3. Uzupełnij zdania odpowiednimi wyrazami. Pierwsze litery zostały już podane.

- a) I ran i..... Jessie yesterday, but he wouldn't even talk to me.
- b) If you don't relax every now and then, you're likely to run out of s..... soon.
- c) The city centre suddenly filled with aggressive youths running a.....
- d) Certain vocabulary i..... are more difficult to remember than others for no obvious reason.
- e) A: "Do you take sugar in your tea?" B: "Yes, please – just one l.....".
- f) Emily took a s..... of her coffee and spit it out.
- g) We were quietly observing the efforts of an ant climbing a b..... of grass.
- h) You are only allowed one p..... of luggage.

4. Wybierz jedno zadanie.

- a) Make a list of 20 typical collocations, phrasal verbs and fixed expressions with "run". Use each in a sentence.
- b) Write an essay "The Downsides and Upsides of Living in a Small Town" (appr. 200 words). You may use Avonlea as an example.
- c) Make a presentation about Prince Edward Island (a 5 minute speech and/or 10 slide presentation).

5. Rozwiąż krzyżówkę.

ANIA Z ZIELONEGO WZGÓRZA Z ANGIELSKIM

Across

- 5 ulga (6)*
- 6 spięty (5)
- 8 znaczny (12)
- 11 wspaniały, cudowny (8)
- 12 podpora, filar (4)
- 15 okazja, szansa, możliwość (11)
- 16 wspaniały (8)
- 19 odesłać, wysłać (8)
- 20 kobiety (8)
- 21 wydychać (6)
- 22 dzieciństwo (7)

Down

- 1 rumieniec (5)
- 2 obrażać (6)
- 3 jęczeć (5)
- 4 półwysep (9)
- 7 zdecydowanie, stanowczo (10)
- 8 ukrywać (7)
- 9 robić na drutach (4)
- 10 cera (10)
- 13 zawiły, wijący się (9)
- 14 łąka (6)
- 16 towarzystwo (7)
- 17 przyzwoitość (7)
- 18 kruk (5)

* Liczby w nawiasach we wszystkich krzyżówkach oznaczają liczbę liter danego hasła.

Part 1

