

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

1
УРОВЕНЬ



Eleanor H. Porter
POLLYANNA

Элинор Портер
ПОЛЛИАННА

словарь • комментарии • упражнения

Легко читаем по-английски

Элино́р Порте́р
Поллианна / Pollyanna

«АСТ»

2017

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-9

Портер Э. Х.

Поллианна / Pollyanna / Э. Х. Портер — «АСТ»,
2017 — (Легко читаем по-английски)

ISBN 978-5-17-105113-6

Книга знакомит читателя с удивительной историей девочки-сироты Поллианны, которую взяла на воспитание ее строгая тетка Полли. Маленькая героиня произведения обладает поразительной способностью радоваться жизни при любых обстоятельствах. Она учит многих взрослых своей «игре в радость», и все, кто начинают играть в нее, забывают о своих бедах и горестях! Текст произведения сопровождается комментариями к наиболее трудным словам и выражениям, а также упражнениями на проверку понимания прочитанного. В конце книги расположен словарь, облегчающий чтение. Книга предназначена для тех, кто только начинает изучение английского языка (уровень 1 – Elementary).

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2Англ-9

ISBN 978-5-17-105113-6

© Портер Э. Х., 2017
© АСТ, 2017

Содержание

| | |
|--|----|
| Chapter I. Miss Polly | 6 |
| Chapter II. Old Tom and Nancy | 8 |
| Chapter III. The Coming of Pollyanna | 9 |
| Chapter IV. The Little Attic Room | 13 |
| Chapter V. The Game | 15 |
| Chapter VI. A Question of Duty | 17 |
| Chapter VII. Pollyanna and Punishments | 19 |
| Chapter VIII. Pollyanna Pays a Visit | 22 |
| Chapter IX. Which Tells of the Man | 25 |
| Chapter X. A Surprise for Mrs. Snow | 26 |
| Конец ознакомительного фрагмента. | 28 |

Элино́р Порте́р / Eleanor H. Porter

Поллианна / Pollyanna

Адаптация текста, упражнения, комментарии и словарь А. А. Вертягиной

© Вертягина А. А.

© Пилипюк Д.

© ООО «Издательство АСТ», 2017

Chapter I. Miss Polly

Miss Polly Harrington entered her kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Nancy, who was washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise.

“Nancy!”

“Yes, **ma’am**.¹” Nancy answered cheerfully, but she still continued to wipe a pitcher in her hand.

“Nancy, when I’m talking to you, **I wish you to stop** your work and listen to what I say.”

Nancy flushed. She set the pitcher down at once.

“Yes, ma’am.” Nancy said. She was wondering if she could ever please this woman. **Nancy had never worked for anybody before**;² but her mother was a widow with three younger children besides Nancy herself. So she was very pleased when she found a place in the kitchen of the great house on the hill. Nancy came from “The Corners,” six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly Harrington only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead. That was two months before. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern woman who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor, or if a door banged.

“Finish your morning work, Nancy,” Miss Polly said, “and clear the little room in the attic and make up the cot bed. Sweep the room and clean it, of course, after you clear out boxes.”

Miss Polly hesitated, then went on: “I suppose I may as well tell you now, Nancy. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, will soon live with me. She is eleven years old, and she will sleep in that room.”

“A little girl will soon be here, Miss Harrington? **Oh, won’t that be nice!**”³ cried Nancy.

“Nice? Well, that isn’t exactly the word I should use,” said Miss Polly, stiffly. “However, I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty.”

“Don’t forget to clean the corners, Nancy,” she finished sharply, as she left the room.

“Yes, ma’am,” sighed Nancy.

In her own room, Miss Polly took out once more the letter which **she had received**⁴ two days before. The letter was addressed to Miss Polly Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont; and it read as follows:

“Dear Madam: – I regret to inform you that the Rev. John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving one child, a girl eleven years old.

*“I know he was your sister’s husband, but he gave me to understand the families **were not on the best of terms***⁵. *He thought, however, that you might wish to take the child and bring her up. Hence I am writing to you.*

“Hoping to hear favorably from you soon, I remain,

“Respectfully yours,

“Jeremiah O. White.”

Miss Polly answered the letter the day before, and **she had said she would take the child**,⁶ of course.

¹ **ma’am** – мэм (краткая форма обращения к женщине; в настоящее время практически не используется)

² **Nancy had never worked for anybody before** – До этого Нэнси ни на кого не работала

³ **Oh, won’t that be nice!** – Ну разве это не здорово!

⁴ **she had received** – она получила

⁵ **were not on the best of terms** – не очень ладили

⁶ **she had said she would take the child** – она сказала, что возьмет ребенка

As she sat now, with the letter in her hands, her thoughts went back to her sister, Jennie, Pollianna's mother, and to the time when Jennie, as a girl of twenty, married the young minister and went south with him. The family had little more to do with the missionary's wife.

In one of her letters Jennie wrote about Pollyanna, her last baby, the other babies had all died. She named her "Pollyanna" for her two sisters, Polly and Anna.

A few years later they received the news of her death, told in a short, but heart-broken little note from the minister himself.

Miss Polly, looking out at the valley below, thought of the changes those twenty-five years had brought to her. She was forty now, and quite alone in the world. Father, mother, sisters – all were dead. She was mistress of the house and of the thousands left to her by her father. There were people who pitied her lonely life.

Miss Polly rose with frowning face. She was glad, of course, that she was a good woman, and that she not only knew her duty, but had strength of character to perform it. But – POLLYANNA! – what a ridiculous name!

Chapter II. Old Tom and Nancy

In the garden that afternoon, Nancy found a few minutes in which to interview Old Tom, the gardener.

“Mr. Tom, do you know that a little girl will soon come here to live with Miss Polly?”

“A – what?” demanded the old man.

“A little girl – to live with Miss Polly. She told me so herself,” said Nancy. “It’s her niece; and she’s eleven years old.”

The man’s jaw fell.⁷

“Oh, it must be Miss Jennie’s little girl!”

“Who was Miss Jennie?”

“She was an angel,” breathed the man; “but the old master and mistress knew her as their oldest daughter. She was twenty when she married and went away from here long years ago. Her babies all died, I heard, except the last one; and that must be her.”

“And she’s going to sleep in the attic – more shame to HER!” scolded Nancy.

Old Tom smiled.

“I wonder what Miss Polly will do with a child in the house,” he said.

“Well, I wonder what a child will do with Miss Polly in the house!” snapped Nancy.

The old man laughed.

“I’m afraid you aren’t fond of Miss Polly,” he grinned.

“As if ever anybody could be fond of her!”⁸ scorned Nancy.

“I guess maybe you didn’t know about Miss Polly’s love affair,” he said slowly.

“Love affair – HER! No!”

“You didn’t know Miss Polly as I did,” he said. **“She used to be real handsome – and she would be now, if she’d let herself be.”⁹**

“Handsome! Miss Polly!”

“Yes, she is different now, I know. It begun then – at the time of the trouble with her lover,” nodded Old Tom; “and she is bitter and prickly to deal with.”

“Nancy!” called a sharp voice.

“Y-yes, ma’am,” stammered Nancy; and hurried toward the house.

⁷ **The man’s jaw fell.** – У мужчины упала челюсть.

⁸ **As if ever anybody could be fond of her!** – Можно подумать, найдется кто-то, кому она понравится!

⁹ **She used to be real handsome – and she would be now, if she’d let herself be.** – Она была настоящей красавицей, и сейчас бы была, если бы захотела.

Chapter III. The Coming of Pollyanna

“Nancy,” Miss Polly said, “my niece will arrive tomorrow at four o’clock. You must meet her at the station. Timothy will take the open buggy and drive you over. The telegram says ‘light hair, red-checked gingham dress, and straw hat.’ That is all I know.”

Promptly at twenty minutes to four the next afternoon Timothy and Nancy drove off in the open buggy to meet the expected guest. Timothy was Old Tom’s son. He was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one, as well. The two were already good friends.

When they got to the station, Nancy hurried to a point where she could best watch the passengers. Over and over in her mind Nancy was saying it “light hair, red-checked dress, straw hat.” Over and over again she was wondering just what sort of child this Pollyanna was.

At last they saw her – the slender little girl in the red-checked gingham with two fat braids of flaxen hair hanging down her back. Beneath the straw hat, an eager, freckled little face turned to the right and to the left, searching for some one.



“Are you Miss Pollyanna?” Nancy faltered.

“Oh, I’m so glad, GLAD, GLAD to see you,” cried an eager voice in her ear. “Of course I’m Pollyanna, and I’m so glad you came to meet me! **I hoped you would.**”¹⁰”

“You did?” stammered Nancy.

“Oh, yes!” cried the little girl. “And I’m glad you look just like you do look.”

¹⁰ **I hoped you would.** – Я надеялась, что вы придете.

Timothy came up.

"This is Timothy. Maybe you have a trunk," she stammered.

"Yes, I have," nodded Pollyanna, importantly. "I've got a brand-new one. **The Ladies' Aid**¹¹ bought it for me."

The three were off at last, with Pollyanna's trunk in behind, and Pollyanna herself snugly ensconced between Nancy and Timothy. During the whole process of getting started, the little girl kept up an uninterrupted stream of comments and questions.

"There! Isn't this lovely? Is it far? I hope it is – I love to ride," sighed Pollyanna. What a pretty street! **I knew it was going to be pretty**,¹² father told me – "

She stopped with a little choking breath. Nancy saw that her small chin was quivering, and that her eyes were full of tears. In a moment, however, she hurried on, with a brave lifting of her head.

"Father has gone to Heaven to be with mother and the rest of us, you know. He said I must be glad. But it's pretty hard to, because I need him, as mother and the rest have God and all the angels, while I don't have anybody but the Ladies' Aid. But now I'm sure it'll be easier because I've got you, Aunt Polly. I'm so glad I've got you!"

"Oh, but – but **you've made an awful mistake, dear**,¹³" she faltered. "I'm only Nancy. I'm not your Aunt Polly!"

"You – you AREN'T?" stammered the little girl.

"No. I'm only Nancy. I never thought you're taking me for her."

Timothy chuckled softly.

"But who ARE you?" asked Pollyanna.

"I'm Nancy, the hired girl. I do all the work except the washing and ironing."

"But there IS an Aunt Polly?" demanded the child, anxiously.

"**You bet your life there is**,¹⁴" cut in Timothy.

Pollyanna relaxed visibly.

"Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment's silence, then she went on brightly: "And do you know? I'm glad, after all, that she didn't come to meet me; because now I've got you besides."

"I-I was thinking about Miss Polly," faltered Nancy.

Pollyanna sighed contentedly.

"I was, too. I'm so interested in her. You know she's all the aunt I've got, and I didn't know I had her for ever so long. Then father told me. He said she lived in a lovely great big house "on top of a hill."

"She does. You can see it now," said Nancy. "It's that big white one with the green blinds."

"Oh, how pretty! – and what a lot of trees and grass all around it! I never saw such a lot of green grass. Is my Aunt Polly rich, Nancy?"

"Yes, Miss."

"I'm so glad. It must be perfectly lovely to have lots of money. Does Aunt Polly have ice-cream Sundays?"

"No, Miss. Your aunt doesn't like ice-cream."

Pollyanna's **face fell**.¹⁵

"Oh, doesn't she? I'm so sorry! Maybe Aunt Polly has got the carpets, though."

"Yes, she's got the carpets."

¹¹ **The Ladies' Aid** – Организация «Женская помощь», одно из благотворительных обществ в США

¹² **I knew it was going to be pretty** – Я знала, что будет очень красиво!

¹³ **you've made an awful mistake, dear** – ты ошибаешься, дорогая

¹⁴ **You bet your life there is** – Еще как есть (о существовании тети Полли)

¹⁵ **face fell** – лицо вытянулось от изумления

“In every room?”

“Well, in almost every room,” answered Nancy, thinking about the attic room where there was no carpet.

“Oh, I’m so glad,” exulted Pollyanna. “I love carpets. And Mrs. White had pictures, too, perfectly beautiful ones of roses and little girls kneeling and a kitty and some lambs and a lion. Don’t you just love pictures?”

“I don’t know,” answered Nancy.

“I do. But we didn’t have any pictures. **My!**¹⁶ but isn’t this a perfectly beautiful house?” she broke off.

¹⁶ **My!** – О боже!

Chapter IV. The Little Attic Room

Miss Polly Harrington did not rise to meet her niece.

“How do you do, Pollyanna? I – ”.

“Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, I don’t know how to be glad enough that you let me come to live with you,” she was sobbing. “You don’t know how perfectly lovely it is to have you and Nancy and all this!”

“Nancy, you may go,” Aunt Polly said.

“We will go upstairs to your room, Pollyanna. Your trunk is already there, I presume. I told Timothy to take it up – if you had one. You may follow me.”

Without speaking, Pollyanna turned and followed her aunt from the room. Her eyes were filled with tears, but her chin was bravely high.

She was on the stairway now.

“Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly,” breathed the little girl; “what a perfectly lovely, lovely house! How awfully glad you must be you’re so rich!”

“PollyANNA!” ejaculated her aunt. “I’m surprised at you – **making a speech like that to me!**”

“Why, Aunt Polly, AREN’T you?” asked Pollyanna, in wonder.

“Certainly not, Pollyanna. **How can I be proud of any gift the Lord has sent me?**”¹⁷ declared the lady.

Miss Polly turned and walked down the hall toward the attic stairway door. At the top of the stairs there were innumerable trunks and boxes. It was hot. Pollyanna lifted her head higher – it seemed so hard to breathe. Then she saw that her aunt threw open a door at the right.

“There, Pollyanna, here is your room, and your trunk is here. Do you have your key?”

Pollyanna nodded. Her eyes were a little wide and frightened.

Her aunt frowned.

“When I ask a question, Pollyanna, I prefer that you should answer aloud not merely with your head.”

“Yes, Aunt Polly.”

“Thank you; that is better. I believe you have everything that you need here,” she added. “I will send Nancy to help you unpack your truck. Supper is at six o’clock,” she finished and left the room.

For a moment Pollyanna stood quite still. Then she turned her wide eyes to the bare wall, the bare floor, the bare windows and fell on her knees, covering her face with her hands.

Nancy found her there when she came up a few minutes later.

“**There, there, you, poor lamb,**”¹⁸ she crooned, drawing the little girl into her arms.

“Oh, Nancy, I’m so wicked,” she sobbed. “I just can’t understand why God and the angels need my father more than I do.”

“There, there, child, let’s have your key and we’ll get inside this trunk and take out your dresses.”

Pollyanna produced the key.

“There aren’t very many there,” she faltered.

“Then they’re all soon be unpacked,” declared Nancy.

“It’s such a nice room! Don’t you think so?” Pollyanna stammered.

There was no answer. Nancy was very busy with the trunk.

¹⁷ **How can I be proud of any gift the Lord has sent me?** – Как я могу гордиться дарами, которые посылает мне господь?

¹⁸ **There, there, you, poor lamb** – Ну-ну, бедненькая ты моя овечка

“And I can be glad there isn’t any looking-glass here, too, because where there ISN’T any glass I can’t see my freckles.”

A few minutes later, Pollyanna clapped her hands joyously.

“Oh, Nancy, look at these trees and the houses and that lovely church spire, and the river. Oh, I’m so glad now she let me have this room!”

To Pollyanna’s surprise, Nancy burst into tears.

“Why, Nancy – what is it?” she cried; “This wasn’t – YOUR room, was it?”

“My room!” stormed Nancy. “You are a little angel straight from Heaven!”

After that Nancy sprang to her feet and went down the stairs.

Left alone, Pollyanna went back to her “picture,” as she mentally designated the beautiful view from the window. The next moment she opened the window. She ran then to the other window and opened it too. Then Pollyanna made a wonderful discovery – against this window there was a huge tree. Suddenly she laughed aloud.

“I believe I can do it,” she chuckled. The next moment she climbed to the window ledge. From there it was easy to step to the nearest tree-branch. Then she reached the lowest branch and dropped to the ground.

She was at the back of the house. Then Pollyanna reached the path that ran through the open field.

Fifteen minutes later the great clock struck six. At the last stroke Nancy sounded the bell for supper.

One, two, three minutes passed. Miss Polly frowned. She rose to her feet, went into the hall, and looked upstairs. For a minute she listened; then she turned and went to the dining room.

“Nancy,” she said, “my niece is late. You need not call her,” she added. “I told her what time supper was, and now **she will have to suffer the consequences**.¹⁹ She must learn to be punctual. When she comes she may have bread and milk in the kitchen.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

At the possible moment after supper, Nancy crept up to the attic room.

She softly pushed open the door. The next moment she gave a frightened cry. “Where are you?” she panted, and flew to Old Tom in the garden.

“Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, **that blessed child’s gone**,²⁰” she cried.

The old man stopped, straightened up and pointed at the slender figure on top of a huge rock.

¹⁹ **she will have to suffer the consequences** – ей придется смириться с обстоятельствами

²⁰ **that blessed child’s gone** – это чудесное дитя пропало

Chapter V. The Game

“Miss Pollyanna, **what a scare you did give me**,²¹” panted Nancy, hurrying up to the big rock.

“Scare? Oh, I’m so sorry; but you mustn’t, really, ever get scared about me, Nancy,” said Pollyanna and slid down the rock.

“I didn’t see you go, and nobody didn’t. I guess you flew right up through the roof; I do, I do. Poor little lamb, you must be hungry, too. I—I’m afraid you’ll have to have bread and milk in the kitchen with me. Your aunt didn’t like it – because you didn’t come down to supper.”

“But I couldn’t. I was up here. But I’m glad.”

“Glad! Why?”

“I like bread and milk, and I’d like to eat with you. I don’t see any trouble about being glad about that.”

“You don’t seem to see any trouble being glad about everything,” retorted Nancy.

Pollyanna laughed softly.

“Well, that’s the game, you know, anyway.”

“The – GAME?”

“**Yes; the ‘just being glad’ game**.²²”

“Whatever in the world are you talking about?”

“Why, it’s a game. Father told it to me, and it’s lovely. We’ve played it always, ever since I was a little, little girl. I told the Ladies’ Aid, and they played it – some of them... Only sometimes it’s almost too hard especially when your father goes to Heaven... I suppose, though, it’ll be a little harder now, as long as I haven’t anybody to play it with. Maybe Aunt Polly will play it, though,” she added.

“See here, Miss Pollyanna, I’m not sure that I’ll play it very well, and I don’t know how but I’ll play it with you, I will!”

“Oh, Nancy! That’ll be splendid!”

“Maybe,” said Nancy, in open doubt. “**You mustn’t count too much**²³ on me but I’ll try to play it with you,” she finished, as they entered the kitchen together.

Pollyanna ate her bread and milk with good appetite and went into the sitting room, where her aunt sat reading. Miss Polly looked up coldly.

“Have you had your supper, Pollyanna?”

“Yes, Aunt Polly.”

“**I’m very sorry, Pollyanna, to have been obliged so soon to send you into the kitchen to eat bread and milk**.²⁴”

“But I was really glad you did it, Aunt Polly. I like bread and milk, and Nancy, too. You mustn’t feel bad about that.”

Aunt Polly sat suddenly a little more erect in her chair.

“Pollyanna, go to bed. It was a hard day, and tomorrow we must plan your hours and go over your clothing to see what it is necessary to get for you. Nancy will give you a candle. Breakfast will be at half-past seven. Good night.”

Pollyanna came straight to her aunt’s side and **gave her an affectionate hug**.²⁵

²¹ **what a scare you did give me** – как же вы меня напугали

²² **Yes; the ‘just being glad’ game**. – Да, игра заключается в том, чтобы всегда радоваться, быть довольной.

²³ **You mustn’t count too much** – Ты не должна на меня серьезно рассчитывать

²⁴ **I’m very sorry, Pollyanna, to have been obliged so soon to send you into the kitchen to eat bread and milk**. – Мне очень жаль, что пришлось отправить тебя на кухню есть хлеб с молоком.

²⁵ **gave her an affectionate hug** – ласково обняла

“I know I’m going to just love living with you but then. Good night,” she said cheerfully, as she ran from the room.

“What a most extraordinary child!” Aunt Polly said. Then she frowned. “She’s ‘glad’ I punished her, and I ‘mustn’t feel bad about that,’ and she’s going to ‘love to live’ with me! Well, upon my soul!”

Fifteen minutes later, in the attic room, a lonely little girl sobbed into the sheet:

“I know, father-among-the-angels, I’m not playing the game; I don’t believe even you could find anything to be glad about sleeping all alone in the dark. **If only I was near Nancy or Aunt Polly, or even a Ladies’ Aider, it would be easier!**²⁶”

²⁶ **If only I was near Nancy or Aunt Polly, or even a Ladies’ Aider, it would be easier!** – Если бы только рядом была Нэнси, тетя Полли или кто-то из «Женской помощи», мне было бы легче радоваться.

Chapter VI. A Question of Duty

It was nearly seven o'clock when Pollyanna awoke that first day after her arrival. Her windows faced the south and the west, so she could not see the sun yet; but she could see the morning sky, and she knew that the day promised to be a fair one.

Pollyanna ran to the garden where she saw Aunt Polly with an old man.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, **I am glad this morning just to be alive!**"²⁷

"PollyANNA!" said Aunt Polly, "is this the usual way you say good morning?"

"I saw you from my window and I decided to hug you!"

The old man turned his back suddenly.

"Do you always work in the garden, Mister?" asked Pollyanna.

The man turned. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Yes, Miss. I'm Old Tom, the gardener," he answered. "You are so like your mother, little Miss! I used to know her when she was a young girl. You see, I used to work in the garden – then."

"You did? And you knew my mother, really? Oh, please tell me about her!"

A bell sounded from the house. The next moment Nancy appeared.

"Miss Pollyanna, that bell means breakfast," she said, pulling the little girl to her feet and hurrying her back to the house; "and other times it means other meals. But it always means that you must run when you hear it, no matter where you are." she finished, shooing Pollyanna into the house.

Half an hour after breakfast Miss Polly entered Pollyanna's room.

"Pollyanna, you may bring out your clothes now, and I will look them over. What are not suitable for you I shall give to the Sullivans, of course."

Pollyanna dived into her closet then, hurriedly, and brought out all the poor little dresses in both her arms.

With the tips of her fingers Miss Polly turned over the garments, so obviously made for anybody but Pollyanna.

Aunt Polly turned to Pollyanna abruptly.

"**You have been to school, of course, Pollyanna?**"²⁸

"Oh, yes, Aunt Polly. Besides, I was taught at home, too."

Miss Polly frowned.

"Very good. In autumn you will enter school here, of course. Mr. Hall, will doubtless settle in which grade you belong."

"I love to read; but if you don't want to hear me I will be glad to read to myself, Aunt Polly."

"I don't doubt it," rejoined Miss Polly. "**Have you studied music?**"²⁹

"Not much. I don't like my music. Though I learned to play the piano a little."

"Nevertheless I think it is my duty to see that you are properly instructed in at least the rudiments of music. You sew, of course."

"Yes, ma'am." Pollyanna sighed. "The Ladies' Aid taught me that."

"I shall teach you sewing myself, of course. You do not know how to cook, I presume."

Pollyanna laughed suddenly.

"**They were just beginning to teach me that this summer, but I hadn't got far.**"³⁰

²⁷ **I am glad this morning just to be alive!** – Этим утром я так рада, что живу!

²⁸ **You have been to school, of course, Pollyanna?** – Ты, конечно же, ходила в школу, Поллианна?

²⁹ **Have you studied music?** – Ты занималась музыкой?

³⁰ **They were just beginning to teach me that this summer, but I hadn't got far.** – Меня только начали учить этим летом, но я не очень-то в этом продвинулась.

“At nine o’clock every morning you will read aloud one half-hour to me. Before that you will use the time to put this room in order. Wednesday and Saturday, after half-past nine, you will spend with Nancy in the kitchen, learning to cook. Other mornings you will sew with me. That will leave the afternoons for your music,” she finished.

Pollyanna cried out in dismay.

“Oh, but Aunt Polly, **Aunt Polly, you haven’t left me any time at all just to – to live.**³¹”

“To live, child! What do you mean? As if you weren’t living all the time!”

“I mean living – doing the things you want to do: playing outdoors, reading to myself, climbing hills, talking to Mr. Tom in the garden, and Nancy. That’s what I call living, Aunt Polly. Just breathing isn’t living!”

“Pollyanna, you ARE the most extraordinary child! **You will be allowed a proper amount of playtime, of course.**³² Just be grateful.

Pollyanna looked shocked.

“Oh, Aunt Polly, as if I ever could be ungrateful to YOU! I LOVE YOU, you’re my aunt!”

“Very well; then don’t act ungrateful,” said Miss Polly and turned toward the door.

She had gone halfway down the stairs³³ when a small, unsteady voice called after her:

“Please, Aunt Polly, you didn’t tell me which of my things you wanted to give away.”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, Pollyanna. Timothy will drive us into town at half past one this afternoon. Not one of your garments is fit for my niece to wear.”

³¹ **Aunt Polly you haven’t left me any time at all just to – to live** – тетя Полли, а жить-то я когда буду?

³² **You will be allowed a proper amount of playtime, of course.** – У тебя точно будет время для игр.

³³ **She had gone halfway down the stairs** – она дошла почти до середины лестницы

Chapter VII. Pollyanna and Punishments

The shopping expedition consumed the entire afternoon; then came supper and a delightful talk with Old Tom in the garden, and another with Nancy on the back porch.

Old Tom told Pollyanna wonderful things of her mother and she felt very happy indeed; and Nancy told her all about the little farm six miles away at “The Corners,” where lived her own dear mother, and her dear brother and sisters. She promised, too, that some time, if Miss Polly were willing, Pollyanna should be taken to see them.

“And THEY’VE got lovely names, too. You’ll like THEIR names,” sighed Nancy. “They’re ‘Algernon,’ and ‘Florabelle’ and ‘Estelle.’ I—I just hate ‘Nancy!’”

“Oh, Nancy, why?”

“Because it isn’t pretty like the others.”

“But I love ‘Nancy,’ just because it’s you,” declared Pollyanna. “Well, anyhow,” she chuckled, “you can be glad your name isn’t ‘Hephzibah’.”

“Hephzibah!”

“Yes. Mrs. White’s name is that. Her husband calls her ‘Hep’ and she doesn’t like it. She says when he calls out ‘**Hep – Hep!**’³⁴ she feels just as if the next minute he was going to yell ‘Hurrah!’ And she doesn’t like it.”

Nancy smiled.

“Say, Miss Pollyanna, were you playing that game about my being glad I’m not ‘Hephzibah’?”

Pollyanna frowned; then she laughed.

“Why, Nancy, that’s so! I WAS playing the game – but that’s one of the times I just did it without thinking, I reckon.”

“Well, m-maybe,” granted Nancy, with open doubt.

At half past eight Pollyanna went up to bed. It was very hot in her room and she could not sleep. It seemed to her that **it must have been hours before she finally slipped out of bed**³⁵ and opened her door.

Out in the main attic all was velvet blackness except where the moon flung a path of silver near the east window. She saw something else: she saw, only a little way below the window, the wide, flat roof of Miss Polly’s sun parlor. **If only, now, she were out there!**³⁶

Suddenly Pollyanna remembered that she had seen near this attic window a row of long white bags hanging from nails. She selected a nice fat soft bag for a bed; another bag for a pillow, and a thin bag which seemed almost empty for a covering. Then she stuffed her burden through the window to the roof below, then let herself down after it.

How deliciously cool it was! **The roof under her feet crackled with little resounding snaps**³⁷ that Pollyanna rather liked. She walked, indeed, two or three times back and forth from end to end. Finally, with a sigh of content, she settled herself to sleep on the bag.

Downstairs in Miss Polly herself was hurrying into dressing gown and slippers, her face white and frightened. A minute before she had been telephoning in a shaking voice to Timothy:

“Come up quick! – you and your father. Bring lanterns. Somebody is on the roof of the sun parlor. And he can get right into the house through the east window in the attic!”

³⁴ **Hep – Hep!** – Гип-гип! (восклицание, за которым обычно следует «ура»)

³⁵ **it must have been hours before she finally slipped out of bed** – должно быть, прошел уже не один час, прежде чем Поллианна выскользнула из кровати.

³⁶ **If only, now, she were out there!** – Вот бы ей там оказаться!

³⁷ **the roof under her feet crackled with little resounding snaps** – крыша под ее ногами издавала удивительные звуки

Some time later, Pollyanna was startled by a lantern flash. She opened her eyes to find Timothy at the top of a ladder near her, Old Tom just **getting through the window**,³⁸ and her aunt looking at her in surprise.

“Pollyanna, what does this mean?” cried Aunt Polly then.

“Why, Mr. Tom – Aunt Polly! Don’t look so scared!”

Timothy disappeared suddenly down the ladder. Old Tom handed his lantern to Miss Polly, and followed his son. Miss Polly said sternly:

“Pollyanna, hand those things to me at once and come in here!” she ejaculated a little later, as, with Pollyanna by her side, and the lantern in her hand, she turned back into the attic.

At the top of the stairs Miss Polly said:

“For the rest of the night, Pollyanna, you are to sleep in my bed with me. I consider it my duty to keep you where I know where you are.”

“With you? – in your bed?” Pollyanna cried rapturously. “Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely of you! And when I’ve so wanted to sleep with someone sometime – someone that belonged to me, you know.”

³⁸ **getting through the window** – пролезавшего через окно



There was no reply. Miss Polly, to tell the truth, was feeling curiously helpless. For the third time since Pollyanna's arrival, Miss Polly was punishing Pollyanna – and for the third time **she was being confronted with the amazing fact that her punishment was being taken as a special reward of merit.**³⁹ No wonder Miss Polly was feeling curiously helpless.

³⁹ **she was being confronted with the amazing fact that her punishment was being taken as a special reward of merit** – ее ставил в тупик тот факт, что ее наказание воспринималось как особая награда или поощрение

Chapter VIII. Pollyanna Pays a Visit

It was not long before life at the Harrington homestead settled into something like order. Pollyanna sewed, played the piano, read aloud, and studied cooking in the kitchen. But she had more time, also, to “just live,” as she expressed it, for almost all afternoon from two until six o’clock she could do everything she liked except the certain things already prohibited by Aunt Polly.

There were no children in the neighborhood of the Harrington homestead for Pollyanna to play with. This, however, did not seem to disturb Pollyanna in the least.

“Oh, no, **I don’t mind it at all**,⁴⁰” she explained to Nancy. “I’m happy just to walk around and see the streets and the houses and watch the people. I just love people.”

Almost every afternoon Pollyanna begged for “**an errand to run**,” so that she could be off for a walk in one direction or another; and it was on these walks that frequently she met the Man. To herself Pollyanna always called him “the Man,” no matter if she met a dozen other men the same day.

The Man often wore a long black coat and a high hat. His face was clean shaven and rather pale, and his hair, showing below his hat, was gray. He walked erect, and rather rapidly, and he was always alone, and Pollyanna felt sorry for him. Perhaps it was because of this that she one day spoke to him.

“How do you do, sir? Isn’t this a nice day?” she called cheerily, as she approached him.

The man stopped uncertainly.

“Did you speak – to me?” he asked in a sharp voice.

“Yes, sir, I say, it’s a nice day, isn’t it?”

“**Eh? Oh! Humph!**”⁴¹ he grunted; and strode on again.

Pollyanna laughed. He was such a funny man, she thought.

The next day she saw him again.

“It isn’t quite so nice as yesterday, but it’s pretty nice,” she called out cheerfully.

“Eh? Oh! Humph!” grunted the man as before; and once again Pollyanna laughed happily.

When for the third time Pollyanna accosted him in much the same manner, the man stopped.

“See here, child, who are you, and why are you speaking to me every day?”

“I’m Pollyanna Whittier, and I thought you looked lonesome. I’m so glad you stopped. Now we’re introduced – only I don’t know your name yet.”

“Well, of all the – ” The man did not finish his sentence, but strode on faster than ever.

Pollyanna looked after him disappointed.

“Maybe he didn’t understand – but that was only half an introduction. I don’t know HIS name, yet.” she murmured.

Pollyanna was carrying calf’s-foot jelly to Mrs. Snow today. Miss Polly Harrington always sent something to Mrs. Snow once a week. She said it was her duty, as Mrs. Snow was poor, sick, and a member of her church – it was the duty of all the church members to look out for her, of course. Miss Polly did her duty by Mrs. Snow usually on Thursday afternoons – not personally, but through Nancy. **Today Pollyanna had begged the privilege, and Nancy had promptly given it to her in accordance with Miss Polly’s orders.**⁴²

“I’m glad that I won’t go to her,” Nancy declared to Pollyanna.

⁴⁰ **I don’t mind it at all** – Меня это совершенно не беспокоит

⁴¹ **Eh? Oh! Humph!** – Сложное, неизвестно что выражающее восклицание

⁴² **Today Pollyanna had begged the privilege, and Nancy had promptly given it to her in accordance with Miss Polly’s orders.** – Поллианна уговорила тетю Полли разрешить пойти вместо Нэнси, и Нэнси с радостью передала Поллианне свои полномочия.

“But, why, Nancy?”

Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

“Well, it’s just that nothing whatever has happened, has happened right in Mis’ Snow’s eyes. If you bring her jelly you’ll certainly hear she wanted chicken – but **if you DID bring her chicken**,⁴³ she says she wanted lamb broth!”

“What a funny woman,” laughed Pollyanna. “I think I shall like to go to see her. She must be so surprising and – and different. I love DIFFERENT people.”

Pollyanna was thinking of Nancy’s remarks today as she turned in at the gate of the shabby little cottage.

A pale, tired-looking young girl answered her knock at the door.

“How do you do?” began Pollyanna politely. “I’m from Miss Polly Harrington, and I’d like to see Mrs. Snow, please.”

In the dark and gloomy sick-room, Pollyanna saw a woman half-sitting up in the bed.

“How do you do, Mrs. Snow? Aunt Polly says she hopes you are comfortable today, and she sent you some calf’s-foot jelly.”

“Dear me! Jelly? Of course I’m very much obliged, but **I hoped it would be lamb broth**⁴⁴ today.”

Pollyanna frowned a little.

“Why, I thought it was CHICKEN you wanted when folks brought you jelly,” she said.

“What?” The sick woman turned sharply.

“Why, nothing, much,” apologized Pollyanna, hurriedly; “and of course it doesn’t really make any difference. It’s only that Nancy said it was chicken you wanted when we brought jelly, and lamb broth when we brought chicken – but maybe it was **the other way**,⁴⁵ and Nancy forgot.”

“Well, Miss Impertinence, who are you?” she demanded.

Pollyanna laughed.

“Oh, THAT isn’t my name. I’m Pollyanna Whittier, Miss Polly Harrington’s niece, and I live with her now. That’s why I’m here with the jelly this morning.”

“Very well; thank you. Your aunt is very kind, of course, but my appetite isn’t very good this morning, and I was wanting lamb – ” She stopped suddenly.

“Here! Can you go to that window and pull up the curtain?” she asked. “I want to know what you look like!”

“O dear! then you’ll see my freckles, won’t you?” she sighed, as she went to the window; “I’m so glad you wanted to see me, because now I can see you! They didn’t tell me you were so pretty!”

“Me! – pretty!” scoffed the woman.

“Why, yes. Didn’t you know it?” cried Pollyanna.

“Well, no, I didn’t,” retorted Mrs. Snow.

“Oh, but your eyes are so big and dark, and your hair’s all dark, too, and curly,” said Pollyanna. “I love black curls. Mrs. Snow, you ARE pretty! I should think you’d know it when you looked at yourself in the glass.”

“Wait – just let me show you,” she exclaimed, picking up a small mirror.

“If you don’t mind, **I’d like to fix your hair**⁴⁶ just a little before I let you see it,” she proposed.

“Why, I – suppose so, if you want to,” permitted Mrs. Snow.

For five minutes Pollyanna worked swiftly.

⁴³ **if you DID bring her chicken** – если ты принесешь ей именно курицу

⁴⁴ **I hoped it would be lamb broth** – я надеялась, что сегодня будет говяжий бульон

⁴⁵ **the other way** – наоборот

⁴⁶ **I’d like to fix your hair** – я бы хотела уложить ваши волосы

“There!” panted Pollyanna, hastily plucking a pink from a vase and tucking it into the dark hair. **“Now I reckon we’re ready to be looked at!”**⁴⁷ And she held out the mirror in triumph.

“Humph!” grunted the sick woman, looking at her reflection severely. “I like red pinks better than pink ones; but then, it’ll fade before night.”

“I just love your hair fluffed out like that,” she finished. “Don’t you?”

“Hm-m; maybe. But it won’t last.”⁴⁸

“Of course not – and I’m glad, too,” nodded Pollyanna, cheerfully, “because then I can fix it again. Oh, I love black hair!”

“Well, you wouldn’t be glad for black hair nor anything else – if you had to lie here all day as I do!”

“Anyway, you must be glad about things.”

“Be glad about things – when you’re sick in bed all your days?!”

“That’s really hard really. But now I must go. I’ll think about it all the way home. Goodbye!”

“What does she mean by that?” Mrs. Snow thought. She turned her head and picked up the mirror.

“That little thing HAS got a knack with hair and no mistake,”⁴⁹ she said.

When a little later, Milly, Mrs. Snow’s daughter, came in, she said,

“I should think SOMEBODY might give me a new nightdress – instead of lamb broth, for a change!”

⁴⁷ **Now I reckon we’re ready to be looked at!** – А вот теперь мы полностью готовы!

⁴⁸ **Hm-m; maybe. But it won’t last.** – Ну, может быть. Но прическа не продержится долго.

⁴⁹ **That little thing HAS got a knack with hair and no mistake.** – А эта малышка точно умеет управляться с волосами!

Chapter IX. Which Tells of the Man

It rained the next time Pollyanna saw the Man. She greeted him, however, with a smile.

“How do you do?” she called.

The man stopped abruptly.

“See here, why don’t you find someone your own age to talk to?”

“I’d like to, sir, but there aren’t any around here. Still, I don’t mind so very much. I like **old folks**⁵⁰ just as well, maybe better, sometimes – being used to the Ladies’ Aid, so.”

“Humph! The Ladies’ Aid, indeed! Is that what you took me for?”

Pollyanna laughed gleefully.

“Oh, no, sir. You don’t look like a Ladies’ Aider. Though I’m sure you’re much nicer than you look!”

The man turned and strode on as before.

The next time Pollyanna met the Man, he greeted her. The Man always spoke to Pollyanna after this, and frequently he spoke first, though usually he said just “good afternoon.” Even that was a great surprise to Nancy.

“Miss Pollyanna,” she gasped, “did that man SPEAK TO YOU?”

“Why, yes, he always does – now,” smiled Pollyanna.

““He always does’! Do you know who – he – is?” demanded Nancy.

Pollyanna frowned and **shook her head**.⁵¹

“I reckon he forgot to tell me one day.”

“But he never speaks to anybody, I guess, except when he speaks about business. He’s John Pendleton. He lives in the big house on Pendleton Hill. He is very rich. But he doesn’t spend money he just saves it. Usually he doesn’t speak to anyone; and he lives all alone in that great big lovely house all full of grand things, they say. Some people even think he’s crazy. And EVERYBODY says he’s mysterious.” She went on: “He travels a lot and writes books.”

“Oh, Nancy!” Pollyanna exclaimed. “He is a funny man, and he’s different, too, just like Mrs. Snow, only he’s a different differently.”

“Well, I guess he is,” chuckled Nancy.

“I’m so glad that he speaks to me,” sighed Pollyanna contentedly.

⁵⁰ **old folks** – здр. взрослые

⁵¹ **shook her head** – покачала головой

Chapter X. A Surprise for Mrs. Snow

The next time Pollyanna went to see Mrs. Snow, she found that lady, as at first, in a darkened room.

"It's the little girl from Miss Polly's, mother," announced Milly.

"Oh, it's you?" asked a voice from the bed. I wish you had come yesterday."

"Did you? Well, I'm glad," Pollyanna entered the room and set her basket carefully down on a chair. "It's so dark here! I can't see you," she cried. After that Pollyanna **pulled up the shade**.⁵²

Mrs. Snow turned her eyes toward the basket. "Well, what is it?"

"Guess! What do you want?"

The sick woman frowned.

"Why, I don't WANT anything," she sighed. "After all, they all taste alike!"

Pollyanna chuckled.

"If you DID want something, what would it be?"

The woman hesitated.

"Well, of course, there's lamb broth – "

"I've got it!" crowed Pollyanna.

"**But that's what I DIDN'T want**,⁵³" sighed the sick woman. "It was chicken I wanted."

"Oh, I've got that, too," chuckled Pollyanna.

The woman turned in amazement.

"Both of them?" she demanded.

"Yes – and calf's-foot jelly," triumphed Pollyanna. "I was just bound you should have what you wanted for once; so Nancy and I fixed it. "I'll leave them all," announced Pollyanna.

Suddenly Milly appeared at the door.

"**Your aunt is wanting you**,⁵⁴ Miss Pollyanna.

Pollyanna rose.

"All right," she sighed. "Goodbye, I'm awfully sorry about the hair – I wanted to do it. But maybe I can next time!"

One by one the July days passed. To Pollyanna, they were happy days, indeed. She often told her aunt, joyously, how very happy they were. Her aunt usually replied:

"Very well, Pollyanna. I am gratified, of course, that they are happy; but I trust that they are profitable, as well – **otherwise I should have failed signally in my duty**.⁵⁵"

"Is just being glad isn't pro-fi-ta-ble?" asked Pollyanna, a little anxiously.

"Certainly not."

"Oh dear! I'm afraid, now, you won't ever play the game, Aunt Polly."

"Game? What game?"

"Why, that father – " Pollyanna clapped her hand to her lips. "N-nothing," she stammered. Miss Polly frowned.

It was that afternoon that Pollyanna, coming down from her attic room, met her aunt on the stairway.

"Why, Aunt Polly," she cried. "You were coming up to see me! Come right in. I love company," said Pollyanna, "**especially since I've had this room**,⁵⁶ all mine, you know. And of

⁵² **pulled up the shade** – подняла занавеску

⁵³ **But that's what I DIDN'T want**. – Нет, это как раз то, чего я не хотела.

⁵⁴ **Your aunt is wanting you** – Ваша тетушка желает вас видеть

⁵⁵ **otherwise I should have failed signally in my duty** – иначе я решу, что плохо выполняю свой долг

⁵⁶ **especially since I've had this room** – особенно с тех пор, как у меня есть эта комната

course NOW I just love this room, even if it hasn't got the carpets and curtains and pictures – ”
With a painful blush Pollyanna stopped.

“What's that, Pollyanna?”

Pollyanna blushed still more painfully.

“I ought not to have, of course, Aunt Polly,” she apologized. “It was only because I'd always wanted them and hadn't had them, I suppose.”

Miss Polly rose suddenly to her feet. Her face was very red.

“**That will do**,⁵⁷ Pollyanna,” she said.

⁵⁷ **That will do** – Довольно

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.