

読みはじめる前に

本書で使われている用語です。わからない語は巻末のワードリストで確認しましょう。

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|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> asylum | <input type="checkbox"/> gable | <input type="checkbox"/> scholarship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> bend | <input type="checkbox"/> imagination | <input type="checkbox"/> swear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> croup | <input type="checkbox"/> orphan | <input type="checkbox"/> tease |

登場人物紹介

Anne Shirley アン・シャリー 生まれてまもなく両親を亡くし、あちこちを転々としたのち、グリーン・ゲイブルズのマシュー、マリラのもとに引き取られる。自分の赤毛を嫌っている。

Matthew Cuthbert マシュー・カズバート グリーン・ゲイブルズに住む老農夫。女性が夫の苦手。銀行に預けた蓄えと日々のわずかな収入で生活している。

Marilla Cuthbert マリラ・カズバート マシューの妹。きちょうめんな性格で、家事のいっさいをとりしきっている。

Diana Barry ダイアナ・バリー オーチャード・スロープに住む。アンと同じ年頃で、ミニー・メイトという幼い妹がいる。

Gilbert Blythe キルバート・ブライクス アン、ダイアナと同じマツォンリー校に通う。成績は常にトップクラスで女子に人気がある。

Miss Muriel Stacy ミリエル・ステイン先生 マツォンリー校にやって来た新任の先生。

“God’s in his heaven, all’s right with the world.”

「神は天にあり、世はすべてこどもなし」

英国詩人、ロバート・ブラウニングの長編詩からの引用。

『赤毛のアン』最後にアンがつぶやく言葉である。

Chapter 1

Matthew Is Surprised

Matthew Cuthbert was getting old. At sixty he was not so spry as he once was. He needed someone to help on his farm, Green Gables, where he lived with his sister, Marilla. As they had no children of their own, they decided to get a little boy from the orphanage. He should be about ten or eleven. That would be the best age. They planned to give him a good home and schooling. Their neighbor, Mrs. Spencer, had arranged everything. The boy was arriving today, so Matthew Cuthbert went to Bright River to meet him.

When he reached Bright River, there was no sign of a train. He thought he was too early. So he tied up his horse and buggy and went over to the station house. The long platform was almost

empty, with just one little girl sitting down at the far end. Matthew was a shy man, and he was especially shy of women. He walked quickly past the girl without looking at her. If he had looked, he might have noticed her looking at him with great expectation. She was waiting for something or someone with all her might.

Matthew found the stationmaster locking up the office. "The train has come and gone," said the stationmaster. "But there was a passenger dropped off for you—a little girl!"

"I'm not expecting a girl," Matthew said. "It's a boy I've come for."

"Well, there must be some mistake, but you can talk to her about it," said the stationmaster. "She's got a tongue of her own," he added, and he walked away.

Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den. He had to walk up to a girl—a strange girl—an orphan girl—and demand of her why she wasn't a boy.

The girl was Anne. She was a child of about

eleven wearing a very short, very ugly yellowish-gray dress. She wore an old brown sailor hat over her long, thick red hair. Her face was small, white and thin, with lots of freckles. Her mouth was large and so were her green-grey eyes. Her big eyes glowed as she looked up at Matthew when he walked her way.

Anne jumped to her feet. In one hand she held an old carpetbag. The other hand she held out to the man with the long gray hair and beard. "I suppose you are Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables," she said in a clear, sweet voice. "I'm very glad to see you. I was afraid you weren't coming for me and I was beginning to imagine what I'd do. If you didn't come, I thought I'd climb up and sleep in that big wild cherry tree over there. I wouldn't be a bit afraid!"

Matthew held the little hand in his and decided what to do. He could not tell this child that there had been a mistake. He would take her home and let Marilla do that.

"I'm sorry I was late," he said shyly. "Come

along. Give me your bag."

"Oh, I can carry it," Anne said cheerfully. "It contains everything I own, but it isn't heavy."

"I'm very glad you've come," Anne continued. "It seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody—not really."

Matthew looked at her and quickly looked away as he put her bag into the horse-drawn buggy.

Anne talked on, "The asylum was the worst. I was only in there for four months, but that was enough. I don't suppose you were ever an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you can imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I don't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it?"

At these words Matthew gave Anne such a sad look that Anne suddenly stopped talking. Not another word did she say until they had left the village and were driving down a steep little hill with flowering cherry trees lining both sides of

the red dirt road. "Isn't that beautiful? What does that tree, all white and lacy, remind you of, Mr. Cuthbert?" she asked.

"Well now, I don't know," said Matthew.

"Why, a bride, of course—all in white with a lovely misty veil. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so ugly, and with my red hair nobody will ever want to marry me. But I do hope that some day I shall have a white dress. I just love pretty clothes. Oh look, more cherry trees! This island is the *blonniest* 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 expected I would. It's delightful when your imaginings come true, isn't it? It just makes me feel glad to be alive. Oh, am I talking too much?"

Matthew, to his own surprise, was enjoying himself. Like most quiet folks, he liked talkative people. "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. I've been told a million times to be quiet. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas, you have to have big words, haven't you?"

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

"It's always been one of my dreams to live here. Dreams don't often come true, do they? I would be so nice if they did. But now I feel pretty near perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly happy because of my red hair. Sometimes I try to imagine that red hair away. 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," said Anne. Just then they pulled into the driveway of Green Gables.

The yard was quite dark but Anne could see the big house surrounded by trees. "But this place is the first thing I ever saw that couldn't be improved

upon by imagination. As soon as I saw it I felt it was home. It seems as if I must be in a dream. But it is real and we're nearly home."

"We'll see . . ." Matthew sounded so unsure that Anne turned to stare at him. He looked away. "Come inside and Marilla will tell you all about it."

"Yes, Mr. Cuthbert. But first, listen to the trees talking in their sleep," she whispered as he lifted her to the ground. "What nice dreams they must have." Then, holding tightly to the carpetbag, she followed him into the house.