



# Learn English Through Stories

C Series

C28

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## Anne of Green Gables

### Chapter one: Anne Arrives in Avonlea



#### *East Canada*

One fine spring afternoon in Avonlea, Mrs. Rachel Lynde sat by her kitchen window. She often sat there because she could see the Avonlea road very well from there.

A man with a horse and buggy came up the road. It was Mrs. Lynde's neighbor, Matthew Cuthbert.

"Where's Matthew going?" thought Mrs. Lynde in surprise. "It's half past three in the afternoon and he has a lot of work on his farm. Where's he going and why is he going there?"

Matthew Cuthbert lived with his sister, Marilla, in Green Gables, a large old house near Mrs. Lynde's home. Later, Mrs. Lynde walked to Green Gables.

Marilla Cuthbert was busy in the kitchen. She was a tall, thin woman with grey hair. Marilla wasn't young or pretty, and she didn't smile very much. But she had a kind heart. She wasn't surprised by Mrs. Lynde's visit.

"Hello, Marilla," said Mrs. Lynde. "I saw Matthew on the road. Where's he going?"

"To Bright River Station," answered Marilla. "We're getting a little boy from an orphanage in Nova Scotia. He's coming on the train this afternoon."

Mrs. Lynde couldn't speak. Then she said, "An orphan boy! Why do you want an orphan boy?"

"Matthew is sixty years old," answered Marilla. "His heart isn't very strong. He wants a boy to help him on the farm."

"We heard about Mrs. Spencer at White Sands. She's getting a little girl from the orphanage. Matthew and I want a little boy. Mrs. Spencer went to the orphanage today. She's bringing a boy back on the train and she's going to leave him at the station. Matthew will meet him there."

"I think you're doing a very stupid thing, Marilla," said Mrs. Lynde. "You're bringing a strange boy into your house. You don't know anything about him."

"I read a story in the newspaper about an orphan. This child lived with a Canadian family. The child lit a fire one night and the family died in the fire. But it was a girl, not a boy."

"But we're not getting a girl," said Marilla. "We don't want a girl. We're getting a boy."

Bright River Station was about twelve kilometers from Avonlea. Matthew drove there slowly in the buggy. When he arrived at Bright River, it was late. He couldn't see a train.

There was only one person at the station, a little girl about eleven years old. She was very thin with large grey eyes and long red hair. She wore a short, ugly dress and carried an old bag.

When she saw Matthew, she smiled. Then she put out her hand. "Are you Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she asked. "I'm from the orphanage. Mrs. Spencer brought me here."

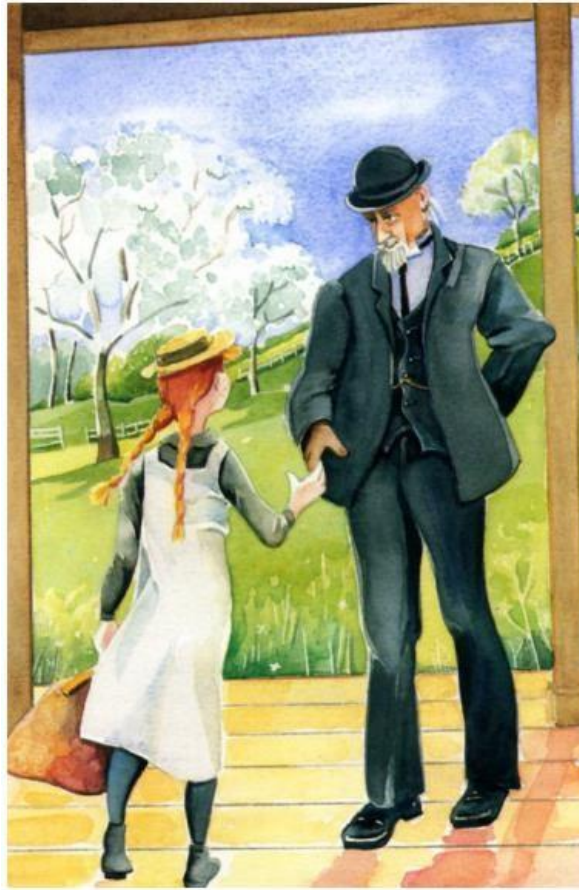
Matthew took the child's hand. "There's a mistake," he thought. "This is a girl, not a boy!"

"When you weren't here at the station," said the child, "I thought, 'I can sleep in that big tree tonight. I know he'll come in the morning.' I know it's a long way to your house. Mrs. Spencer told me. But I love driving. And I'm going to have a home with you. That's wonderful. I never had a home."

"I was late," said Matthew slowly. "I'm sorry." He took the little girl's bag and they walked to the buggy. "I can't leave this child at the station," he thought. "I'll take her back to Green Gables. Marilla can tell her about the mistake."

The girl got into the buggy and Matthew drove home. The child talked and talked.

Matthew listened. He was a quiet man and he was usually afraid of little girls. But he liked listening to this girl's conversation.



*"Are you Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables?"*

"Look at those trees with the beautiful white flowers," said the girl. "I love the colour white. I'd like a beautiful white dress. I never had a pretty dress. They only gave us ugly clothes at the orphanage. I know I'm going to be very happy with you. But one thing makes me sad. Look at my hair. What colour is it?"

"Isn't it red?" asked Matthew.

"Yes," said the little girl sadly. "It's red. I hate my red hair."

It was evening when they arrived at Green Gables. Marilla came to the door and looked at the child in surprise.

"Who's this, Matthew?" she asked. "Where's the boy?"

"There wasn't a boy," said Matthew unhappily. "There was only her. I couldn't leave her at the station."

"No boy!" said Marilla. "But we asked Mrs. Spencer for a boy!"

"You don't want me!" cried the child suddenly. "You don't want me because I'm not a boy! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't cry," said Marilla. "We can't send you back to the orphanage tonight. You'll have to stay here. What's your name?"

The child stopped crying. "Can you call me Cordelia?" she asked. "Cordelia! Is that your name?" asked Marilla in surprise.

"No," said the child sadly. "But Cordelia is a prettier name than mine. My name is Anne Shirley. Anne with an 'e'. But please call me Cordelia."

"No," said Marilla, but she smiled. "Anne is a very good name. Now come and eat something, Anne."

Anne sat down at the table but she couldn't eat anything. So Marilla took her upstairs to a small bedroom. Anne took off her clothes and got sadly into bed.

Marilla went downstairs and washed the plates. Matthew sat in a chair. He didn't say very much.

"I'll drive to Mrs. Spencer's house tomorrow," said Marilla, "and I'll ask her about this mistake. We'll have to send this child back."

"She's a very nice little girl," said Matthew slowly, "and very interesting. She likes to talk. And she wants to stay with us."

Marilla was very surprised. "But, Matthew, she can't stay here," she said. "A girl can't help you on the farm."

"But maybe we can help her," answered Matthew quietly.

"I'm going to send her back to the orphanage," said Marilla. "I don't want an orphan girl."

"All right, Marilla," said Matthew. "I'm going to bed now."

Marilla put the plates away and went to bed, too. And in the room upstairs, the little orphan girl cried and cried.

## Chapter two: A Sad Story

When Anne woke up the next morning, she felt happy. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone and the sky was blue. Anne opened the window. Outside, there was a fruit tree with beautiful flowers. Anne could see many other trees and flowers, and a small river too.

"This is a wonderful place!" she thought. Then, suddenly, she remembered. She felt very sad again. "But I can't stay here," she thought. "They don't want me because I'm not a boy."

Marilla came into the room. "Good morning, Anne," she said. "Breakfast is waiting. Wash your face and put on your clothes."

"I'm feeling very hungry," Anne said. "I can never be sad in the mornings. I love mornings."

After breakfast, Anne washed the plates and cups. Marilla watched carefully, but Anne did the job well.

"This afternoon I'm going to drive to White Sands," Marilla said. "You'll come with me, Anne, and we'll talk to Mrs. Spencer."



*Marilla suddenly felt very sorry for Anne.*

Matthew didn't say anything, but he looked very sad. Later, he got the horse and buggy ready for Marilla. Marilla drove, and Anne sat next to her.

"Is it a long way to White Sands?" asked Anne.

"About eight kilometers," answered Marilla. "I know you like to talk, Anne. So tell me your story."

"It isn't very interesting," said Anne. "I was born in Bolingbroke in Nova Scotia, and I was eleven last March. My parents were teachers. But they died when I was a baby. So their cleaner, Mrs. Thomas, and her husband took me into their house.

"Mrs. Thomas had four children. I helped her with them. But then Mr. Thomas died in an accident. Mrs. Thomas and the children went to Mr. Thomas's parents. They didn't want me.

"Then Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Thomas's friend, took me into her house. She had eight children. They were very hard work. Then Mrs. Hammond moved away. I had to go to the orphanage because nobody wanted me. I was there for four months."

"Did you go to school?" asked Marilla.

"No, not often," answered Anne. "I didn't have time. I was always busy with the children. But I like reading very much."

"Were these women—Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond — kind to you?" asked Marilla.

"They wanted to be kind," Anne said slowly. "But they were always very tired. They couldn't really be kind to me."

Marilla suddenly felt very sorry for Anne. The little girl's life was very sad. Nobody wanted her or loved her.

When Mrs. Spencer saw Marilla and Anne, she was very surprised. Marilla told her about the problem.

"I'm very sorry," answered Mrs. Spencer. "I made a mistake.

But I have an idea. My neighbour, Mrs. Blewett, has a new baby. She wants a girl to help her. Anne can go and live with her."





*Marilla suddenly felt very sorry for Anne.*

Oh," said Marilla. She knew about Mrs. Blewett. Mrs. Blewett had a lot of children, but she wasn't very kind to them.

"Look!" said Mrs. Spencer. "Here's Mrs. Blewett now." Mrs. Blewett had small, cold eyes.

"This is Marilla Cuthbert from Green Gables," Mrs. Spencer told her. "And this little girl is from the orphanage. I brought her for Marilla but Marilla wants a boy. Would you like her?"

Mrs. Blewett looked at Anne for a long time. She didn't smile. "She's very thin," she said. "I hope she's strong. She'll have to work hard. Yes, Mrs. Spencer, I'll take this girl. She can come home with me now."

Marilla looked at Anne's unhappy face. "I can't give Anne to Mrs. Blewett," she thought. "Wait," she said. "First I have to discuss things with my brother, Matthew. He wants Anne to stay with us."

Anne looked at Marilla in surprise. Then she jumped up and ran across the room. "Can I really stay with you at Green Gables?" she asked. "Did you really say that?"

"I don't know," said Marilla. "Now sit down and be quiet."

When Marilla and Anne arrived at Green Gables, Matthew met them. He was very happy when he saw Anne. Later, Marilla told him about Mrs. Blewett. She told him Anne's story, too. Matthew wasn't usually angry, but he was very angry about Mrs. Blewett.

"That Blewett woman is very unkind," he said.

"I know," said Marilla. "I don't like her. All right, Matthew, Anne can stay here with us. But I don't know very much about children. I hope I don't make any mistakes with her."

"Thank you, Marilla," said Matthew happily. "Anne's a very interesting little girl. Be good to her. Then she'll always love you."

## 2. Will and Would

Use **will** and **would** when you are asking someone to do something.

1. Will you please stop making that noise?
2. Would you pass me that pen, please?
3. Please, will you close the window?

You can also use **will** and **would** to offer something or to suggest something.

1. Will I hold this end of the rope?
2. Will I carry the bag for you?
3. Would you like another drink?
4. Which cake would you like?

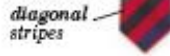
### More sentences

1. We'll see you tomorrow.
2. Perhaps Dad will lend me the car.
3. We had a terrible night. The baby wouldn't go to sleep.
4. Dad wouldn't lend me the car, so we had to take the train.
5. It will rain tomorrow.
6. They will get married.
7. I will go to London one day.
8. She will take the exams in this semester.
9. She would go to China.
10. He would call me.
11. Would he forgive me?
12. He wouldn't speak to her.

### 3. Picture Dictionary page

#### diagonal

*adjective*  
sloping at an angle from one edge to another.



#### diagram

*noun*  
a drawing or plan that shows or explains something.



A diagram of the inside of a volcano.

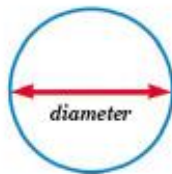
#### dial

*noun*  
the face of a measuring device that has numbers on it.



#### diameter

*noun*  
the width of a circle, measured by a straight line.



#### diary

*noun*  
a book in which you write down your thoughts and daily events (see *time* on page 216).

#### dice

*noun*  
cubes with a different number of dots, from one to six, on each side. Dice are used in indoor games. A single cube is called a die.



#### dictionary

*noun*  
a book that contains an alphabetical list of words with their meanings.

#### die

*verb*  
dies dying died *verb*  
to stop living.  
*noun*  
death

#### diet

*noun*  
the food that you usually eat.



Fruit and vegetables are part of a healthy diet.

#### different

*adjective*  
not like something else.



Two different shells.  
■ opposite same  
*noun*  
difference

#### difficult

*adjective*  
hard to do.  
It was difficult to cut the string with blunt scissors.  
■ opposite easy

#### dig

*verb*  
digs digging dug  
to make a hole in the ground.



#### digest

*verb*  
digests digesting digested  
to break food down so that the body can use it.  
■ say die-je-st  
*noun*  
digestion

#### digit

*noun*  
1 a number from zero to nine, shown as a figure rather than written in words.  
2 a finger or toe.



#### digital

*adjective*  
1 showing number information in figures.  
2 storing information using the digits zero and one.



digital camera

#### dilute

*verb*  
dilutes diluting diluted  
to make thinner or weaker, often by adding water.  
*noun*  
dilution



#### dim

*adjective*  
not bright.  
A dim lightbulb.  
■ comparisons dimmer dimmest

#### dinghy

*noun*  
a small, open sailing boat (see *boat* on page 31).  
■ say ding-ee

#### dingo

*noun*  
a wild dog that lives in Australia. Dingoes hunt alone or in small packs and eat birds, reptiles, and small animals.



#### dinner

*noun*  
dinners  
the main meal of the day.