

Matthew Cuthbert lived with his sister Marilla on their farm on Prince Edward Island in Canada. "Yes," the man replied. "And there's a passenger who's waiting for you. A little girl." "A little girl?" asked Matthew. But I've come for a boy! The children's home is sending us one of their orphan boys. We're going to adopt him, you see, and he's going to help me with the farm work." Well, perhaps the children's home didn't have any boys, so they sent you a girl," answered the station-master carelessly. "Here she is. Matthew turned shyly to speak to the child. She was about eleven, with long red hair in two plaits. Her face was small, white and thin, with a lot of freckles, and she had large grey-green eyes. She was wearing an old brown hat and a dress which was too small for her. "Are you Mr Cuthbert of Green Gables?" she asked excitedly in a high, sweet voice. "I'm very happy to come and live with you, and belong to you. I've never belonged to anyone, you see. The people at the children's home were very kind, but it's not very exciting to live in a place like that, is it?" Matthew felt sorry for the child. How could he tell her that it was all a mistake? But he couldn't just leave her at the station. He decided to take her home with him. Marilla could explain the mistake to her. He was surprised that he enjoyed the journey home. He was a quiet, shy man, and he didn't like talking. "They sent you a girl," said the station-master himself. But today, he only had to listen, because the little girl talked and talked and talked. She told him all about herself while they drove along. "My parents died when I was a baby, you know, and for the last three years I've had to work for my food. I've lived with three different families and looked after their children. So I've always been poor, and I haven't got any nice dresses! But I just imagine that I'm wearing the most beautiful blue dress, and a big hat with flowers on, and blue shoes, and then I'm happy! Do you imagine things sometimes?" Well, I...I....not often," said Matthew. "I just imagine that I'm wearing the most beautiful blue dress. They were now driving past some very old apple trees next to the road. The trees were full of sweet-smelling, snowy-white flowers. The little girl looked at them. "Aren't the trees beautiful?" she said happily. "But am I talking too much? Please tell me. I can stop if necessary, you know." Matthew smiled at her. "You go on talking," he answered. "I like listening to you. When they arrived at Green Gables, Marilla came to the door to meet them. But when she saw the little girl, she cried in surprise, "Matthew, who's that? Where's the boy?" "The children's home has made a mistake," he said unhappily, "and sent a girl, not a boy. Their farmhouse, Green Gables, was just outside the little village of Avonlea. Everybody in Avonlea knew that the Cuthberts were quiet people who worked very hard on their farm. "Will you please call me Cordelia?" she asked. "Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?" Well, no, it isn't, but it's a very beautiful name, isn't it? I like to imagine my name is Cordelia, because my real name is Anne Shirley – and that's not a very interesting name, is it?" Marilla shook her head. Matthew was nearly sixty and had a long brown beard. Well, you can stay here, just for tonight," said Marilla. His sister was five years younger. They were both tall and thin, with dark hair. One afternoon Matthew drove the horse and cart to the station. "Has the five-thirty train arrived yet?" he asked the station-master. One afternoon Matthew drove the horse and cart to the station. The child was listening carefully. Suddenly she put her head in her hands and began to cry. "The child has too much imagination," she thought.