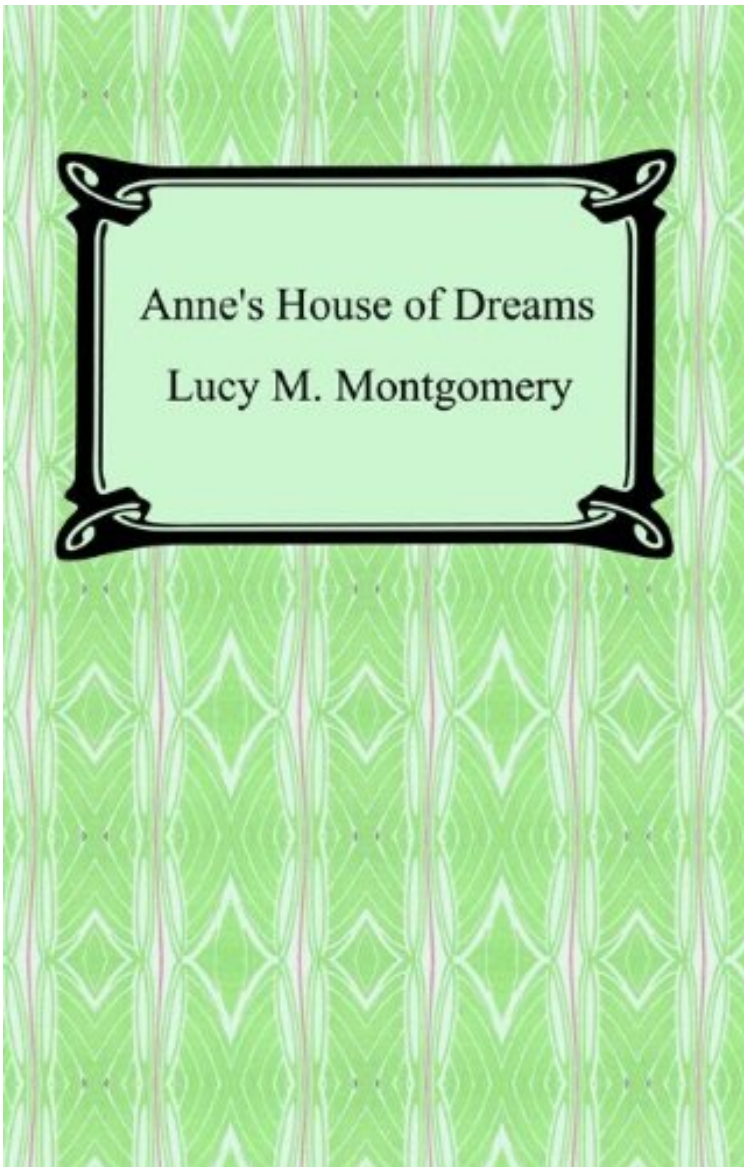


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Anne's House of Dreams [with Biographical Introduction]



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Details sur le produit Publi le: 2004-04-01
Sorti le: 2004-04-01
Format: Ebook
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Description : Description du produit
Dr. Moreau, a scientist expelled from his homeland for cruel experiments, finds a deserted island where he can create hideous creatures with manlike intelligence. But as the rigid order on Moreau's island dissolves, the consequences of his experiments emerge-and his creations revert to beasts more shocking than nature could devise.

Présentation de l'auteur
The fifth novel in the "Anne of Green Gables" saga, "Anne's House of Dreams" chronicles the early married life of Anne and her husband and childhood sweetheart Gilbert Blythe. Shortly following their marriage, at the outset of the book, the two move into their "house of dreams" at Four Winds

Point. This novel follows Anne from age twenty-five to twenty-seven and continues the tale of Lucy M. Montgomery's most popular and well-loved character. A shipwreck in the South Seas, a palm-tree paradise where a mad doctor conducts vile experiments, animals that become human and then "bestly" in ways they never were before--it's the stuff of high adventure. It's also a parable about Darwinian theory, a social satire in the vein of Jonathan Swift (*Gulliver's Travels*), and a bloody tale of horror. Or, as H. G. Wells himself wrote about this story, "The Island of Dr. Moreau is an exercise in youthful blasphemy. Now and then, though I rarely admit it, the universe projects itself towards me in a hideous grimace. It grimaced that time, and I did my best to express my vision of the aimless torture in creation." This colorful tale by the author of *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The War of the Worlds* lit a firestorm of controversy at the time of its publication in 1896.

Extrait *Annes House of Dreams* IN THE GARRET OF GREEN GABLES

Thanks be, Im done with geometry, learning or teaching it, said Anne Shirley, a trifle vindictively, as she thumped a somewhat battered volume of Euclid into a big chest of books, banged the lid in triumph, and sat down upon it, looking at Diana Wright across the Green Gables garret, with gray eyes that were like a morning sky. The garret was a shadowy, suggestive, delightful place, as all garrets should be. Through the open window, by which Anne sat, blew the sweet, scented, sun-warm air of the August afternoon; outside, poplar boughs rustled and tossed in the wind; beyond them were the woods, where Lovers Lane wound its enchanted path, and the old apple orchard which still bore its rosy harvests munificently. And, over all, was a great mountain range of snowy clouds in the blue southern sky. Through the other window was glimpsed a distant, white-capped, blue sea the beautiful St. Lawrence Gulf, on which floats, like a jewel, Abegweit, whose softer, sweeter Indian name has long been forsaken for the more prosaic one of Prince Edward Island. Diana Wright, three years older than when we last saw her, had grown somewhat matronly in the intervening time. But her eyes were as black and brilliant, her cheeks as rosy, and her dimples as enchanting, as in the long-ago days when she and Anne Shirley had vowed eternal friendship in the garden at Orchard Slope. In her arms she held a small, sleeping, black-curled creature, who for two happy years had been known to the world of Avonlea as Small Anne Cordelia. Avonlea folks knew why Diana had called her Anne, of course, but Avonlea folks were puzzled by the Cordelia. There had never been a Cordelia in the Wright or Barry connections. Mrs. Harmon Andrews said she supposed Diana had found the name in some trashy novel, and wondered that Fred hadnt more sense than to allow it. But Diana and Anne smiled at each other. They knew how Small Anne Cordelia had come by her name. You always hated geometry, said Diana with a retrospective smile. I should think youd be real glad to be through with teaching, anyhow. Oh, Ive always liked teaching, apart from geometry. These past three years in Summerside have been very pleasant ones. Mrs. Harmon Andrews told me when I came home that I wouldnt likely find married life as much better than teaching as I expected. Evidently Mrs. Harmon is of Hamlets opinion that it may be better to bear the ills that we have than fly to others that we know not of. Annes laugh, as blithe and irresistible as of yore, with an added note of sweetness and maturity, rang through the garret. Marilla in the kitchen below, compounding blue plum preserve, heard it and smiled; then sighed to think how seldom that dear laugh would echo through Green Gables in the years to come. Nothing in her life had ever given Marilla so much happiness as the knowledge that Anne was going to marry Gilbert Blythe; but every joy must bring with it its little shadow of sorrow. During the three Summerside years Anne had been home often for vacations and weekends; but, after this, a bi-annual visit would be as much as could be hoped for. You neednt let what Mrs. Harmon says worry you, said Diana, with the calm assurance of the four-years matron. Married life has its ups and downs, of course. You mustnt expect that everything will always go smoothly. But I can assure you, Anne, that its a happy life, when youre married to the right man. Anne smothered a smile. Dianas airs of vast experience always amused her a little. I daresay Ill be putting them on too, when Ive been married four years, she thought. Surely my sense of humor will preserve me from it, though. Is it settled yet where you are going to live? asked Diana, cuddling Small Anne Cordelia with the inimitable gesture of motherhood which always sent through Annes heart, filled with sweet, unuttered dreams and hopes, a thrill that was half pure pleasure and half a strange, ethereal pain. Yes. That was what I wanted to tell you when I phoned to you to come down today. By the way, I cant realize that we really have telephones in Avonlea now. It sounds so preposterously up-to-date and modernish for this darling, leisurely old place. We can thank the A.V.I.S. for them, said Diana. We should never have got the line if they hadnt taken the matter up and carried it through. There was enough cold water thrown to discourage any society. But they stuck to it, nevertheless. You did a splendid thing for Avonlea when you founded that society, Anne. What fun we did have at our meetings! Will you ever forget the blue hall and Judson Parkers scheme for painting medicine

advertisements on his fence? I dont know that Im wholly grateful to the A.V.I.S. in the matter of the telephone, said Anne. Oh, I know its most convenient even more so than our old device of signaling to each other by flashes of candlelight! And, as Mrs. Rachel says, Avonlea must keep up with the procession, thats what. But somehow I feel as if I didnt want Avonlea spoiled by what Mr. Harrison, when he wants to be witty, calls modern inconveniences. I should like to have it kept always just as it was in the dear old years. Thats foolish and sentimental and impossible. So I shall immediately become wise and practical and possible. The telephone, as Mr. Harrison concedes, is a buster of a good thing even if you do know that probably half a dozen interested people are listening along the line. Thats the worst of it, sighed Diana. Its so annoying to hear the receivers going down whenever you ring anyone up. They say Mrs. Harmon Andrews insisted that their phone should be put in their kitchen just so that she could listen whenever it rang and keep an eye on the dinner at the same time. Today, when you called me, I distinctly heard that queer clock of the Pyes striking. So no doubt Josie or Gertie was listening. Oh, so that is why you said, Youve got a new clock at Green Gables, havent you? I couldnt imagine what you meant. I heard a vicious click as soon as you had spoken. I suppose it was the Pye receiver being hung up with profane energy. Well, never mind the Pyes. As Mrs. Rachel says, Pyes they always were and Pyes they always will be, world without end, amen. I want to talk of pleasanter things. Its all settled as to where my new home shall be. Oh, Anne, where? I do hope its near here. No-o-o, thats the drawback. Gilbert is going to settle at Four Winds Harboursixty miles from here.

Sixty! It might as well be six hundred, sighed Diana. I never can get further from home now than Charlottetown. Youll have to come to Four Winds. Its the most beautiful harbor on the Island. Theres a little village called Glen St. Mary at its head, and Dr. David Blythe has been practicing there for fifty years. He is Gilberts great-uncle, you know. He is going to retire, and Gilbert is to take over his practice. Dr. Blythe is going to keep his house, though, so we shall have to find a habitation for ourselves. I dont know yet what it is, or where it will be in reality, but I have a little house odreams all furnished in my imagination a tiny, delightful castle in Spain. Where are you going for your wedding tour? asked Diana. Nowhere. Dont look horrified, Diana dearest. You suggest Mrs. Harmon Andrews. She, no doubt, will remark condescendingly that people who cant afford wedding towers are real sensible not to take them; and then shell remind me that

Jane went to Europe for hers. I want to spend my honeymoon at Four Winds in my own dear house of dreams. And youve decided not to have any bridesmaid? There isnt any one to have. You and Phil and Priscilla and Jane all stole a march on me in the matter of marriage; and Stella is teaching in Vancouver. I have no other kindred soul and I wont have a bridesmaid who isnt. But you are going to wear a veil, arent you? asked Diana, anxiously. Yes, indeed. I shouldnt feel like a bride without one. I remember telling Matthew, that evening when he brought me to Green Gables, that I never expected to be a bride because I was so homely no one would ever want to marry me unless some foreign missionary did. I had an idea then that foreign missionaries couldnt afford to be finicky in the matter of looks if they wanted a girl to risk her life among cannibals. You should have seen the foreign missionary Priscilla married. He was as handsome and inscrutable as those day-dreams we once planned to marry ourselves, Diana; he was the best dressed man I ever met, and he raved over Priscillas ethereal, golden beauty. But of course there are no cannibals in Japan. Your wedding dress is a dream, anyhow, sighed Diana rapturously. Youll look like a perfect queen in it youre so tall and slender. How do you keep so slim, Anne? Im fatter than ever Ill soon have no waist at all.

Stoutness and slimness seem to be matters of predestination, said Anne. At all events, Mrs. Harmon Andrews cant say to you what she said to me when I came home from Summerside, Well, Anne, youre just about as skinny as ever. It sounds quite romantic to be slender, but skinny has a very different tang. Mrs.

Harmon has been talking about your trousseau. She admits its as nice as Janes, although she says Jane married a millionaire and you are only marrying a poor young doctor without a cent to his name. Anne laughed. My dresses are nice. I love pretty things. I remember the first pretty dress I ever had the brown gloria Matthew gave me for our school concert. Before that everything I had was so ugly. It seemed to me that I stepped into a new world that night. That was the night Gilbert recited Bingen on the Rhine, and looked at you when he said, Theres another, not a sister. And you were so furious because he put your pink tissue rose in his breast pocket! You didnt much imagine then that you would ever marry him. Oh, well, thats another instance of predestination, laughed Anne, as they went down the garret stairs.