

Eleanor H. Porter
Pollyanna



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Retold by Katarzyna Duda

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Projekt okładki i ilustracje: Małgorzata Flis
Skład: Marek Szwarnóg

ISBN 83 - 89652 - 28 - 5

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Chapter I

Pollyanna's Arrival



One June morning Miss Polly Harrington finished reading a letter and entered the kitchen. Nancy, who was washing the dishes, noticed that Miss Harrington was not calm like her usual self, but seemed to be in a hurry.

"Nancy..."

"Yes Ma'am," Nancy replied automatically.

"Nancy, stop working when I'm talking to you! When you are done with the washing, go to the attic and prepare the small room there. Clean it. It will be a room for my niece, who is going to stay and live with me."

"A little girl? Coming here, Miss Harrington? It will be so nice!"

"Nice?" Miss Polly asked stiffly. "I have just received a letter which says that her father has died, so she has no one, and, as a good person knowing my duties, I am going to raise that child."

Nancy knew for sure from that cold tone of voice that Polly Harrington wasn't expecting her niece with an open heart.

A couple of hours later she finished preparing the room, muttering to herself all the time



about how inhuman and stiff Polly Harrington was. Then she went to the garden to talk to Old Tom, the gardener. Old Tom had worked for the Harrington family for over thirty years. He explained to Nancy that the small girl must be a child of the oldest Harrington daughter, Jane. Twenty-five years ago she fell in love with a poor minister, and even though her entire family was against this relationship, she married him, and they moved to another city. Later she died, and since that day Miss Polly was the only living mistress of the Harringtons' big house. Polly Harrington was only fifteen at the time of her sister's marriage. She didn't marry, herself, and was living a sad and lonely life, changing everything into a duty. Tom and Nancy's conversation was interrupted by a sharp voice calling:

"Nancy, come here immediately!"

She ran and found Miss Polly in the room in the attic. The room, though clean, was poorly furnished. Apart from a bed, two chairs, a table and a small desk, there wasn't anything else there. Due to the closed windows, it was very hot inside.



"Nancy, there was a fly. The windows must have been opened! Didn't you know that they cannot be opened when there are no screens on them?"

"But it was hot, and I wanted to let some fresh air in."

"I have ordered screens for this room, but as they are not here yet, the windows must remain closed. Do remember this. Also, my niece arrives tomorrow. You and Timothy will collect her from the station. In the telegram it states that Pollyanna will be wearing a red dress and a straw hat. She has light hair. That should be enough for you to recognise her among the crowd."

Nancy looked puzzled. "But you..."

"No, I shall not go there myself. It's not necessary." Then Miss Polly walked out of the room leaving Nancy behind.

The next day at the station Nancy knew on the spot that the slender girl with the eager, freckled face was the one they had come to collect.

"Miss Pollyanna?"

"I'm so glad to see you. I'm so glad you came!" she said, and without waiting for any reply, the girl embraced Nancy.

"You are?" Nancy asked surprised.

"Oh yes. I've been wondering what you would look like, and what the house looks like. It is so lovely that I will have my own



room and my aunt. After my father died, there were only the ladies from the Aid. But even though they were so kind to me, they weren't my family. And now I have you, Aunt Polly."

When she stopped talking to catch her breath, Nancy said:

"It will be all right, but I'm not your aunt. She stayed at home. I'm Nancy. I help in the house with the washing and cooking."

"Oh, well I'm glad it's you, and there is also my aunt, still waiting for me."

"You can see her house from over here," said Timothy - the Aunt Polly's servant, interrupting their conversation and pointing at a big white house surrounded by trees.

"Oh how lovely. Is my aunt rich?" Pollyanna wanted to know.

"Yes, she is."

"So I will have all the nice things in my room then - the carpet, pictures, curtains. We were poor and couldn't afford such things, but now I will have them all." Nancy had no answer to that.

Chapter II

The Glad Game



When they arrived, Miss Polly didn't even rise from the chair to meet her niece.

"How do you do Pollyanna..." She hadn't finish the sentence before the girl began hugging and kissing her.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely. This house, Nancy and you." Miss Harrington was terrified by such behaviour and commanded Pollyanna to stand still so she could look at her.

"I'm not very much to look at. I have freckles and don't have a nice dress. My father..."

"Never mind what your father said. Don't talk about him to me," Aunt Polly interrupted immediately. "Let's go to your room. Your trunk should be there by now." Pollyanna's eyes were nearly full with tears, but she followed her aunt obediently.

"This is your room," she explained when they entered the empty room, where there was not a single thing Pollyanna had dreamed about. "Do not open the windows in order not let flies in. Screens have been



ordered. Supper is at six. Nancy will help you to unpack," she said, and then she left the room.

A couple of minutes later Nancy found the girl kneeling beside her bed, covering her face with both hands.

"You poor little girl. It will be ok."

"Oh, Nancy, I'm so ungrateful. I wanted all those nice things, and I wasn't glad for having a home and Aunt Polly and the beautiful view out of the window. And I'm so glad there's no mirror in the room, so I don't have to look at my freckles. I'm sure it's going to be a very nice place."

Nancy pretended to be busy unpacking, because she had no idea what to say to cheer Pollyanna up.

After the unpacking was done, Nancy left to prepare supper, and Pollyanna, not telling anyone, left the house to explore the town.

Because her little walk wasn't that short, she was late for supper. When she came back, Nancy was waiting for her in the kitchen.



"Your aunt was angry with you, so you will get only milk and bread. Where were you? I was worried."

"Oh, I'm so glad I will eat with you. And it's nice you've been worried about me. I'm so glad."

"You're glad? No supper, but milk and bread, and you're glad!" Nancy could hardly believe Pollyanna's words.

"Oh, that's the game."

"Game?"

"Yes, the 'glad game'. My father taught me how to play it. We were poor, and we didn't have many things. When we needed something, we wrote to the Ladies' Aid, and we were sent barrels. But we never knew what they would contain. Once I wanted a doll, but in the barrel there were only crutches. I was so disappointed I cried, and then my father came up with the idea of the glad game. It means you have to look for something that will make you happy, no matter what it will be."

"How could you be glad about getting crutches instead of a doll?"

"At first I didn't know either, but it is so much more fun when it's difficult. And you should be glad just because you don't need them." Pollyanna went on explaining how the game became habit, and how fun it was, and how hard it was to think of anything to

be glad about when her father died, and she felt so lonely.

"I play it every day, and I made so many other people play it with me. Will you play it, Nancy?"

"I can't say I know exactly how, but I will, I will."

"Oh, splendid."

After she finished eating bread with milk, she went to talk to her aunt, who sat in the living room, reading a book.

"Pollyanna, you should learn to be on time for meals, otherwise every time you are late, you will be sent to the kitchen."

"Oh, Aunt Polly, don't be sorry for me. I like milk and bread, and I like Nancy."

These words caused a confused look to appear on Miss Harrington's face. She couldn't understand how anyone could be glad about being punished.

"Remember about breakfast at 7.30. Goodnight, Pollyanna."

The next morning during breakfast, Aunt Polly noticed a fly in the room.

"Who let the fly in?" she asked angrily.

"That may be my fly," answered Pollyanna merrily. "I've opened the window, because it was very hot in my room."

"Didn't you remember that your duty was not to open the windows if there were no screens on them? Flies are dirty and dangerous for your health."

"My duty?"

"Certainly." Polly Harrington's face expressed a look of shocked anger. "I will give you a brochure explaining how dangerous flies can be for your health. You will read it after breakfast."

This time as well, the punishment turned out to be a pleasure. Pollyanna was glad for being given the brochure to read, and she was even more glad when she found out so many interesting things about flies.

Aunt Polly spent the next couple of days buying her niece decent clothes and planning a set of duties for her to do, such as reading, music lessons, cooking, sewing and others.

Pollyanna listened patiently to her new daily schedule, then she asked: "But Aunt



Polly, you haven't left me any time just to live."

"To live, child!? Isn't learning a living?"

"It's a duty. Living is when you do what you want to do; play, walk, talk to nice people."

"You're a most extraordinary child, Pollyanna. I have to do my duty, though, to take care of your proper education."

"But how can you be glad about all these duties?" Pollyanna tried again, but with no results.

However, in the end she was given enough free time for her little pleasures. She loved to spend time learning how to cook with Nancy or reading aloud.

In her free time she talked to Nancy, Old Tom or Timothy. Soon they all knew about the Ladies' Aid who helped Pollyanna's father to raise her, as well as about the glad game. Not only did they learn it, they also began playing it.

Chapter III

Mrs Snow and Mr Pendleton



Pollyanna started to make friends among the people in town. One day she got to know Mrs Snow, who was an invalid and was forced to stay in bed all day long.

She was poor, and people from the town were helping her by sending different things. Miss Harrington, also being a good and dutiful person, felt obliged to send Mrs Snow a meal once a week. This particular day she sent Pollyanna to take her some calf's-foot jelly. Nancy warned the girl that Mrs Snow was a grumpy old lady, and that usually nothing is good enough for her.

"If it's Monday, she would wish for Sunday; and if you bring her some chicken, she would wish for jelly; and if you bring her jelly, she would wish for lamb broth."

"What a funny woman. She must be surprising and different. I like different people." To Pollyanna there were obviously no problems, so she merrily took the basket and went over to see Mrs Snow.

While being shown into her room, Pollyanna had to blink for a while before her eyes got used to the gloomy, dark place.



"How do you do, Mrs Snow? I brought you some calf's-foot jelly."

"Jelly?" she murmured. "I would've preferred chicken. Very well then. My appetite isn't that good, because I didn't sleep much last night."

"You lose so much time sleeping," said Pollyanna.

"Sleeping?" The old woman was puzzled.

"Yes. You could've been living," Pollyanna kindly explained.

Mrs Snow was so shocked that she ordered the girl to open the curtains so she could see her clearly. When there was light in the room, Pollyanna shouted:

"I'm so glad you wanted to open the curtains, because I can see now that you are so pretty."

"Me? Pretty?"

Not long after that, Pollyanna was combing Mrs Snow's long black hair and arranging it. Miraculously the old lady stopped complaining. Then she was told about the glad game; however, she couldn't think of anything an invalid could be glad

for. The girl promised her to come up with some idea and tell it to her during the next visit.

Just as she promised, the next week she told her that she should be happy that other people aren't forced to stay in their homes, and they can visit her. She also brought her a surprise. Remembering how difficult it was to satisfy her with a meal, Pollyanna asked Nancy to prepare a little bit of every dish, so there would be something that Mrs Snow wanted. In no time, the lonely old lady started to follow Pollyanna's instructions about the game, and she realised that even by spending whole days in bed, she could still do something, and so she started to knit.

Mrs Snow wasn't the only person from the town Pollyanna was on friendly terms with. Her way of behaving and her smiling face always helped her to break all the ice between her and strangers.

She slowly got to know everyone in the neighbourhood, and she even managed to become acquainted with John Pendleton,



the strange and quiet rich man who never spoke to anyone.

Time passed by and even Aunt Polly, under the influence of Pollyanna, became somewhat softer. To her own surprise, she allowed Pollyanna to move to a nicely furnished room containing all those nice things the girl longed for so much. She also somehow agreed to keep a homeless dog and a cat, which her niece brought from God knows where. But when she brought a homeless boy back with her and ask her aunt to let him live with them, Miss Harrington strongly opposed the idea.

Jimmy Bean - that was the boy's name - was an orphan and was living in an orphanage, but he wanted to find a real home for himself. Pollyanna was extremely disappointed by her aunt's reaction to idea of adopting Jimmy, so she decided to do everything she could to find him a home. She even went to the local Ladies' Aid, looking for their advice and help and hoping to find a home and family for the boy. Unfortunately she wasn't very successful with that.

One day while she was wandering around, she came to the Pendleton Woods. Suddenly she heard barking, and then she saw a dog. He was barking as if he wanted to show her something. She decided to follow him, and after maybe ten minutes, she saw a man lying motionless on the ground. Quickly she recognised Mr Pendleton and approached him.

"Are you ok, Mr Pendleton? Are you hurt?"

He seemed to be irritated by her questions, but smiled grimly and said:

"Child, listen. You have to go to my home, which is in Pendleton Hill, about five minutes from here, and call the doctor. Do you know how to use the phone?"

"Oh, yes sir. Once when Aunt Polly..."

"Never mind your Aunt Polly now. There should be a card for Doctor Chilton with his telephone number on it. Call him and tell him that I probably have a broken leg and tell him where to find me."

"A broken leg? I'm so glad I came here and..."



"Will you go and do what I ask you to do and stop talking?" John Pendleton said impatiently.

Pollyanna stood up and left towards Pendleton's home.

Fifteen minutes later she was back by his side.

"What's the problem? Couldn't you get in? Couldn't you make a phone call?"

"Why, of course. I did all that you wanted me to do. Doctor Chilton said he knew where to look for you, and I came to stay here with you."

John Pendleton was complaining, but she didn't pay much attention to it, and after a while she helped him to place his head on her lap in order to make him feel a little bit more comfortable.

Suddenly they heard a cheerful voice. "So there is the little lady playing nurse." It was Doctor Chilton himself.

Chapter IV

Jelly and Red Rose



As she was late again for supper, she went straight to the kitchen to talk to Nancy about the accident in the woods. A couple of days later she came up with the idea of visiting Mr Pendleton and asked her aunt if she could take some food to somebody else that week.

"What are you up to Pollyanna?" she asked in cold voice.

"Nothing. You wouldn't mind if I take the calf's-foot jelly to him instead of her this one time. Just this once. The broken leg will soon be healed, and then Mrs Snow can have all her jelly after this one time."

"Him? Broken leg? Who are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know." Then Pollyanna quickly told Miss Harrington the whole story about finding Mr Pendleton in the woods and arranging medical help for him.

"May I?" she asked again.

"John Pendleton?!" she cried in horror. "Do you know him? Does he know who you are and where you live?"

"I don't think so. I told him my name, but I don't think he remembers."

"Very well, Pollyanna. You may take the jelly to him this afternoon. But he must think it is a gift from you, not me. Be sure he doesn't think I sent it."

Pollyanna spent a nice afternoon at Mr Pendleton's house. At first she was nearly prevented from visiting him by his nurse, but luckily Doctor Chilton saw her and made the nurse let her in. Mr Pendleton wasn't very talkative as he wasn't in a good mood, but Pollyanna cheered him up. She kept talking about everything. She talked about the game and about the jelly she brought - the jelly that was from her, not from Aunt Polly.

"Aunt Polly? Who is Aunt Polly?"

"It is my aunt. Miss Polly Harrington."

"You're Polly's niece? You live with her?" he breathed heavily.

"Yes. My mum was her sister, but she died long ago, and recently my father died, too. So I was sent to live with my aunt. She's my only family."



Suddenly John Pendleton's face became very white and stiff with anger. The girl, unsure about what had happened, decided to leave. She said goodbye, but he didn't reply. On her way out she came across Doctor Chilton, who offered her to drive her back home. On their way there they had a pleasant conversation, during which she included him into the constantly growing number of people playing the glad game.

When she got home, she found her aunt in the sitting-room.

"Who was it that drove you home, Pollyanna?"

"Oh, it was Doctor Chilton, Aunt Polly. Don't you know him?"

"Doctor Chilton? Here?" she gasped.

"Yes. He drove me from Mr Pendleton's house. And don't worry, Aunt. I told Mr Pendleton that you didn't send that jelly."

"Dear me!" Aunt Polly sighed.

A couple of days passed. One afternoon Pollyanna succeeded in convincing her aunt to let her comb and arrange her hair. Her

niece untied her neatly done bun and let it loose in curls over her shoulders. She also put a white shawl over Miss Harrington's shoulders. Then she took her aunt's hand and pulled her towards the terrace.

"Pollyanna, where are you taking me?"

"Only a minute, and you'll be glad I did it." Pollyanna reached for one of the red roses in the garden and put it over her aunt's ear. Suddenly her aunt turned back and vanished quickly inside the house. The girl noticed the figure of Doctor Chilton standing in the courtyard. She ran to greet him, but inside the house she bumped into her aunt.

"How could you dress me like this and let me be seen?" Miss Harrington said furiously.

"But, Aunt Polly, you looked so lovely, so perfectly lovely!" Pollyanna looked sadly while her aunt was tidying up her hair.

Doctor Chilton was waiting for her with an invitation from Mr Pendleton. After the last visit she was puzzled why he acted so strangely, so she stopped visiting him



because she thought he was angry with her. But to his invitation, she willingly agreed to go.

While they were leaving, Doctor Chilton asked her:

"Was that your aunt, Pollyanna?"

"Yes. Didn't she look lovely?"

"I think you're right. She looked quite lovely," he answered softly.

"I'm glad you said so. I'll tell her."

"Never, Pollyanna," Doctor Chilton said immediately. "Do not tell her what I have just said." Then he took her in silence to Pendleton Woods.

John Pendleton welcomed Pollyanna with a smile, which was quite unusual.

"I guess I haven't thanked you for the jelly last time. Please go to my library, and you should find a carved box there. Could you bring it here, please?"

Pollyanna did as she was asked, and they spent the next few hours admiring all the treasures that Mr Pendleton brought home after years of travelling. There was a story behind each one of these marvellous items.



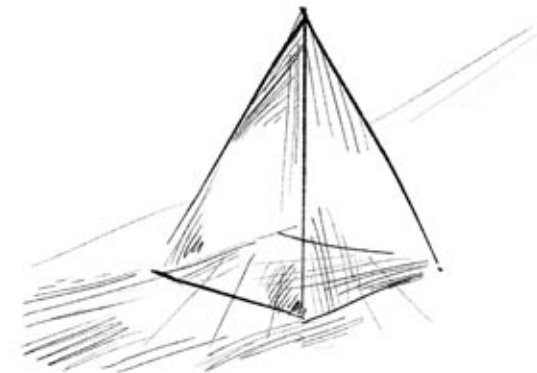
"Little girl, I want you to come to see me more often. I'm lonesome, and I need you. Last time you were here, I realised you reminded me of somebody very dear to me, and I wasn't sure whether I wanted to see you anymore. But I do. Will you be so kind to visit me?"

She replied with cheerful voice: "Well, Mr Pendleton, I'd love to come here more often."

"Thank you, Pollyanna."

Chapter V

Mysterious Lovers



At home she told Nancy all about the wonderful things hidden in the carved box. She told her how angry he seemed to be, and then how he wanted her to visit him more often because she reminded him of somebody else.

"Who was it? Who do you remind him of?" Nancy interrupted.

"I don't know?"

"A mystery! Oh, Miss Pollyanna, it's just like in a book! So tell me everything. John Pendleton wasn't that nice to you until he was told you were Miss Harrington's niece?"

"Yes. I told him about this last time, and today he sent for me and wants me to visit him more often."

"I know! I know!" Nancy said triumphantly. "She didn't want him to think the jelly was from her. You remind him of someone. Now listen! Mr Pendleton was Miss Harrington's lover!"

"But Nancy, it couldn't be true. She doesn't like him."

"Of course. That's the whole point. They

had an argument over something, and they couldn't make up after that. Old Tom told me Miss Harrington wasn't always the way she is, but she became like that after a quarrel with her lover. But he didn't want to tell me who was it. Now I know."

"But Nancy, if they loved each other once, they have to make up," Pollyanna suggested.

"Miss Pollyanna, you do not know much about lovers. You're not old enough."

Pollyanna said nothing, but she went to her room, thinking how glad they would be to be lovers again.

Ever since that day, she began spending lots of time at Mr Pendleton's house. He showed her many astonishing things, and once he showed her prisms – small pieces of glass put on strings in the sunlight that let out many colours and created a rainbow. Pollyanna was delighted to see the 'dancing rainbow', as she called it.

"Oh, how I wish I had lots of these things to show to everyone I know. It would be so much easier to play the game if you could

have a rainbow dancing for you. They all would be so glad. Maybe I could make my aunt play the game."

As Mr Pendleton hadn't heard of the game before, Pollyanna told him about it this time, and he gladly allowed her to take some of the prisms to give away to other people in town.

"You are like a prism yourself, Pollyanna," he said.

Soon the summer was over, and Pollyanna had to go to school. She was willing to learn, and she quickly discovered that attending classes was also some kind of living, not just a duty. Her free time, though, was somewhat shorter, and during one of her visits to Mr Pendleton's, he asked her:

"I don't see you that often now. Maybe you could live with me? You could help me play the game."

"But you're not serious. I'm Aunt Polly's," Pollyanna laughed, taking his words for a joke.

"If she let you, would you stay with me?" he asked seriously.



"But she is so good to me..." Pollyanna wasn't sure what to say.

"Pollyanna, I used to love somebody years ago, and I hoped to bring her to my home; but it didn't work out that way for me. It just didn't. Since then, this place has never become a home. It takes a woman's hand and heart, or a child's presence, to make a home, Pollyanna; and I have not had either. Would you like to join me in this house and make this place a home?"

"So, Mr Pendleton, you long for a woman's hand and heart?" Pollyanna seemed to be excited.

"Well, yes..."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Now you can take us both, and everything will be lovely."

"Both?"

"Yes. Me and Aunt Polly. Well, she isn't won over yet, but..."

"Aunt Polly, here?!" Mr Pendleton cried in horror. "What are you talking about?" he asked her after he had calmed down.

"I though you wanted Aunt Polly's hand and heart and me as a child..."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Doctor Chilton, but before the girl left, Mr Pendleton managed to ask her not to mentioned anything they had been talking about to anyone.

The next day Doctor Chilton came to Miss Harrington's house looking for Pollyanna, as John Pendleton wanted to talk to her.

"I know why he wants to see me," she said joyously. "I wasn't meant to tell anyone, but you're his doctor. I can tell you. It's about him and my Aunt Polly. Nancy and I figured out they were lovers. But my aunt doesn't know anything yet, and I guess that is why he wants to see me."

"Oh, I'm sure he wants to talk to you," Doctor Chilton said with a strange smile.

As soon as Pollyanna arrived, John Pendleton immediately asked her a question without even greeting her first.

"What did you mean, my child, about me taking you both; you and Aunt Polly?"

"Well, you were lovers, and you said you wanted to have woman's heart and..."

"Polly Harrington and I? Lovers?"



Pollyanna opened her eyes widely at the obvious surprise in Pendleton's voice.

"So you and Aunt Polly...?"

"Never."

"And you don't want her to come to live with you?"

"No. And I assume that if your aunt isn't moving in with me, you aren't coming either?"

"I can't. I'm Aunt Polly's," she answered quietly.

"Pollyanna, before you became Aunt Polly's, you were your mother's. And I loved your mother very much, but she loved your father. This is what happened. I don't love anyone like her anymore. Why can't you stay with me?"

"But there's Aunt Polly."

"How can I be glad about anything without having you beside me? I beg you to ask her whether she would allow you to live with me."

"I will," Pollyanna sighed.

"I hope you didn't mention anything about this to anyone?"

"Oh, no. No one but Doctor Chilton."

"Not Doctor Chilton! Not him! What did he say?"

"Oh, nothing special. I remember he said he knew why you wanted to see me," Pollyanna answered, watching in surprise because Mr Pendleton gave a little laugh.

When Pollyanna was back in her little room, she spent a long time thinking how to refuse Mr Pendleton. She liked him a lot, but she loved her aunt and felt at home there, even though her aunt was a bit too dutiful sometimes. Suddenly she realised something and jumped to her feet and ran towards his house.

When he saw her he asked:

"So, Pollyanna, are you going to live with me and help me play the glad game?"

"No. But I have an idea what sort of thing you can do to make you glad..."

"Did your aunt forbid you to live with me?"

"I didn't ask her," the girl replied miserably.

"Pollyanna!"



"I didn't have to. I know now that she needs me. She cares for me. But if you want to have a home, you need a child's presence. You said so yourself. You can take Jimmy Bean, then. He's looking for a home and he can work and he is really nice."

"Who are you talking about? You don't mean I take some strange boy?"

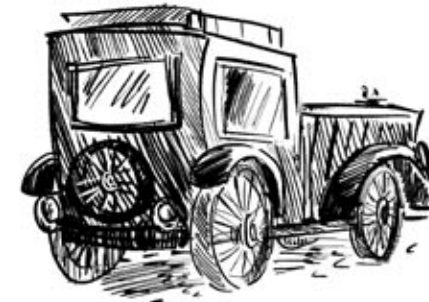
"Actually, I thought you could..."

"Pollyanna, I suspect you're right," he surrendered. "A nice little boy would be better than no one. Would you tell me something more about him?"

"It's so great. I'm sure you will like him. And he wants to have a real home." And so Pollyanna told him Jimmy's story.

Chapter VI

The Accident



Besides visiting Mr Pendleton, Pollyanna still had time to go by and see Mrs Snow. Once she asked Pollyanna to go to Doctor Chilton's office and get some prescribed medicine. The girl obediently did as she was asked, and she did it even more willingly as she liked Doctor Chilton very much.

"Is this your home, doctor?" she asked him, entering the office.

"Oh yes, it's more an office than a home really, I suppose."

"You need a woman's heart or child's presence to make it a home, too?"

Doctor Chilton looked puzzled. "Why do you think so?"

"Oh, Mr Pendleton told me so. And you know, it wasn't about Aunt Polly. They weren't lovers. It was my mother he loved. But why don't you get a woman's heart for yourself?"

"Oh, it is not that easy to find, my child."

"But you don't mean that you've never tried?" Pollyanna was curious.

"Never mind, my dear, never mind. Don't



worry about others," he answered her, looking as if his thoughts were somewhere else that moment.

Soon after that, the accident happened.

Pollyanna was coming back from school, and while crossing the road, a motor car approached and hit her. Nobody could say what had really happened and who was to blame for it, but it came as a shock to everyone.

Miss Harrington's doctor was at the house as quickly as possible. Soon there was a nurse as well to take care of the little patient.

"Is she badly hurt?" Old Tom asked Nancy.

"They can't tell yet," Nancy said almost crying. "She's unconscious. Miss Polly spends all day and night with her and listens to her heartbeat. She doesn't treat her as a duty anymore."

"Where was she hurt?"

"They know nothing yet. They said she might be hurt internally."

Pollyanna became conscious the next day.

"What's the matter, Aunt Polly?" she asked immediately. "Why can't I get up? Am I sick?"

"Don't worry, my dear. You were hit yesterday by an automobile. You have to stay in bed for a couple more days. Just rest now." Aunt Polly couldn't say more as her throat was tight, and she could hardly speak.

"Oh yes, I was running. I remember now. But I feel weird now. As if I couldn't move my legs; as if I couldn't feel them at all."

Aunt Polly's face became as white as paper, but the nurse came to her rescue.

"Maybe I should talk to you now. I'm Miss Hunt, and I'm your nurse for the time being to help your aunt take care of you. I need you to take these pills for me."

"But I don't need to be taken care of. I have to go to school tomorrow," Pollyanna protested.

"Don't worry. The doctor will examine you, and he will tell you when you will be able to go back to school. You need to be obedient now and take the pills. Will you?"

Pollyanna followed the nurse's orders and soon fell asleep.

She was unable to go to school for the next couple of days, and the days soon became weeks.

"I'm glad I was hurt, but I'm not sick," she kept repeating to her aunt and everyone else.

"Glad?"

"Yes. If I were sick, it would force me to stay in bed like Mrs Snow. But I have broken legs, and they will heal."

Miss Polly stood up after hearing these words and left the room. Downstairs she saw John Pendleton, waiting to ask how Pollyanna was feeling?

At the same time Nancy told Old Tom about Pendleton visiting their house.

"He came here personally. I used to think they were lovers, he and Miss Polly. I know now it was never true, but I know they do not like each other. Yet he came to ask about our little girl."

"I came to ask about Pollyanna?" John Pendleton said.

"She is the same so far," Polly Harrington



answered with a quick look of pain crossing her face.

"And how is that? Can't you tell me anything."

"I wish I could tell you."

"So you don't know? What do the doctors say?"

"Doctor Warren has arranged a meeting with a specialist from New York. We're waiting for him."

"But what is her condition right now?"

"There were only small injuries. A cut on the head, a couple of bruises, but... but there is also an internal injury of the spine. She seems to be paralysed from the hips down."

"What does she say about this?" he asked after a moment. "How is she handling this?"

"She doesn't know. She thinks her legs are broken. She said she is glad of having broken legs instead of being a lifelong invalid like Mrs Snow." Miss Harrington shook as she told him this.

"I wonder if you know how fond of

Pollyanna I am. I wanted to convince her to live with me, but she wouldn't leave you. She said you were so good to her." He couldn't look her straight in the eyes.

"Thank you, Mr Pendleton. I'll let Pollyanna know you were here, asking about her. And when I get any more information, I will let you know."

Days passed. Miss Polly came into Pollyanna's room and told her that they want her to be seen by another doctor.

"Doctor Chilton? How wonderful!" she replied joyously.

"Oh, no, dear, I didn't mean Doctor Chilton."

"Oh, but he cured the broken leg of Mr Pendleton. Why can't he examine me? Aunt Polly, if you don't mind, I would like to have Doctor Chilton."

"But I do mind, my child. It will be a specialist from New York who will come to see you." Miss Harrington was very strict about this.

"But Aunt Polly, if you loved Doctor Chilton..."

"What?"

"If you're sick," Pollyanna explained, "and you love your doctor, it will help the healing. And I love Doctor Chilton."

"I'm very sorry, but everything has already been arranged, and the doctor is coming tomorrow."

Unfortunately the arranged meeting had to be postponed due to a last minute telegram from New York. Even though Pollyanna tried once again to convince her aunt to invite Doctor Chilton, she didn't succeed.

The appointment was rescheduled, and the medical examination went smoothly. But then something terrible happened.

It must have been the cat that left the door to Pollyanna's room open, but due to this, Pollyanna overheard the conversation between the New York specialist and her aunt. She could also hear her aunt screaming: "Not that! Doctor, not that! You don't mean the child will never walk again!"

The minute they heard the girl crying for Aunt Polly to come to see her, they realised

she must have heard them, and Miss Polly fainted.

The nurse ran quickly to the patient's room.

"I want Aunt Polly!" the girl cried, pale and shaking.

"She can't be here right now. Can I help you?" the nurse asked

"No. I heard something and need her to tell me it isn't true! Miss Hunt, you heard her. Is it true? Is it true?" The poor girl's eyes were wide open with terror.

"All doctors make mistakes sometimes. Just don't think about it anymore," the nurse said, trying to calm Pollyanna down.

"I can't. How will I go to school? How will I visit people in town? Mrs Snow? Mr Pendleton? How will I ever be glad for anything?" Pollyanna cried.

She was given some more pills and soon fell asleep.

After this, Miss Harrington sent Nancy to Mr Pendleton to tell him what the doctor said.

"She doesn't know yet, right?" Mr

Pendleton asked, shocked by the news.

Nancy couldn't stop crying. "That is the problem, sir. She does."

"Poor little girl!"

"She can't think of anything to help her play the glad game. Do you know about that?" Nancy asked.

"The glad game? Yes, I do know what this is."

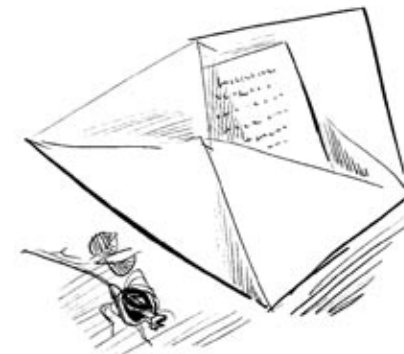
"Can I do something to remind her about things she should be glad about? Maybe I could tell her you are going to see and talk to Jimmy Bean?"

"But I'm not going to do so. Why?" Pendleton seemed surprised.

"Oh, I suppose I wanted to make her feel glad about this at least. She wanted so much to find him a home."

Chapter VII

Open Window



Soon the whole town knew about the accident and how serious it was. People started to come by Miss Harrington's house sending greetings to Pollyanna and asking her aunt to tell the girl they were playing the game. Miss Polly was astonished by the number of people who knew her niece. They mainly wanted to send their best wishes to the girl, but they were also talking about how much their lives had been changed by the glad game. Aunt Polly had no idea about the game they kept talking about. Even John Pendleton came by again with a message for the poor girl.

"Please tell Pollyanna that I have seen Jimmy Bean, and I am going to adopt him," he said to Miss Harrington.

"Are you going to adopt Jimmy Bean?" she cried in shock.

"Yes. I think it would make Pollyanna glad if she knew."

Later, when Polly Harrington told this information to her niece, she seemed to be very happy about the news. She also wanted to find out what this 'glad' thing



had to do with it, but the girl immediately stopped talking about being glad.

As Polly Harrington felt as if she were being left out, she came to the kitchen and started questioning Nancy.

"What does this all mean, Nancy? Why does everyone say that they are playing it? They all come here to thank Pollyanna. What is it about? I tried to ask my niece, but she doesn't seem to want to tell me about it." Miss Polly looked irritated.

Nancy burst into tears. "It means that everyone who had the blessing of knowing her is coming now to give her a reason to be glad. It's the game her father taught her. She couldn't tell you about it without mentioning her father, and you forbade her to talk about him in your presence, Miss Harrington." Nancy then told the whole story about Pollyanna getting the crutches instead of a doll.

The next time, when Aunt Polly was giving somebody's greetings to Pollyanna, she sounded as if she knew what the game was.



"Aunt Polly," her niece asked, "you seem to know what the game is about?"

"Yes, my dear. I know now. Nancy told me, and now I will be playing it with you, too."

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm so glad. I always wanted to play it with you. I'm glad I can't walk now, because it led to you playing the game with me now."

A couple of months passed by, and one Saturday morning Mr Pendleton received a visit from Doctor Chilton.

"I've come to you because you're the only person in town who has some relations with Polly Harrington," Doctor Chilton said, sounding as if he was in a hurry.

"Yes?"

"I need to see that child. It's a very important matter. I have to make an examination. You know Miss Harrington won't let me in her house. We had an argument ages ago and now ... well, it doesn't matter. I need to examine that child. That may be the only chance to make her walk again."

"Pollyanna? Walking? What are you saying?" Mr Pendleton asked with surprise.

At the same time, Jimmy, who was now living with Mr Pendleton, overheard the conversation and, not waiting for more, ran towards the Harrington house.

"Are you sure you wanted to talk to me? Not to Pollyanna?" Polly Harrington asked Jimmy.

"Miss Harrington, I know it's bad what I have done, but it's for Pollyanna. And I would do anything for her. I know you would too. Well, the



window was open, and I heard some parts of the conversation and, although I didn't understand all of it, I know that Doctor Chilton needs to see Pollyanna. I know that you won't let him, but it may allow her to walk again. He knows somebody who could help her; somebody who could cure her."

Polly Harrington began breathing heavily and shaking her head.

"Of course, Jimmy. You may go home now. I will let him see and examine Pollyanna. I just have to talk to Doctor Warren first."

The next day, Doctor Warren and Doctor Chilton came into Pollyanna's room.

"Doctor Chilton! I'm so glad to see you. I hope my aunt won't mind."

"Don't worry, my dear," Aunt Polly, who also was there, said to her. "Doctor Chilton is here especially for you."

"Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, were you the woman's hand and heart he wanted so long ago? You were! I know you were! I'm so glad!"

Soon after the examination was over, Pollyanna was told that she would be taken



to a special hospital where she would spend some time under the constant care of some of the best doctors around.

About ten months later, a letter was sent to Aunt Polly.

Dear Aunt Polly and Uncle Tom:

I can walk. I did six steps today. Everyone was watching me, and it was so good to stand on my own legs again. I wanted to sing and shout about how happy I was.

I'm so happy that my accident caused you and Doctor Chilton to be back together, and I was so glad that I didn't miss the wedding. It was wonderful that you had the wedding here beside my bed so I could see it.

I think about being back with you soon and wish I could walk all the way back.

I will do eight steps tomorrow.

*With lots of love to everybody,
Pollyanna*

Glossary

accident - wypadek
 to acquaint – zaznajomić, poznać
 to adopt – adoptować, przysposabiać
 advice – rada
 to afford – dostarczyć, użyczyć
 aid – pomoc, pomocnik
 anger – gniew
 to answer - odpowiadać
 to arrange – urządzać, porządkować
 to arrive – przybyć, dojść, osiągnąć
 to astonish – zdziwić, zdumieć
 aunt - ciocia
 automatically – automatycznie
 to bark – 1. szczekać, 2. kora
 barrel – beczka



behaviour – zachowanie
 beside – obok, poza, oprócz
 bit - kąsek, kawałek
 to bless - błogosławić
 blink – mrugać, mrużyć, przymykać oczy
 book - książka
 box – pudełko

bread - chleb
 breath – oddech
 brochure – broszura
 to break (boke, broken) – łamać, rozrywać, prze-
 rywać
 bruise – potłuc się, nabić guza, zadrasnąć
 bun – słodka bułka
 calf – 1. cielę 2. łydka
 calm – cichy, spokojny
 carpet - dywan
 cheerful – radosny, pogodny
 chicken - kurczak



child - dziecko
 to comb – grzebień, czesać
 comfortable – wygodny, zadowolony
 to complain – skarżyć się, narzekać
 confused – mieszać, plątać, zmieszać
 conscious – świadomy, przytomny
 constant – stały, trwały, wytrwały
 to contain – zawierać
 conversation – rozmowa
 to convince – przekonać

crowd - tłum
crutch – kula (dla kaleki)



curl – zwój, skręt, lok, falować
curtains – zasłony
dark – ciemny, ponury
daughter - córka
decent – przyzwoity
desk – pulpit, biurko
dish – półmisek, danie
doctor - doktor
dog - pies



doll – lalka
to dream - marzyć
dress - sukienka
duty – obowiązek, powinność
ear - ucho

education – wykształcenie, nauka
to embarrass – wprowadzić w zakłopotanie
examination – egzamin, badanie lekarskie)
to examine – egzaminować, badać
extraordinary – nadzwyczajny, niezwykły
face - twarz
family – rodzina
to feel – czuć, odczuwać
feeling – czucie, dotyk, uczucie
First Aid – pierwsza pomoc
fly – mucha
to forbid (forbade, forbidden) – zakazywać, zabraniać
freckle – pieg, plamka
furniture - meble



game - gra
gardener – ogrodnik
gasp – ciężko dyszeć, łapać oddech
gift – prezent, dar, uzdolnienie
glad – radosny, wesoły
grim – ponury, srogi

grime – brud, brudzić
ground- podstawa, podłoga, ziemia
habit – zwyczaj, nawyk
hat - kapelusz



heal – leczyć się, goić się
heart - serce
hip – biodro
hospital - szpital
house – dom



to hug – przytulać
to hurt (hurt, hurt) – skaleczyć, zranić, zaszkodzić
idea – idea, pojęcie, pomysł, myśl
inhuman - nieludzki
internal – wewnętrzny, krajowy
invalid – 1. chory, ułomny, kaleka 2. nieważny,

nieprawomocny
item – przedmiot, punkt, pozycja
jelly – galareta, kisiel
joke – żart, dowcip
joy – radość, uciecha
to kiss – całować
kitchen - kuchnia
to knell (knelt, knelt) - klękać
to knit (knit, knit) – robić na drutach
lamb – jagnię, baranek
lap – 1. poła, łono, objąć, otulić 2. mlaskać, chłęptać
leg – noga
letter - list



lifelong – trwający całe życie
lonely – samotny, odludny
lonesome = lonely - samotny
lover – kochanek
marriage - małżeństwo
matter – materia, substancja, istota
to mention – wzmianka, wspominać, nadmieniać
merry – wesoły, miły
message – wiadomość, pismo

milk - mleko



minister – minister, poseł, pastor

miracle – cud

miserable – godny litości, żałosny, nieszczęśliwy

mood – 1. nastrój, humor 2. tryb, tonacja

motion – ruch, chód, skinienie, gest

to murmur – szeptać, mrużyć, szemrać

to mutter – mrużyć, mamrotać, szemrać

mystery - tajemnica

necessary – konieczny, niezbędny

neighborhood – sąsiedztwo, okolica

niece – siostrzenica, bratanica

nurse – pielęgniarka, niańka

obedient – posłuszny

to oblige – zobowiązywać, zmuszać

obvious – oczywisty

office – biuro

to order – zamawiać

orphan - sierota

pain – ból, troska

pale – 1. pał, granica 2. blady, zblednąć

paralyse – paraliżować

patient – 1. cierpliwy 2. pacjent

people - ludzie

person – osoba

phone - telefon



picture – obrazek

pill - pigułka

poor – biedny

postpone – odraczać, odwlekać

presence – obecność

to pretend – pozorować, udawać

to prevent – przeszkadzać

prism – pryzmat, graniastosłup



proper – właściwy, odpowiedni

to punish - karać

quarrel - kłótnia

to read - czytać

relationship – związek, pokrewieństwo

to remain - pozostawać

to repeat - powtarzać
 to rise (rose, risen) – wstawać, podnosić się, wzrastać
 road – droga, jezdnia
 schedule – spis, lista, tabela, plan
 to scream - krzyczeć
 screen – osłona, zasłona, parawan
 to shake (shook, shaken) – trząść się, potrząsać
 shawl – szal



sick - chory
 smooth – gładki, równy
 sound – dźwięk, dźwięczeć, dzwonić
 specialist - specjalista
 spine – kręgosłup
 splendid – wspaniały, doskonały
 station - stacja
 stiff – sztywny, uparty
 step - krok
 story – historia, opowiadanie
 straight – prosty
 strange - dziwny
 straw - słoma
 supper – kolacja

surprise – niespodzianka, zaskoczenie
 surrender – poddać się, wydawać, przekazać
 talkative - gadatliwy
 tear – łza
 to tear (tore, torn) - płakać
 telegram- telegram
 terrace - taras
 throat – gardło
 town - miasto
 treasure – skarb



triumph – triumf, triumfować
 trunk – pień, tułów
 uncle – wujek
 unconscious – nieświadomy, nieprzytomny
 ungrateful – niewdzięczny
 vanish - znikać
 view – widok
 to visit – wizyta, pobyt
 voice – głos
 to wander - wędrować

Notes

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ISBN 83 - 89652 - 28 - 5



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