Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Pollyanna

Written by

Eleanor H. Porter

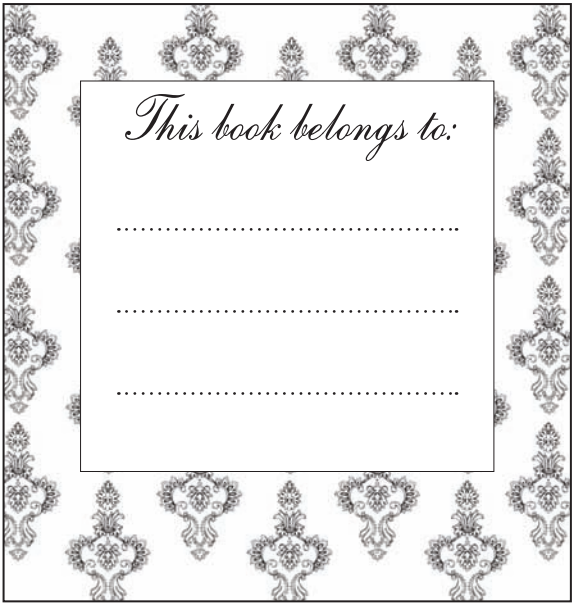
Published by

Oxford University Press

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk


This book belongs to:
.....
.....
.....

OXFORD CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

Alice's Adventures *in* Wonderland
Anne *of* Avonlea
Anne *of* Green Gables
A Study *in* Scarlet
Black Beauty
Flambards
Frankenstein
Heidi
Jack Holborn
Kidnapped
Little Women
Oliver Twist
Party Shoes
Pollyanna
Pride *and* Prejudice
The Adventures *of* Huckleberry Finn
The Adventures *of* Tom Sawyer
The Call *of the* Wild
The Hound *of* the Baskervilles
The Jungle Book
The Secret Garden
The Wind *in the* Willows
The Wonderful Wizard *of* Oz
Treasure Island

OXFORD CHILDREN'S CLASSICS

Eleanor H. Porter

Pollyanna

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
Guatemala Hungary Italy Japan Poland Portugal Singapore
South Korea Switzerland Thailand Turkey Ukraine Vietnam

Oxford is a registered trade mark of Oxford University Press
in the UK and in certain other countries
Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published 1913

First published in Oxford Children's Classics 2011

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press,
or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate
reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction
outside the scope of the above should be sent to the Rights Department,
Oxford University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-273283-5

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in China

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin.

To My Cousin Belle

CONTENTS

1	*Miss Polly*	*1*
2	*Old Tom and Nancy*	*7*
3	*The Coming of Pollyanna*	*11*
4	*The Little Attic Room*	*20*
5	*The Game*	*29*
6	*A Question of Duty*	*35*
7	*Pollyanna and Punishments*	*45*
8	*Pollyanna Pays a Visit*	*52*
9	*Which Tells of the Man*	*62*
10	*A Surprise for Mrs Snow*	*67*
11	*Introducing Jimmy*	*77*
12	*Before the Ladies' Aid*	*88*
13	*In Pendleton Woods*	*93*
14	*Just a Matter of Jelly*	*100*
15	*Dr Chilton*	*106*
16	*A Red Rose and a Lace Shawl*	*117*
17	*'Just Like a Book'*	*125*
18	*Prisms*	*132*
19	*Which Is Somewhat Surprising*	*138*
20	*Which Is More Surprising*	*142*

21	*A Question Answered*	*149*
22	*Sermons and Woodboxes*	*156*
23	*An Accident*	*165*
24	*John Pendleton*	*172*
25	*A Waiting Game*	*180*
26	*A Door Ajar*	*187*
27	*Two Visits*	*191*
28	*The Game and Its Players*	*199*
29	*Through an Open Window*	*213*
30	*Jimmy Takes the Helm*	*219*
31	*A New Uncle*	*223*
32	*Which is a Letter from Pollyanna*	*226*

CHAPTER ONE

Miss Polly

Miss Polly Harrington entered her kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Miss Polly did not usually make hurried movements; she specially prided herself on her repose of manner. But today she was hurrying—actually hurrying.

Nancy, washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise. Nancy had been working in Miss Polly's kitchen only two months, but already she knew that her mistress did not usually hurry.

'Nancy!'

'Yes, ma'am,' Nancy answered cheerfully, but she still continued wiping the pitcher in her hand.

'Nancy,'—Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—'when I'm talking to you, I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say.'

Nancy flushed miserably. She set the pitcher down at once, with the cloth still about it, thereby nearly tipping it

over—which did not add to her composure.

'Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am,' she stammered, righting the pitcher, and turning hastily. 'I was only keepin' on with my work 'cause you specially told me this mornin' ter hurry with my dishes, ye know.'

Her mistress frowned.

'That will do, Nancy. I did not ask for explanations. I asked for your attention.'

'Yes, ma'am.' Nancy stifled a sigh. She was wondering if ever in any way she could please this woman. Nancy had never 'worked out' before; but a sick mother suddenly widowed and left with three younger children besides Nancy herself, had forced the girl into doing something towards their support, and she had been so pleased when she found a place in the kitchen of the great house on the hill—Nancy had come from 'The Corners', six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly Harrington only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead, and one of the wealthiest residents of the town. That was two months before. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern, severe-faced woman who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor, or if a door banged—but who never thought to smile even when knives and doors were still.

'When you've finished your morning work, Nancy,' Miss Polly was saying now, 'you may clear the little room at the head of the stairs in the attic, and make up the cot bed. Sweep the room and clean it, of course, after you clear out the trunks and boxes.'

'Yes, ma'am. And where shall I put the things, please, that I take out?'

'In the front attic.' Miss Polly hesitated, then went on: 'I suppose I may as well tell you now, Nancy. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, is coming to live with me. She is eleven years old, and will sleep in that room.'

'A little girl—coming here, Miss Harrington? Oh, won't that be nice!' cried Nancy, thinking of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at 'The Corners'.

'Nice? Well, that isn't exactly the word I should use,' rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly. 'However, I intend to make the best of it, of course. I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty.'

Nancy coloured hotly.

'Of course, ma'am; it was only that I thought a little girl here might—might brighten things up for you,' she faltered.

'Thank you,' rejoined the lady, drily. 'I can't say, however, that I see any immediate need for that.'

'But, of course, you—you'd want her, your sister's child,' ventured Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger.

Miss Polly lifted her chin haughtily.

'Well, really, Nancy, just because I happened to have a sister who was silly enough to marry and bring unnecessary children into a world that was already quite full enough, I can't see how I should particularly want to have the care of them myself. However, as I said before, I hope I know my duty. See that you clean the corners, Nancy,' she finished sharply, as she left the room.

'Yes, ma'am,' sighed Nancy, picking up the half-dried pitcher—now so cold it must be rinsed again.

In her own room, Miss Polly took out once more the letter which she had received two days before from the far-away Western town, and which had been so unpleasant a surprise to her. The letter was addressed to Miss Polly Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont; and it read as follows:

'Dear Madam:—I regret to inform you that the Revd John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving one child, a girl eleven years old. He left practically nothing else save a few books; for, as you doubtless know, he was the pastor of this small mission church, and had a very meagre salary.

'I believe he was your deceased sister's husband, but he gave me to understand the families were not on the best of terms. He thought, however, that for your sister's sake you might wish to take the child and bring her up among her own people in the East. Hence I am writing to you.

'The little girl will be all ready to start by the time you get this letter; and if you can take her, we would appreciate it very much if you would write that she might come at once, as there is a man and his wife here who are going East very soon, and they would take her with them to Boston, and put her on the Beldingsville train. Of course you would be notified what day and train to expect Pollyanna on.

'Hoping to hear favourably from you soon, I remain,

'Respectfully yours,

'Jeremiah O. White.'

With a frown Miss Polly folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. She had answered it the day before, and she had said she would take the child, of course. She hoped she knew her duty well enough for that!—disagreeable as the task would be.

As she sat now, with the letter in her hands, her thoughts went back to her sister, Jennie, who had been this child's mother, and to the time when Jennie, as a girl of twenty, had insisted upon marrying the young minister, in spite of her family's remonstrances. There had been a man of wealth who had wanted her—and the family had much preferred him to the minister; but Jennie had not. The man of wealth had more years, as well as more money, to his credit, while the minister had only a young head full of youth's ideals and enthusiasm, and a heart full of love. Jennie had preferred these—quite naturally, perhaps; so she had married the minister, and had gone south with him as a home missionary's wife.

The break had come then. Miss Polly remembered it well, though she had been but a girl of fifteen, the youngest, at the time. The family had had little more to do with the missionary's wife. To be sure, Jennie herself had written, for a time, and had named her last baby 'Pollyanna' for her two sisters, Polly and Anna—the other babies had all died. This had been the last time that Jennie had written; and in a few years there had come the news of her death, told in a short, but heart-broken little note from the minister himself, dated at a little town in the West.

Meanwhile, time had not stood still for the occupants of the great house on the hill. Miss Polly, looking out at the far-reaching valley below, thought of the changes those twenty-five years had brought to her.

She was forty now, and quite alone in the world. Father, mother, sisters—all were dead. For years, now, she had been sole mistress of the house and of the thousands left her by her father. There were people who had openly pitied her lonely life,

and who had urged her to have some friend or companion to live with her; but she had not welcomed either their sympathy or their advice. She was not lonely, she said. She liked being by herself. She preferred quiet. But now—

Miss Polly rose with frowning face and closely-shut lips. She was glad, of course, that she was a good woman, and that she not only knew her duty, but had sufficient strength of character to perform it. But—Pollyanna!—what a ridiculous name!